Madame,

I am writing to convey my highest regard and to express my deep appreciation for your kindness and support. Your generosity has been a great comfort to me.

I hope that you are well and that your health is excellent. If there is anything I can do for you, please do not hesitate to ask.

With my warmest regards,

[Signature]

[Date]
V. — *A Brief Account of the Hawthornden Manuscripts in the possession of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland; with Extracts, containing several unpublished Letters and Poems of William Drummond of Hawthornden.*

By David Laing, Esq. F. S. A. Scotland, and Hon. M. S. A. Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

[Read to the Society 14th January 1828.]

Several years ago, in the view of collecting materials for a projected publication, I obtained the permission of the Council to examine and make extracts from such Manuscripts of William Drummond of Hawthornden the Poet, as were in possession of the Society. Having availed myself of this privilege, the state in which I found the Manuscripts led me at the time to inquire into their history; and having had occasion still more recently to look over them, I beg to take this opportunity of laying before the Society such particulars respecting the Collection as have come within my knowledge. In doing so, occasion is afforded to consider, what indeed cannot be very flattering to the Society, yet is not the less proper for investigation,—Whether these Manuscripts are as entire as when first presented to the Society?

Soon after the Author’s death in 1649, the publication of his works was undertaken, as it appears, at the suggestion of his brother-in-law Sir John Scot of Scotstarvet. Accordingly we find, that in 1655, the History of the Five Jameses was published at London, with a selection of Letters, &c. under the title of "Memorials of State," and "Familiar Epistles." This was followed the year after by a collected edition of his Poems, edited by Edward Philips, the nephew of Milton. But he is known to have left, besides, a considerable mass of papers, of which no use was then made. The Lord Strathallan, in his Manuscript...
Account of the Hawthornden Manuscripts.

History of the Family of Drummond, in 1681, mentions the Poet "as a learned gentleman, famed for his writings both in prose and in verse;" and adds, "his History of the Five King James's, and a few of his Poems, are only made publick; many more of his elaborate pieces are still lying in manuscript." His History was republished at London in 1681, 8vo, but without any additions. Nor, for more than half a century, was any use made of these Manuscripts by the Author's Son, who seems to have inherited but little of his Father's genius or devotedness to literature; but when far advanced in years, on proposals being issued for an edition of his Father's Works, he communicated to the publishers, with a laudable desire to encourage such a publication, the whole of his Manuscripts and original correspondence that remained at Hawthornden. This edition, the only one that has appeared, was printed at Edinburgh in folio in 1711.

There is some uncertainty respecting the Editor of that volume; but it is generally admitted that Thomas Ruddiman, the learned grammarian, was concerned equally with Bishop Sage (who wrote the historical introduction), in carrying the work through the press. This, however, is of no importance in the present inquiry, the advantages derived from the use of these Manuscripts being very evident, as well in their having afforded a more correct text in the portions previously printed, as in furnishing a variety of unpublished Essays, Letters, and Poems, which added materially to the value of the edition. In short, as the Writer of the preface states, every thing of importance was given, with the exception of such papers as were considered to be "imperfect or juvenile essays," and which, the Editor of the volume adds, "it may be supposed our Author never designed, and we thought not fit, for the press." Under the presumption that the Manuscripts thus liberally communicated were duly and carefully returned, we may infer that, till late in the last century, they remained undisturbed in the family library when the active zeal and public spirit of the Earl of Buchan, the Founder and the first Vice-President of this Society, again brought them to light.

In the Society's Minutes, September 3, 1782, it is recorded that "The Earl of Buchan acquainted the Meeting that the Rev. William Abernethy Drummond of Hawthornden proposed to present to the Society such writings of his predecessor William Drummond, of Hawthornden, Esquire, the ingenious Historian and Poet, as were in his possession." That this intention was speedily carried into effect, we learn from the Minutes of the Anniversary Meeting which was held November 14, 1782; on which occasion, the Donation of the Manuscripts was announced from the chair by the Earl of Buchan, as follows:—The whole Manuscripts of the celebrated Historian and Poet William Drummond of Hawthornden, consisting of thirteen volumes; which Donation, so generously bestowed, will, I hope, be exemplary and productive of similar exertions in favour of the Republick of Letters through the channel of the Society. The gift of Doctor Abernethy Drummond being immediately on our table, and recently presented with peculiar generosity, has forced me to report it as part of the ordinary business of the day.

The Donation is here said to consist of thirteen volumes; but it is well known that, till last summer, the bulk of the Manuscripts remained in loose sheets, without any kind of separation or arrangement. Unfortunately, too, there was no Inventory or List then taken from which the nature and extent of the donation can now be ascertained; or, if so, such Inventory has been lost; and, what seems still more singular, no notice whatever of the donation itself occurs in any other form than in the extract just read from Lord Buchan's anniversary speech. It was perhaps natural to expect that in such a mass, said to contain "the whole" of Drummond's Manuscripts, there should have been found the originals of all those papers which were communicated to the publishers in 1711; and consequently, the disappointment was greater in not being able to discover among them several of peculiar interest and importance; and in particular, the Notes which Drummond is stated to have left respecting his own life; the Autograph originals of the Letters from Drayton, Ben Jonson, Sir William Alexander, and his other correspondents and friends; and, above all, the Notes of Drummond's conversations with Ben Jonson, of which only partial extracts had been printed along with these letters, in 1711.

It is true, indeed, there is no direct evidence that these or any of them ever came into the Society's custody, further than that it was very unlikely any separation of the Manuscripts should have occurred; and even the probability of such a separation seemed lessened by a statement contained in some Remarks on the Character and Writings of William Drummond of Hawthornden, printed in a periodical work entitled The Bee (May 16, 1792), and signed "Albanicus," the usual signature of the Earl of Buchan to his frequent contributions to that work, and since reprinted among the Early "Fugitive Pieces." The
words are, "Drummond loved Drayton, and a great and continued friendship subsisted between them, famed by frequent letters, as appears by his papers, which were presented to the Earl of Buchan by the Rev. Dr Abernethy Drummond;" and again, a few Latin verses are introduced, and these, it is said, were "found in a bundle of Drayton's letters to Drummond." After considering these statements, it occurred to me that the Manuscripts, by the liberality of Bishop Abernethy, might have been placed at the sole and absolute disposal of the Earl of Buchan (for I was then unacquainted with the extracts just quoted from the Minute-books of the Society, which ascertain the time and manner of the Donation); and if so, that his Lordship might have transferred to the Society only such portions as he himself did not think fit to retain.

I took occasion, therefore, to write to his Lordship on the subject, begging to be informed if any such papers were in his own collection; being well assured, if such were the case, that I might reckon on having free access to them. His Lordship's reply, however, dissipated the hopes I entertained that such Manuscripts might still be in his possession, and had the effect at the time of causing me to lay aside the projected publication. His Lordship's letter, dated Dryburgh Abbey, September 12, 1820, is as follows:—

"DEAR SIR,—I received a mass of papers from Bishop Abernethy Drayton, and I mend relating to Drummond of Hawthornden, and observed, among others, some of the princes curae of his works, and a few letters from Drayton, and others of his correspondents. The whole I deposited with James Cummyng, the then Secretary of that Society of Antiquaries which I had the honour to found in Scotland, but of which I was not otherwise a Member.*

I have been thus minute in consequence of having for a length of time entertained the idea that certain other papers, as well as the original letters of Drummond relating to Drummond of Hawthornden, and observed, among others, the Article already referred to:—"Drummond (says his Lordship) was a steady Royalist during the troubles of Charles I., but does not appear ever to have armed for him. Yet it seems he had been much employed, by the King in his uttermost distress, or by those immediately about his person, as among his papers (the Writer adds) I found a prima cura of King Charles I.'s Appeal to the people of England, with corrections and marginal notes, in the King's own hand-writing." In a note he adds, "This affecting paper was deposited in the library of the Society of Antiquaries at Edinburgh." What this paper might have been it would not be easy to say, as Charles is not known to have made any such Appeal, nor does it appear that Drummond had been out of Scotland for many years previous to the death of the King; perhaps his Lordship may have given an erroneous description of it; but no such paper can be now discovered in the Society's repositories. I know it is not unusual to attribute the loss of many articles, the property of the Society, to negligence or oversight at the time of the decease of its original Secretary, Mr. James Cummyng of the Herald Office, in whose private dwelling-house the Society's Museum and Library had been suffered to remain; but having minutely examined the Catalogue of his sale, no Manuscripts answering the description can be discovered; nor at present are any such known to exist.†

At a more recent time it has occurred to me, in reference to the Hawthornden papers, that much of the imputed loss has arisen from a mistake, into which the Earl of Buchan may have easily fallen, by speaking of letters from instead of to Drayton. Now, it is to be observed, his Lordship wrote the Article referred to ten years subsequently to the transference of the Manuscripts to the Society, and two years subsequent to the time when his connection with it ceased by resignation.‡ He refers to the Manuscripts, and to the contents of the printed Works, 1711, at one and the same time, and in rather a loose manner; and as one of the volumes of these Manuscripts contains, among other scrolls of letters, several from Drummond to Drayton, an error of description appears any thing but improbable; and, in one or two instances, a note in Lord Buchan's hand, on the margin of the Manuscripts, points out certain

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* In a letter from Mr David Herd (the editor of an excellent collection of Scottish Songs, Edinburgh, 1796, 2 vols. 12mo.), to his friend George Petrie, mention is thus made of the Hawthornden Manuscripts:—"It was a pity (he says) that Bishop Abernethy presented Drummond's Manuscripts to the Antiquarian Society in the state they were in (all in large bundles), for in that situation they will there still remain, in obscurity. He was made to believe that they were to be arranged and bound up in volumes, which Mr Cummyng (Our he understands every thing) never will perform. I have been told that among the letters there is a correspondence with Derrick (Drayton?), which probably will be curious." This letter, dated in January 1796, contained notices to be communicated to Mr Pinkerton.

† The Earl of Buchan resigned 11th November 1790.
letters as having been addressed to Drayton by Drummond, which may have impressed the circumstance the stronger on his Lordship's recollection. Besides, what adds some weight to such a conjecture, I may mention, that I have accidentally been informed that several original letters of the period are still in the possession of the Hawthornden family; and should this information prove correct, it is not too much to anticipate, that what have been regarded as lost, may eventually prove never to have been in the Society's custody: in short, that the original correspondence (whatever fate may have happened to some of the other papers) formed no part of the Donation in question, and this, in some respects at least, may satisfactorily serve to dispel 'the winter of our discontent.'

The Hawthornden Manuscripts in the possession of the Antiquarian Society, as already stated, remained for the most part a confused mass, in loose sheets or bundles, till last summer, when they were arranged and bound up in fifteen volumes, which not only gives them an additional chance of safe preservation for the future, but renders them more accessible to those who may have occasion to consult them. As the notice of their contents which I purpose to submit to the Society is very brief, I may the more readily be permitted to say a few words respecting the Author himself, as being in some measure necessary to illustrate the references to portions of the Manuscripts.

William Drummond of Hawthornden, the son of Sir John Drummond, gentleman-usher and knight of the black rod, and Susannah Fowler, was born 13th December 1585. After he had passed through the usual academical course at the College of Edinburgh, and taken his degree of M.A. 27th July 1605, he proceeded to London, and from thence to France, where he resided for about three years, alternately at Bourges and Paris, prosecuting the study of civil law. He returned to Scotland in 1609, and after his Father's death in 1610 abandoned the thoughts of following any learned profession; and living at his paternal estate of Hawthornden, in the vicinity of Edinburgh, "a sweet and solitary seat, and very fit and proper for the Muse," he devoted himself, in the midst of such retirement, to literary pursuits.

The unexpected death of Henry Prince of Wales, in November 1612, which cast a general gloom over the whole nation, was more particularly felt in Scotland, from the partiality he had manifested towards his native kingdom; and it was this lamented event which seems first to have awakened Drummond's Muse. The very beautiful and pathetic Elegy published by him, on this occasion, in 1613, is entitled 'Teares on the Death of Moeliades,' a name assumed by the Prince as the anagram of Miles a Deo. In 1616 Drummond published a collection of sonnets and other poems, under this title: "Poems: Amorous, Funeral, Divine, Pastorall, in Sonnets, Songs, Scatinius, Madrigals. By W. D. the author of the Teares on the Death of Moeliades," a volume, containing those exquisite sonnets which at once established, and will ever perpetuate his fame as a Poet. This was followed in 1617 by his Firth Feasting, a congratulatory poem to King James on his revisiting Scotland.

The Visit which Ben Jonson paid to Drummond at Hawthornden in January 1619 forms a memorable era in his history, as the circumstances attending the Visit have given rise to much discussion, in the course of which the characters of both Poets have not escaped unmerited censure. This has arisen from the casual appearance, in his Works in 1711, of the "Heads of Conversations" which passed between them; and it is matter of regret that the original manuscript of these Conversations, if still existing, should remain undiscovered, as the printed copy professed merely to give some Extracts from 'the heads of their conversations, as they were written at the time by Drummond. Whether he was warranted in thus committing to writing the expression of sentiments and opinions uttered under such circumstances, we should better be able to determine if his Manuscript had been preserved; but it displays a singular perversity of disposition on the part of two able but prejudiced writers, to conclude that Drummond 'inveigled' the English Dramatist to his house in order 'to betray the confidence of his unsuspecting guest.'

The occasion and time when Jonson's intimacy with Drummond commenced has not been ascertained; for although every one has heard how the former...
journeyed from London on foot, at the close of the year 1618, for the purpose of visiting the latter, it is by no means improbable that their acquaintance was of a date subsequent even to the arrival of the English Dramatist in this country. But whatever motive may have led him to undertake this wearisome pilgrimage, it is certain that before leaving Edinburgh he spent some time, perhaps two or three weeks, at Hawthornden; and when he retraced his steps, it is equally certain he felt flattered with the attentions paid him during his abode in Scotland, and, in particular, expressed the warmest gratitude and affection towards Drummond. Of this Northern journey Jonson wrote an account, which unfortunately was accidentally burnt, with many of his other papers, at a late period of his life.

Notwithstanding this, the Notes of their Conversations were unjustly laid hold of by Malone and others to prove Jonson's malignity to Shakespeare; and they have since been employed to asperse the character of Drummond. The author of Caleb Williams was the first to ascribe to what he terms the misfortune of this visit, the injustice which has been done to Jonson's private character; while in the latest edition of Ben Jonson's works the Editor has shown sufficient anxiety to vindicate his Author's character from such various and long-continued aspersions. But in accomplishing this end, Mr Gifford, we presume to think, has, in the case of Drummond, overstated the bounds of consistency; for, indeed, beyond what common justice can tolerate. Instead of a calm and dispassionate inquiry into the truth of such calumnies, and in bow consistency; far, indeed, beyond what common justice can tolerate. Instead of a calm and dispassionate inquiry into the truth of such calumnies, and in bow

In 1623 Drummond published another volume of Poems, under the title of Flowers of Sion, which was republished with some additions in 1630; to both of which are annexed his Cypresse Grove, a prose tract, composed after a severe sickness, containing reflections on death, and on the vanity of human life. The plaintive strain of many of his poems has been attributed to the loss he sustained in the death of a young lady of the family of Cunninghame of Barns, to whom he was devotedly attached, but who died previous to the day appointed for their nuptials. In order to divert his mind from melancholy thoughts, all his biographers tell us that “he was in a manner compelled to go again beyond seas,” and that he spent eight years in visiting the principal cities of Germany, France, and Italy. In this, however, there is evidently a mistake of dates, as his second visit to the Continent must have been at a later period of his life, and his residence abroad for a much shorter space than eight years. The Sonnets, in which (to use his own words) “He was the first in the Isle that did celebrate a Mistress dead,” form the “Second Part” of his Poems printed in 1616. It could not, therefore, have been immediately subsequent to that event, when he cried out

I have sought left to wish; my hopes are dead,
And all with Her beneath a marble lid;

for he was in Scotland in 1617, when King James visited his native kingdom. In January 1619 he received Ben Jonson at Hawthornden; and he was also in this country in 1620, 1621, 1623, as appears from the dates of letters. Neither could his travels abroad have continued for any long period after 1626, the time when he presented a considerable number of books and manuscripts to the College of Edinburgh, but may possibly have some time after 1626.

In 1633, when Charles the First visited Scotland, our Poet assisted John Adamson, Principal of the College of Edinburgh, and a Committee of the gravest and most understanding Citizens and Clerks, in devising the Pageants which graced the arrival of his Majesty into Edinburgh. These were printed at the time, in a volume entitled, “The Entertainment of Charles, King of Great Britain, &c.” 15th June 1633. About the same
time he married Elizabeth Logan, a lady with whom he became enamoured from thinking that she bore some resemblance to his former affianced bride.  

From this period Drummond seems to have spent the remainder of his life in the enjoyment of domestic happiness, and in pursuing his historical researches, which he commenced about 1633, but which were only to add to his posthumous fame; and also in engaging in controversial disputes, by writing many Tracts on passing events. These were apparently only intended for the perusal of his most intimate friends; and one of them, the 'Irene,' the Marquis of Montrose urged him to publish.  

Although inclined from the first to recommend conciliatory measures, he continued a steady Royalist, and consequently, as might be inferred from the tone and spirit of his prose writings, an arvored supporter of those unconstitutional and unwise proceedings in church and state which involved the country in all the miseries of civil war, and brought Charles to the scaffold. The fate of his Royal master is said to have hastened Drummond's death: he died the 4th of December 1649, aged 64, and was buried in the family vault, in the church of Lasswade.

Volumes I. to V. of the Hawthornden Manuscripts, as they are now bound, contain several scroll copies, and a revised transcript of Drummond's History during the reign of the Five Jameses,—comprising an interesting period of Scottish History, extending from the year 1429 to 1542. This work has passed through at least four editions, and was posthumous, being first published at London in 1655, folio. The length of time which Drummond devoted to his historical researches is nowhere stated; but we learn,

1. She is usually said to have been the grandchild of Sir Robert Logan of Restalrig. Father R. Augustine Hay, in his manuscript collections in the Advocates' Library, gives a different account of her immediate descent. "Att 45 years of age (says Hay, speaking of Drummond) he married unexpectedly Elizabeth Logan, a ministers daughter, of Edliston, in which church is within a quarter of a mile of Darnhill, principal dwelling house to Black-barnes. Her mother was a shepherd's daughter: the family of Hawthornden pretends that she was daughter of Cottfield, and grandchild to Sir Robert Logan of Lestalrig; but no such matter." Tome Second, p. 105.  

2. "The great Marquis of Montrose wrote a letter to him, desiring him to print his Irene, 2d March 1635,—addressed to R. E. of A." [Robert Earl of Ancrum.] There are three copies of this Letter. (2.) "Irene, a Remonstrance for Concord and Amity amongst his Majesties Subjectes: Written after his Declaration, given at Oatlands the 9th of September 1638, and published at Edinbrnoth 2d of September 1638." Of this tract there are three copies, and part of a fourth, all in the Author's own hand. (3.) "Querelles of State." Autograph, besides two scroll copies. (4.) "The Magfull Mirror, or a Declaration upon the arising of the N. B. G. E. in Armes. April 1. 1642." Autograph and part of a scroll copy. (5.) "The Load-Starrs, or Directory to the New World, and Transc-formations." (6.) "Σχηματικα, or a Defence of a Petition to the Lords of the Council of Scotland, by certain Noblemen and Gentlemen, January 1648." All these tracts are contained in the folio edition of Drummond's works.  

2. A manuscript volume in the Advocates' Library (Jac. V. 8. 5.) contains copies of Irene, 74 pages; The Load Starr, 10 pages; The Magfull Mirror, 15 pages; Querelles of State, 7 pages; and Remarks, 6c. 1648, 8 pages.
The next two Volumes, VII. and VIII., from the miscellaneous nature of their contents, may not unaptly be styled a Common-place book; a portion of which the Author himself has entitled "Ephemeris." In the first of these volumes there are several lists or catalogues of books purchased by Drummond, or read by him, between the years 1606 and 1614, which show the extent and variety of his reading [See Extracts, No. I.]; with occasional extracts from Latin, Greek, Spanish, French, Italian, and English authors; notes of lectures, passages from English plays," &c. The second volume contains similar extracts and other notes, commencing with a collection of Anecdotes, Pasquils, Jests, Epithets, &c. written at different periods, under the following title: "DEMOCRITUS, A Labyrinth of Delight, or Works preparative for the Apo-logie of Dunciates: Containing the

Pasquils
Apotheomes
Impressas
Anagrames
Epithetes

in French, Italian, Spanish, Latin, of
Freel-Brough."

These Negres Veneales present as it were a jest-book of the time, the anecdotes being collected from a variety of sources, some of them communicated by Ben Jonson, but others copied from printed books, and of a character not quite suited to the more refined taste of the present age. [See Extracts No. II. for a selection of these Anecdotes, &c.]

The IXth Volume is appropriated to Drummond's Letters. He probably intended to keep a letter-book or register of his correspondence, judging from certain notes of Conversations held

during his visit at Hawthornden, in January 1619. The title of this paper, on the envelope, is "INFORMATIONS AND MANNERS, BY BEN JONSON TO W. D., 1619."

The Xth Volume contains scrolls of Poems, Epigrams, Epitaphs, &c. by Drummond, most of which have been either printed, or remain in such an imperfect state ("notas for vers," as his Son sometimes styles them) as to be unfit for the press. On the first leaf is the title, "AN ADDITION TO THE POEMS OF W. D., 1620;" but this title only applies to a small part of the volume, and part of the contents were afterwards published by the Author himself. [Among the Extracts No. IV. I have selected from this Volume such unpublished Poems as appear to be original and worthy of preservation.]

It is proper to remark, however, that probably among these Selections, and still more in the Volume itself, that various pieces will be found to which Drummond has no better claim than that of being only an amanuensis. He
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was so accustomed to transcribe passages from other writers, that it is not easy at times to ascertain whether or not the Poems are original. Among other instances which might be discovered, I may point out the Sonnet 'Ceres charming Sleep, son of the sacred Night,' which is by Daniel; and also the ‘Elegy upon the most victorious King of Sweden, Gustavus Adolphus,' which is by Henry King, afterwards Bishop of Chichester, and was prefixed to the third part of a well-known work, 'The Swedish Intelligencer,' printed at London 1633, 4to.

The Xllth and Xlith Volumes consist of scrolls and fragments of papers by William Fowler, uncle of Drummond, who died in the year 1614. The papers consist of Sonnets, Poems, Anagrams, unfinished verses, and scrolls of official letters, in French, Latin, and Italian, with fragments of various works intended for the press. Sir William Drummond of Hawthornden (the Poet's eldest son, who was knighted by Charles II.) has written as follows, on one of the blank leaves: ‘Papers of Secretarie Fowler's, all his own hand writ, preserved as they are by my Father—so there may be better things in them than I know: for the writ is fashion to read. He was a greater maker of Anagrams; and Secretarie to Queen Anne, King James the Sixth Queen. November 1703.' Indeed he would have found his trouble but ill-repayed had they persevered in attempting to decipher these 'scribblings,' however much they may display the ingenuity and learning of our 'fantastic' Secretary.

The name of Fowler is known as a writer of verses, from the specimens which have been printed by Leyden, Ellis, and Park; but I apprehend there is some confusion in respect to his history. On the title of some of his works he styles himself 'P. of Hawick.' One of these, entitled 'The Triumphes of Petrarke, translated out of Italian,' is a volume in folio, fairly written out for the press, and dedicated to 'Jean Fleming, Ladye Thirlstaine, Spsus to Sir Johne Maitland,' Chancellor of Scotland, 12th December 1587. This manuscript was presented to the College of Edinburgh by Drummond of Hawthornden, and to which the several fragments contained in these volumes are to be ascribed, I will not pretend to determine. But the person of that name who was Private Secretary and Master of Requests to Anne of Denmark, wife of James the Sixth, appears to have been a student in St Leonard's College, St Andrews, between 1572-4, when his name first occurs in the Registers of the University, and 1578, when he signs the Articles of Religion; and, from law notes bound up in vol. XV. of these manuscripts, we find that he was at Paris in 1580, prosecuting the study of civil law. On the occasion of the baptism of Prince Henry, 30th August 1594, the preparation of the pages exhibited to decypher these 'scribblings,' however much they may display the ingenuity and learning of our 'fantastic' Secretary.

Yet among the fragments in the Society's possession is the dedication to 'The Triumph of Death,' a fragment of a work intended to contain 'The Deploration of the death of Sir Francis Walsingham,' with 'other Epitaphes of most famous Princes and other personis,' which is dated 'from my house in Edin. the 9. of Jan. 1599,' and is said to have been 'Composed be Mr Wm. Fo[wl]er of Hawick.' This would fix the date of his birth to 1531, and to such a person the words of the Sonnet could not with much propriety be applied in 1587, when of course he was aged 56.

Whether there were two persons, a father and son, of the name of William Fowler, of Hawick, and to which the several fragments contained in these volumes are to be ascribed, I will not pretend to determine. But the person of that name who was Private Secretary and Master of Requests to Anne of Denmark, wife of James the Sixth, appears to have been a student in St Leonard's College, St Andrews, between 1572-4, when his name first occurs in the Registers of the University, and 1578, when he signs the Articles of Religion; and, from law notes bound up in vol. XV. of these manuscripts, we find that he was at Paris in 1580, prosecuting the study of civil law. On the occasion of the baptism of Prince Henry, 30th August 1594, the preparation of the pages exhibited to decypher these 'scribblings,' however much they may display the ingenuity and learning of our 'fantastic' Secretary.

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Volume XIII. contains Poems and fragments of various Authors, which appear to have formed part of the donation of the Hawthornden Manuscripts. Among these is a Sonnet by King James, on occasion of his voyage to Denmark in 1589; a paraphrase in English verse, of select Psalmes by Sir Robert Kerr, in 1624, who was afterwards created Earl of Ancrum; also some complimentary verses addressed to Thomas Cargill, a poet whose name has escaped the notice of our literary Historians, from which it appears he had prepared for the press a translation of Heesiod,—a circumstance the more me-

14 On the back of some of the leaves are scrolls of letters, but these could not be separated for the purpose of a more methodical arrangement.
Account of the Hawthornden Manuscripts.

Of the three volumes of the Manuscripts which are here described, Volume XIII. was presented by Dr. William Drummond, the Poet, to the Society on the 27th of June, 1783. The Poet had several times mentioned the desirability of having a separate volume containing the early MSS. of his father, Sir John Drummond, and of the Poems which he himself had written. The Manuscripts consist, as before stated, of many detached sheets, and of small portions of books, the several papers belonging to it not being arranged in any particular order. They are for the most part written in black ink, and preserve the handwriting of William Drummond, the Poet, and his sister the Lady Drummond. The handwriting is often difficult to decipher, yet there is not a single sheet of the whole volume which could not be read by a person familiar with the handwriting of the Poet.

It is now for me to consider the nature and character of the Manuscripts, and to present them to the Society with a view of recommending the publication of such of them as may be thought proper. I shall begin, as before, by stating the contents of the volumes, in proof of the importance of investing them with a separate publication.

Volume XIV. contains a few miscellaneous law papers, marked as having belonged to the Poet's father, Sir John Drummond. The only paper of any interest is entitled "Instructions from King James 6. to Sir John Drummond; and the Noblemen their Engagements to assist his Majestie against the English, July 1600." These Engagements are signed by the Earls of Menteith, Errol, and Angus.

The XVth and last Volume is a small 4to, of pp. 69, and consists of transcripts of Poems by Dr John Donne, the English poet, in the handwriting of William Drummond. This portion was a separate Donation to the Society, having been presented December 3, 1783. For convenience of size, there is bound at the end of the volume a series of notes on civil law, written by William Fowler while prosecuting his studies at Paris in the year 1580.

The Manuscripts, considered merely as autographs of an eminent Poet and Historian, one of the few names in Scottish literature, during the 17th century, of which we have much reason to boast, certainly possess considerable interest; but a very minute examination is not necessary to show, that whatever aid the contents of these volumes might afford to an editor in correcting the text, and in furnishing occasional additions to the poems and letters of his author, they do not contain any thing of sufficient importance to merit publication by the Society in a separate form.
Extracts from the Hawthornden Manuscripts.

Books red be me, anno 1608.

Troisieme tome des Hist. Tragiques.
Premier tome d’Amadis de Gaule.
Second tom. d’Amadis.
Neuvieme tom. d’Amadis.
Dix septiesme d’Amadis.
Comedies de la Rius.
Le Enfer d’Amour.
Ramus de Religionis.
Prince d’Orange.
Exposition sur l’Apocalips.
Beze Jauencelia.
La Conformiti du Langage Franca. aux le grec, H. E.
Les Ris de Democrite.
Trauax sans Trauaxe.

Books red anno 1609, be me.

Erastus, en Frai^ois.
Cinquiesme d’Amadis de Gaule.
Sixsieme d’Amadis.
Les Antiquites de France.
Dernier tome de De Serres.
Niles contre Primatum Pape.
Epistres de Pasquier.
Histoire des Albigeois.
La Curiosite de Du Plessi.
Oraclus Sybilis, en Grec.
La Fuis du Peché.
Cinithia, comedias, in Italian.
La Gazette Françoise.
La Celestine.

Books red anno 1610, be me.

Bartas.
13 Tome d’Amadis de Gaule.
La Franciade de Ronsard.
Bablia.
Hierasalem de Tasso, in English.
Dictionnaire de Nicot.
Daniel’s Worke.
Roland Furieux, in Frenche.
Azzolins de Bembo, in Frenche.
Amours de Rousnard.
Monophee d’Equestre Pasquier.
Orlando Furioso, in English.
Le Anatomie de Hamouras.
An Apologie for the Oth of Almagease.
Hymnes de Rousnard.

Italian books red be me, anno 1610.

Sanasars Arcadis ; et en Fr.
First part of the Rimes of Petrarche ; et en Fr.
Pastor Fide de Guarinii ; et en Fr.

Extracts from the Hawthornden Manuscripts.

English Latin, Frenche.

Spenser’s Fayrie Queene.

Books red, anno 1611.

Historio Macareniq.
Quadrauines de Pilgraq.
Hercalito, por Du Moulin.
Response a tous Propes.
Six liues de Marco Aguicolo d’Alueto de la Nature d’Amour.
Ameretti et Epibhalasimation, by Spenser.
Anticotton.
Remereiciement des Bourrires de Paris.
Pater Noter des Jesuitas.
Le Pourmeoro de Montagne.
Desdaine d’Amour.
Cornelius Tacitus, in English.
Les Pseaumes de David.
Epistelo de gli Apostoli.
Il Padrele Famiglia, del S. Torquato Tasso.
Il Rinalдо, del S. T. Tasso.
The Death of Sophonisba, by D. M.
Poemata P. Bembi.
Rime del Cesar Rinaldi.
A Discourse of Ciuil Lyff, by Cod. Brys-
fecett, out of the Italian of Geraldi.
Delle Rime del S. Torquato Tasso, part prime.
Delle Rime del T. Tasso, parte seconda.

Books red be me, anno 1612.

Philippes de Mornay de la Verité de la Religion Chrestienne.
Les Oeuvres Poetiques de Passerat.
Inglish Votaries, be J. Bale.
The Prophecies of Iniaias.
The Art of English Poesie.
Menstries Workes, 4 Tragedies. Aurora.

Les Pseaumes de David.
Elegies en Espagnol de Ronsard.
Deux Tragedies de Jodelle.
Recherches de Pasquier.
No Bedy, comedy.
Sir Gyles Goose, comedie.
A Mad World, comedie.
The Ee of Gucen, comedie.
Liberalite et Prodigalitie, comedie.
Sir Ph. Sid. Arcadin.
Parasitaster, by Marston, comedie.
The Court of Civil Conversation.
The Hunting of Cupid.
Poetical Rapsoody, by Davison.
Theia Festival, by Daniel.

Les Odes de Rousard.

Les Pseaumes de David.

Deux Tragedies de Jodelle.
Recherches de Pasquier.

Madrigali di Luigi Gioe d’Adria.
Madrigali di F. Cantarini.
Madrigali del S. Carlo Coquinato.
Le Nove Fiamme, di Lodiuio Paterno.


Il Padrele Famiglia, del S. Torquato Tasso.
Il Rinaldo, del S. T. Tasso.

Delle Rime del S. Torquato Tasso, part prime.

Delle Rime del T. Tasso, parte seconda.

The Metamorphose of Ajax.
Ben Jonson’s Epigrams.

Heath’s Epigrams.
Extracts from the Hawthornden Manuscripts.

Beacon's Essays.
Stafford's Niece turned in a Nilus.
Becon, Booke of Learning, to the King.

Drayton's Heroicall Epistles—Barons
Warres—Legends.
Lettere Amorose, Girolamo Parabosco.

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Beacon's Essayes. Draytou's Heroicall Epistles—Barons
Stafford's Niobeturne in a Nilus. Warres—Legends.
Becon, Booke of Learning, to the King. Lettere Amorose, Girolamo Parabosco.

Anno 1613.

La Divina Semana del S. T. Tasso.
Bartas.
Rime del Marino.
Morada.
Dionysius Africanus de Sita Orbis.
Drayton's Poliphilus.
S. W. A. Doonaday.
John Doae's Lyriques.
Owe.
Petrarca de Contemptu Mundi.
Bartas' Works.
Rime del S. Lelio Capilupi.

Anno 1614.

La Semina, de C. Gason.
La Reina di Scotia, T.
Ciceronis Tusculanae Quest.
Madrigalli di Mattio Manfredi.
Il Contrasto Amoroso.
Mirtila.
S. P. Complaint.
Perla.
La Fiametta.

These Lists are followed by others in which Drummond has written the titles of books possessed by him in the year 1611, with the prices which they cost: They are thus arranged: 1. *Table of my Italian bookes, anno 1611,* (containing the names of 61 different works.) 2. *Table of my Spanish bookes, anno 1611,* (8 books.) 3. *Table of my French bookes, anno 1611,* (18 books.) 4. *Table of my English bookes, anno 1611,* (50 books.) 5. *Table of my Greek bookes, anno 1611.* (35 books.) 6. *Table of my Hebrew bookes, anno 1611.* (11 books.) 7. *Table of my Latin bookes, anno 1611;* divided into classes, viz. Theologie (31 books); Jurispr. (24 books); Philosop. (54 books); Poets (55 books). And, 8. An additional List, chiefly of classics or miscellaneous Latin authors, containing 103 books. These lists or tables conclude as follows:

**Bibliotheca Imaginaria:**

Alkman. Scotland.
Gierosoleme Ruinata, by Titus.
The Battell of Bannock-burne.

As being the most interesting of these Lists, that which contains the *Table* of his English books may be here inserted.

E. Spenser's Fairie Queene. 6s. Ingl.
Spenser's Shephard Calender. 4d. Ingl.
Spenser's Hymnes. 4d. Ingl.
Spenser's Amoretti.
Art of English Poesie. 1s. Ing.
Draton's Workes. 2s. Ing.
Exhortation to Repentence, by Samson Lennard. 2s. Ing.
Daniel's Workes. 7s. Ing.
Godefroy of Bouillon, by Edward Fairfax. 5s. Ing.
Giacomo di Grassi his Art of Fencing. 118d. Ing.
Draton's Oule.
Godefrey of Bouillon, by Edward Fairfax. 5s. Ing.
Deo in Grani his Art of Fencing. 18d. Ing.

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**Extracts from the Hawthornden Manuscripts.**

Basilicon Diges.
The Holie Loue of Heaumlie Wisdome.
Lectures on the Revelation, by Perkine.
The Dial of Princes, Guesفارا.
Golden Epistles, Guesفارا.
The Italian Schoolmaster. 1s. Ing.
The Tragodie of Romeo and Juliet.

Mr Henrie Baltiness Book of Justification.
Pandaria.
Diana of Montemaior, by B. Zong. 7s. Ing.
Civil Wars of France.
Civill Wars of France. 8s. Ing.
The Countrie Ferine.
The Country Ferrone.

Endeavon and Fishe, by M. Drayton.
Ideaes Miroir.
The Tragedie of Antonio, by Countess of Pembroe.
Venus and Adon, by Shakeshepe.
The Rap of Lucrece, idem.
The Muses Garland.
Paris and Oone.
Tullie's Loue, by Greene.
Colin's Paraphrases.
ANECDOTES, &c. SELECTED FROM DRUMMOND OF HAWTHORNDEN'S MISCELLANIES, VOL. II.

B. JONSON HIS EPISTAPH; told to mee by himselfe: not made by him.

Here lies Benjamin Jonson dead,
And hath no more wit than a Goose in his head;
Yet, as he was wont, so doth he still,
Live by his wit, and ever more will.

When Cambden was buryed, one wrote, Here lies Cambden's Remaines.¹

One who wore long hair, being asked of another who was bald, Why he suffered his hair to grow to that length? Answered, It was to see if it would turn to sead, that he might save some of it on the pates of those who were bald.

Sir Gesiame Piercy prayed the Maior of Plumouth (who had a great long beard) to tell him Whether it was his own beard, or the beard of the Citie? for he could not think one man alone could have so huge a beard.

Epitaph of a Longe Bearcte.

At a Beards end, here lies a Man,
The odds 'tween them was scarce a span;
Living, with his wombe it did meet,
And now dead it covers his feet.

Epitaph of a Coate.

Heer lies a Coate, the patient overcomer
Of two sharpe Winters and a burning Summer.

In the stage, when an Actor had come up and walked awhile, then said, And what does now that melancholic Lord your brother? S. G. P. answered, I left him taking tobacco and wine.

S. G. P. beate once upon S. J. B. brest, and asked, If Sir Jerosme was within.

One who had fired a pipe of tobacco with a ballet [ballad], sweare he heard the singing of it in his head thereafter the space of two dayes.

B. J. told mee, that he said to a gentle woman who had given him vsauorye wild-foule to his supper, and thereafter sweet water to wash in, Shee did well to give him sweet water, for her flesh stinked.

That he saw in Paris the portrait of our Sauiour and his Disciples, eating the Pasch Lamb, which was larded.

One who was asked, Where he lay? answered, In your throat.

¹ Camden published a well-known work under the title of Remaines concerning Britain.
ing well, said he; Furgories in hath altsogoder tane away : if, the mornes, [to-morrow] he will take away Hell, I will give him the half of the lands of Dalhousie.

Epitaph of Mr Monday.

Blessed be the Sabbath; A pex on worldly pelf;
Now Tuesday must begin the Weeke, For Monday hath hanged himself.
Armastang, when King James complained of a Horse which they could not fatten, had him make a Bishop of him, and then hee would be fat.
King James asking B. Tobie, Why his beard was so near cut? hee replied, That his patron was Saint Cat-beard.

On a Glass Window.
Frailie Glasie, these bears my name as well as I,
And no man knows in which it first shall die?
There came in Scotland a Doctor of the Sorbone to Queene Marye of Lorraine; who, having heard some affirme that the French wine was as good and pure in Scott-land as it was to be found in France, said, The French send no wares off their coun-try, but the worst: M. G. Boq. [Buchanan] standing by, replyed, Well, Mr Doctor, I never knew yee were before this tyme the refusall and worst of all the Doctors of the Sorbone.
The Lord Herbert of Cherburrye dyed half made, after his booke * De Veritate."
Two fellows going to Tyburne to be hanged, in diverse cartes, one for the stealing a mounter [a watch], the other for a mare, he who stole the mare asked the other about the howre just that yee should give waiter to your mare.
Jacks, 6th, to two who, in a rainy day after hunting, did importune him about their marches on the River of Amazones, when he had referred them to the Counsell, and yet would not be at rest, said, If they refused to be judged by men, hee would send them to be judged by the Almightie God.

A Scotish minister sitting at table with Tobie Matheus, when he was discoursing with the Bishop, named him still Your L[ordship]; which a Gentleman who served at the table, marking, desired him to say Your Grace. When he was once or twice admonished, up start his and said The Grace; to which the Bishop uncovered himself, and asked, If that was the fashion of Scotland at Mid-Stepper to say Grace. I did it not, replyed he, till I was thricie desired to doe—You must say Grace.

Sir Robert Swift told one who asked, What Gentle woman hee was conveying (this was his owne wife), That shee was the Queen of Diamonds. I believed it, said the other; Yet are the Knave of Clubs that follows.

Mr Cuff, who was hanged for Essex, when St. Henrye Savell's wyfe had wished her-self a books, replyed, Would God then, Madame, yee were an Almanack.

A CHandeler having candle stollen from him, his neighbour comforted him, telling him bee should be merrye, for one day or other that they would come to light. Mr Hoppins being imprisoned in the Towre, committed for declaiming against Mr Cuff, who was hanged for Essex, when Sr. Henrye Savell's wyfe had wished her-self a books, replyed, Would God then, Madame, yee were an Almanack.
Mr Cuff, who was hanged for Essex, when St. Henrye Savell's wyfe had wished her-self a books, replyed, Would God then, Madame, yee were an Almanack.
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Mr Cuff, who was hanged for Essex, when St. Henrye Savell's wyfe had wished her-self a books, replyed, Would God then, Madame, yee were an Almanack.

If, of the dead, save good nought should be said,
He'1 get no Ethaph who heere is laid.
S. P. [illig] on his Picture.
Take this, those who makest all the virtues live : Who gives himself may well his picture give.
Sir Robert Swift told one who asked, What Gentle woman hee was conveying (this was his owne wife), That shee was the Queen of Diamonds. I believed it, said the other; Yet are the Knave of Clubs that follows.

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J. Done gave my Lord Ancrem his picture, in a melancholie posture, with this word about it: De tristitia ista libera me, Domine."

My Lord Mortoun expoundd that definition of an Embassadour published by Sir H. Woton: *Legatus est vir mentiendi causa missus: An Embassadour was a Man sent to lye (that is, reside) for his Maister.

Burbage being dead, that excellent Actor on the stage, one wrote for his Epitaphe, *Epitaph of Mr Monday.

Bishop Billie falling in out ternes with Doctor Done, said, None save some Popish fellowes as hee thought otherwise; to which Done [replied]; I would not give so much to be Pope as ye did to be Bishop. Hold your peace, said Billie. I know better how to hold my peace than yee how to speake. Yee are a foule [fool]. That, fellowes as hee thought otherwise; to which Done [replied]; I would not give so much to be Pope as ye did to be Bishop. Hold your peace, said Billie. I know better how to hold my peace than yee how to speake. Yee are a foule [fool]. That,

My Lord, said Done, is your owne; yee may give it to whom yee please.

Q. Elisabeth entering Bristo, a speech was to be delivered to her. The honest man began: May it please your sacred M., I am the Mouth of the Towne: and then, all amused, forgot the rest. She, sporting, said once or twice, Speake, Good Mouth! Mr Hopkins being imprisioned in the Towre, committed for declaiming against some articles which the King's Majestie had sought to be established; and having written his Apologie in verses to the King, upon which followed his deliverance, a Compaignon of his said, He went in in the Towre by Reason, but came out by Rhyme. A Chandler having candle stollen from him, his neighbour comforted him, telling him bee should be merrye, for one day or other that they would come to light.

3 This and some of the other jests are inserted as carrying them back a century before the appearance of Joe Miller.
Doctor [Arthur] Johnson said of a Bishop who seldom preached, That hee was a very rare preacher.

J. Murray wooing a widow, and saying to her Shee was but 40 years old; his Man said openly, Hee was near 60. The Maister replying, He lyed; Well, answered the Man, that is even as true as the other.

Sir G. Percy, to save his bootes, caused a porter to carrye him; and if he were surprised, [to] say, Shee was a Scots Laird fallen sick in a tavern.

After S. George Hierori was killed at the Red Swire, the Regent, James Earl of Mortoun, sent many faithlesse of the Scottish kynd, for a present to the courteours of England; whereupon one made a jest saying, That he dealt verye noblye and bountifully, in that he gave those five Hawkes for dead Hierori, aluding to S. George Hierori, who was slain.

A Fowle being with his Prince in a great storme on the sea, said, Now, Nobles, wee shall drink one and all of one cuppe.

A Countryman coming in a citie, and admiring the trades and diverse shope of them, enpyed a shop empty as he thought; and, finding one in it, asked, What wares they sold ther, for he could see nothing? (It was a Scrivener's shope.)

An old man, that is even as true as the other.

A Countryman coming in a citie, and admiring the trades and diverse shope of them, enpyed a shop empty as he thought; and, finding one in it, asked, What wares they sold ther, for he could see nothing? (It was a Scrivener's shope.)

A Countryman came to visit Sir Fr. Bacon, after the time of his great disaster, but found few to open his doores; and asking him how he did, Well, replied hee, your Lordship is come to see a ruinous building, for the rats and vermine are all fled away from mee.
almost been a Christiane father to one of his childring. He accept me so kindlie, and made me so good entertainment (which, whatsoever, with him I could not have thought but good), that I can not well scowe. Tables removed, after Homer's fasion well satiste, he honord me so much as to scowe me his bookes and papers. This much I will say, and perichance not with out raison dar say, if the heuens prolonge his dayes to end his Day, he hath done moare in One Day, then Tasso did al his lyff, and Bar- 

the II of July 1619."

This evidently is an early letter of Drummond's, judging from the style as well as the handwriting, and the mention of his first acquaintance with his friend Sir William Alexander. The poem by him that is referred to is his "Doomes-Day, or, The Great Day of the Lords Judgement," which was first published in 4to, at Edin-

"4. To have a letter for Reuen [Ruthven]."

Anagrames in which he had essayed your Name; though, by difficulite of the ele-

"4. To have a letter for Heuen [Ruthven]."

This letter is interesting, and evidently alludes to Buchanan, and the publication of his works, although I cannot ascertain the person who is here addressed as his Cousin. It was probably written before 1615, in which year an edition of Buchanan's poems, including his Sphere, was printed at Edinburgh, edited by John Ray.

5. To Sir Robert Kerr of Ancrum.

Sir,—Not long since, turning over some of my Uncle's papers, I met with some Anagrames in which he had essayed your Name; though, by difficulite of the ele-

ments (to speake in pedantricks), they do not answer your hope, yet to witness his diligence and love, I thought them not unworthy of your sight.

Robertus Carus, Ancranus.

1. Curans Recturus Amabor.

"1. To remember to send him a discourse of Hell, Heaven, &c; 2. To wryte to him about the translation of the Psalms; 3. To send him my Passion, Good-Fryday; "

"4. To have a letter for Heuen [Ruthven]."

Sir,—Thought I know how lothsome it is [for] you in this sad tyme, ather.to

receave or answer letters, hauing so excellent a cause of murnig; noclit the less, I

performe in this remote parte of the earth, he hath done more in One Day, then Tasso did al his lyff, and Bar-

"4. To wryte to him about the translation of the Psalms; 3. To send him my Passion, Good-Fryday; 

"4. To have a letter for Heuen [Ruthven]."

ems a letter, desiring me to haue made longer stay; and, beleve me, I was as sor-

ty to depart as a new enamouret lover wuld be from his mistres. Thys having su-

icientlie excusest myselfe at your hands, as I thinke, I take my love.

"[W. DRUMMOND.]

S[IR WILLIAM ALEXANDER.]


Sir,—Thought I know how lothsome it is [for] you in this sad tyme, ather.to

receave or answer letters, hauing so excellent a cause of murnig; noth the less, I

performe in this remote parte of the earth, he hath done more in One Day, then Tasso did al his lyff, and Bar-

"4. To have a letter for Reuen [Ruthven]."

This letter appears to have been written shortly after the death of Prince Henry, in November 1612. On the same sheet of the Manuscript is a Sonnet by Drummond, addressed to Sir W. Alexander, which was, but with several variations, prefixed to
86 Extracts from the Hausthornden Manuscripts.

2. At Sum Arcus Robur Arcus.—
A bow holding off, resisting violence. But this is propheticall,—

3. Cur Arno Robustus Coram?
Why should ye be so strong in armes in this elme of Sybarites? or, being the Muses darling, or, for some thing else past to wound when ye shoote Deistros.

Nectar Sumas Robur Arcus,—
A bow holding off, resisting violence. But this is prophetical,—

Sir,—AFTER euen a longing to heare of your happy journey, Mr Fenton shew mee a letter from you, remembring all your friends here, and particular (such is your kyndnesse) mee. If ever prayers and good wishes could have made a voyage easie, you may of one and the same name make both good and easie. So did my Uncle find in ‘Anna Regina,’ ‘Ingannare,’ as well as of ‘Anna Britannorum Regina,’ in ‘Anna Regnantium Arbor;’ as he who in ‘Charles de VALois,’ found ‘Chasen la dure ley,’ and after the massacre found ‘Chasen desley, often they are most false, as in ‘Henry de Burbon,’ ‘Bonheur de Biron.’

Of all the Anagrammatists, and with lest paine, he was the best who out of his owne name, being ‘Jacques de la Chamber,’ found ‘La Chamber de Jacques,’ and rested there; and next to him here at home a gentleman whose mistress name, being ‘Anna Grane,’ found it an Anagrame alreddy.

But now I have keptee you too long, with these toyes, from your serious thoughts, so of which fault craving pardon till the next occasion, my humble service remem-bered, I rest [W. DRUMMOND.]

[2 Sir Robert Kerr of Ancrum was gentleman of the bed-chamber successively to James and to Charles I. He was raised to the honour of Earl of Ancrum, 24th June, 1633.—Drummond’s Uncle here referred to was William Fowler, who died in 1614, 8th of July.]

6. To my good friend Ben Jonson.

SIR,—AFTER even a longing to heare of your happy journey, Mr Fenton shew mee a letter from you, remembring all your friends here, and particular (such is your kyndnesse) mee. If ever prayers and good wishes could have made a voyage easie, you must have borne, for your acquaintance here in their thoughts did traveulle along with you. The vncertaintye where to directe letters hath made mee this tyme to answer our desires, to bequeall (to the deserts of your many good partes,) to your deserts, I remitte you to the tuition of God.

Edenbrough, 30 of April 1619.
it is a more worthyo exercise to be a ballader, studye to paint the face, or follow some learned men. Herefore Nero killed Lucan, and opncd Seneca's veines; for (as Tacitiz them onlye worthy the lusse of their hand : but especialy Princes, who are so in-
safety of their owne persons, and are so subject to the accidents of fortune, as that they maye haue had one language, and were better understood, than after it, when one vnder-

This Age, in my judgment, is not much more learned than that which was before us: diversity of opinions, and multitudes of books, have wrought the same confusion in the mynd of men, which want of books and credulous simplicity did in the former tymes. They spoke better before the building of Babell, when they had but one language, and were better understood, than after it, when one under-

8. To

RIGHT Honorable L.—I had not vowed my verses to any man unto your L., hauing ever esteemed you a Patron worthy a more noble Muse. But they have here-to-fore been so idle (my wit being soile fertill in toyes), that I neither durst nor would set your L. name before any of them. If myne affaires could suffer, (a great many of which maye have their excerpt from your L. favour) fortune conspiring with layyers, it might so happen that I present your L. with Flowers, where as now I doe but with words. The opinion which the World hath of these, and his Majesties verdict of some pieces (above their worth), did make me thinke that I should not doe wrong (or at least a pardonable one) in daring thus offer them to your L. I will not have, desire, your L. to reade them (being so young conceits, and those young-

9. To

I think Tasso had some raison of his madness, now in spending such tyme and labor, and riping [reaping] nothing but “O well done!” Great Men in this age either repect not our toyes at all, or, if they doe, because they are toyes esteemd them onlye worthy the kiss of their hand : but especially Princes, who are so in-
cent and yet at the remembrance of the sudden I am in a horror. How miserable had the estate of so many beene, which all liue [love ?] your life, for none being so well loued, this griefe had beeene vniuersall. But God both had pitte of you, and of all true worth, which had dyed wt you.

10. To

This Age, in my judgment, is not much more learned than that which was before us: diversity of opinions, and multitudes of books, have wrought the same confusion in the mynd of men, which want of books and credulous simplicity did in the former tymes. They spoke better before the building of Babell, when they had but one language, and were better understood, than after it, when one under-

11. To

This Age hath rather slept away it selfe than liued: Wee shall be wenvorthy doe ought of the Posteritye. It is a wonder to consider how some tymes kings-
domes are governed by men, otherwise by dowagers, aginst by children and babes: And all these tymes have their different humoures; except men often turne babes, as dowagers dissels, age in dotage.

12. To S. W. [ALEXANDER.]

What thankes can I giue to God Almighty for such unexspected help, which of his infinit goodness he hath bestowed on you, when you fell into such a dangerous ague. You may thinke how your letters movd men, when even yet at the remembrance of the accident I am in a horror. How miserable had the estate of so many beene, which all love your life, for none being so well loved, this griefe had beeene uinerull. But God both had pitte of you, and of all true worth, which had dyed wt you.

13. To S. W. [ALEXANDER.]

That you are releas’d of your tertiane ague, at this i ti me gratulor: you should not despair of your fortunes. [Hee] who drew you there and fixed mee here contrarye to our resolutions, Hee only from all danger may vindicate our fortunes, and make vs sure. Hee to this time hath brought mee in the world to be without riches riche, and then most happily did it fall out wt mee, when I had no hope in man left mee; and this came to me because on him, and not on man, my hopes relied. And there-

14. To

To—

To—

II. To

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THE words in Italics, and a few and similar expressions elsewhere, as to poverty or obliga-
tion, are deleted in the scrols, probably by the Poet’s son.

VOL. IV.
14. To M. Drayton. [MICHAEL DRAYTON, the Epigamic Poet.]

Your great learning first bred in me admiration, then love, which if not alwayes and allwayes I profess, testifie, I were not only an euill esteemper of you, but also of letters and all learning and poesie; which now, being in the Age of it, beginneth to flourish againe by you. When first I looked on your Heroicall Epistles, I was rapt from my selfe, and could not containe my selfe from blazing that of you, which both your worth, merit, and my lowne deserved, required; although, whatever I can say of you is farre vnder your ingine and vertue. So farre as I can remember, no man hath done better or can doe more, hath done better and more, of you is farre vnder your ingine and vertue. So farre as I can remember, of our opinion deceaue me. All that you have done delighte mee: your learning, judgment, and from noue can wee exspect more. So have I persuaded my selfe, neither doth my Toshyple of hym to me, to which the admiration of you conuoyed vs.

15. To the Right Worshipfull MICHAEL DRAYTON, ESQUIER.

Sir,—I have understood by Sr W. Alexander's letters, yee have not receaued my letter! Let vs blote this Yeere in the calender, as the Germane Astrologers haue, with musicke. A whole Yeere to haue gone, paper being so cheape, and neuer one to entertaine any occasion to manifest the same.

16. To M. D. [MICHAEL DRAYTON.]

Sir,—I receaved the thente of Apryle, a letter of yours, which if it had beene an Almanack, had long ere it came to me expriyed, being dated the 22 of November:

It was well the yeere was forgot. Of our long silence let vs both excuse our solutes, and (as our First Parents did) laye the fault on some thrid; I vpon Sr W. [Alexander], who, notwithstanding my oft inquirying for you, answered mee with silence; and you upon his Lady, to whom yee deliuered this letter; who, that shee might be assured to base it in my hands (perhaps for feare to violate her promise to you); durst not hazard it with any bearer, till shee came with it her selfe. But because yee will not shortlye see her, if you please, remeans yee my querrelle against Sr W., and I shall take yours against his Lady: neither for this shall her book save her, though it bee musicke.

A whole Yeere to haue gone, paper being so cheap, and neuer one to doe; but the chief of your praises non than I shall more willingly remember. Wee haue directed these to Mr Bill, which I wish [may] have no worse fortune than yours, which is to finde you at last; and testifie that neither yeeres nor fortune can ever so affect me, but that I shall euer reuerence your worth, and esteeme your friendship as one of the best conquests of my life. Which I would have extended (if possible), and enjoy sooner after death, that as this yeme, so the coming, after, might knowe that I am, and shall be euer, Your loving [freind, W. DRUMMOND.]

17. To M. Drayton.

The Summer might [as well] come without flowers, as Sr W[illiam Alexander] without letters. Wonder hath ofte been inquisitive of, about your Poemes, wondering they are not from the press. I long to heare the progress of your Poemes printed. There is no verses I delighte more to read than yours, "Shine as the moonce among the lesser stars". If I heare of your byding at London, I will repair the long silence of tyme past of the last yeere. Old Sr Wm. Eakes challenged me in your name, of what I was most innocent: for witness all that euer heard poecye [all those powers that influe or love sweet poecye], that I did not answer your letter, which a Tortoyse might have brought to Scotland in such a period of tyme. Esteeme me among those that love you, which can not have an end, being grounded on your owne worth.

18. To the E. of Perth.

My Most Honorable Lord, Tell such tyme that a more rare token of your service fall in your hands, I send you these inclosed for handselles sake; which I pray your L to receaue, and to continue me in your good graces, whose hart hath never nor shall euer faint in your L. service. My L, opportunity being so fyllye offered vnto me, and my sincere affection towards your L. putting me in mind of these respects which are due to your vertue, I send you these idle toys, the tokens of my due observing your honour; being glad to entertaine any occasion to manifest the same.
**Extracts from the Hawthorned Manuscripts.**

19. To——

Sir,—At my last being in your Country, I remember ye regared the west of Christian songs and hymnes in our English language, the neighbour countreys of France and Germanie having the advantage over us herin, which I then wished with you to be interprised by some Kappy wit, and promised to send unto you a piece of myne (more showing ah affectionate willingnesse than any perfection) on that subject. But every thing must have a beginning. Here ye haue it, Sir, and a piece of myn (more showing ah affectionate willingnesse than any perfection) on ed with you. to be. interprised by some Kappy wit, and promised to send unto you which I then wish-

20. To——

Sir,—though the late sorrowes and cares behalfeen mee, by the lose of my nearest freinds, could never make mee forgetfull of you, yet haue they the power this long tyne to silence mee: and by them X la Cythera mia nuolta in pianto. What the cruelty of warres do elsewhere, a still and gentle mortality hath done heere. In many yeares, funerallies have not beene so frequent as in this one 1633: few bands of kindred, frendship, societyes being which haue not now beene broken. This mortalitye may have the name of pestilence, same that the dyeing are not deprivid of the companye of their freinds, and accustumat burial. What is recorded of the 1346, that churchyards were not ample enough to enterre the dead, but new grounds were digged up, is fallen true in this; and, as it is told of the 1120, in the tyne of the Emperor Henry 4, that the third of maikynd was swept off the earth, wee may heare say of the 1628, that the Almighty Providence hath deicatn our poor North. This is (perhaps) a part of that wrath which the late defects of the great lights above, and a blaring starre, did proponiciat to vs; the malignity of this was about the 9 of July, at what tyne was an unhappy commixon of contrarie lights of Jupiter and Saturne with other. That affection which was diluided before to all them gone, will I gather and sett only upon you, for you are only worthy of it; whom the heavens may long preserve (to be a pattener of true worth to all the world, but most to . . . .)

21. To——

I have fallen in so many teares since your departure from hense, that I believe verye soon to renewe the old transformationes; for I am neere to tyme either fontaine or flood. This Yere, so many deare freinds are dead vnto me, that everye one of them, for the sweet handes of frendship, and their desert, would have turned a thousand eyes of myne in thousand rivers, my, seas of sorrow, grief: but wee must have better patience. It placeth not God, it is against God, not to conforme ourselues to his lawes, or to trouble with sighes and teares the peacefull estate of happie soules.

22. To——

Mist.—My obligation to the South, but most to your undeserved kindnesse, which is so much the purer that it approaches near the affection of Angells, who lose other by a more noble facultye than sight, can only by my wishes and thankfull remembrences be answered. To excuse to you my long silences, I have sent of my Recreations; which though (perhaps) idle, yet this moneth (being Flourenz) shall not come out of season. I will entonce your censure before the opinion of many hundreths, being, I am assured, as free both of ignorance and malice, which I long to heare, and will expect at my Brother's returne; till which tyme, and ever, you shall have me as your most loving and assured freind, [W. DRUMMOND.]

23. To L. M.

These dayes by past, this piece coming to my hands, finding it not unworthy of the sight of the world, in respect of the matter, it being a compend of Christian faith sweetened in verses; for as Lucrece says, Nova veluti pueris, &c. I thought I should not be amisse to publishe it in this commentary. The many obligations which I daylye trye of your L., wt the affection I have the Author hath ever borne you, have emboldned mee to dedicate it to you L. Thus, I hope, by your L. fauour, it shall not only have acceptance, but be much made of; that my presumption shall not only obtaine pardon, but acceptance.

24. [To the Earl of Stirling, on the death of Michael Drayton.]

The Death of M. D.? your great freind, hath beene verye greenesc to all those which lose the Muses heere ; cheeflie that hee should haue left this World before he had perfected the Northern part of his Polyolbion: that it brake off that noble work, of the Northern part of the Polyolbion which had beene so little honour to our Country. All wee can doe to him is to honour his Memory. If your L. can get those fragments, reminiscences, of his Workes which concernes Scotland, wee shall endeavoure to put them in this Country to the presse, with a dedication, if it shall be thought expedient, to your L., with the best remembrance his love to this Country did assurance. Of all the good race of Poets who wrot in the tyme of Queen Elizabith, your L. now alone remanires.

Daniel, Sylvestor, King James, Done, and now Drayton, who, besides his louse and kindlyesbassurance of your L., hath made twice honourable mention in his Workes of your L.: long since in his Odes, and latterlie in Elignes, 1637.
If the date of a Picture of his be just, he hath lived three score and eight yeeres, but shall live by all likelihood so long as men speake English after his death. I, who never saw him, save by his letters and poesie, scarce beleive he is yet dead; and would fain misbelieve veritye, if it were possible.

The Town of Eden[burgh] busie themselves verye much for the erecting of pa-

tons for the King's M. Entrie. Some haue written to us from Court, notwith-

standig of his Highhesse good intention. to receaue his crown in Scotland, it is impossible

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The Town of Edinburgh busied themselves very much for the erecting of pavilions for the King's entrance. Some have written to us from Court, notwithstanding his Highness's good intention to receive his crown in Scotland, it is impossible ever to see him, save by his letters and poetry, scarcely believe he is yet dead; and would fain misbelieve verity, if it were possible.

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And my dear Drummond, to whom much I owe,
For his much love, and proud was I to know
His Poems, for which two worthy Men,
I mostly still should love, and Hawthornden.

25. To His Loving Friend

Sir,—By the countenances of state, and appearances at court, at your leaving this country I was confused, and turned so unfortunate, that I found my self deprived of all occasions of bidding you farewell. Now, knowing it no less vertue to keep than to acquire, that I should not prove forgetfull of how many courtesies receaued at your country I was confined, and turned so unfortunate, that I found my self deprived of all occasions of bidding you farewell. Now, knowing it no less virtue to keep than to acquire, that I should not prove forgetful of how many courtesies received at your departure, in my heart, I have, obtained, all desired; and shall study to employ my best endeavours to deserve your favours, and continue your most humble and affectionate servant, [W. DRUMMOND.]

26. To

My Noble Lord,—The merits of your blessed Father towards me, and your own courtesies, have beene so many, that there can not be any thing in my weake power to performe for your service, which your L. and all yours shall not find mee most willing to essaye. I tooke a view of that Country, and set down such observationes as I thought would give it lustre. [If there be any thing your L. would have blotted out, or ought to be adjoynd after your L. mind, upon information it shall be amended.] [The joining of all the adjacent country must be referred to Straloch, and those who have the universall maps.] Your L. maye add or take from them what your L. shall think convenient. Your L. knows that the best Antiquaries are but the best guessers, conjecturers. And in this obscure part of the World, Stratoia nostra salutem tibi dedit fascina. If what I have conjectured be acceptable to your L. I have obtained all I desired; and shall study to employ my best endeavours to deserve your L.'s favours, and continue your L. most humble and affectionate servant, [W. DRUMMOND.]
To the Same.

MY NOBLE LORD,—At the receiving of your L. letter, there came a letter and charge from these of the Committee, to command all the Gentlemen upon Fryday after to meet at Lawder and resist the English, who were making incursions upon the Borders; and nearer to Kelso. I was not resolved to accompany them; but if I leave my house, I know not whether they will send out and plunder it. Thus your L. shall excuse my not seeing your L. at this season.

I resceaued the Historie of the Duglases from my Lord your Sonne: I shall go through it, I have gone through it, and considered some parts, places of it. Extreame puritanically, especially in the life of Archibald the third Earle of Angusse, towards the end; and the Regenie of the Earls of Mortown. Since your L. have done what was possible for the suppressing the copyes, it will be no ways prejudicial to your L. Booke: for your L. Booke coming forth, will make the errourcs of this Booke appear; and both the Booke, though after diverse ways, tending to the glorye of the Name of Douglas. It is no great matter to suffer the one to be a preamble, preludium, to the other. I am residing over M. David's piece, &c.

No bookes are so perfect, that they can please all readers: the puritanicall partes of it, may be cut to the Gentlemen here about so much work, and neare to Kelso. I was not resolved to accompany, them; but if I leave my house, I know not whether they will send out and plunder it. Thus your L. shall excuse my not seeing your L. at this season.

Your L. will be petitioned for the Gentlewoman (who hath ventured, she says, her whole fortunes) by the Lords of the State, to suffer the Booke to come abroad, or then to give her satisfaction for her copyes, and she will return to your L. pleasure. If the booke returns to your L. (providing the Gentlewoman will give assurance that shee hath not sent any copyes to England), the booke may be ameneted by cutting some sheets and putting others in their place, and adjoining the Records of the House of Glenberuie: otherwise, her copyes (now with Knox's Chronicles, printed with authority at London) might be reprinted.

VOL. IV. N
The next were, your L. having the first volume of the Lives of the Earles of Douglas printed, to put to press the second tome of the Earles of Angusse, and send abroad your booke before the other, which would undo the poor Woman.

When the life of Queene Marye, his Mother, was given, presented to K. James, by one William Vdall, though the King liked not the religion of the man, for he had been seconded nobely by some Jesuites, of whose education and societie he was, he accepted cheerfully of the books; and said, it was a Strong wadge, to cleanse much crooked wold against his Mother. After which the Gentleman put to the Epistle of the book *W. Strongwage," rejecting his first surname. This piece [Name of Gocher off's] is a strong wadge against many things can be objected, or have been objected, against the families of the Duglasses; though it containe many, too muche, of the humours of this present tyme.

The Historye of Henrye the 4 of England, when it was dedicated to the last Earle of Essex, procured great enuye to the Earle, and made the Author [Sir John Hayward] be keep in prisone some yeeres. And this same may fall forth, in the Dedication to your L., if the Prince had any notable person to challenge.

To his worthy and much respected freind MAISTEH WILLIAM ANSTEKRE, at Transent.

MUCH RESPECTED FREIND,—THESE are to intreate you earnestlie, that when occasion and your leasure serueth, yee would be pleased to doe mee the fauour as to take the paines to transcriue the Inscription which is vpon my Lord of Perth's torabe, in the chapell of Seatoun. I have drawn vp a Genealogical Table of the House of Drumfoond, with many ornamentes and some garnishing of the persones; in this the Inscriptions of my Lord's Tombe will serue mee for some light; My noble Lord of Wintown is descended hence of this Race, and shall not be ouerpassed in what I can doe him or his auncient familie honour and service. When this piece is perfect, it must come vnder your hand, to gif me the last lustre. Thus, my commendations remembred to your bed-fellow and selfe, I remaine, your assured and louing freind to serue you, W. DRUMMOND.

April 1649.

[From the manuscript scrolls of such of Drummond's Letters as have been printed, it appears, that Letter 9 (Works, p. 139), which describes the Picture Gallery at Paris, &c. was dated the 12th of February 1607; that Letter 15 (Works, p. 144), beginning, 'Should you think,' &c. was addressed to 'Sir W. Duglasse; and that Letter 20 (Works, p. 140), to Cunningham of Barnes, was dated December 1630.

Having pointed out on a former page (p. 69) one or two poems inaccurately ascribed to our Author, I may take this opportunity to refer to several others by him in the form of commendatory verses, prefixed to various works published by his friends, which have never been inserted in any edition of his Poems; namely, to Sir W. Alexander's Doomesday, 1614, —to Patrick Gordon's Penardo and Laissa, 1615,—to Bisliop Cowper on the Revelation, 1619,—to G. Vander Hageni Miscellanea Poemata, 1619,—to A. Symson's Heptameron, &c. 1621,
SONNETS.

To the Honorable Author, S. J. Skene.

[This Sonnet was addressed to Sir John Skene of Curriehill, Clerk Register, on the publication, probably, of his translation of the "Regiam Majestatem: The Auld Lawes and Constitutions of Scotland," &c., in 1609, although not found among the commendatory verses prefixed to that work. In Vol. XIII. of these Manuscripts are two Epitaphs on his death (15th October 1633), one in Latin by John Bay, the other in wretched English verse, by some unknown writer, who signs it "Companion composuit, R. D."]

Ah! as the bird surprized in subtile springs,
That beates with wing but cannot flye away;
So struggle I, and faine would change my case,
But this is not of nature, but of grace.

First in the Orient raign'd the Assyrian Kings;
To those the sacred Persian Prince succeeds;
Then He by whom the World sore-wounded bleeds,
Earth's crowne to Greece with bloody blade he brings;
Then Greece to Rome the raines of State resignes:
Thus from the mightie Monarche of the Meeds,
To the West World'successiuelie proceeds
That great and fatall period of all things;
Whilst wearied now, with broyles and long alarmes
Earth's Majestie her diademe layes down
And throws her selfe, Great Monarch! in thy armes.

Here shall shee staye, Fates haue ordained so,
Nor lias she where, nor further, for to goe!

And the same Author's Samson's Seven Lockes of Haire, 1621,—to Sir W. Moore of Rawallan's True Cruifixe, 1625,—to Sir T. Kilie's Pallas Armita, 1627,—to the Funeral Sermons on Lady Jane Maitland, 1633,—and to D. Person of Logland's Varieties, 1635.—See also Mr Maidment's Third Book of Scotish Pasquills.

Extracts from the Hawthornden Manuscripts.

Frere in the Orient raign'd the Assyrian Kings;
To those the sacred Persian Prince succeeds;
Then He by whom the World sore-wounded bleeds,
Earth's crowne to Greece with bloody blade he brings;
Then Greece to Rome the raines of State resignes:
Thus from the mightie Monarche of the Meeds,
To the West World successiuelie proceeds
That great and fatall period of all things;
Whilst wearied now, with broyles and long alarmes
Earth's Majestie her diademe layes down
Before the feet of the unconquerd Crowne,
And throws her selfe, Great Monarch! in thy armes.
Here shall shee staye, Freres have ordain'd so,
Nor has she where, nor further, for to goe!
Before a Poem of Irene.

[It would have been very gratifying to have been able to ascertain on what Poem this very beautiful Sonnet was written. For solemn grandeur, it may be compared with the best of Milton's sonnets; and the mention of the 'Sacred Band' may suggest to the Reader his fine words,

--- And the repeated air
Of sad Electra's Poet had the power
To save the Athenian walls from ruin bare.

MOURNE not, faire Greece, the ruine of thy Kings,
Thy temples raz'd, thy forts with flames deuour'd,
Thy championes slaiue, thy virgines pure deflowred,
Nor all those greifes which sterne Bellona brings!

But Mourne, fair Greece! Mourne that Sacred Band
Which made thee once so famous by their Songs,
Forc't by outrageous Fate, haue left thy land,
And left thee scarce a voice to plaine thy wrongs!

Mourne that those Climates which to thee appeare
Beyond both Phoebus and his Sisteres wayes,
To sane thy deedes from Death must lend thee layee,
And such as from Musseus thou didst heare!

For now Irene hath attain'd such fame,
That Hero's Ghost doth weepe to heare her name.

SONNET.

There is little doubt, that the person to whose fate the Poet in anticipation compares his own was Sir Alexander Falconer of Halkertone, one of the Senators of the College of Justice, who was conspicuous for his loyalty to the House of Stuart, "both at the Parliament and in the field," during the times of the Civil War. He was raised to the dignity of the Peerage, by the title of Lord Halkertone, 20th December 1647. After the death of Charles I., he was one of the Judges who were removed for 'malig

I FEAR to me such fortune be assign'd
As was to thee, who did so well deserve,
Braue Halkertone! even suffer here to sterue
Amidst base-minded freinds, nor true, nor kind.
Why were the Fates and Furies thus combined
Such woes for such disasters to reserve?
Yet all those eills euer made thee averse
From what became a well resolved mind;

For swelling greatnesse neuer made thee smile,
Despising greatnesse in extremes of want;
O happy thrice whom no distresse could daint!
Yet thou exclaimed, O Time! O Age! O Isle!
Where flatterers, fools, baudes, fulles, are rewarded,
Whilst Vertue sternes upvind, unregarded!

MADRIGALS.

ON THE IMAGE OF LUCRECE.

[Probably suggested by the painting of Tarquin and Lucretia, by Titian.]

Wise Hand, which wiselie wroght
That dying Dame, who first did banish Kings;
Thy light and shadow brings
In doubt, the wond'ring thought
If it a substance be, or faignet show,
The colours strove for to have made her Hue;
Wer not thy hart sayed No,
That fear'd, perchance, the wound so should her giue;
Yet in the fatal blow
Shee seems to speake, nay speakes with Tarquin's hart;
But Death her stays, surprising her best part,
If Death her stayed not, killing her best part.

NERO'S IMAGE.

A CURIOUS Hand it was
Of this hard rocke did frame
That monster of all ages, mankind's shame,
Ferce Nero's, hell's disgrace:
Of wit, sense, pite, void,
Did he not living, marble hard surpasses,
His mother, master, country, all destroyed?
Not alt'reing his first case,—
A stone he was when set upon a throne,
And now a stone he is, although dethroned downe.

AMPHION OF MARBLE.

THIS Amphion Phidias frame,
Though senselesse it appears,
Extracts from the Hawthornden Manuscripts.

Doth shine, and is the same
Did Thebes' towers v prayer,
And if his harpe be tishe not to your care.
No wonder, his harmonious sounds alone
Would you amaze, and change him selfe in stone.

OF A BEE.

INGENIOUS was that Bee
In lip that wound which made,
And kind to others, though unkind to thee;
For by a just exchange
On that most liuelie red,
It giues to those reuenge
Whom that delicious, plump, and rose part,
All pittilesse (perhaps) now wounds the hart.

OF CHLORIS.

FORTH from greene Thebis bowers
The Morne arose; her face
A wreath of rayes did grace,
Her haires rain'd pearles, her hand and lap dropt flowres.
Led by the pleasant sight
Of those so rich and odo'riferous showres,
Each shepheard thither came, and nimphes bright:
Entrant'd they stood;—I did to Chloris turne,
And saw in her more grace than in the Morne.

CHLORIS ENAMOURED.

AMINTAS, now at last
Thou art reienged of all my rigour past;
The scorning of thee, softnesse of thy hart,
Thy longings, causefull tearcs, . . :
Doe double griefc each day to mee impart.
I am not what I was,
And in my miseries I thyne doe glass.
Ah ! now in perfect ycares,
M' reason could my conning harms descrie,
Made Love's fond taper flic.
I burne, mee thinkes, in sweet and fragrant flame.
Ask me noe more: Tongue hide thy Mistres shame.

SIGH.

SIGH ! stollen from her sweet brest
What doth that marble hart,
Smartes it indeed, and feels not others smart?
Griues it, yet thinkes that others grieued jeast?
Loue or despight, which forc't thee thence to part,
Sweet harbinger ! say from what vncouth guest?
Sure thou from Love must come,
Who sigh'd to see there drest his marble tombe.

STOLEN PLEASURE.

My Sweet did sweetlie sleepe,
And on her rosie face
Stood tears of pearls, which Beauties self did weeps;
I, wondering at her grace,
Ded all amit'd remaine,
When Love said, Foole, can he sees crowne?
Time past comes not againe!
Then did I mee bow downe,
And kissing her faire brest, lips, cheekes, and eies,
Prou'd heere on Earth the joyes of Paradise.

OF A KISSE.

LIPS, double port of loue,
Of joy tell all the arte;
Tell all the sweetnesse lies
In earthlie paradise.
Sith happy now yee proue
What bliss a kisse

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Extracts from the Hawthornden Manuscripts.
Extracts from the Hawthornden Manuscripts.

Of sweetest Nais can bring to the hart,
Tell how your former joyes
Have beene but sad, annoyes.
This, onlye this, doth life to lose impart.
Endymion, I no more
Easie thy happye state,
Not his who had the fate
Ranish to be and huggd on Ganges' shore:
Ennie nor yet doe I
Adon, nor Jove's cup-bearer in the skie.
Duree crimson foldes, more sweetnesse yee doe heare
Than Hybla Tops, or Gardens of Madeere:
Sweet, sweetning Melanee, your force is such
That everye thing turns sweet which yee doe touch.

A LOCKE OF GOLD DESIRED.

I never long for gold;
But since I did thy dangling haire behold,
Ah! then, then was it first
That I prou'd Midas' thrist;
And what both Inde and rich Pactolus hold
Can not my flames allay,
For onlye yee, faire Tresseresse, this may:
Would yee but giue a lock to help my want,
Of that which (prodigall) to winds yee grant.

PERSUASIVE DISSUADING.

Show mee not lockes of gold,
Nor blushing roses of that virgin face,
Nor of thy well made legge and foot the grace;
Let me no more behold
Soules charming smyles, nor lightnings of thyme eye,
For they (Deare life) but serue to make me dye.
Yes I show them all, and more, virgin thy breast,
Let me see living snow
Where strawberrie doe grow;
Show that delicious feild
Which lillies still doth yeald,
Of Venus' babe the nest;
Smyle, blush, sigh, chide, vie thousand other charmes,
Mee kill, so that I fall betweene thyme armes.

Extracts from the Hawthornden Manuscripts.

PROCRYPTUS am I,
The Heauens my Ladye's eye,
From which I stealing Fire,
Find since a Vulture on my hart to tyre.

NON ULTRA—OF ANTHEA.

When Idmon saw the eye
Of Anthea his love,
Who yet, said he, such blazing starres hath seene,
Save in the Heauens above?
Shee thus to heare her praise
Blush'd, and more faire became.
For nought, said he, thy cheekes that morne do raise,
For my hart can not burne with greater flame.

FRAGMENT.

Now Phoebus whept his horse with al his might,
Thinking to take Aurora in her flight;
But shee, who heares the trampling of his steeds,
Gins suiftlie gallop thru heaven's rosie meeds.
The more he runs, the more he comes her neere;
The lesse her speed, she finds the more her feare.
At last his coursiers, angry to be torn;
Her tooke; shee with a blush died al the morne.

Thetis, agast to spie her greens made red^..
All drousie rose fur.th of her corral bed.
Thinking the Night's faire Queen suld thole sume harmes,
Sche saw poor Tithon's wyff in Phoebus' armes.

FRAGMENT.

In Autumne was, and cheerful Chantecleare
Had warn'd the World tuise that the Day drew neare;
The three parts of the Night almost war spent,
When I, poore wretch, with loue and fortune rent,
Began my eies to close, and suetest Sleep
Charming my sence, al over me did creep,
But scars with Lethe drops and rod of gold
Had He me made a piece of breathing mold.

1 The names Hylas and Phillis, and other variations, occur in another copy of this Madrigall.
2 These 'fragments' appear from the handwriting to have been juvenile productions.
"Verses written long since concerning these present times, made at random, a la rogwrias de ses amicos: Skeltonic verses or dogrel rimes."—[Under this title are inserted some of those "Epigrams" which are contained among the "Poems never before printed," in the edition of Drummond's Works, 1711. As these were circulated in Manuscript, we need not wonder that the Author, "for his verses and discourses," should have been "frequently summoned before the Circular Tables" of the Presbyterian party.]

THE King good Subjectes can not saue: then tell Which is the best, to obeye or to rebell? 

HAPPIE to be, trulye is in some Schoole-Maisteres booke, be either King or Foole. How happe then are they, if such men bee, Whom both great Fools and Kings in the world doth see.

WHEN Charles was young, to walke straight and upright, In bootes of lend thralld were his legges, though rockes: Now old, hot walking euen unto their sight, His Countrye Lordes haue put him in their stockes.

THE Parliament Lordes haue sitten twice fine weekes, Yet will not leave their stooles, knit up their breekes; Winter is come, dysenteryes prevale: Rise, Fools! and with this paper wype your taile. 

WHEN discord in a Towne the Toxan ringes, Then all the rascalls turne unto us Kings.

ZANZUMINES, they obeye the King doe sweare, And yet against King Charles in arms appear. What King doe yee obeye, Zamzumrhines, tell! The King of Beane, or the black Prince of Walles? [of Hell?]

BEHOLD (O Scots!) the reserues of your King; Britannies, admire the extravagencies of our King; Those bee makes Lordes who should on gibbetes king.
110 Extracts from the Haworthenden Manuscripts.

A PROVERBE.

God never had a Church but there, Men say,
The Diuell a chapell hath rais'd by some wyles.
I doubted of this saw, till on a day
I Westward spied great Edinbrough's Saint Gyles.

FLYTING no reason hath, for at this tyme
It doth not stand with reason, but in ryme!
That none saue thus should flyte, bad wee a law,
What rest had wee? how would wyves stand in awe,
And learne the art of ryming? Then how well
Would this and all good flyting pamphlets sell!

ON POMPON ATU. . .

TRADE softlie, Passenger, upon this stone,
For heere enclosed stayes,
Debarred of mercies rayes,
A Soule, whose Bodye swore it had not one.

OF THE ISLE OF RHE.

CHARLES! would yee quaile your foes, haue better luck;
Send forth some Drakes, and keep at home the Ducke.

EPITAPH.

Sanchez, whom this earth scarce could containe,
Hauing seene Italia, France, and Spaine,
To finish his traveles, a spectacle rare,
Was bound towards Heauen, but dyed in the aire.

AN IMAGE TO THE PILGRIME.

To worship me, why come ye, Fooles, abroad?
For artizans made me a demi-god.

RAMES ay ranne backward when they would advance,
Who knowes if Ramsay may find such a chance,
By playing the stiff Puritane, to weare
A Bishopes rocket yet another yeare.

MOMUS, with venom'd tooth, why wouldst thou teare
Out Muses, and turne Mores those Virgines faire?
Nor citizen, nor manners doe they brand,
Nor of the Towne ought, same where it doth stand.
I curse, I doe confess, some nastye miro,
And lake, deems'd poison by all Peanes quire:
Endwellares safe, I hartlie wisht the Towne
Turned in one rock, and still wish 't o'rethrowne.
Elsewhere a nobler Town might raised bee,
For skie, aire, sweeter, and in boundes more free:
The noble Towne might elsewhere have been raised,
In place more faire, for skye, aire, freedom prais'd;
Yet there to dwell no shame is, nor be borne:
Pearles dwell in oysteres, roses grow on thorne.
His Rome, when Caesar purposed to make new,
Himselfe straight fire-brandes on their rafteres threw.
If in these wishes ought deserveth blame,
A Caledonian King first wisht the same!
My Muse (perhaps) too bold is, but faire farre
From tartnesse brest, from gall her paperes are.

ON A GLASSE SENT TO HIS BEST BELOVED.

OFT ye me aske, whome my sweet faire can be?
Looke in this christal and ye sal her see;
At least some schade of her it wil impart,
For sehe no trew glasse hath excep my hart.
Ah! that my brest war made of christal faire,
That sche might see her livelie portrait there.

SEXTAIN.

With elegies, sad songs, and mourning layes,
Quhill CRAIG<sup>6</sup> his Kala wald to pitie move,
Poore brain-sick Man! he spends his dearest dayes;
Such sillie rime can not make women love!
Morice, quho sight of iieuer saw a booke,
With a rude stanza this faire Virgine take.

<sup>4</sup> In allusion to the Duke of Buckingham, and his ill-fated expedition in the year 1627.

<sup>5</sup> Mr Andrew Ramsay, one of the Ministers of Edinburgh, who, by his zeal for the National Covenant in 1637, gave great offence to his former friends.

<sup>6</sup> Probably Alexander Craig of Rose Craig, one of the Minor Scottish Poets of the earlier part of the 17th century. Both this Sextain and the preceding lines are juvenile productions.
ENCOMIASTIC VERSES BEFORE A BOOK ENTITLED ————

[The word is partially erased in the Manuscript, but seems as if it had been 'Follies.']

I cannot conjecture what book is the subject of these humorous satirical lines.

At ease I read your work, and am right sorry
It came not forth before Encomium Morie,
Or in the days when good King James the First
Caroused the Horse Spring to quench his thirst;
I durst have given my thornbus and laid a wager
Thy name had grace'd the Chronicles of John Major.
And thou for ever beene a happy soul,
Thy statue had beene raised near Cædwallan,
And thou in court li'th equal with Sejanus.

Cornelius Tacitus is no such Poet,
Nor Livy; I'll say more ere that I go yet:
Let all that here do wear celestiall bonnetes,
Lyke thyne, they cannot write four-squared Sonnets,
Which shine like to that Mummye brought from Venice,
Or like the French Kings relicks at Saint Denis.

It is a matter of regret and pity
Thou art not read into that famous citie
Of Constantinc, for then the Turkes and Tartares
Had drunke with us, and like to ours Torne gartares;
And the strange Muphetees and hard Mameluckes
Had cut their beardes, and got by hart thy bookes.

If any them detract, though he were Xenaphon
Thou shalt have such revenge as ere was tane of one
From this our Coast unto the wall of China,
Where maidens wear narrow shoes; thou hast been a
Man for envy, though such forsooth was Horace,
Yet thou no less dost write than hee, and soare ass
As farre in this our tongue as any Latines,
Though some doe read their verse, that ware fine satines;
Rome's latest wonder, great Torquato Tasso,
Writing, to thee were a pecurous asse, ho!

Now to conclude, the Nine Castalian lasses
Their maidensheads theye sell for fames and glasses.
Extracts from the Hawthornden Manuscripts.

Hee them cherish'd so long, so much did grace,
That they than this would choose no dearer place.
T. FILIUS MANIBUS CHARNHMI PATER PARENTAUIT.

EPITAPH.

If Monumentes were lasting, wee would raise
A fairer frame to thy deserts and praise!
But avarice, or misdeuotiones rage,
These tumbling down, or brought to nought by age,
Twice making man to dye: This Marble beares
An embleme of affection and our teares.

To the Memorie of the vertuous Gentlewoman RACHELL LINDSAY, Daughter of Sir Hierosme Lyndsay, Principal King of Armes, and Wyfe to Lieutenant Colonell Barnard Lindsay, who dyed the 1 day of May, the yeare 1645, after shee had liued

T. FILIUS MANIBUS CHARNHMI PATER PARENTAUIT.

EPITAPH.

The Daughter of a King, of princely partes,
In Beatyie eminent, in vertues cheife,
Load-starre of loue, and load-stone of all hartes,
Her freindes and husbandes onlie joy, now griefe,
Enclosed lies within this narrow grave,
Whose paragone no tymes no climates haue.

MARIUS MENDIS POSTVIT.

To THE MEMORIE OF ———:———-

As nought for splendour can with Sunne compare
For beatyie, sweetnesse, modestie ingyne;
So Shee alone unparagon'd did shyne,
And Angelles did with her in graces share.

Though few heere were her dayes, a span her life,
Yet hath Shee long tyme liued, performing all
Those actions which the oldest doe befall,
Pure, fruitfull, modest, Virgin, Mother, Wyfe.

For this, perhaps, the Fates her dayes did close,
Her deeming old; perfection doth not last,

Extracts from the Hawthornden Manuscripts.

When coarser thinges scarce course of tyme can waste;
Yeeres liues the worthless bramble, few dayes the rose.

Vnhappye Autumne, spoyler of the flowres,
Discheueler of meades and fragrant plaihes;
Now shall those monethes which thy date contains,
No more from Hourzen be named, but eyes salt showres.

To the Memorie of the Worthy Ladie, the Ladie of Craigmillar.

THIS Marble needes no teares, let them be pour'd
For such whom Earth's dull bowelles have emboured
In child-head or in youth, and lefte to live
By some sad chancie fierce Planets did contriue.

Eight lustres twice full reckened, did make thee
All this life's happenesse to know: and wee
Who saw thee in thy winter (as men flowers
Shrunke in their stemmes, or Illus's faire towres
Hidde in their robbidge), could not but admire,
The casket spoyled, the Jewel so intiere.
For, neither judgement, memastrye, nor sense
In thee was blasted, ill all fled from hence
To thy great Maker: Earth unto earth must,
Man in his best estate is but best dust;
Now euen though buryed, yet thou canst not dye,
But happye liuest in thy faire Progenie
To out-date Tyme, and never passe away,
Till Angelles raise thee from thy bed of claye,
And blist againe with these heere lou'd, thou meet,
Rest in Fame's temple and this winding sheet:
Content thou liu'd heere, happye though not great,
And dyed with the Kingdome and the State.

D. O. M. S.

WHAT was mortall of W. Ramsay lieth heere. Hee was the sonne of John Ram-
say L. of Edington, Brother to the Right Honorable William, the first Earl of Dal-
lousye, a linage of all vertues in peace, and valour in warre, renowned by all tymes,
and second to none: a youth ingenuous, of faire hopen, a mild, sweet disposition, plea-

4 This expressive line is repeated in another Epitaph which follows.
Excerpts from the Hawthornden Manuscripts.

His Kinreds delight and joy, now their greatest displeasure and sorrow: having left this transient Stage of cares, when she but scarce appeared upon it, in his tender Vintage.

So falls by Northern blast a Virgine rose,
At half that doth her bashfull bosome close;
So a sweet flowerish languishing decayes,
That late did blush when kist by Phoebus rayes.

Though untimely cropp'd, Icaue to bemoan his fate,
Hee dyed with our Monarchie and State.

His Mother, out of that care and love she caried to him, to continue here his memory (some space) raised this Monument, Anno 1649, mense . . . Immortale Duce Supersis.

[The following note occurs among Drummond's Letters, and no doubt accompanied one of the foregoing Epitaphs.]

To

M. G. L.—Here is the Inscription your L. desired; and after the most ancient and modern mould of inscriptiones. The letters of D. O. M. S. is the ordinarye forme in signifying Deo Optimo Maximo Sacrum; which, for beautie, in the sculpture is thus printed. Before the workemen can make use of this piece, your L. would cause some good hand, either with charcoal or chalks, issue it in faire Romane letters on a Table. If your L. would change any thing in it, it may be done by any, or when sen againe by your L. humble servant,

W. DRUMMOND.

EXTRACTS, No. V. and VI.

A few Extracts and notes from the papers of William Fowler, and some miscellaneous Poems by various Authors, were intended to have been here inserted. It has been thought advisable, however, to print these as a separate article in a subsequent part of the volume, as the preceeding Extracts occupy more space than was anticipated. The Notes of Drummond's Conversations with Ben Jonson, in 1619, will also form a separate Article in this volume.