Scotland proverb, *A messenger should neither be headed nor hanged.* My Lord London, being then President of the Parliament, replied very well, *That it was he, and such as he, that were a great snare to princes, and drew them to give such bloody commissions.* After that he was carried back to prison: The Commission of the Kirk then sitting did appoint Mr James Hamilton, Mr Robert Baillie, Mr Mungo Law, and me, to go and visit him in the prison; for he being some years before excommunicated, none except his nearest relations might converse with him. But, by a warrant from the Kirk, we staid a while with him in conference about his soul’s condition; but we found him continuing in his old pride, and taking very ill what was spoken to him; saying, *I pray you, Gentlemen, let me die in peace.* It was answered to him, that our errand to him was *That he might die in true peace, being reconciled to the Lord and to his Kirk.* He went aside to a corner of the chamber, and there spoke a little time with Mr Robert Baillie alone; and thereafter we left him. Mr Baillie, at our going out of the Tolbooth, told us, that what he spoke to him was only concerning some of his personal sins in his conversation, but nothing concerning the things for which he was condemned. We returned to the Commission, and did show unto them what had passed among us. They seeing that for the present he was not desiring relaxation from his censure of excommunication, did appoint Mr Mungo Law and me to attend on the morrow upon the scaffold, at the time of his execution, that, from his censure of excommunication, did appoint Mr Mungo Law and me among us. They seeing that for the present he was not desiring relaxation what he spoke to him was only concerning some of his personal sins in his conversation, but nothing concerning the things for which he was condemned. We returned to the Commission, and did show unto them what had passed among us. They seeing that for the present he was not desiring relaxation from his censure of excommunication, did appoint Mr Mungo Law and me to attend on the morrow upon the scaffold, at the time of his execution, that, in case he should desire to be relaxed from his excommunication, we should be allowed to give it unto him in the name of the Kirk, and to pray with him and for him, that *what is loosed in earth might be loosed in heaven.*

"But he did not at all desire it, yea, did not look towards that place of the scaffold where we stood; only he drew apart some of the magistrates, and spoke a while with them; and then went up the ladder, in his red scarlet cassock, in a very stately manner, and never spoke a word. But, when the executioner was putting the cord about his neck, he looked down to the people upon the scaffold, and asked, *How long should I hang here?* When my colleague and I saw him casten over the ladder, we returned to the Commission and related to them the matter as it was."
SONETTO.

20
CHIOMEJ
parte de la treccia d'oro
Di cuife amor il laccio, ondefui colto
Qua! semplice augelletto, e da qual sciolto
Non spero esser mai piu, si pria non inoro ;
Porchè adorabenti gli qual sacro volto
Chia quanti in terra sono il pregiu ha tolto,
Ne lascia senza invidio il divino choro ;
A voi dirò affanni, e i pensier miei,
Poi che lungi & mid donna, e parlar seco
Mi nega asprafortuna, e gli empi diei.

IN THE SAME SORT OF RIME.

O HAIRE, sweet haire, part of the tresse of gold
Of which Louse makes his nets, when wretches I
Like simple bird was taine, and while I die
Hopelesse I hope your faire knots sal me hold;
Yow to embrasse, kisse, and adore
I'm bold,
Because ye schadow did that face before;
That face so ful of beautie, grace, and loue,
That it hath jalous made Heauen's quier aboue:
To yow I'l tel my secret thochts and grief,
Since sche, deare sche, can graunt me no reliefe.

Alas ! beare witnesse how my Reason is •
Made blind be Louse, while as his nets and chaines
I heare about when I should seeke my kine.

IN FRIER. SORT OF RIME.

O HAIRE, faire haire, some of the goldin threeds
Of which Louse weues the nets that passion breeds
Extracts from the Hawthornden Manuscripts.

Da buon order che di nascosto scocchi:
Tal io senza temer vicino qffanno
Mossi, donna, quel di eke bei vostr 'occhi
Me 'mpiagar, lasso ! ftttto 'I lato manco.

IN THAT SAME SORT OF RIME,
As the Yong Faune, when Winter's gone away,
Unto a sueter saison granting place,
More wanton growne by smyles of heauen's faire face,
Leauith the silent woods at breake of day,
And now on hills, and now by brookes doth pray
On tender flowres, secure and solitar,
Far from all cabans, and wher shephards are ;
Til he be school in to the noblest part
By cunning archer, who in dark bush lyes:
So innocent, not fearing comming harmes,
Wandering was I that day when your faire eies,
World-killing schafs, gaue death-wounds to my hart.

IN RIME MORE FRIE.
As the Yong Stag, when Winter bids his face,
Giuing vnto a better season place,
At breake of day comes furth, wanton and faire,
Leauing the quiet woods, his suet repaire,
Now on the hils, now by the riuer's sides,
He leaps, he runs, and wher his foote him guides,
Both sure and solitaire, prayes on suet flowrs,
Far fra al shephards and their Tielmisb hours;
He doth not feare the net nor murdering dart,
Til that, poor beast, a schaft be in his hart,
Of one quho pitilesse in embush Jaye :
So innocent wandring that satall daye
Was I, alas ! when with a heauenlie eie,
Ye gaue the blowe wherof I needs must die.

PARAPHRASTICALLIE TRANSLATED.
As the Yong Hart, when Sunne with goldin beames
Progressith in the first post of the skie,
Turning old Winter's snowie haire in streames,
Leauith the woods where he was wont to lie,
Where his desir him leads the hills among,
He runs, he fades, the cruking brookes along;
Emprison'd rulith with heauen's canopie,
Wanton he cares not ocht that dolore brings,
Hungry he spares not flowres with names of kings;
He thinkes at far, who can him fol espie,
Til bloodie ballet part his cheesest part :
In my yong spring, alas ! so wandred I,
When cruel sche sent out from jettie eie
The deadly schafs of which I bleding smart.

" MR Wm. DROMOND, 22 OF JULY 1653.
" The testament, testamentar, and inventar of the gudis, geir, eowmes of money,
and debtis pertaining to vmq Mr Wm. Dromond of Hawthornden, the tymc of his
deceis, quha deciest in the moneth of &c. m the yeir of God 16 &c. yeiris; faithful-
lie maid and given upc be himselff upoun the first day of September 1643.
" In the first, the utencills and domiciells of his duelling houa, with the abuillze'
ments of his bodie, estimat livj'i xiijs iiij d.
Summa of the debtis awin to the Dead, iijm ixc xxxvjU (L.3936.)
(This includes the crops of some lands for 1648 and 1649.)

Drummond's Will is dated at Edinburgh, September 1st, 1643 ; and states—"'Efter
my death I leave Executrix to my movabills, my eldest lawfull daughter Elizabeth
Drummond ; I love turtix to my eldest sone William, and to the rest of his child-
ren, Elizabeth Logan my wyfe, so long as she continues in her widowheid, and
remanneth unmaried ; and ad res agendas, I conjoyse with hir my wellbeloved kinds-
man and freind, John Stirling of Barney, Comissr. of Weigtoune, and Mr Richard
Maitland ; and if God sail remove him from these transitorie cairis, I leive in his
place his broy.
Mr James Maitland; and give it sail hapin the said Elizabeth Logane
to mariie or depairt this lyfe in the nonag of hir children, then I leive the tutelage
and educatione of my childreiie to the Richt honorabill &c. Lord Dromond, George
Preston Laird of Craigmillar, William Drumond Laird of Riccartoun, and Johne
Stirling of Birnay, Comissr. of Wigtoune, &c."

In this Will Drummond directs L.1000 to be given to his second sone Robert, and
ane other L.1000 to his third sone James. Further, he says, "500 merkis, with my
movabills, will make up a portion for my eldest daughter ;" and directs his bodie to
be buried " within 24 hours after my departour."
No. V.

POEMS BY WILLIAM FOWLER.

[It might appear misplaced to give anything like copious extracts from the two volumes which contain Fowler's Manuscripts. As some doubts were thrown out regarding his history, it may be observed that there must have been some mistake in the date, 'stat. sui lix.' on the fragment of "The Triumph of Death, 1590," mentioned at page 71, unless it applies to the age of Sir Francis Walsingham; for it appears that the Rector of Hawick, and the Secretary to Queen Anna, were one and the same person with the author of the various works enumerated; and that in the year 1580, when Fowler was at Paris as a student, he was only about 20 years of age. He is frequently styled Sir William Fowler, but there is no evidence that he was ever knighted. Among the fragments of projected works the following may be noticed.]

1. "THE PEST."—Only a few stanzas of this Poem are preserved, with an address 'To the Christian Reidar,' chiefly in reference to its title:—"I culd (he says) in followin" and in borrowing from others (lik to the Inglish wrytars who intitulats their bookcs with glorious inscriptiones of The Gorgeous Gallerye of Gallant Inuentionis, or The Paradise of Dayntie Dewysis,) haif nicknamed the same also with The Deplorable and more than Tragicall Discourse of all the Infernall Furyes; bot that wer boythe vamtie and follye."

2. "SONNETS," being scorns of some of those contained in the volume entitled "The Tarantula of Love," which was presented by Drummond, along with the manuscript of Fowler's "Triumphes of Petrarke," to the College of Edinburgh in 1626. (See page 70.) Several of these Sonnets have been printed.

3. "CERTAINE PSALMES meditated by Theodore Beza, reduced in ane Inglish poeme by M. W. Fouler." Pp. 5. Only Psalm vi, in 208 lines, which begins:

   WHAT wight more wretched is than I, / who am so sore assayld,
   So pressed with the wardes of woe, / that al my joycs ar skaild ;
   What wight more wretched is than I, / outraged on al syds,
   And wounded be my conscience, / a farther wound abyds;
   The touch of my trespasses all / hath pearcst me through and through,
   Thy soft correcting hand is now / becommd more hard and rough.


5. "ICHNEA, id est, Proven Versa Circularique Symbola. A femine voque animaduerta aut pertentata nundin litteris predicta. Autore Gulielmo Fouleri, Sesto-Britannio, Anne Serenissimate Magno Britanniae Reginse ab Epistolis et Libellorum Suppliendum Magistro." There are two copies of this title, and a dedication of the work to Lady Arabella Stewart, dated from London the last of December 1604. There is preserved a leaf, with eulogistic verses in Latin by Sir Peter Rollock, Bishop of Dunblane, "In Guil. Fouleri Symbola," and "De D. Arbella, Principe rariss. cum ille son Symbols, D. D." The anagram inserted on this page is probably a specimen of a work which was well adapted to display the author's learning and ingenuity.

6. "THE PRINCE"—Nicholas Machiaveli, Secr&nt;aire and Citizen of Florence, translat furth of the Italian tong." Pp. 86. This, which is nearly perfect, is in prose.
Extracts from the Hawthornden Manuscripts.

VERSES

To the true HoWe., most vertuous, and onlie deseruing La : of Highest titles : the La. Arbella Steward, vppon my passage do woe the Thames to London: Januarie the 8, 1603.

Scotlande. I have the Orcades seen, Dee, Done, and Forth, Englande. Tay, Tweid, Esk, Humber, Leic, and nowe faire Thames, Zelande. With Scelt and Isadell, with Zainderes more north, Holland. And Mais, and Weinsel, Elbe, and also Eymes, Geestlands. The Baltike Sea, and all along that coast, Juliers. And Vindar Fled, vnder the Antique Poles, Denmarke. And Rhine, what Muns and Monarches are lost, With Neew, Ve, to Rhine that paish tell ; Norwic. I have seen Danube, Leigh, with Ian, and Trent, France. The Adriatiche and the Tirhnen Sea, Hulseberg. And Mynce, from Poo, and Adegis with Brent, Tiroli. Triumpht Tiber, the worlde pride and eye; Volturno have I seen, with Scet, Arno Paladtech. And Rhobecen, with Tizine, Lieber, and Rhen, Almaine. With Desouc, Seyn, both Garroun, Some, and Marne, Zeeland. And all the Swannes that swimmeth therupon ; Zeeland. And all the Swannes that swimmeth therupon ; The South Sea. Yet neuer sawe I Swann so faire to singe

...More sweiter carrolles, of perpetuall fame,

...Next to our Kinge, as next by blond and name.

But here I stay: Geese singes not with the Swanne,

Then must my trauaiPd Muse but pipe like Pan,

Go back then Cignett, to Apollos troupe,

Vaga mihi fuit vita : in curia incuria, incerta certa fides,

Certior mors, at in Christo Salus certissima.

DE ME IPSO CUM DECUMBEREM.

Vaga mihi fuit vita : in curia incuria, incerta certa fides,

Cartier mori, at in Christo Salus certissima.

EXTRACTS FROM THE HAWTHORNDEN MANUSCRIPTS.

To my only L. Arb.

PATRONA mina supra titulos,

Chast-hone engender, chaser-lust away,

Adored he sh, admyred ad siculos,

Whose hands I hope shall statlye scepers sawy ;

Your own Foundor, and your humble salave,

To God his prayers for your safeye offers;

To you so many blessings does he crave,

As Numni ar within your Grandenes coffees.

Fowler appears to have been acquainted with the celebrated Andrew Melville while confined in the Tower of London. There are various lines of Latin verse by Melville, interspersed among Fowler’s ‘scribblings.’ The latter addressed some unfinished lines to Melville, Sept. 81, 1610, beginning thus:—

...No more of Cupid’s quavers nor his foyles,

...No more of Mars, his battells and his broyles,

...No more of bothe, things ar not for al season,

...I now will sing off patience bred by preason,

...A theame not yet by others bookt or pend .....

[“Mr Ludovick Fouller, eldest sone lawfull of vmquhill Mr Wm. Fouller, Secretar to the Quenis Majestie,” was made a burgess of Haddington, June 2, 1623. (Records of the Burgh of Haddington.) At a later date, Captain Ludovic Fouller, portionar of Restalrig, was served heir of his father Mr William Foullar, (who is styled Rector of Hawick and Secretary to the late Queen Anne, &c.) to the large mansion called The Dean house, with the orchards and gardens, &c. April 21, 1630. (Abbrev. Retorn. Edinb. No. 65?)]
Poems by Various Authors.

I. Sonnet by King James the Sixth in His Voyage to Denmark, 1589.

Ye surging Seas, and ye inconstant Winds,
Who stayes the course of my expecting hope,
Go, calme your selfs, be constant by your kynds;
Let not your stormes nor change or cross my scope.
Bot thole my joyes sa happelye begun
To settell thame within an porte of rest,
And cleir the darknes of the cludds, O Sim!
That thairby may thy powar be exprest;
O Moone! whose influence dois reul the tyde,
Stay thou the streames whose force my course would stay;
And you, O Polls! that ar the Heauens high pryde,
Lamps of the Night, extend your help, I pray,'
And prese you all to slyde in cache degree,
Ye Polls, thou Tyde, ye Moone, Sun, Winds and See!

II. Epithalamium, on the Marriage of W. A.—J. E. By Walter Quin.

Loe! heere a youth of yongmen paragone,
Loe! there a nymphe the honour of her sex,
By happye lot combind together soone,
By loue, which doth not them by crosses vex;
For with delay the flower of youth doth waste,
O Hymen come, and knit this couple fast!
Yet neuer, Hymen, didst thou couple Imke,
That was more meet to be together bound;
What euer thing praiseworthie wee may thinke
Both in their age and sex in them is found.
Therefore as they, and wee, thee call in haste,
O Hymen come, &c.
With favour great of powers celestial,
With Parentes blissing and especiall joy,
With kind assent of freindes and kinred all,
Without envious grudging or annoy,
With loue and concord, that may ever last,
0 Hymen come, and knit this couple fast!

III. JOHN RAY, PROFESSOR OF HUMANITY IN THE UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH.

In oitum Domino Susanna Fowler Domince Hawthorndin{ensis.'

[Dame Susannah Fowler was Drummond the Poet's mother: See p. 62. At p. 113 is Drummond's epitaph on Ray. John Rae was served heir of his father "Joannes Rae, jugiimagister scholse Ediuburgensis," May 6, 1630. (Retours, Edinb. No. 650.)]

INCLYTA magnaruno, fuit olim gloria matrunt
Qua dederant patriae pignora clara suae.
Quis Semelem nosset, si non genuisset lacchum ?
Latonea laus est Cynthius atque soror;
Lucida Ltedeos decorarunt sidera partus,
Alemla ex nato est nobiliata suo.
Drumraondiis superesse dabit post funera vitam,
Acceptam matri cui ferat ipse suam:
Equsevum Musis natum prestabit Apollo,
Equaevam matrem reddit et ille eibi.

In mutuam Musarum,
Gratiam scripsit RAIUS.

IV. "S. W. RAGHIES PETITION TO THE QUEENE."

[Tins pathetic address to Queen Anna, wife of King James the First, by Sir Walter Raleigh, soon after his being committed to the Tower, in 1618, seems never to have been printed, and has escaped the researches of Sir Egerton Brydges, and the Editor of his Works, recently published at the Clarendon Press, Oxford. It bears intrinsic marks of being genuine, which cannot be said of several other poems which have been ascribed to him.]

O had Truth power, the guiltlesse could not fall,
Malice winne glorie, or Reuenge triumphe,
But Truth alone can not encounter all.

Extracts from the Hawthornden Manuscripts.

Mercie is fled to God, which Mercie made,
Companion dead, Faith turn'd to pollicye;
Freinds know not those who sit in Sorrow's shade.
For what wee somtyme were, wee are no more;
Fortune hath chang'd our shape, and Destinie
Defaced the wearye forme shee had before.

All loue and all desert of former tymes
Malice hath covered from my Soueraignes eyes;
And largelie laid abroad supposed crimes.

But Kings call not to mynd what Vasalles were,
But know them now, as Enuie hath deservd them;
So can I look on no spoile from Despair.

Cold walls, to you I speake, but you are senslesse;
Celestiall Powers, you heare, but haue determined,
And shall determine to my greatest happinesse.

Then unto whom shall I unfold my wrong,
Cast downe my teares, or hold up folded hands?
To Her to whom remorse doth most belong.
To Her who is the first, and maye alone
Be justUo call'd the Empresse of the Bretannes!
Who should haue mercy, if a Queene haue none?

Save those that would haue died for your defence!
Save him whose thoughts no treason ever tainted!
For, loe! Destruction is no recompense.

If I have sold my duetye (sold my faith)
To strangers (which was only due to one),
No thing I should estime so deare as death.

But if both God and tymes shall make you know
That I your humblest Vasall am opprest,
Then cast your eyes on undeserued woe.

That I and myne maye neuer murne the misse
Of Her wee had (but praise our living Queene),
Who brings vs equall, if not greater blisse.
Extracts from the Hawthornden Manuscripts.

The following singular letter from the Queen to the Marquis of Buckingham, which was first published by Lord Hailes, in his Memorials of the Reign of James the First, shows how very desirous she was that James should have spared the life of Sir Walter Raleigh. It has no date. Sir Walter was beheaded October 29, 1618.

"ANNA R.

"MY KIND DOG—If I have any power or credit with you, I pray let me have a trial of it at this time, in dealing sincerely and earnestly with the King, that Sir Walter Raleigh's life may not be called in question. If you do it, I know that the success answer my expectation, assure yourself that I will take it extraordinary kindly at your hands; and rest one that wills that you will, and desires you to continue still, as you have been, a true servant to your Master."

V. "EPITAPH ON SIR WALTER RALEIGH, BY HIMSELF." [The following lines, said to have been written by Raleigh the night before his execution, on the leaf of a Bible, have been frequently printed; and are here reprinted on account of the Reply, the writer of which, A. B. is unknown.]

EUEN such is Time, who takes in trust
Our youth, our joyes, and all we have,
Then pays us back with age and dust;
Who in a dark and silent grave,
When we have wandered all our ways,
Shuts up the story of our days!
But from time's rage, the grave, and dust,
My God shall raise me up, I trust.

ANOTHER, A. B.

GREAT Hart, who taught thee thus to die,
Death yielding thee the victory?
When tookest thou leave of life? if there?
How couldst thou be so free from fear?
But sure thou diest, and quiet thy state
Of flesh and blood before that fate?
Else, what a miracle were wrought,
To triumph both in life and thought?
I saw in every slander by
Pale Death, Life only in thine eye;
The legacy thou gavest then
Will see, for when thou diest again,
For Truth shall to thy glory say,
We die, thou only livedst that day!

Extracts from the Hawthornden Manuscripts.

VI. ARTHUR JOHNSTONE, M. D.

[Drummond's translation of this encomium on Edinburgh is printed at page 99.]

EDINA.

COLLIVUS assurgens geminis, cupit inserit astra,
Et tutelares cernit Edina deos.
Sceptera thronique pedem firmant et regia ad ortum,
Solis ad occasum Mars tegit arce caput;
Claro mille animos excercet Phoebus ab Austro,
Ad Boream Pallus dextrala mille manus.
Templa tenet vicins deo Pictasque Themisque,
Esthea qua puro pectore vita salit:
Aeculatricem Cererem, Nymphasque ministras
Clerus ut sint multis istaec communia, soli
Privus et insignis hie tibi cedit honos;
Nemo unquam nisi scurra levis, vel tressis agaso,
Est autem famam contemere tuam.

VII. LINES BY THE MARQUIS OF MONTROSE.

[The following lines, without possessing much merit, are characteristic of the Noble author; and have not hitherto been included among the poems which have been printed under his name.]

On Caesar's Commentary.

THOUGH CAESAR'S paragon I cannot bee,
In thoughtes yet shall I soare as high as hee.

On a [copy of Quintus] Curtius.

As Philip's noble Sonne did still disdain
All but the deare applause of merit'd fame,
And no thing harbour'd in that loftie braine
But how to conquez an eternall fame.
Now great attempts herculean ventures shall
Advance my fortune, or renown my fall!
Extracts from the Hawthornden Manuscripts.

VIII. Sir Robert Ker, Earl of Ancram.

(In the printed Catalogue of Drummond's Donations to the College of Edinburgh, 1627, is a Manuscript entitled "Psalms in English verses, to the measures of the French and Dutch, by Sir Robert Kerre," but which is not now to be found in that Library. Among the Society's Manuscripts are transcripts by Drummond which answer that description, with the copy of a letter prefixed "To my Sonne William Kar, in Paris, 1624," signed "S. Ro. Kar," and dated "London, 24 of Apryle 1624." In this he says, that "the occasion of hearing in the Low Countreys the Dutch men and French sing in their severall languages to one tune," had induced him to try if he could suit English words "to their measure." One specimen may suffice of these translations, which include Psalms 1, 37, 49, 62, 90, 91, 103, 116, 130, and 145.)

Psalme 130, out of Buchanan.
To the French measure.

1. Deep sunk in floods of griefe,
Unto the Lord I prayed
That Hee would send reliefe;
And thus my sad heart sayd:

2. Lord, heare the sighs and grimes,
More longeth for the day,
Than I do for the light
Which Thy grace doth display.

3. If like a judge severe
To punish Thou be bent,
No flesh can be so cleere
As to prove innocent.

4. But mercifull Thou art,
And front all passion free;
With fear to trust in Thee.

5. Thy words (myne onlye hope)
Sustains my weating mynd,
And in that faithfull prop
All confidence I find.

6. There trust the Lord all yee
And have the night past o're,
And have the night past o're,
And have the night past o're,
That doe him feare and know,
That doe him feare and know,
That doe him feare and know,
That doe him feare and know,
With fear to trust in Thee.

Note to Epitaph, page 110.—Robert Crichton, Lord Sempill was hanged at Westminster on the 29th of June 1612, for the murder of a fencing-master named Turner. (See Chronicle of Perth, pp. 19, 103, &c.

XVII.—Notes by William Drummond, of Conversations with Ben Jonson, at Hawthornden, in January 1619: from a Manuscript entitled "Informations be Ben Jonson to W. D., when he came to Scotland upon foot, 1619." [Read January 9th, 1832.]