

XVI.—*Extracts from the HAWTHORNDEN MANUSCRIPTS, in the possession of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland.*

[Continued from Page 116.]

APPENDIX TO No. IV.

UNPUBLISHED POEMS OF WILLIAM DRUMMOND OF HAWTHORNDEN.

[THE fair fame of many a Poet has suffered by the indiscriminate publication, in a posthumous form, either of unfinished productions, or of what was unsuited for public view. In this respect Drummond has shared the fate of other celebrated writers; and it would have been well for his reputation had his son, Sir William Drummond, who appears to have inspected his Manuscripts with some degree of attention, been less careful in preserving every scrap of the Poet's handwriting. The selections printed for the first time in this volume will probably not be thought to exhibit much that is valuable, or that is likely to add to the author's reputation. They will, however, bear comparison with the selections of former editors; and to the number are herewith annexed, as literary curiosities, translations of two Italian Sonnets, each of them in three several kinds of verse, evidently at an early period of life.

There is subjoined an extract from the Poet of Hawthornden's Last Will and Testament, which is entered in the Register of Confirmed Testaments, July 22, 1653, being upwards of three years after his death. William Drummond (his eldest son) was served heir of his father "Mr William Drummond of Haltherndean," December 29, 1652. He himself had been served heir of his father, Sir John Drummond, knight, August 24, 1611.

Since the publication of the first part of this volume, an entire edition of Drummond's Poetical Works, reprinted in the order of chronology, and including (with permission of the Council of this Society) the present selections,<sup>1</sup> has been completed, as the very handsome contribution of William Macdowall of Garthland, Esq. to the Maitland Club. Another edition, however, of Drummond's Poems, in a more accessible form, is much wanted, in which the text, like the splendid edition referred to, might be restored from the Author's original copies, and a suitable classification adopted, with the omission of such poems as have been attributed to him on insufficient evidence, or such as are unfit for general circulation.]

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<sup>1</sup> The Editor of the volume imagines that the sonnet printed at page 102 refers to Colonel James Halkerston (the author of some Latin verses inserted in the *Deliciae Poetarum Scotorum*), who is said actually to have died of want, in the streets of London, in 1615. It is more than probable he was the person to whom Drummond alludes, although in the MS. the name is Halkertone.

SONETTO.<sup>2</sup>

O CHIOME, parte de la treccia d'oro  
 Di cui fè amor il laccio, onde fui colto  
 Qual semplice augelletto, e da qual sciolto  
 Non spero esser mai piu, si pria non moro ;  
 Io vi bacio, io vi stringo, io vi amo, e adoro,  
 Perche adombrasti già quel sacro volto  
 Che a quanti in terra sono il pregio ha tolto,  
 Ne lascia senza invidia il diuin choro :  
 A voi dirò gli affanni, e i pensier miei,  
 Poi che lungi è mia donna, e parlar seco  
 Mi nega aspra fortuna, e gli empì diei.  
 Lasso ! guarda se amor mi fa ben cieco,  
 Quando cercar di sciogliermi io dovrei,  
 La rete porto e le catene meco.

IN THE SAME SORT OF RIME.<sup>3</sup>

O HAIRE, sweet haire, part of the tresse of gold  
 Of which Loue makes his nets, wher wretchet 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 sacred face,  
 Staine to al mortals, which from starrie place  
 Hath jalous made these who in spheares ar rold :  
 To yow I'l tel my thochts and inward paines,  
 Since sche by cruel Heauens now absent is,  
 And cursed Fortune me from her detaines.  
 Alas ! beare witness how my Reason is  
 Made blind be Loue, while as his nets and chaines  
 I beare about when I should seeke my blisse.

## IN FRIER SORT OF RIME.

O HAIRE, faire haire, some of the goldin threeds  
 Of which Loue weues the nets that passion breeds

<sup>2</sup> Drummond entitles it, "Sonnet qu'un Poet Italien fit pour vn bracelet de Cheueux, qui luy auoit esté donné par sa Maistresse."

<sup>3</sup> In the Manuscript there are some peculiarities (such as letter *w* written as *v*) which distinguish the earlier handwriting of Drummond, but which it was thought unnecessary to retain.

Wher me like sillie bird he doth retaine,  
 And onlie Death can make me free againe ;  
 Ah, I yow loue, embrasse, kisse, and adore,  
 For that ye schadow did that face before ;  
 That face so ful of beautie, grace, and loue,  
 That it hath jalous made Heauen's quier aboute :  
 To yow I'l tel my secret thochts and grief,  
 Since sche, deare sche, can graunt me no reliefe.  
 While me from her, foul traitour, Absence binds,  
 Witnessse, suet haire, with me, how Loue me blinds ;  
 For when I should seeke what his force restraines,  
 I foolish beare about his nets and chaines.

## PARAPHRASTICALIE TRANSLATED.

HAIRE, suet haire, tuitchet by Midas' hand  
 In curling knots, of which Loue makes his nets,  
 Who when ye loosest hang me fastest band  
 To her, world's lillie among violets ;  
 Deare fatall present, kissing I adore yow,  
 Because of late ye shade gaue to these roses,  
 That this earth's beautie in ther red encloses ;  
 I saw while ye them hid thay did decore yow :  
 I'l plaine my woes to yow, I'l tel my thocht,  
 Alas ! since I am absent from my juel,  
 By wayward Fortune and the heauens more cruel.  
 Witnessse be ye what Loue in me hath wrocht,  
 In steed to seeke th' end of my mortall paines,  
 I take delyt to wear his goldin chaines.

## SONETTO DEL BEMBO.

Si come suol, poi ch'èl verno aspro e rio  
 Parte, e dà loco a le stagion migliori,  
 Vaga cervetta uscìr col giorno fuori  
 Del suo dolce boschetto almo natio ;  
 Ed or su per un colle, or lungo un rio,  
 Di lontano e da ville e da pastori,  
 Gir sicura pascendo erbeta e fiori,  
 Ovunque più la porta il suo desio ;  
 Ne teme di saetta o d'altro inganno,  
 Se non quand' ella è colta in mezzo 'l fianco,

*Da buon arcier che di nascosto scocchi :  
Tal io senza temer vicino affanno  
Mossi, donna, quel di che bei vostr 'occhi  
Me 'mpiagar, lasso ! tutto 'l 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 hils, and now by brookes doth pray  
On tender flowres, secure and solitar,  
Far from all cabans, and wher shephards are ;  
Wher his desir him guides his foote doth stray,  
He fearith not the dart nor other armes,  
Til he be schoot 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 shafts, gaue death-wounds to my hart.

## IN RIME MORE FRIE.

As the Yong Stag, when Winter hids 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 helmish bours ;  
He doth not feare the net nor murdering dart,  
Til that, poor beast, a shaft be in his hart,  
Of one quho pitillesse in embush laye :  
So innocent wandring that fatall 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 wher he was wont to lie,  
Wher his desir him leads the hills among,  
He runes, he feades, the cruking brookes along ;  
Emprison'd onlie with heauen's canopie,  
Wanton he cares not ocht that dolour brings,  
Hungry he spares not flowres with names of kings ;  
He thinkes al far, who can him fol espie,  
Til bloudie bullet part his chefest part :  
In my yong spring, alas ! so wandred I,  
    When cruel sche sent out from jettie eie  
    The deadlie schaft of which I bleding smart.

## " MR WM. DROMOND, 22 OF JULY 1653.

" The testament, testamentar, and inventar of the gudis, geir, sowmes of money, and debtis pertaining to vmqll Mr Wm. Dromond of Hawthornden, the tyme of his deceis, quha deciest in the moneth of &c. in the yeir of God 16 &c. yeiris; faithfulie maid and given upe be himself upoun the first day of September 1643.

" In the first, the utencills and domiciells of his duelling hous, with the abuillzements of his bodie, estimat lxxvjli xiijs iiijd.

Summa of the debtis awin to the Dead, iijm viijc lxixli vjs viijd.

Summa, iijm ix<sup>c</sup> xxxvjli (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 Dromond; I leive tutrix to my eldest sone William, and to the rest of hir children, Elizabeth Logan my wyfe, so long as shee continowes in her widowheid, and remaneth unmarried; and *ad res agendas*, I conjoyne with hir my weilbeloved kindsmen and freind, John Stirling of Barney, Commiss<sup>r</sup>. of Weigtoune, and Mr Richard Maitland; and if God sall remove him from these transitorie cairis, I leive in his place his broyr. Mr James Maitland; and give it sall hapin the said Elizabeth Logane to marie or depairt this lyfe in the nonag of hir children, then I leive the tutelage and educatione of my childrene to the Richt honorabill &c. Lord Dromond, George Prestoun Laird of Craigmiller, William Dromond Laird of Riccartoun, and Johne Stirling of Birnay, Commiss<sup>r</sup>. of Wightoune, &c."

In this Will Drummond directs L.1000 to be given to his second sone Robert, and ane uther L.1000 to his thrid 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 efter 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, 'ætat. 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 following and in borrowing from others (lyk to the English wrytars who intitulate their bookes with glorious inscriptionis of The Gorgeous Gallerye of Gallant Inventionis, or The Paradise of Dayntie Dewysis,) haif nicknamed the same also with The Deplorable and more than Tragical Discourse of all the Infernall Furyes; bot that wer boythe vanitie and follye."

2. "SONNETS," being scrolls 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 English poeme by M. W. Foulter." 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 joyes 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 pearcest me through and through,  
Thy soft correcting hand is now / becommed more hard and rough.

4. "THE LAMENTATIOUN of the desolat Olympia, furth of the tenth Cantt of Ariosto. To the Right Honble. Ladye Marye Betoun, Ladye Boine." Only one leaf, containing 20 complimentary lines.

5. "ICHNEA, id est, Prorsa Versa Circulariaque Symbola. A nemine vnquam animaduersa aut pertentata nedum litteris prodita. Auctore Gulielmo Foulterio, Scoto-Britanno, Annæ Serenissimæ Magnæ Britanniaë Reginaë ab Epistolis et Libellorum Supplicum 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 encomiastic verses in Latin by Sir Peter Rollok, Bishop of Dunkeld, "In Guil. Foulteri Symbola," and "De D. Arbella, Principe rariss. cunctisque virtutibus cumulatis. cui ille sua Symbola, 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 of Nicholas Machiaueli, Secretaire and Citizen of Florence, translated furth of the Italian toung." Pp. 86. This, which is nearly perfect, is in prose.

## SONET IN ORKNAY.

Vpon the utmost corners of the warld,  
And on the borders of this massiue round,  
Quhaire fates and fortune hither hes me harld,  
I doe deplore my greiffs upon this ground;  
And seeing roring seis from rokis rebound  
By ebbs and streames of contrair routing tydes,  
And Phoebus chariot in there waves ly dround,  
Quha equallye now night and day devyds,  
I cal to mynd the storms my thoughts abyds,  
Which ever wax and never dois decreas,  
For nights of dole, dayes joys ay euer hyds,  
And in there vayle doith al my weil suppress:  
So this I see, quhaire euer I remove,  
I change bot Sees bot can not change my Love.

## ANAGRAM.

ANNA BRITANNORUM REGINA,  
IN ANNA REGNANTIVM ARBOR.

Perpetuo vernans *Arbor regnantium in Anna*  
Fert fructum et frondes, germine lacta nouo.

Freshe budding blooming trie,  
From ANNA faire which springs,  
Grove on blist birth, with leaues and fruit,  
From branche to branche in Kings.

## VERSES

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

Scotlande. I HAUE the Orcades seen, Dee, Done, and Forth,  
Englande. Tay, Tweid, Esk, Humber, Leei, and nowe faire Thames,  
Zeiland. With Scalt and Ishell, with Zuindersea more north,  
Hollande. And Mais, and Weissell, Elbe, and also Eymes,  
Guelders. The Baltique Sea, and all along that coast,  
Juliers. And Vindar Floud, vnder the Artique Pole,  
Denmark. And Rhine, wher Meane and Measieres are lost,  
Sweiden. With Nectar, Vr, to Rhine that paieth tole;  
Norwaie. I haue seen Danube, Leigh, with Inn, and Trent,  
Franconia. The Adriatique and the Tirrhen Sea,  
Hildeberg. And Mynce, from Poo, and Adegis with Brent,  
Tirolls. Triumphant Tibre, the worldes pride and eye;  
Palatina. Volturmo haue I seen, with Sebet, Arnn  
Almaine. And Rubicon, with Ticine, Lloier, and Rhou,  
Zuitzerland. With Douick, Seyn, both Garroun, Some, and Marne,  
Venetian Sea. And all the Swannes that swimmeth theruppon;  
The South Sea. Yet neuer sawe I Swann so faire to singe  
Lombardie. More sweiter carrolles, of perpetuall fame,  
Romagnia. Then Shee, who joyes to sence and spirites doth bringe  
Mantua. Next to our Kinge, as next by bloud and name.  
Ferrara. But here I stay: Geese singes not with the Swanne,  
Verona. Her songes and hew, doth glad both eies and cares,  
Padua. Then must my trauail'd Muse but pipe like Pan,  
Capua. And Hobbinol her rondleis with her peers.  
Neapolis. Go back then Cignetts, to Apollos troupe,  
Florence. Salute his vestall Preist, his Sainct and Shrine,  
Vrbis. Abase your plumes, your necks to Her make stoope  
Pauia. Who is the Tenth Muse to the Muses Nine.  
Premont. Present from mee my Seruice and my Vowes,  
France. Successfull wishes which may her befall,  
By platted Crounes, which circle maie her browes,  
And in the Thrones of Honour may enstall.  
Though that I LIVE FROM LAWE,  
Nor subiect to eache will,  
Yet shal my seruice fredome be  
If yow so grace me still.

WILLIAME FOULER.

## TO MY ONLY L. ABB.

*PATRONA* mia supra titulos,  
Chast-loue engendrer, chaser-lust away,  
Adored be al, admyred *ad siculos*,  
Whose hands I hope shal statlye scepters suay;  
Your owen *Foulero*, and your humble sclave,  
To God his prayers for your safetie offers;  
To yow so many blessings does he crave,  
As *Nummi* ar within your Grandames coffers.

[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. 21, 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 boekt or pend . . . . .

Quid pluma leuius? Pulvis. What lightar is then feather? Dust.  
Quid pulvere? Ventus. What more then dust? The Wind.  
Quid vento? Mulier. What more then wind? A Woman's trust.  
Quid muliere? Nihil. What more? Nought more I find.

*Pater transtulit, Ludouicus Fouler. f. excrpsit.*

## DE ME IPSO CUM DECUMBEREM.

Vaga mihi fuit vita: in curia incuria, incerta certa fides,  
Certior mors, at in Christo Salus certissima.

*Pater posuit, Lud. filius moerens scripsit.*

[“Mr Ludovick Fouler, eldest sone lawfull of vmquhill Mr Wm. Fouler, 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 Fouler, portionar of Restalrig, was served heir of his father Mr William Foullar, (who is styled Rector of Hawick and Secretary to the late Queen Anna, &c.) to the large mansion called The Dean house, with the orchards and gardens, &c. April 21, 1630. (Abbrev. Return. Edinb. No. 657.)]

## No VI.

## POEMS BY VARIOUS AUTHORS.

## I. SONNET BY KING JAMES THE SIXTH IN HIS VOYAGE TO DENMARKE, 1589.

YE surging Sees, and ye inconstant Wynds,  
 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 Sun!  
 That thairby may thy powar be exprest;  
 O Moone! whose influëncè 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 eache degree,  
 Ye Polls, thou Tyde, ye Moone, Sun, Winds and See!

## II. EPITHALAMIUM, ON THE MARRIAGE OF W. A.—J. ESK. BY WALTER QUIN.

[William Alexander of Menstrie (afterwards Knighted, and subsequently raised to the Peerage), was married in 1603 to Janet, daughter and coheirress of Sir William Erskine, knight. Drummond has also transcribed two Sonnets, evidently by Quin, on the same occasion.]

LOE! heere a youth of yongmen paragone,  
 Loe! there a nympe 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 linke,  
 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.

Most comlye shape and feature doth adorne  
 Both with proportion like, and symmetrye,  
 And under planetes like, they haue beene borne,  
 With manneres like, and vertues sympathie.  
 As hee, so she is gentle, wise and chaste,  
 O Hymen, &c.

To them both Phoebus and the Sisteres Nine  
 Imparte their heuinlye giftes aboundantlye;  
 To Him their sweetest dittyes they assigne,  
 To Her their sweet and pleasant harmonie.  
 Then, that this double sweetnesse wee may taste,  
 O Hymen, &c.

With sweet and heuinlye Muse allureth hee,  
 And doth content and please the rarest witts;  
 Her lute, with which his Muse doth well agree,  
 Of passionate mindes doth ease the raging fitts,  
 And cheereth such as into dumpes are cast.  
 O Hymen, &c.

Therefore since hee and shee so sympathise  
 In outward partes and qualities of mind,  
 And in all pointes that may to loue entise;  
 As shee alone is meet his hart to binde,  
 And hee to louse her maiden belt from waste,  
 O Hymen, &c.

Dame Juno, Patronesse of wedlocke's band,  
 Delightfull Cupid, with thy Mother cleere,  
 Bright Phebus with the Muses, be at hand  
 To grace and honour those your darlings deare.  
 And when from hall to chamber they be past,  
 O Hymen, &c.

Then lett not shame, nor mother's tender loue,  
 Nor pittye fond of any maide, her mate,  
 Hold backe the Bride from field, where shee shall proue  
 Victorious after, but a small debate.  
 And when with Bridegroome's armes shee shall be claspt,  
 O Hymen, &c.

With fauour great of powers celestiall,  
 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,  
 O Hymen come, and knit this couple fast!

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

*In obitum Dominae Susannae Fowleriae Dominae 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, ludimagister scholæ Edinburgensis," May 6, 1630. (Retours, Edinb. No. 658.)]

INCLYTA magnarum, fuit olim gloria matrum  
 Quæ dederant patriæ pignora clara suæ.  
 Quis Semelem nosset, si non genuisset Iacchum?  
 Latonæ laus est Cynthius atque soror;  
 Lucida Lædeos decorarunt sidera partus,  
 Alemena ex nato est nobilitata suo.  
 Fowleriam exornat natorum mascula virtus,  
 Natarumque amplis tradita taeda viris.  
 Drummondus superesse dabit post funera vitam,  
 Acceptam matri cui ferat ipse suam:  
 Æquævum Musis natum prestabit Apollo,  
 Æquævam matrem reddit et ille sibi.  
 In mutuam Musarum,  
 Gratiam scripsit RAIUS.

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

[THIS 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.

Mercie is fled to God, which Mercie made,  
 Compassion dead, Faith turn'd to pollicye;  
 Freindes know not those who site 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 hee had before.

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

But Kings call not to mynd what Vassalls were,  
 But know them now, as Enuie hath descryed them;  
 So can I looke on no syde from Despaire.

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 vnfold 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 justlie call'd the Empresse of the Bretannes!  
 Who should haue mercye, if a Queene haue none?

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

If I haue 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 tyme shall make you know  
 That I your humblest Vassall am opprest,  
 Then cast your eyes on vnderued woe.

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

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, so that the success answer my expectation, assure yourself that I will take it extraordinary kindly at your hands; and rest one that wisheth you well, 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 wee haue,  
Then payes us bake with age and dust;  
Who in a darke and silent graue,  
When wee haue wandered all our ways,  
Shuts up the storie of our dayes!  
But from time’s rage, the graue, and dust,  
My God shall raise mee up, I trust.

AN OTHER, A. B.

GREAT Hart, who taught thee thus to die,  
Death yeelding thee the victorie?  
When tookest thou leave of life? if there?  
How couldst thou be so free from feare?  
But sure thou diedst, and quietst thy state  
Of flesh and bloud before that fate!  
Else, what a miracle were wrought,  
To triumphe both in life and thought!  
I saw in every stander by  
Pale Death, Life only in thyne eie;  
The legacie thou gauest then  
Will sue, for when thou diest agen,  
For Truth shall to thy glorie say,  
Wee die, thou only liuedst that day!

VI. ARTHUR JOHNSTONE, M. D.

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

EDINA.

COLLIBUS assurgens geminis, caput inserit astris,  
Et tutelares cernit Edina deos.  
Sceptra thronique pedem firmant et regia ad ortum,  
Solis ad occasum Mars tegit arce caput;  
Claro mille animos excercet Phœbus ab Austro,  
Ad Boream Pallas dædala mille manus.  
Templa tenent vicina deæ Pietasque Themisque,  
Enthea qua puro pectore vita salit:  
Ancillatricem Cererem, Nymphasque ministras,  
Et vectigalem despicit inde Thetin.  
Romuleam Tibris, Venetam mare territat urbem,  
Quas regit undarum ridet Edina minas.  
Crede mihi, nusquam vel sceptris aptior urbs est,  
Vel rerum domina dignior urbe locus.  
Verum ut sint multis istæ communia, soli  
Privus et insignis hic tibi cedit honos;  
Nemo unquam nisi scurra levis, vel tressis agaso,  
Est ausus famam contemerare 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 Cæsar’s Commentary.*

THOUGH CÆSAR’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 conquesse an eternall fame [name];  
So gret attemptes heroicke ventures shall  
Aduance my fortune, or renown my fall!

## VIII. SIR ROBERT KERR, EARL OF ANCRUM.

[In the printed Catalogue of Drummond's Donations to the College of Edinburgh, 1627, is a Manuscript entitled " Psalmes in English verses, to the measures of the French and Dutch, by Sir Robert Karre," 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 Karr, in Paris, 1624," signed " S. Ro. Karr," and dated " London, 24 of Apryle 1624." In this he says, that " the occasion of hearing in the Low Countryes 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 Buchannan.

*To the French measure.*

<p>1.  DEEPE suncke in fouds of grieffe,  Unto the Lord I prayed  That Hee would send reliefe;  And thus my sad heart sayd :</p>	<p>5.  Thy worde (myne onlye hope)  Sustaines my wavering mynd,  And in that faithfull prop  All confidence I find.</p>
<p>2.  Lord, heare the sighs and grones,  That I before Thee power;  Listen unto my moanes,  And help me at this hower.</p>	<p>6.  No watchman of the night  More longeth for the day,  Than I do for the light  Which Thy grace doth display.</p>
<p>3.  If like a judge severe  To punish Thou be bent,  No flesh can be so cleere  As to prove innocent.</p>	<p>or 6.  No watchman longeth more  To see the morning skye,  And have the night past o're,  Than for Thy grace doe I.</p>
<p>4.  But mercifull Thou art,  And from all passion free ;  But, Lord, it is our part  With feare to trust in Thee.</p>	<p>7.  Then trust the Lord all yee  That doe him feare and know,  For it is only Hee  That helps the weake and low.</p>

*Note to EPIGRAM, page 110.*—Robert Crichton Lord Sanquhar was hanged at Westminster on the 29th of June 1612, for the murder of a fencing-master named Turner. (See Chronicle of Perth, pp. 13, 103, &c.)