

Damon To a lady. *Printed*
 Though I have been at the city of Douly
 and have ~~some~~ ^{some} ~~from~~ ^{from} ~~your~~ ^{your} ~~letters~~ ^{letters} ~~but~~ ^{but} ~~one~~ ^{one} ~~more~~ ^{more} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~leave~~ ^{leave}
 yet but a letter is a parcel of Douly,
 for I by Signet find I shall some return
 Amidst by your own care and worthy Toyles
 A lady upon you shall your wandering find
 Tell Douly you ~~think~~ ^{think} ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~my~~ ^{my} ~~worth~~ ^{worth} ~~less~~ ^{less} ~~spoils~~ ^{spoils}
 and yet I am on earth but a sad name;
 If you are ~~not~~ ^{not} ~~yet~~ ^{yet} ~~not~~ ^{not} ~~done~~ ^{done} by all our love,
 By our soft ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~gentle~~ ^{gentle} ~~words~~ ^{words} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~kind~~ ^{kind} ~~words~~ ^{words},
 To ~~your~~ ^{your} ~~kind~~ ^{kind} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~gentle~~ ^{gentle} ~~words~~ ^{words} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~kind~~ ^{kind} ~~words~~ ^{words},
 Her Damon by ~~your~~ ^{your} ~~kind~~ ^{kind} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~gentle~~ ^{gentle} ~~words~~ ^{words} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~kind~~ ^{kind} ~~words~~ ^{words}
 The ~~more~~ ^{more} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~gentle~~ ^{gentle} ~~words~~ ^{words} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~kind~~ ^{kind} ~~words~~ ^{words} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~kind~~ ^{kind} ~~words~~ ^{words}
 Do ~~not~~ ^{not} ~~let~~ ^{let} ~~me~~ ^{me} ~~be~~ ^{be} ~~done~~ ^{done} ~~by~~ ^{by} ~~all~~ ^{all} ~~our~~ ^{our} ~~love~~ ^{love}

Madame,

your desert and good opinion of me gives by a
 gracious sentence (if I can be so happy as to
 see you ~~some~~ ^{some} ~~time~~ ^{time}) ~~will~~ ^{will} ~~me~~ ^{me} ~~to~~ ^{to} ~~remain~~ ^{remain} ~~your~~ ^{your} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~servant~~ ^{servant}

May
 26
 1622

Ever to Command
 W. Derriment.

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HAWTHORNDEN MANUSCRIPTS in the possession of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland ; with Extracts, containing several unpublished Letters and Poems of WILLIAM DRUMMOND of Hawthornden.*

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[*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 Council¹ 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

¹ In March 1820.—Although the immediate object I had in view when this application was made has been long abandoned, I cannot the less gratefully acknowledge how much I was indebted to JOHN DILLON, Esq. at that time Secretary, and to JAMES SKENE, of Rubislaw, Esq. Curator, for affording me every facility of access, during the many hours devoted in the Museum, to the examination 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 publisher, 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:—"From the Rev. Doctor Abernethy Drummond we have lately received 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 republished among the Earl's "Fugitive Pieces." The

² *Minute Book*, vol. i. pp. 243 and 268.

words are,—“ Drummond loved Drayton, and a great and continued friendship subsisted between them, fanned 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 Drummond relating to Drummond of Hawthornden, and observed, among others, some of the *primæ curæ* 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’s correspondents, had formed a portion of the Donation; and was thus led to the mortifying conclusion, that the Society had been culpably negligent of the reliques intrusted to their custody, these letters having shared the fate of another paper thus specifically described by the Earl of Buchan in 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.³

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.⁴ 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

³ In a letter from Mr David Herd (the editor of an excellent collection of Scottish Songs, Edinburgh, 1776, 2 vols. 12mo.), to his friend George Paton, 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 (tho’ he undertakes 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 1788, contained notices to be communicated to Mr Pinkerton.

⁴ The Earl of Buchan resigned 14th 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.⁵ He returned to Scotland in 1609, and after his Father's death in 1610⁶ abandoned the thoughts of following any learned

⁵ From dates on some of Drummond's books in the College Library, we find he was at London in 1606, at Bourges in 1607 and 1608, at Paris in the same years, at Edinburgh in 1609, and again at London in 1610.

⁶ Sir John Drummond of Hawthornden, the Poet's father, descended of the Drummonds of Carnock, was born in the year 1553. He was appointed gentleman-usher to James VI. in 1590; and, on James's accession to the throne of England, he was one of 300 gentlemen who were dubbed knights, in the Royal Garden of Whitehall, 23d July 1603. (Nichols' *Progresses of*

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 Muses," 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, Funerall, Divine, Pastorall, in Sonnets, Songs, Sextains, 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 *Forth 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 Conversation" 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 professes 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.'⁷

The occasion and time when Jonson's intimacy with Drummond commenced has not been ascertained; for although every one has heard how the former

King James, i. 208.) He died in 1610, aged 57, and was buried in the chapel of Holyrood House. (Douglas's *Baronage*, p. 572; and note at the end of the Index to *Works*, 1711, folio.)

⁷ See Godwin's *Lives of Edward and John Philips*, 4to. and Gifford's edition of *Ben Jonson*.

journeyed from London on foot, at the close of the year 1618, for the purpose of visiting the latter, it is by no means impossible 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, overstepped the bounds of consistency; far, indeed, beyond what common justice can tolerate. Instead of a calm and dispassionate inquiry into the truth of such calumnies, and in how far these were occasioned by Jonson's own temper and conduct, the writer referred to has charged Drummond with every thing base and ungentlemanly, as if he alone had been the sole occasion of such imputations of malice and envy; and whenever Gifford has occasion to mention the name of Drummond, he breaks forth in a style of invective, which, if it proves any thing, evinces that the strength of his own prejudices and antipathies had completely o'ermastered his understanding. But it is not necessary at this time to confute such accusations, after the masterly defence of the Poet of Hawthornden, in an article in the Provincial Antiquities, by Sir Walter Scott.⁸

⁸ See also the remarks in the excellent article JONSON, by Mr T. Campbell, in Brewster's *Encyclopedia*; and a 'Vindication, &c.' in Blackwood's *Edinburgh Magazine* for February 1818.—In the Appendix to the present Article the full copy, as it appears, of these "Heads of Conversations," or "Informations," will be found, printed from a manuscript lately discovered, and may be considered as a literary document of considerable interest.

In 1623 Drummond published another volume of Poems, under the title of *Flowers of Sion*, which was republished with some additions in 1680; 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 Cuninghame 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 the volume of his Poems printed in 1616. It could not, therefore, have been immediately subsequent to that event, when he cried out

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

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;⁹ but may possibly have been some time after 1628.

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 Clerkes,"¹⁰ 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 Britaine, &c.*" 15th June 1633. About the same

⁹ The list of these books was printed in a separate volume, in 1627, 4to. Similar donations to his *Alma Mater* were made by Drummond in 1628 and 1636; but of these no printed or manuscript list has been discovered. Previous to the new arrangements of the University Library, the Books themselves have most properly been collected, and carefully repaired or bound.

¹⁰ Crawford's History of the University of Edinburgh, p. 113.

time he married Elizabeth Logan, a lady with whom he became enamoured from thinking that she bore some resemblance to his former affianced bride.¹¹

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.¹² 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 avowed 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 of Scotland during the reign of the Five Jameses,—comprising an interesting period of Scottish History, extending from the year 1423 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,

¹¹ 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 adge (says Hay, speaking of Drummond) he married unexpectedly Elizabeth Logan, a ministers daughter, of Edliston, which church is within a quarter of a mile of Darnhill, principall dwelling house to Blackbarrony. 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 sutch matter." Tome Second, p. 105.

¹² "The great Marquis of Montrose wrote a letter to him, desiring him to print his *Irene*, as the best means to quiet the minds of the distracted populace." Life prefixed to Drummond's works, 1711, p. vi. We are also informed "that there were a great many particular papers wrote against the chief ringleaders of the Rebellion, which after his [Drummond's] death, in those very severe times, were thought fit to be destroyed, for fear of doing harm to his friends and family." Ib. p. vii.

from a date on the first scroll of the history of James the First, that he had commenced his labours in March 1633, this agreeing with the supposed date of a letter to Arabella, Countess of Lothian, in which he speaks of his 'musical recreations' giving place to others of a more laborious and serious kind. (Works, p. 135.) The first three volumes of these Manuscripts consist of various scrolls (sometimes four or five different copies of the same portion) of the History; and the 4th and 5th volumes contain a fair transcript of the whole, in the hand of a transcriber of the time, excepting that of the reign of James IV., which is entirely in Drummond's own hand. A similar transcript, containing one or two slight corrections by the Author, is preserved in the Advocates' Library. Had this work, which he entitles "THE HISTORIE OF THE LIVES AND RAIGNES OF FIVE KINGES OF SCOTLAND," been possessed of greater historical value, it might have been interesting to have collated the successive scrolls with the adopted text, and to have pointed out the corrections and enlargements made in the course of his revisals. As Drummond, however, has not the advantage of being a contemporary writer, and as the sources from which his History was compiled are still accessible, his work must be held as one only of subsidiary importance; the want of original information being but inadequately compensated by rhetorical narrative and ornate orations.

In Volume VI. are collected several of Drummond's Prose Tracts, namely, (1.) "A Letter Apologeticall, concerning the divulging of a paper to his Majesty, 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 Amitie amongst his Maiesties Subjectes: Written after his Declaration, given at Oatlands the 9th of September 1638, and published at Edinbrough 22d of September 1638." Of this tract there are three copies, and part of a fourth, all in the Author's own hand. (3.) "Queeres of State." Autograph, besides two scroll copies. (4.) "The Magicall Mirror, or a Declaration upon the arising of the N. B. G. B. in Armes. Aprile 1. 1639." Autograph and part of a scroll copy. (5.) "The Load-Starre, or Directorie to the New World, and Transe-formations." (6.) "ΣΚΙΑΜΑΧΙΑ, or a Defence of a Petition to the Lords of the Council of Scotland, by certain Noblemen and Gentlemen, January 1643." All these tracts are contained in the folio edition of Drummond's works.¹³

¹³ A manuscript volume in the Advocates' Library (Jac. V. 8. 5.) contains, copies of Irene, 74 pages; The Load Star, 10 pages; The Magicall Mirror, 15 pages; Quairies of State, 7 pages; and Remarks, &c. 1642, 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,¹⁴ &c. The second volume contains similar extracts and other notes, commencing with a collection of Anecdotes, Pasquils, Jests, Epitaphs, &c. written at different periods, under the following title: "DEMOCRITIE, A Labyrinth of Delight, or Worke preparative for the Apologie of Democritus: Containing the

Pasquills	} in French, Italiane, Spanishe, Latine, of this and the late age before.	} Eleutheropoli. Free-Brough."
Apotheames		
Impresas		
Anagrames		
Epitaphes		
Epigrames		

These *Nugæ Venales* 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

¹⁴ The Authors from whom the most copious extracts are made are, Pasquier, *Recherches de la France*; *Œuvres de Ronsard*; Sir Philip Sidney's *Arcadia*; and Davidson's *Poetical Rhapsodie*. The English plays quoted are, *Parasitaster*, by Marston; *The Converted Courtezan*, by Dekker; *All Fools*, [by Chapman]; *Your Fine Gallants*, by Middleton; *Law Tricks, or Who would have thought it*, by Day; *How to choose a good Wife*; *Westward Hoe*, by Dekker and Webster; *No Body*, comedy; *Sir Gyles Goose-cape*, comedy; *A Mad World*, comedy; *The Ile of Gullies*, comedy; *Liberalitie and Prodigalitie*, comedy; and *The Hunting of Cupid*, by Peele.

Among the miscellaneous contents of these volumes we find a copy of his Thesis, written while at the College of Edinburgh in 1605; Notes of Lectures by Peter Vignal, Frederick Morell, and other Foreign Professors; and Abstracts of several French and Italian comedies which he saw performed 'at Burges' in 1607.

this title on the first leaf, "LETTERS AMOROUS, COMPLIMENTALL, CONSOLATORIE, MILITARIE, HISTORICALL."

Among Drummond's correspondents we find the names of many persons distinguished by genius as well as rank, and in particular of Ben Jonson, Daniel, and Drayton, the English poets; Sir William Alexander Earl of Stirling, and Sir Robert Kerr Earl of Ancrum, both eminent for their poetical talents; Dr Arthur Johnston, Annabella Countess of Lothian, Isabella Countess of Perth, the Marquis of Montrose, the Earls of Perth, Morton, and Traquair, Cunningham of Barns, Sir William Douglas, and Sir George Keith. But this volume contains but little worthy of publication in addition to the Letters from or to such eminent and noble personages, already printed in his Works; but the scrolls might be of service for a collection of his Letters; which, however, being written in an inflated style, and with much of the formal politeness usual at that time, might be termed any thing rather than what their Editor has styled them, "Familiar Epistles." [See Extracts, No. III.]

At the end of this volume are added some occasional tracts, which have been partly printed. Among these it would have been highly gratifying to have found one paper, of which nothing more than the title or envelope has been preserved; namely, the paper already alluded to, in which Drummond wrote certain notes of Conversations held

— in the bower

Where Jonson sat in Drummond's classic shade

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 verse,' as his Son sometimes styles them) as to be unfit for the press. On the first leaf is the title, "AN ADDITION TO THE POEMES 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

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.¹⁵ Among other instances which might be discovered, I may point out the Sonnet '*Cares charming Sleep, son of the sable 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 XIth and XIIth 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 writt, pre-
"served as they are by my Father—so there may be better things in them than
"I know: for the writ is fashious to read. He was a greater maker of Ana-
"grames; and Secretarie to Queen Anne, King James the Sixt Queen. No-
"vember 1703." Indeed he would have found his trouble but ill-repayed had he persevered in attempting to decypher 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 'Jeane Fleming, Ladye Thirlstaine, Spous to Sir Johne Maitland,' Chancellor of Scotland, 12th December 1587. This manuscript was presented to the College of Edinburgh by Drummond in 1626; and Leyden, who conjectured that the abbreviation on the title stood for Parson of Hawick, supposes, from one of the Sonnets in praise of the Translator prefixed, that he was then a young man:

'A youth, upon whose face was yet but downe.'

¹⁵ 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.

Yet among the fragments in the Society's possession is the dedication to 'The Triumphe 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 Prences and other personis," which is dated "from my house in Edin. the 9. of Jan. 1590," and is said to have been "Composed be Mr Wm. Fo[wler] of haw^k. E[tatis] sui lix." 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 1573-4, 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 pageants exhibited 'to decore by magnificence this action,' were, by the King's Majesty, committed 'to the Lord of Lindores and M. William Fowler;' and the description of these 'rare shoves and singular inventions' was published at the time. Fowler, who accompanied the King's household to England, died in 1614.¹⁶ [A few notes and selections from these volumes will be found among the Extracts, No. V.]

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 Hesiod,—a circumstance the more me-

¹⁶ Some of his letters are printed in Lodge's Illustrations of British History, 4to. vol. III. I suspect, however, Mr Lodge has drawn a wrong inference from Fowler's letters as to his pretensions to the hand of the Lady Arabella Stuart. He was himself a married man. See Extracts, No. V.

morable, as the work, if it had been preserved, might have been considered the earliest translation of any Greek author by a native of this country. There is also an Epithalamium by Walter Quin (who was one of the tutors to Prince Henry), on the marriage of "W. A. and J. Ersk." or Sir William Alexander, afterwards Earl of Stirling, and Jane Erskine, daughter of Sir William Erskine. [Some of these are printed among the Extracts, No. VI.]

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 Montrose, 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.

It obviously would be no easy matter to present any distinct notice of so many volumes of Manuscripts of the Miscellaneous character described; and I shall not, by enlarging farther at this time, exhaust the patience of the Society. Should the Council deem the subject of sufficient importance to be introduced into some future volume of the Society's Transactions, a fitter opportunity would be afforded for bringing forward the occasional selections which I have made. The Manuscripts, considered merely as autographs of an eminent Poet and Historian, one of the few names in Scotch 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.

No. I.

NOTE OF THE BOOKS READ BY DRUMMOND OF HAWTHORNDEN,
1606—1614.*Bookes red be me, anno 1606.*

Knox, Chronicles.	Loues Martir.
S. P. S. Arcadia.	The Passionat Pilgrime.
Baldassers Castilio's Courteour.	The Metamorphosis of Ouid, in English.
Achilles Staius de Amoribus Clitophontis.	The 4 part of the Miror of Knighthead.
Certaine Matters concerning Scotland.	Thule, or Verteus Historie.
Daphnis Polustephanos.	The Rape of Lucrece.
Euphues his England.	Dekkar's part of the Kings Entrance in London.
Epitome Moraliu Plutarchi.	A Midsommers Nights Dreame, comedie.
The Anatomie of Sin and Genologie of Verteu.	The 8 book of the Miror of Knighthead.
Orlando Furioso, comedie.	Doctor Dodipol, comedie.
Constant Calipolis.	Alphonsus historie, comed.
The Paradise of Dentie Deuises.	Noua Noui Orbis Descriptio, Benzonis.
Metaphrasis Poetica Lepantiados, Morray.	The Tragedie of Loctrine.
The Holie Loue of Heuinlie Wisdome.	Guazzaes Ciuil Conuersation, in English.
Romeo and Julieta, tragedie.	Three volumes of Diana, in English.
Paurino and Lusina.	Certaine Letters concerning Greene.
Loues Labors Lost, comedie.	Cardanus de Varietate Rerum.
The Sanctuarie of a Troubled Soule.	Dorastus and Faunia.
The Malcontent, comedie.	The 2 volume of Amadis de Gaule, English.
Menstre's Aurora.	Eurialus and Lucretia, English.
Draton's Oule.	Galatea de Moribus.

Bookes red be me, anno 1607.

Aminte de Torquato Tasso, in Frenche.	P. Bembi Ætna.
Tragedies Senic. Blacridii.	Oeuures Poetiques de Pontus de Tyard.
Nicolai Crassii junioris Resp. ad Parænesem Baronii.	Carpentarii Orationes contra Ramum.
Consolation a Madame de Gui.	Juuenilia Mureti.
Arcadie de Sanassare, in French.	Arce de Gello, in Frenche.
Claudianus.	Le Tombeau de Margarite de Valois.
Diane de Montemaioir, in Frenche.	Oratio Eucharistica, G. du Val.
Instituta Justiniani.	La Medee de Jean de la Peruse.
Poemata Flamini, Bembi, Castilionis.	L'Hermaphrodite.

Bookes red be me, anno 1608.

Troisiesme tome des Hist. Tragiques.	Erastus, en François.
Premier tome d'Amadis de Gaule.	Cinquiesme d'Amadis de Gaule.
Second tom. d'Amadis.	Sixsieme d'Amadis.
Neuuesme tom. d'Amadis.	Les Antiquites de France.
Dix septiesme d'Amadis.	Dernier tome of De Serres.
Comedies de la Rine.	Le Seigneur Des Accords.
L'Enfer d'Amour.	Nilus contra Primatum Papæ.
Ramus de Relligione.	Epistres de Pasquier.
Prince d'Orange.	Histoire des Albigeois.
Exposition sur l'Apocalips.	La Curiosite de Du Plessi.
Bezæ Juuenilia.	Oracula Sybillæ, en Grec.
La Conformité du Langage Franc. avec le Grec, H. E.	La Fuile du Pechè.
Les Ris de Democrite.	Cinthia, comedia, in Italien.
Trauaux sans Trauaile.	La Gazzette Française.
	La Celestine.

Bookes red anno 1609, be me.

Bartas.	Les Odes de Ronsard.
13 Tome d'Amadis de Gaule.	Elegies et Eclogues de Ronsard.
La Franciade de Ronsard.	Deux Tragedies de Jodelle.
Rablais.	Recherches de Pasquier.
Hierusalem de Tasso, in English.	No Body, comedy.
Dictionaire de Nicot.	Sir Gyles Gooscape, comedie.
Daniel's Workes.	A Mad World, comedie.
Roland Furieux, in Frenche.	The Ile of Gooles, comedie.
Azolains de Bembe, in Frenche.	Liberalitie and Prodigalitie, comedie.
Amours de Ronsard.	Sir Ph. Sid. Arcadia.
Monophile d'Estienne Pasquier.	Parasitaster, by Marston, comedie.
Orlando Furioso, in English.	The Court of Ciuil Conuersation.
The Anatomie of Humours.	The Hunting of Cupid.
Les Poemes de Passerat.	Poetical Rapsodie, by Dauison.
An Apologie for the Oth of Alleagence.	Thetis Festiual, by Daniel.
Hymnes de Ronsard.	

Italian bookes red be me, anno 1610.

Sanasars Arcadia; et en Fr.	Arcadia de Morinella.
First part of the Rimes of Petrarche; et en Fr.	Aminta of Tasso; et en Fr.
Pastor Fido de Guarini; et en Fr.	Azolins of Bembo; et en Fr.
	Gierusalem Liberata of Tasso; & Engl.

English, Latin, Frenche.

Spenser's Fayrie Queene.	Defence d'Herodote, H. E.
Lib. Poetices, J. Scaligeri.	

Bookes red, anno 1611.

Historie Macaroniq.	Fatti de gli Apostoli.
Quadrains de Pibracq.	Delle Rime del S. T. Tasso, parte terza.
Heraclite, par Du Moulin.	Traicte de Sagesse, par Pierre Charron.
Responce a tous Propos.	Delle Rime del T. Tasso, parte quarta.
Six liures de Marco Aguicolo d'Alueto de la Nature d'Amour.	Rime di Sannazaro.
Amoretti and Epithalamion, by Spenser.	Discorso di Jason Deneresintornola Poesia.
Anticotton.	Phillis, by Thomas Lodge.
Remerciement des Beurriers de Paris.	Zephira, by some vncertaine writter.
Pater Noster des Jesuites.	Syntagma Disputationum Theologicarum Danielis Tileni.
Le Pourmenoir de Montagne.	Theophile, par Du Moulin.
Desdaine d'Amour.	Relatione Vniuersale, de Botero.
Cornelius Tacitus, in English.	Menstries Workes, 4 Tragedies. Aurora.
Les Pseaumes de Dauid.	England's Helicon.
Epistole de gli Apostoli.	Joshua.
Il Padre de Famiglia, del S. Torquato Tasso.	Judges.
Il Rinaldo, del S. T. Tasso.	Ruth.
The Death of Sophonisba, by D. M.	Samuel.
Poemata P. Bembi.	Kings.
Rime del Cesare Rinaldi.	Chronicles.
A Discourse of Ciuil Lyff, by Cod. Brys- kett, out of the Italian of Gerald.	Ezra.
Delle Rime del S. Torquato Tasso, part prime.	Nehemiah.
Delle Rime del T. Tasso, parte seconda.	Ester.
	Job.

Bookes red be me, anno 1612.

Philippes de Mornay de la Verité de la Religion Chrestienne.	Les Oeuvres Poetiques de Passerat.
Rime di M. Pietro Bembo.	English Votaries, be J. Bale.
Rime di Luigi Groto Cieco d'Adria.	The Prophecie of Isaia.
Madrigali di F. Contarini.	The Art of English Poesie.
Madrigali del S. Carlo Coquinato.	The Metamorphose of Ajax.
Le Noue Fiamme, di Lodiuido Paterno.	Ben Jhonson's Epigrams.
	Heath's Epigrams.

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

Anno 1613.

La Diuina Semana del S. T. Tasso. Dialogue de la Vie et la Mort, par Maistre
Bartas. Innocent Ringhier.
Rime del Marino. Consolation a Madame de Goury.
Morsolo. Ben Jhonson's Epigrames.
Dionysius Africanus de Situ Orbis. Daniel's Epigrames.
Drayton's Poluolbion. St Jhone Dauies' Nosce Te Ipsum.
S. W. A. Doomsday. Lamentations of Jeromie, and Prophesie.
Jhone Done's Lyriques. Il Dante.
Owle. Rime del Cesare Caporali, del Mauro et
Petrarcha de Contemptu Mundi. d'altri.
Bartas' Works. Campion's Ayres.
Rime del S. Lelio Capilupi. Nosce Te Ipsum, J. Dauies.

Anno 1614.

La Semaine, de C. Gamon. Pisides de Opifice Mundi.
La Reina di Scotia, T. Ezekiall's Prophecie.
Ciceronis Tusculanæ Quest. La Fiametta of Boccace.
Madrigalli di Mutio Manfredi. Pastor Fido.
Il Contrasto Amoroso. S. T. Overb. Wyfe.
Mirtilla. Boscan.
S. P. Complaint. Garcilasso.
Perla. Granades 4 Extrema.
La Fiametta. Diouyse Carthusiano.

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.' (120 books.) 4. Table of my English bookes, anno 1611.' (50 books.) 5. 'The table of my Greek bookes, anno 1611.' (35 books.) 6. 'Table of my Hebreu bookes, anno 1611.' (11 books.) 7. 'Table of my Latin bookes, anno 1611; divided into classes, viz. Theologic (31 books); Jurisc. (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:

Albions 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.

S. P. S. [Sidney's] Arcadia.	6s. Ingl.	Basilicon $\Delta\sigma\sigma\sigma$.
E. Spenser's Fairie Queene.	6s. Ingl.	The Holie Loue of Heauinlie Wisdome.
Spenser's Schephard Calender.	4d. Ingl.	Lectures on the Reuel., by Perkins.
Spenser's Hymnes.	4d. Ingl.	The Dial of Princes, Gueuarra.
Spenser's Amoretti.	4d. Ingl.	Golden Epistles, Gueuarra.
Menstrie's [Sir W. Alexander of] Tragedies.	2s. Ing.	The Italian Schoolemaster. 1s. Ing.
Art of English Poesie.	1s. Ing.	The Tragedie of Romeo and Julieta. 4d. Ing.
Dration's Workes.	2s. Ing.	Diaphantus. 6d. Ing.
Exhortation to Repentence, by Samson Lennard.	2s. Ing.	Naper on the Reuelation.
Daniel's Workes.	7s. Ing.	Dration's Oule.
Godefroy of Bouillon, by Edward Fairfax.	5s. Ing.	The Amourouss Passions of Paurino.
Giacomo di Grassi his Art of Fencing.	18d. Ing.	Batschelours Banquet.
The Key of the Spanish Tongue.		Mr Henrie Balinauess Book of Justification.
Hero and Leander, by Marloe and Chapman.		Pancharis.
Endemion and Phebe, by M. Drayton.		Diana of Montemaior, by B. Zong. 7s. Ing.
Ideas Mirour.		Ciuil Warrs of France. 3s. Ing.
The Tragedie of Antonie, by Countess of Pembrox.		The Countrie Ferme. 8s. Ing.
Venus and Adon. by Schaksp.		England's Parnassus.
The Rap of Lucrece, idem.		Contents of Scripture.
The Muses Garland.		Boetius' Chronicle.
Paris and Onone.		Moral Philosophie.
Tullie's Loue, by Greene.		The Anatomie of Sin.
Coluin's Parainesis.		The Heauen of Health.
		Thule or Vertews Historie.
		A Midsumers Night Dreame.
		Grayes Arithmetique.
		The Sanctuarie of a Troubled Soule.

No. II.

ANECDOTES, &c. SELECTED FROM DRUMMOND OF HAWTHORNDEN'S
MISCELLANIES, VOL. II.

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

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

When Cambden was buried, one wrote, Heere lye Cambden's Remaines.¹

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

Sir Geslame 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 Cittie? for he could not thinke one man alone could have so hudge a beard.

Epitaph of a Longe Bearde.

At a Beards end, heere 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 melancholie 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 Sr. Jerosme was within.

One who had fired a pipe of tobacco with a ballet [ballad], swears 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 vnsauorye 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 pourtrait of our Sauour 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.

One of the Groomes of K. James Bed-chamber asked a gentleman, What yeare of God was the eightie eight?

Jonson said to Prince Charles, That when he wanted wordes to sett forth a Knave, he would name him an *Inigo*.

The Duke of Auvergne having beaten a Blind man who was in his way, the Blind man cryed, 'Diable sur le fil de putaine' (hee being Charles the 9th, bastard), swears the fellow was not blind.

Henry the 4th, having heard that one of his Phisitians had turned Catholike, said, 'Les Hugonots sont en mauvais estat, puis que les medicines les ont quité.'

T. Tasso being demanded Who was the first Poet in Italie, said, 'Guarini, e il Secundo.'

Chancellor Hatton being dead, one set a placart in Paules, Whoever wanteth a man, Bishop Bancroft wanteth a maister.

A Student of Oxford praying for my Lord Mayor, prayed, 'Oramus pro viro horatissimo.'

King James the 6th, at an assemblee of the ministers, asked a bashful one, Who was Jesus the Son of Syrach's Father? to which the poor man had not a word to answer.

Bishop Montgomerie wrot a letter to the Earle of Eglintone (a man inclined to a faction against Bishops), to send him a traine of horsemen. The other answered, I thinke it enough, Cousin, yee run on foot to the diuell, although yee ride not; and goe all alone, although I send no traine with you.

The Person of Calder saying Masse at Midnight, cried all aloud, A thousand Rose Nobles make just a Stone weight of gold; and the Chorus answered, Amen.

S. W. R. complained one day he had caught a little cold. No wonder, replied S. G. P., Yee did lie on the head of the Church all night.

The Earl of Southampton told that my Lord Carleil had answered him, -when hee had asked the cause of his melancholye, How can I be but melancholye, my Lord; they have spoiled the fashion of my band!

Guazzo hath this Epitaph on a Drunckard:

Ne le Rose, ne Amaranthi, ma qui presso;
Di me versate vino, che da sete,
Son coso in morte, come in vita oppresso.

Which is,

Nor Roses to my tomb, nor Lillies give,
But nappye Aile, or Bacchus' strongest Wine;
For that same thirst, doth yet even dead mee pine,
Which made me so carowse when I did live.

After the Reformation, Nile Ramsay, the Lard of Dalhowsie, having been at pretching with the Regent Murray, was demanded How he liked of the sermon? Pass-

ing well, said he; Purgatorie he hath altogedder tane away: if, the morne, [to-morrow] he will take away Hell, I will give him the half of the lands of Dalhowsie.

Epitaph of Mr Monday.

Blissed be the Sabbath; A pox on worldly pelf;

Now Tuesday must begin the Weeke, For Monday hath hanged himselfe.

Armstrang, when King James complained of a Horse which they could not fatten, bad him make a Bishop of him, and then hee would be fat.

King James asking B. Tobye, Why his beard was so near cut? hee replied, That his patron was Saint Cut-beard.

On a Glass Window.

Fraille Glasse, thou beares my name as well as I,

And no man knows in which it first shall die.²

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 Scotland as it was to be found in France, said, The French send no wares off their countrie, but the worst: M. G. Buq, [Buchanan] standing by, replied, 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 what a clocke it was in his mounter; to whom he replied, About the howre just that yee should give watter to your mare.

Jac. 6th, to two who, in a rainye 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 Almighty God.

Queen Marie having sent upon ane brode the Portrait of her Husband Henry and her owne, wt the portraite of David Ricci in prospective, to the Cardinall of Lorraine her Uncle, he praised much the workemanship and cunning of the Painter; but having asked what hee was that was drawen by them, and hearing it was her Secretarye, 'Je voudrois (said hee) qu'on oistoit ce petit Vilain de la! Qu'a il a faire d'estre si pres?' After the slaughter of Ricci, one told him that the Scots had done what he desired; 'Car ils avoyent osté le petit Vilain aupres de la Royne.'

Bancroft's Epitaph.

Heer lies his Grace, who, if his state be bad,

It is for lake of that which once he had.

² These lines also occur in a letter from Drummond to Sir Robert Kerr of Ancrum, 10th February 1620, from which it would seem they had been written by the latter previous to his duel with Charles Maxwell. See Drummond's Works, p. 138 and 151.

Fenton on Macolow.

If, of the dead, save good nought should be said,
He'l get no Epitaph who heere is laid.

S. P. S[idney] on his Picture.

Take this, thou 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 convoying (this was his owne wife), That shee was the Queen of Diamonds. I beleevd it, said the other; Yee are the Knave of Clubs that follows.

Mr Cuff, who was hanged for Essex, when Sr. Henrye Savell's wyfe had wished herselfe a booke, replied, Would God then, Madam, yee were an Almanack.

A Scottish 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 hee and said The Grace; to which the Bishop uncovered himself, and asked, If that was the fashion of Scotland at Mid-Supper to say Grace. I did it not, replied he, till I was thrice desired to doe—Yee must say Grace.

J. Done gave my Lord Ancrum his picture, in a melancholic posture, with this word about it 'De tristitia ista libera me, Domine.'

My Lord Mortoun exponed that definition of an Embassadour published by Sir H. Wotton: *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, *Exiit Burbage*.

Bishop Billie falling in out termes with Doctor Done, said, None save some Popish fellowes as hee thought otherwayes; 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 amazed, forgot the rest. She, sporting, said once or twice, Speake, Good Mouth!

Mr Hopkinse being imprisoned 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 Tower by Reason, but came out by Rhyme.

A Chandelier having candle stollen from him, his neighbour comforted him, telling him hee should be merrye, for one day or other that they would come to light.³

³ This and some of the other jests are inserted as carrying them back a century before the appearance of Joe Miller.

Doctor [Arthur] Jhonson said of a Bishop who seldom preached, That hee was a very rare preacher.

J. Murray wooeing a widow, and saying to her Hee was but 40 yeares old; his Man said openly, He 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, Hee was a Scots Lard fallen sicke in a tavern.

After S. George Hieron was killed at the Red Swire, the Regent, James Earl of Mortoun, sent many faulcones of the Scottish kynd, for a present to the courteours of England; whereupon one made a jest saying, That he dealt verye noblye and bountifullie, in that he gave them live Hawkes for dead Hierones, alluding to S. George Hieron, who was slain.

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

A Countryman comeing in a citty, and admiring the trades and diverse shopes of them, espyed a shop emptye as he thought; and, finding one in it, asked, What wares they sold there, for he could see nothing? (It was a Scrivener's shope.) Marye, answered the Scrivener, wee sell here Logar-heads. Appearinglie, replied the Countryman, yee have good sale, for there is never one left in the shop but one.

Sir Francis Bacon, after his disgrace, finding his servants when hee came in his lodging to arise, said to them, Set you down, my Maisters, for your rising is my fall. Hee said to a Fisher who had denyed to sell him a draught, and after repented him, Hopes are a good breakfast, but a bad supper.

The Earl of Mortoun, who was beheaded, used to say, Hee wished no greater reason than a 24 houres lie to bring a Courtier in disgrace.

G. B.[uchanan] sayed to one who complained, as they were ryding, of the weaknesse of his memory, That his horse was a great deal more forgetfull; for being but even now stricken with his spurres, he forgot it presently.

When they told him the Earle of Mar had gotten the government of the young King, he asked presently, Who then shall have the government of the Earle of Mar?

One asking almes, being inquired what calling he was of, answered, He was a poore scholler; but when he was set to read, and could doe nothing, he replied, He told them freelye he was but a poore scholler, for he could not read so much as a letter.

A Violer dying, they writ on him,

A month and three dayes before June,

Tom the Fidler went out of tune.

The Marquise of Hamilton came to visit Sir Fr. Bacon, after the tyme 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.

No. III.

UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF WILLIAM DRUMMOND OF HAWTHORNDEN.

[THE unpublished Letters contained in the Hawthornden Manuscripts are both more numerous and interesting than I conceived while writing the preceding paper. Unfortunately the dates of the letters, and the names of the persons to whom they were addressed, have been but seldom marked on the scroll copies, and these can only in part be supplied by conjecture. Still I flatter myself that these selections will be considered as no uninteresting addition to the Literary Correspondence of the period.]

1. To _____

L . . . HEERE you have the Poemes, the first fruits your Beautye and many many good parts did bring forth in mee. Though they be not much worth, yet (I hope) yee will, for your owne deare selfs sake, daigne them some fanour, for whom onlye they were done, and whom onlye I wish should see them.¹ Keep them, that hereafter, when Tyme (that changeth eurye thing) shall make withere those faire roses of your youth, among the other toyes of your cabinet, they may serue for a memoriall of what once was, being so much better than little pictures, as they are like to be more lasting; and in them, with your outward beautyes, are the excellent vertues of your rare mind, limed [limned], though, I must confess, as Painters doe angells and the celestiall world, which represent them no wayes as they are, but in mortall sha[pes] and shadowes [. . . W. Drummond.]

[¹ If we were aware that any of Drummond's Sonnets were printed in a separate form previous to the "Poems," 1616, we might be tempted to believe that this letter had been addressed to the object of his first love. Nor is this improbable; for it has been stated, that many of our Author's poems "had been printed in his lifetime, on loose sheets;" and in a letter, the scroll copy of which being mutilated, prevents us printing it in full, he says, "I have been [bold] to present you with this of mine [owne], which, though of little worth, is [a] new one, and (singular in this) "not to be found in any library; I having caused print only some coppies equalying the "number of my friends, and those to whom I am beholden, which are not many: "among which I have ever esteemed and found you."]

2. To _____?

SIR,—I receaue your booke. As to my long stay in these parts, ye sal rather impute it to so sociable a companie from whom I am euen loth to depart, then to a wilful neglect of promiset coming to yow. Fortune this last day was so favourable, as be plaine blindnesse to acquent me with that most excellent spirit, and rarest gem of or North, S. V. A. [Sir William Alexander]; for coming neare his house, I had

almost beene a Christiane father to one of his childring. He accepēt me so kindlie, and made me so good entertainement (which, whatsomever, with him I culd not have thoct but good), that I can not well schow. Tables removed, efter Homer's fassion well satiat, he honord me so much as to schow me his bookes and papers. This much I wil say, and perchance not with out raison dar say, if the heauens prolong his dayes to end his Day, he hath done more in One Day, then Tasso did al his lyff, and Bartas in his Tuo Weekes: thoct both the one and the other be most praise worthie. I esteemed of him befor I was acquēt with him, because of his Workes; but I protest hencefoorth, I will estime of his Workes, because of his awne good courtes meeke disposition. He entreatet me to haue made longer stay; and, beleave me, I was as sorrie to depart as a new enamouret lover wald be from his mistress. Thus having sufficientlie excuset myselffe at your hands, as I thinke, I take my leave.

[W. DRUMMOND.]

[² 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 Lōrds Judgement," which was first published in 4to, at Edinburgh, by Andrew Hart, 1614, and has a sonnet by Drummond prefixed. One peculiarity in some parts of the earlier scrolls is, that the letter 'w' is always written as 'v,' but which it was thought unnecessary to retain. At the foot is written, in reference probably to the decease of the person to whom this letter was addressed, "Died the 11 of July 1619."]

3. To [SIR WILLIAM ALEXANDER.]³

SIR. . . . THOCT I know how lothsome it is [for] you in this sad tyme, ather to receave or answer letters, hauing so excellent a cause of murning; nocht the less, I culd not containe my selffe from saluting you with these few lines; wher, hauing no better propos that I sould not spend paper in ideal compliments, I was bold to make these bookes (one whereof ye told me ye had not at all scene, that uther which ye had being of a dime impression) a subject to wret. If in thus importuning you I have done amiss, pardon a fault confest, or accuse your awne verteus, which hath forect me thruch kindness to forget courtesie; as ye know I did at your being in their parts. I wald estime me greatlie beholden to Fortune (or to speake mor Christianlie) to that particular Prouidence that direcketh al things, if, in my lyff, I suld find occasion to schow how much I am yours. But it is no time to seeme smoth *a la courtizane* in words to yow, who can weigh them in so just balance: so taking my leave, I rest,

Yours to his pouer, W. Drummond.

[³ 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

his Doomesday, in 1614. It begins

Whidder, braue Sprit, like Sophocles thow pranse,—

and there is added the following among other notanda,—

"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 Reuen [Ruthven]."

4. To M. W. K.⁴

SIMONIDES the lyrick [poet] was wont to saye, That to a perfect ciuill happinesse, and to attaine glorie and fame, a Man for his Natiue soyle should have some renowne citty or place. Alas, to what then can wee (obscure men) attaine? What can wee performe in this remote parte of the earth, *Extra solis lunæque vias?* If Hee who was borne at Blane had had that happinesse to haue liued at the Tiber, he had not beene inferiour in fame to many who flourished in Augustus' tyme. And if many of those famous Romanes and Grecians had changed their Countryes with our cold heathes and mountaines, this World had never heard tell of them more than of the Antipodes. A more learned Man than was your Cousin this Countrey has not brought forth; and now wee see, by the incommodities of this countrey, his excellent workes, especiallye his SPHEARA, appeare not to the world. Manye noble pieces of our Countrymen are drowned in obliuion by SKOTEIAN Scotorum. Hee is a Phoenix: amidst such great contempte of learning, and detraction of other's fame, who can escape obliuion? Enuie euer followeth vertue; but more frequently amongst vs, than in the most renowned kingdomes. For the learned and vertuous amongst them are so manye, that shee knoweth not how to directe her dartes. The small number of them heere giues her a constant marke to ayme at. I would aduise you to essaye the publishing of his Workes, by the Germaines; who alwayes render Vertue her due, and hold deare euen deseruing Strangers.

[⁴ 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.]⁵

SIR,—NOT long since, turning ouer some of my Uncle's papers,⁶ I met with some Anagrames in which he had essayed your Name; though, by difficultye of the elements (to speake in pedanteria), they doe not answer your hope, yet to witness his diligence and loue, I thought them not vnworthye of your sight.

Robertus Carus, Ancramus.

1. Curans Recturus Amabor.

This following is not much disagreeing to your fortunes.

2. At Sum Arceus Robur Arcus,—

A bow holding off, resisting violence. But this is propheticall,—

3. Cur Arma Robuste Curans?

Why should yee be so strong in armes in this clime of Sybarites? or, being the Muses darling, or, for some thing else past to wound when yee shote Deestres.

Nectar Sumas Robur Arcus, the genitive: Fair bow of strength, (be participant mortality) carowse immortall drinke, the drinke of Gods.

Except Eteostiques, I think the Anagramme the most idle studye in the world of learning: their maker must be homo *miserrimæ patientiæ*; and when he is done, what is it but *magno conatu nugas magnas agere*: you may of one and the same name make both good and euill. 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 'Chassè la dure loy,' and after the massacre found 'Chasseur desloyal,' often they are most false, as in 'Henry de Burbon,' 'Bonheur de Biron.' Of all the Anagramatists, 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 heere at home a gentleman whose mistresses name, being 'Anna Grame,' found it an Anagramme alreddy.

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

[⁵ 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.—⁶ Drummond's Uncle here referred to was William Fowler, who died in 1614, see Extracts, No. VI.]

6. To my good freind BEN JONSON.

SIR,—AFTER euen a longing to heare of your happy journey, Mr Fenton shew mee a letter from you, remembring all your freinds heere, and particularlie (such is your kyndnesse) mee. If euer prayers and good wishes could have made a voyage easie, your must have beene, for your acquaintance heere in their thoughts did trauelle along with you. The vncertaintye where to directe letters hath made mee this tyme by past not to write: when I understand of your being at London I shall neuer (among my worthiest freinds) be forgetful of you. I have sent you the Oath of our Knights,⁷ as it was giuen mee by Herald Drysdale; If I can serue you in any other matter, yee shall find mee most willing. [What a lose were it to vs if ought should have befallen you but good.] Thus wishing that the successe of your fortunes may [answer our desires,] be equall [to the deserts of your many good parts,] to your deserts, I commite you to the tuition of God.

Edenbrough, 30 of Aprile 1619.

[⁷ This "Oath" is printed in Drummond's Works, along with two other letters to Ben Jonson, dated the same year, p. 137-8, and 234.]

7. To SIR WM. A[LEXANDER.]

SIR,—WHEN yee have vnderstood the cause of my long silence, I hope I shall not onlye obtaine pardon but pittye: as our Petrarch,

Spero trouar pietà non che perdono.

These moneths by past (as to some great States) to mee too haue beene fatall: for these eight weekes I haue beene languishing in sicknesse, and that more by the ignorance of physitians (which, being no where good, are heere naught), than any defect of nature: for my disease being a paine of the syde, they can not tell to what to adscriue the cause, nor how to help mee. If it shall happen mee now to dye,⁸ yee haue loosed a great admirer of your worth; and the greatest conquest I have made on Earth is, that I am assured yee loue my remembrance.

November 1620.

[⁸ It was evidently at this time that Drummond addressed his beautiful sonnet to Sir W. Alexander, in which he 'conjures' him to 'grave this short remembrance on his grave:—

Here Damon lies, whose Songs did sometime grace
The murmuring Esk, may roses shade the place.

A fac-simile of the Manuscript copy of the Sonnet (containing several variations from the printed copy) is given on the opposite leaf. It is followed by a fac-simile of the conclusion of a letter to the Countess of Perth (printed in his Works, p. 135), which contains his signature.

But Drummond survived his noble friend, and had intended at least to honour him with some grateful remembrance; for in his Manuscripts occurs this title,—

"W. D. his Cypresse ouer the graue of S. W. A.;" and the following jottings, entitled 'Alphander,' evidently apply to his noble friend, and were, no doubt, hints on which he purposed to enlarge.

"His deedes in Caledonia, Arcadia, Alexandria. His Poesies; adding to them Jonathan. His grauitie and wit in counsell. His friendship, loue, familiaritie with his frendes. His alliance with the greatest. His humanitie towards all. His breeding at Leiden. His naturall judgment above learning. I expected an Epitaph of thee, and now I must write one for thee, on thee: receaue, accepte of my brasse for thy gold."

Sir William Alexander was knighted by King James in 1614, created Premier Baronet of Nova Scotia 21st May 1625, Viscount Stirling 4th September 1630, and Earl of Stirling 14th June 1633. He died 12th February 1640.

The poem amongst Drummond's entitled, "A Pastoral Elegy on the death of Sir William Alexander," is wrong inscribed: it was occasioned by the decease of the

Earl of Stirling's second son, Sir Anthony Alexander, master of the King's works in Scotland, who died at London in August 1637, and was buried at Stirling.]

8. To —————

RIGHT Honorable L.—I had not vowed my verses to any saue vnto your L., hauing euer esteemed you a Patron worthie a more noble Muse. But they have here-to-fore been so idle (my wit being onlie fertill in toys), 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 haue their euent from your L. fauour) fortune conspiring with laysure, it might so happen that I present your L. with Flowres, where as now I doe but with weeds. The opinion which the World hath of these, and his Majesties verdict of some pieces (about 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 haue, desire, your L. to reade them (being so young conceits, and those young-lie handled). It shall suffice that your L. daignes to receaue the Booke, and with it the humble seruice of the Writer, whom your L. shall euer command.

[W. DRUMMOND.]

9. To —————

I THINKE Tasso had some raison of his madnesse, now in spending such tyme and labor, and riping [reaping] nothing but "O well done!" Great Men in this age either respect not our toys at all, or, if they doe, because they are toys esteeme them onlye worthy the kisse of their hand: but especialye Princes, who are so inclined themselves. A Prince becomes zelous of possessors of those excellencies which he findeth in himselfe: thence it seldom falls out that learned princes aduance learned men. Herefore Nero killed Lucan, and opned Seneca's veines; for (as Tacitus tells) it was a crime to make verse in that tyme. Wee admire those things wee want, and contemne what wee possesse: Yet, I must call these tymes abject, in which it is a more worthy exercise to be a ballader, studye to paint the face, or follow some wild beast, than have the most noble facultyes of wit.

10. To —————

THIS Age, in my judgment, is not much more learned than that which was before vs: diuersitye of opinionones, and multitude of bookes, haue wrought the same confusion in the mynd of men, which want of bookes and credulous simplicitie 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 vnderstood not another. So our Grandfathers knew more than wee, and vnderstood themselves better than wee doe, w^t all or diuersitye of sciences and difference of opinionones, which haue marred all learning, and abused goodness.

11. To —————

THIS Age hath rather slept away itselfe than liued: Wee shall be vnworthy doe naughts to the Posteritye. It is a wonder to consider how some tymes kingdomes are gouerned by men, otherwhyles by dowagers, againe by children and babes: And all these tymes haue their different humours; except men often turne babes, as dowagers diuells, age in dotage.

12. To S. W. A[LEXANDER.]

WHAT thanks can I giue to God Almighty for such vnexpected help, which of his infinit goodnesse he hath bestowed on you, when yee fell into such a dangerous ague. Yee may thinke how your letters moued mee, when euen yet at the remembrance of the accident 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 grieffe had beene vniuersall. But God both hath had pittye on vs, and of all true worth, which had dyed w^t you.

13. To S. W. A[LEXANDER.]

THAT yee are releued of your tertiane ague, *et tibi et mihi gratulor*: yee should not despaire of your fortunes. [Hee] who drew you there and fixed mee here contrarye to our resolutiones, 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 richesse riche, and then most happily did it fall out w^t 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 therefore, that I now liue, that I enjoye a deare idlenesse, sweet solitarinesse, I haue it of him, and not from man. Trust in him: preferre not [to] certainties, vncertaine hopes.

Conspirauit in dolores nostros hæc æstas, Sola dies poterit tantum linire dolorem,— for we haue what to plaine and regrait together, and I what alone I must lament.

I attend now what that most mercifull God shall determine [to] doe w^t mee, who from my infancye, not without wonder, a simple, careless man, from many dangers, wanting all *necessaries*, hath saued and preserved from *poverty*.⁹ And it is a greater wonder to mee, to find my selfe yet to this day alive, liuing; and that the injuries of this Age haue not overwhelmed mee, [so] that in such small bounds *of wealth* I haue to furnish all *necessaries*; than to heare at Court how men of no worth, from the dust, to be raised to the top of the wheele of Fortune, when Shee pleaseth to sport her selfe.

⁹ The words in Italics, and a few and similar expressions elsewhere, as to poverty or obligation, are deleted in the scrolls, probably by the Poet's son.

14. To M. DRT. [MICHAEL DRAYTON, the English Poet.]

YOUR great learning first bred in mee admiration, then loue, which if not alwhere and allwayes I professe, testifie, I were not only an euill esteemer of you, but also of letters and all learning and poesie; which now, being in the Age of it, beginneth to flowrish 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 loue deserued, required; although, whatever I can say of you is farre vnder your ingine and vertue. So farre as I can remember of our vulgare Poesie, none hath done better or can doe more, hath done better and more, and from none can wee expect more. So haue I persuaded my selfe, neither doth my opinion deceaue me. All that you have done delighte mee: your learning, judgment, oration. Some of a greater judgment and wit will say more of you, as they ordinarily doe; but the chief of your praises non than I shall more willingly remember. Wee that haue neuer shown yet any thing to the World but abortiue births, wee can doe no thing but follow your footsteps, and which are by vs vnfortunately begun, leaue to be by you perfected, which the world rather carpeth than correctes. Let your freindship continue wt mee, to which the admiration of you conuoyed vs.

15. To the Right Worshipfull MICHAELL DRAYTON, ESQUIER.

SIR,—I haue vnderstood by Sr W. Alexander's letters, yee haue not receaued my last. If I could haue thought of their losse, or coming so late, I had preuented them ere now by others. I am oft with Sr. W. and you in my thoughts, and desires no thing more than that by letters wee may ofte meet, and mingle our soules. Your Workes make you euer present to mee, than which there is not anay booke I am more familiar with, nor anay by which I estime my selfe more happy, by familiaritie contracted wt the Author. I long to see the rest of your POLYALBION come forth¹ (which is the onlye Epicke Poeme England (in my judgment) hath to be proud of: To be the Author of which, I had rather haue the praise, than (as Aquinas said of one of the Fathers' Commentaries) to haue the Signorie of Paris. These our Times now, are so giuen to envenomed satyres and spitfull jeasts, that they only taste what is ranke, and smelling, and hoarse. Out of what parte of the World your late pro-saicke versers haue their poesies, it is hard to find: it may be said of their new fits of poetizing at Court,

Et penitus toto diuisos orbe Britannos.

[¹ The 1st part of Drayton's Poly-Olbion was published in 1612, folio, and republished with the second part in 1622.]

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

SIR,—I receaved, the twentye of Apryle, a letter of yours, which if it had beene an Almanack, had long ere it came to mee expyred, being dated the 22 of Nouember:

It was well the yeere was forgot. Of our long silence let vs both excuse our selues, and (as our First Parents did) laye the fault on some thrid; I vpon Sr W. [Alexander], who, notwithstanding my oft inquiring for you, answered mee with silence; and you vpon his Lady, to whom yee deliuered this letter; who, that shee might be assured to haue it in my hands (perhaps for feare to violate her promise to you); durst not hazard it with anay bearer, till shee come with it her selfe. But because yee will not shortlye see her, if you please, reuenge yee my querrelle against Sr. W., and I shall take yours against his Lady: neither for this shall her book saue her, though it bee musicke. A whole Yeere to haue gone, paper being so cheape, and neuer one letter! Let vs blote this Yeere in the calender, as the Germane Astrologers haue, with crueltye amongst them, with vnkyndnesse heere.

I haue directed these to Mr Bill, which I wish [may] haue no worse fortune than yours, which is to finde you at last; and testifye that neither yeeres nor fortune can euer so affect mee, but that I shall euer reuerence your worth, and esteeme your freindship as one of the best conquests of my life. Which I would haue extended (if possible), and enjoy euen after death, that as this tyme, so the coming, after, might knowe that I am, and shall be euer, Your louing [freind, W. DRUMMOND.]

17. To M. DRAYTON.

THE Summer might [as well] come without flowers, as Sr W[illiam Alexander] without letters. Wonder haue oft been inquisitive of, about your Poemes, wondering they are not come from the press. I long to heare the progresse of your Poemes printed. There is no verses I delight more to read than yours, "Shine as the moone among the lesser starres." If I heere of your byding at London, I will repaire the long silence of tyme past of the last yeere. Old Sr. W^m. Esken chalenged me in your name, of what I was most innocent: for witnesse all that euer loued poesye [all those powers that infuse or loue sweet poesye], that I did not answer your letter, which a Tortoyse might haue brought to Scotland in such a period of tyme. Esteeme me among those that loue you, which can not haue an end, being grounded on your owne worth.

18. To the E. OF PERTH.

MY MOST HONORABLE LORD, TILL such tyme that a more rare token of my seruice fall in your handes, 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 neuer nor shall euer faint in your L. seruice.

My L., opportunitye being so fitlye offered vnto mee, and my sincere affection towards your L. putting me in mind of these respects which are due to your vertues, I send you these idle toyes, the tokens of my due obseruing your honour; being glad to entertaine any occasion to manifest the same.

19. To _____

SIR,—AT my last being in your Country, I remember yee regrated the ^{want} defect of Christian songs and hymnes in our English language, the neighbour countreyes of France and Germanie hauing the aduantage ouer us herin,² which I then wished with you to be interprised by some happy wit, and promised to send vnto you a piece of myne (more showing an affectionate willingnesse than any perfection) on that subject. But euery thing must haue a beginning. Heere yee haue it, Sir, and it belongeth so much vnto you, that your discourse was the first mouer which made my Muses vn[der]take it: looke then vpon it as the effects of your own proposing, and a gift of his whom you shall ever find, in what is within the compasse of his power to serue you, [W. DRUMMOND.]

[² This letter may possibly have been addressed to Sir Robert Kerr: see note to Psalm 130, by him, printed among the Extracts, No. VI.]

20. To _____

SIR,—THOUGH the late sorrowes and cares befallen mee, by the losse of my nearest freinds, could neuer make mee forgetfull of you, yet haue they had the power this long tyme to silence mee: and by them

E la Cythera mia riuolta in pianto.

What the cruelty of warres do elsewhere, a still and gentle mortality hath done heere. In many yeares, funeralles haue not beene so frequent as in this one 1623: few bands of kindred, freindship, societyes being which haue not now beene broken. This mortalitye might haue the name of pestilence, saue that the dying are not deprived of the companie of their freinds, and accustomat burial. What is recorded of the 1348, 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 tyme of the Empreour Henry 4., that the thrid of mankynd was swept off the earth, wee may heere say of the 1623, that the Almighty Prouidence hath decimat our poor North. This is (perhaps) a part of that wrath which the late defects of the great lights aboue, and a blazing starre, did prognosticat to vs; the malignity of this was about the 9 of July, at what tyme was an unhappy commixion of contrarie lights of Jupiter and Saturne with other. That affection which was diuided before to all them gone, will I gather and sett only vpon you, for you are only worthy of it; whom the heauens may long preserue [to be a patteredne of true worth to all the world, but most to . . .]

21. To _____

I HAUE fallen in so many teares since your departure from hence, that I beleue verry soone to renew the old transformationes; for I am neare to turne either fontaine or flood. This Yeere, so many deare freindes are dead vnto mee, that euerye one of them,

for the sweet bandes of frendship, and their desert, would haue turned a thousand eyes of myne in a thousand riueres, nay, seas of sorrow, grief: but wee must haue better patience. It pleaseth not God, it is against God, not to conformance 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 approacheth near the affection of Angells, who loue other by a more noble facultye than sight, can only by my wishes and thankfull remembrances be answered. To excuse to you my long silence, I haue sent a part of my Recreationes; which though (perhaps) idle, yet this moneth (being Flowres) shall not come out of season. I will esteeme 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 exspect at my Brother's returne; till which tyme, and euer, you shall haue me as your most louing and assured freind, [W. DRUMMOND.]

23. To L. M.

THESE dayes by past, this piece coming to my hands, finding it not vnworthy 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, *Nam veluti pueris*, &c. I thought I should not be amisse to publishe it w^t this commentary. The many obligationes which I daylie trye of your L., w^t the affection I know the Author hath euer borne you, haue emboldned mee to dedicate it to your L. Thus, I hope, by your L. fauour, it shall not onely haue acceptance, but be much made of; that my presumption shall not onely obtaine pardon, but acceptance.

24. [To the EARL OF STIRLING, on the death of MICHAEL DRAYTON.]

THE Death of M. D.³ your great freind, hath beene very greenous to all those which loue the Muscs heere; cheeffie that hee should haue left this World before he had perfected the Northern part of his Polyolbion: that it brake off that noble worke, of the Northern part of the Polyolbion which had beene no litle honour to our Country. All wee can doe to him is to honour his Memorye. If your L. can get those fragments, remaines, of his Worke which concerne Scotland, wee shall endeauour to put them in this Country to the presse, with a dedication, if it shall be thought expedient, to your L., with the best remembrances his loue to this Country did deserue. Of all the good race of Poets who wrot in the tyme of Queen Elizabeth, your L. now alone remaines.

Daniel, Syluester, King James, Done, and now Drayton, who, besides his loue and kindly obseruance of your L., hath made twice honourable mention in his Workes of your L.: long since in his Odes, and latelic in Elegies, 1627.

So Scotland sent us hither for our owen
 That man whose name I euer would haue knowen,
 To stand by myne, that most ingenious Knight,
 My ALEXANDER, to whom in his right
 I want extreamlie; yet in speaking thus
 I doe just show the loue that was twixt vs,
 And not his numbers, that wer braue and hie,
 So like his Mind was his cleare Poesie.

If the date of a Picture of his be just, he hath liued three score and eight yeeres, but shall liue by all likelihead so long as men speake English after his death. I, who neuer saw him, saue by his letters and poesie, scarce beleive hee is yet dead; and would fain misbelieve veritye, if it were possible.

The Town of Eden[burgh] bussie themselves verye much for the erecting of pageants for the King's M. Entrie. Some haue written to us from Court, notwithstanding of his Highnesse good intention to receaue his crown in Scotland, it is impossible this yeere hee can see vs, considering the great affaires of Germanye. Now I have continewed my letter too long, considering the many other papers your L. hath to read, from your L. most affectionat seruant, W. D[RUMMOND.]

[³ Drayton died the 23d December 1631, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. In one of his minor poems he thus celebrates Drummond, after the lines quoted above:

AND my dear DRUMMOND, to whom much I owe
 For his much love, and proud was I to know
 His Poesie; for which two worthy Men,
 I Menstry still shall love, and Hawthornden.]

25. To his Louing Freind —————

SIR,—BY the countenances of state, and apparances at court, at your leauing this cuntrye I was confined, and turned so vnfortunate, that I found my selfe deprived of all ocasioness of bidding you farewell. Now, knowing it no less vertue to keep than to acquire, that I should not proue forgetfull of how manye courtesies receaued at your being heere, I haue been bold, or presumptuous, by this paper to kisse your handes, acknowledging my weaknesse in not being so vigilant as I should in your attendance. Poore men know not what they enjoye till it be taken from them. Wee heere in this part of God's World (litle better than the Americanes), may receaue your fauours, but haue small hopes, excepte by thanks, to acquite and answer them. Sir, yee shall euer haue mee in what is within the compasse of my power, your most affectionate [and obsequious seruant], and desirous to serue you, [W. DRUMMOND.]

26. To —————

MY NOBLE LORD,—THE merits of your blisssed Father towards mee, and your own courtesyes, haue beene so manye, that there can not be any thing in my weake power

to performe for your seruice, 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 obseruationes as I thought would giue it lustre. [If there be any thing your L. would haue blotted out, or ought to be adjoyned after your L. mind, upon information it shall be amended.] [The joyning of all wt the adjacent country must be referred to Strawloch, and those who haue the vniversall mapps.⁴] Your L. maye adde or take from them what your L. shall thinke convenient. Your L. knows that the best Antiquaries are but the best guessers, conjecturers. And in this obscure part of the World, *ΣΚΟΤΕΙΑ nous allons tousjours a tastons.* If what I haue conjectured be acceptable to your L., I haue obtained all I desired; and shall studye to employe my best endeaouours to deserue your L. fauoures, and continue your L. most humble and affectionate louing seruant, [W. DRUMMOND.]

24th of August.

27. To —————

MY NOBLE LORD,—KNOWING the delight your L. taketh in pleasant and wise bookes, and amongst those latlie come here, I thought I could not find any more worthy your L. reading, looking upon, than this piece of Strada, which will recreate your L. in some solitarye dayes. What the estate of these tymes is these pamphlets will make your L. know, which never come forth but before a storm. God preserue your L. and prolong your tyme, grant your L. manye blessed yeeres.

28. To —————

MY L.,—HAWING made a promise to my soule, never to employe it to an other vse than to that where charitye is required, I send you this Essaye, a Remonstrance of Peace and Obedience for the Countrey.⁵ Force hath lesse power ouer a great hart than dutye.

[⁵ This Essay is evidently his "Irene: a Remonstrance," &c. 1638, Works, p. 163.]

29. To the Right Honorable his verye good Lord, the MARQUIS OF DOUGLAS.

MY NOBLE LORD,—A Letter by an obscurer hand, and a meaner carrier, bearing your Lordships name, had power to draw mee vpon a longer journey, and to a more difficile task, than the reading of bookes in your L. castell, and shall at all ocasioness; but the disorders of these tymes, and imminent troubles about the place where now I lyve, shall excuse for a season my not seeing your L. and plead forgiuiness. *Les*

⁴ The words within brackets are deleted in the scroll copy, but are here retained, as serving to show that the Description referred to (which by a manuscript note is said to have been of Lauderdale) was probably intended for the Atlas of Scotland published by Bleau, from Gordon of Straloch's communications.

Pilliers ou Pilleures de la Republique, cut to the Gentlemen heere about so much work, that none can be many dayes absent from his own dwelling place, especiall ye those whose braines are not fullye mellow with their new potiones.

Some dayes before your L. letter came, I receaued from the L. of Gaggye a copie of the History of your L. progenitoures, in print, which I haue not yet thoroughlie perused. What I have obserued on it, your L. will find in a sheet apart.

This Booke by these tymes will be much made of; and about the whole the last part of it, where are discourses which authorize rebellion, and the forcing of consciences, and putting the sword in the peoples hand. In a litle more tyme, if our Princes shall re-obtaine their authoritye it maye be challenged, [may be by Actes of Parliament ranged with Knoxe's Chronicle, and Buchanan's.] Meane while it will be no prejudice nor disgraceto your L. House, if, by the present Ruleres of the State, the bookes besuffered to come forth, your L. having used the ordinarye meanes to suppress and call them in. The worst which can happen is, to put forth a new edition of them, in which your L. maye cause take away what is faultie, and adjoyne what is wanting; with an Apologeticall Preface for what was first passed, or then come to light. Your new book would beare no authores name, saue that it is collected and taken off the originall and ancient recordes of your L. house [of the House of Douglas.]

If this Booke of your L. be of equall bignesse with Mr D. Hume's Book, the two Bookes can not be seriouslie matched [and conferred] together, (as they must be,) in one whole moneth (yea, perhaps, two) which tyme (to my regrate) I can not now haue to attend your L. at the Castell of Douglas. But if it would please your L. by the hand of your L. Sonne [my Lord Angus], or Gaggye, to hazard your L. Book to be brought to Edenb. and deliuered to mee, I shall omitte no time in paraleling the two Bookes; and being nearer manye historyes in diuerse langages in myne own studye, I can more conuenientlie peruse them than in your L. Castell, where I will be but like an artizan without tooles.

I would request your L. to be assured that there shall be nothing within the compasse of my endeauors wherein I shall be deficient; and shall remaine most willing
Ever to serue your L., [W. DRUMMOND.]

[^c There are three copies of this letter, besides scrolls of two other letters (here marked No. 30), if they be not variations of the present one (No 29). Of these I have only inserted such parts as contain additional information. The letters are curious, as referring to the publication of David Hume of Godscroft's History of the House of Douglas and Angus, which first appeared at "Edinburgh, printed by Evan Tyler, Printer to the Kings most excellent Majesty, 1644," folio. Whether any portions of the work were suppressed or altered I cannot pretend to say; but what appears to be an original Manuscript of the first part of it is preserved in the Advocates' Library, and might deserve collation. "His Lordship's book," which Drum-

mond begs the Marquis to send him, is evidently the Manuscript History of the Family, which was written by William Earl of Angus, who died in France in 1616; the Father of the Marquis, to whom this letter was addressed, and who was raised to that title the 17th June 1633. Crawford (in his Peerage, p. 105) speaks of the Manuscript History as a much more elaborate work than that by Hume of Godscroft, and says it was compiled from the Scots History and the documents of his Family.]

30. *To the Same.*

MY NOBLE LORD,—At the receaving of your L. letter, there came a letter and charge from these of the Committee, to command all the Gentlemen vpon Fryday after to meet at Lawder and resist the English, who were making incursions vpon the Borders, and neare to Kelso. I was not resolved to accompanye them; but if I leave my howse, 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 receaued the Historie of the Duglasses from my Lord your Sonne: I shall goe through it, I have gone through it, and considered some parts, places of it. Extreame puritanicall, especiall ye in the life of Archibald the third Earle of Angusse, towards the end; and the Regencie of the Earle of Mortown. Since your L. have done what was possible for the suppressing the coppies, it will be no wayes prejudiciall to your L. Booke: for your L. Booke coming forth, will make the erroures of this Booke appeare; and both the Bookes, though after diuerse wayes, tending to the glorye of the Name of Douglass. It is no great matter to suffere the one to be a preamble, preludium, to the other. I am reiding over M. David's piece, &c.

No bookes are so perfect, that they can please all readers: the puritanicall partes in the second edition may be left out and neglected. Hee justifieth the wronges of the Earles of D[ouglas]: that is, hee condemes the K. and the Earles of Angusse, for cutting them off and suppressing their rebellion. Hee should have made a transition from the Howse of to the Howse of Glenberuie: His life of the Lord Liddesdale is like a Romanze. This is rather commentaries and discourses vpon the Lyues of the Noblemen of the Name of Douglas, than a Historie.

Your L. will be petitioned for the Gentlewoman (who hath ventured, shee sayes, her whole fortunes) by the Lordes of the State, to suffer the Booke to come abroade, or then to giue her satisfaction for her coppies, and doe wt the bookes what your L. pleaseth. If the bookes returne to your L. (prouiding the Gentlewoman will give assurance that shee hath not sent any coppies to England), the bookes may be amended by cutting some sheetes and putting otheres in their place, and adjoyning the Recordes of the House of Glenberuie: otherwayes, her coppie (now with Knoxe's Chronicle, printed with authoritye at London) might be reprinted.

The next were, your L. hauing the first volume of the Liues of the Earles of Douglas printed; to put to presse the second tome of the Earles of Angusse, and send abroad your booke before the other, which will vndoe the poore Woman.

When the life of Queene Marye, his Mother, was giuen, presented to K. James, by one William Vdall, though the King liked not the religion of the man, for hee had been seconded nobelye by some Jesuites, of whose education and societie hee was, hee accepted cheerefullye of the booke, and said, It was a Strong wadge, to cleaue much crooked weid split against his Mother. After which the Gentleman put to the Epistle of the booke, "W. Strongwage," rejecting his first surname. This piece [Hume of Godscroft's] is a strong wadge against manye things can be objected, or have been objected, against the families of the Duglasses; though it containe manye, too much, 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 maye fall forth, in the Dedication to your L., if the Prince had any notable persone to challenge.

31. *To his worthy and much respected freind MAISTER WILLIAM ANSTERRE, at Tranent.*

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 tombe, in the chapell of Seatoun. I have drawn vp a Geneological Table of the House of Drummond, 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 linealie of this Race, and shall not be ouerpassed in what I can doe him or his auncient familie honour and seruice. When this piece is perfected, it must come vnder your hand, to giue it 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.

Aprill 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 Februarye 1607; that Letter 15 (Works, p. 144), beginning, "Should you think," &c. was addressed to Sir W. Duglasse; and that Letter 20 (Works, p. 146), to Cunningham of Barnes, was dated December 1630.]

No. IV.

UNPUBLISHED POEMS OF WILLIAM DRUMMOND OF HAWTHORNDEN,
from his Original Manuscripts.¹

EDINBURGH.

[This is a translation by Drummond of some Latin lines in praise of our Metropolis, by the celebrated Poet Dr Arthur Johnstone, beginning *Collibus assurgens geminis*. The MS. copy, however, of the original differs wholly from the edition of the Author's Poems printed at Middleburgh in Zealand, 1642, p. 431. See Extracts, No. VI.]

INSTALL'D on Hills, hir Head neare starrye bowres,
Shines EDINBURGH; proud of protecting powers.
Justice defendes her heart; Religion east
With temples; Mars with towres doth guard the west;
Fresh Nymphes and Ceres seruing, waite upon her,
And Thetis, tributarie, doth her honour.
The Sea doth Venice shake, Rome Tiber beates,
Whilst she bot scornes her vassall watteres threats.
For scepters no where standes a Towne more fitt,
Nor place where Toune, World's Queene, may fairer sitt.
Bot this thy praise is, aboue all, most brane,
No man did e're diffame thee bot a slave.

[In the first scroll copy of the translation, as well as of the original, the last two lines do not occur, but are supplied from a fair transcript, in which also lines 3 and 4 have been thus amplified.]

Scepters and thrones her foot do guide at East,
Mars thundering castle guards her head at Wast.
Where kyths his glorie Phæbus palace stands.
Pallas oppos'd on work setts many hands.
All-ruling deities, Justice and Religion,
Their temples joine and keepe the middle region.

¹ 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 Bishop 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 Ray, the other in wretched English verse, by some unknown writer, who signs it "Companater composuit, R. D."]

ALL Lawes but cob-webbes are, but none such right
Had to this title as these Lawes of ours,
Ere that they were from their Cimmerian bowres
By thy ingenious labours brought to light.
Our Statutes sencelesse statues did remaine,
Till thou (a new Prometheus) gaue them breath,
Or like ag'd Æson's bodye courb'd to death,
When thou young bloud infus'd in euerye veine.
Thrice happye Ghosts ! which after-worlds must wow,
That first tam'd barbarisme by your swords,
Then knew to keepe it fast in nets of words ;
Hindring what men not suffer would to doe.
To Joue the making of the World is due,
But that it turnes not Chaos, is to you.

SONNET.

O TYMES ! O Heauen, that still in motion art !
And by your course confounds us mortall wights !
O flying Dayes ! O ouerglyding Nights,
Which passe more nimble than wind, or archer's dart !
Now I my selfe accuse, excuse your part,
For Hee who fixed your farr-off shining lights
You motion gaue, and did to mee impart
A mind to marke, and to preuent your slights.
Life's web yee still weaue out, still (Foole !) I stay,
Malgré my just resolues on mortall things.

and the same Author's Samson's Seaven Lockes of Haire, 1621,—to Sir W. Moore of Rowallane's True Crucifixe, 1625,—to Sir T. Kellie's Pallas Armata, 1627,—to the Funeral Sermon on Lady Jane Maitland, 1633,—and to D. Person of Loughland's Varieties, 1635.—See also Mr Maidment's Third Book of Scottish Pasquills.

Ah ! as the bird surprised 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.

SONNET.

RISE to my soule, bright Sunne of Grace, O rise !
Make mee the vigour of thy beams to proue ;
Dissolue the chilling frost which on mee lies,
That makes mee lesse than looke-warm in thy loue.
Grant mee a beaming of thy light aboute
To know my foot-steps, in these tymes, too-wise ;
O guyde my course ! and let mee no more moue
On wings of sense, where wandring pleasure flies.
I haue gone wrong and erred ; but ah, alas !
What can I else doe in this dungeon dark ?
My foes strong are, and I a fragill glasse,—
Howres charged with cares consume my life's small sparke ;
Yet, of thy goodnesse, if I grace obtaine,
My life shall be no losse, my death great gaine.

SONNET.

[This Sonnet evidently alludes to the Four "Monarchicke Tragedies," by Sir William Alexander Earl of Stirling, on the subject of Cræsus, Darius, Alexander the Great, and Julius Cæsar ; and probably was intended to have been prefixed to the edition printed at London in 1616, and consequently addressed to King James.]

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 bloodie 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 downe
Before the feet of the vnconquerd Crowne,
And throws her selfe, Great Monarch ! in thy armes.
Here shall shee staye, Fates haue ordained so,
Nor has she where, nor further, for to goe !

BEFORE A POEME 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 slaine, thy virgines pure deflowred,
Nor all those greifes which sterne Bellona brings!
But Mourne, fair Greece! Mourne that 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 saue thy deedes from Death must lend thee layes,
And such as from Musæus 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 'malignancy;' but he survived all his troubles, and after the Restoration, June 1. 1661, was re-appointed to his judicial office, and died in 1671.]

I FEARE to me such fortune be assign'd
As was to thee, who did so well deserue,
Braue HALKERTONE! even suffred here to sterue
Amidst base-minded freinds, nor true, nor kind.
Why were the Fates and Furies thus combined
Such worths for such disasters to reserue?
Yet all those euills neuer made thee swerue
From what became a well-resolued mind;

For swelling greatnesse neuer made thee smyle,
Despising greatnesse in extreames of want;
O happy thrice whom no distresse could dant!
Yet thou exclaimed, O Time! O Age! O Isle!
Where flatterers, fooles, baudes, filders, are rewarded,
Whilst Vertue sterues vn-pitied, vnregarded!

MADRIGALS.

ON THE IMAGE OF LUCRECE.

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

WISE Hand, which wiselie wrought
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 fagnet show,
That doth so liuelie smart?
The colours stroue for to haue made her liue;
Wer not thy hart sayed No,
That fear'd, perchance, the wound so should her giue;
Yet in the fatal blow
Shee seemes 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. }

NEROE'S IMAGE.

A CUNNING 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, sence, pitie void,
Did he not liuing, marble hard surpasses,
His mother, master, countrie, all destroyed?
Not alt'ring 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 sencelesse it appeare,

Doth liue, and is the same
 Did Thebes' towres vpreare;
 And if his harpe be tuitche not to your eare,
 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 rosie part,
 All pittillesse (perhaps) now wounds the hart.

OF CHLORIS.

FORTH from greene Thetis bowers
 The Morne arose; her face
 A wreath of rayes did grace,
 Her haire rain'd pearles, her hand and lap dropt flowres.
 Led by the pleasant sight
 Of those so rich and odoriferous showres,
 Each shepheard thither came, and nimphe bright:
 Entranc'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 reuenged of all my rigour past;
 The scorning of thee, softnesse of thy hart,
 Thy longings, causefull teares,
 Doe double grieffe each day to mee impart.
 I am not what I was,
 And in my miseries I thyne doe glasse.
 Ah! now in perfect yeares,
 E'r reason could my comming harmes descrie,
 Made Loue's fond taper flie.
 I burne, mee thinkes, in sweet and fragrant flame.
 Aske mee noe more: Tongue hide thy Mistres shame.

REGRAT.

IN this World's raging sea,
 Where many Sillas barke,
 Where many Syrens are,
 Saue, and not cast away,
 Hee only saues his barge
 With too much ware who doth it not o'recharge:
 Or, when huge stormes arise,
 And waues menace the skies,
 Giues what he got with no deploring show,
 And doth againe in seas his burthen throw.

A 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 griued jeast?
 Loue or despight, which forc't thee thence to part,
 Sweet harbinger! say from what vncouth guest?
 Sure thou from Loue must come,
 Who sigh'd to see there drest his marble tombe.

STOLLEN PLEASURE.

MY Sweet did sweetlie sleepe,
 And on her rosie face
 Stood teares of pearle, which Beauties self did weepe;
 I, wondring at her grace,
 Did all amaz'd remaine,
 When Loue said, Foole, can lookes thy wishes 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 blisse a kisse

Of sweetest Nais can bring to the hart.
 Tell how your former joyes
 Haue beene but sad annoyes.
 This, only this, doth ease a long felt smart,
 This, only this, doth life to loue impart.
 Endymion, I no more
 Enuie thy happye state,
 Nor his who had the fate
 Rauisht to be and hugged on Ganges' shore :
 Enuie nor yet doe I
 Adon, nor Joue's cup-bearer in the skie.
 Deare crimson folds, more sweetnesse yee doe beare
 Than Hybla Tops, or Gardenes of Madere :
 Sweet, sweetning Midases, your force is such
 That euerye thing turnes 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' thirst;
 And what both Inde and rich Pactolus hold
 Can not my flames allay,
 For only yee, faire Tresseresse, this may :
 Would yee but giue a locke 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 virgine face,
 Nor of thy well made legge and foot the grace;
 Let me no more behold
 Soule charming smyles, nor lightnings of thyne eye,
 For they (Deare life!) but serue to make me dye.
 Yes! show them all, and more, vnpine thy brest,
 Let me see liuing snow
 Where strawberries doe grow;
 Show that delicious feild
 Which lillies still doth yeeld,
 Of Venus' babe the nest;
 Smyle, blush, sigh, chide, vse thousand other charmes,
 Mee kill, so that I fall betweene thyne armes.

PROMETHEUS 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.²

WHEN Idmon saw the eyne
 Of Anthea his loue,
 Who yet, said he, such blazing starres hath seene,
 Saue in the Heauens above?
 Shee thus to heare her praise
 Blusht, and more faire became.
 For nought, said he, thy cheekes that morne do raise,
 For my hart can not burne with greater flame.

FRAGMENT.³

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 swiftlie gallop thruch heauen's rosie meeds.
 The more he runs, the more he cums her neere;
 The lesse her speed, sche finds the more her feare.
 At last his coursiers, angry to be torne,
 Her tooke; sche with a blush died al the morne.
 Thetis, agast to spie her greens made red,
 All drousie rose furth of her corral bed,
 Thinking the Night's faire Queen suld thole sume harmes,
 Sche saw poor Tithon's wyff in Phoebus' armes.

FRAGMENT.

It Autumne was, and cheereful Chantecleare
 Had warn'd the World tuse 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 ouer me did creep,
 But scars with Lethe drops and rod of gold
 Had He me made a piece of breathing mold.

² The names Hylas and Phillis, and other variations, occur in another copy of this Madrigal.

³ These 'fragments' appear from the handwriting to have been juvenile productions.

EPIGRAMS, &c.

“VERSES written long since concerning these present tymes, made at random, *a la roquierias de ses amicos*: Skeltonicall 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 happie then are they, if such men bee,
Whom both great Fooles and Kinges the world doth see.

WHEN Charles was young, to walke straight and upright,
In bootes of lead thralld were his legges, though rockes:
Now old, not walking euen unto their sight,
His Countrye Lordes haue put him in their stockes.

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

THE Parliament the first of June will sit,
Some saye, but is the Yecre of God to it?
Fourtie: No, rather make it Fourtie one,
And one to fourty, but yee then haue none.

ZANZUMMINES, they obeye the King doe sweare,
And yet against King Charles in armes appeare.
What King doe yee obeye, Zamzummines, tell!
The King of Beane, or the black Prince of Walles? [of Hell?]

BEHOLD (O Scots!) the reueryes of your King;
Britannes, admire the extravagancies of our King; }
Those hee makes Lordes who should on gibbetes hing.

S. ANDREW, why does thou giue up thy Schooles,
And Bedleme turne and parliament house of fooles?

Par.

OLD Dotard, (Pasquill) thou mistaketh it,
Montrose confined vs here to learn some wit.

EPIGRAPH OF A JUDGE.

PEACE, Passenger! heere sleepeth under ground
A Judge in ending causes most profound;
Thocht not long since he was laid in this place,
It’s lustres ten since he corrupted was.

BISHOPES are like the turnores, most men say,—
Though now cryed down, they’ll up some other day.

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

A PROUERBE.

To singe as was of old, is but a scorne,
The King’s chaffe is better than others corne;
Kelso can tell his chaffe away did fly
Yet had no wind: Benedicite!
The corne unmoued on Duns-Law strong did shine,
LESLEY! could thou haue shorne, it might beene thyne.

THE CREED.

Q. How is the Creed now stollen from us away?
A. The Ten Commandements gone, it would not stay.
Q. Then haue we no Commandements? O wonder!
A. Yes! wee haue one for all—Goe, fight and plunder!

ON MARYE KING’S PEST.

TURN E, Citezens, to God; repent, repent,
And praye your Bedlam frenzies may relent!
Thinke not Rebellion a trifling thing,
This Plague doth fight for Marie and the King.

HEERE couered lies with earth, without a tombe,
Whose only praise is, that he died at Rome.

A PROVERBE.

GOD neuer 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, had wee a law,
What rest had wee? how would wyves stand in aw,
And learne the art of ryming? Then how well
Would this and all good flyting pamphlets sell!

ON POMPONATIUS.

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 quail your foes, haue better luck;
Send forth some Drakes, and keep at home the Ducke.⁴

EPITAPH.

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

AN IMAGE TO THE PILGRIME.

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

RAMES ay runne backward when they would advance,
Who knowes if Ramsay may find such a chance,⁵
By playing the stiff Puritane, to weare
A Bishopes rocket yet another yeare.

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

⁵ 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.

MOMUS, with venom'd tooth, why wouldst thou teare
Our Muses, and turne Mores those Virgines faire?
Nor citizen, nor manners doe they brand,
Nor of the Town ought, saue where it doth stand.
I curst, I doe confesse, some nastye mire,
And lake, deem'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 haue 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 oysters, 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 deserueth blame,
A Caledonian King first wisht the same!
My Muse (perhaps) too bold is, but farre 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 sçhe 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 murning layes,
Quhill CRAIG⁶ his Kala wald to pitie move,
Poore braine-sicke Man! he spends his dearest dayes;
Such sillie rime can not make women love!
Morice, quho sight of neuer saw a booke,
With a rude stanza this faire Virgine tooke.

⁶ 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.

ENCOMIASTIKE 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 red your Worke, and am right sorrye
It came not forth before *Encomium Morie*,
Or in the dayes when good King James the First
Caroused the Horses Spring to quench his thirst;
I durst haue giuen my thombe and layed a wager
Thy Name had grac't the Chronicles of Jhon Major.
Had thou liu'd in the dayes of Great Augustus,
(Hence, vulgare dotards, hence, unlesse yee trust us,)
Thy Workes (with geese) had kept the Capitole,
And thou for euer beene a happy soule,
Thy Statue had beene raised neare Claudianus,
And thou in court liu'd equall with Sejanus.
Cornelius Tacitus is no such Poet,
Nor Liuie; I'll say more ere that I goe yet:
Let all that heere doe weare celestially bonnetes,
Lyke thyne, they cannot write four-squared Sonnets,
Which shine like to that Muminye brought from Venice,
Or like the French King's relicks at Saint Denis.
It is a matter of regrate and pittye
Thou are not read into that famous citie
Of Constantine, for then the Turckes and Tartares
Had drunke with us, and like to ours worne gartares;
And the strange Muphetees and hard Mameluckes
Had cut their beardes, and got by hart thy bookes.
If any them detract, though hee were Xenaphon,
Thou shalt haue such reuenge as ere was tane of one
From this our Coast unto the wall of China,
Where maides wear narrow shoes; thou hast been a
Man for enuie, though such forsooth was Horace,
Yet thou no lesse 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 pecorious asse, hoe!
Now, to conclude, the Nine Castalian lasses
Their maidenheades thee sell for fannes and glasses.

EPITAPHS.³

TO THE MEMORIE OF HIS MUCH LOVING AND BELOVED MAISTER, M. J. R.

[Mr John Ray was appointed Professor of Humanity in the College of Edinburgh in 1597, and continued for upwards of eight years, and consequently during the time that Drummond attended the University. Ray was removed to the High School in 1606, where he continued as Rector of the Grammar School till February 1630, and died probably about the year 1636.]

No Wonder now, if Mistes beclowde our Day,
Sith late our Earth lakes her celestially RAY;
And Phoebus murnes his Priest, and all his Quire,
In sables wrapt, weep out their sacred fire;
Farewell! of Latin Muses greatest praise,
Whether thou read graue proses, or did raise
Delight and wonder by a numbrous straine:
Farewell! Quintilian once more dead againe;
With ancient Plautus, Martiall combined,
Maro, and Tullie, here in one enshrined.
Bright RAY of learning, which so cleare didst streame;
Farewell! Soule which so many soules did frame!
Many Olympiades about shall come,
Ere Earth like thee another can entombe!

D. O. M. S.

WHAT WAS mortall of THOMAS DALYELL of Binnes lyeth here. Hee was descended of the auncient race of the L^s. of Dalyell, now deseruedly aduanced to be Earles of Carnewath. His integritie and worth made him an unremoued Justice of Peace; and . . . yeeres Sherife in the Countie of Linlythgow. Hee left, successoures of his vertues and fortunes, a Sonne renowned by the warres, and a Daughter marryed to William Drummond of Reckertown. After 69 yeeres pilgrimage heere on Earth, hee was remoued to the repose of Heauen, the 10 of Februarye 1642.

JUSTICE, Truth, Peace, and Hospitalitie,
Freindship, and Loue, being resolved to dye,
In these lewid tymes, haue chosen heere to haue
With just, true, pious, kynd DALYELL their graue;

³ Of these Epitaphs the verses upon Dalyell and Lindsay have been printed among Drummond's Poems, but the Inscriptions and names are not given.

Hee them cherish'd so long, so much did grace,
That they than this would choose no dearer place.

T. FILIUS MANIBUS CHARISSIMI PATRIS PARENTAUT.

EPITAPH.

If Monumentes were lasting, wee would raise
A fairer frame to thy desertes and praise!
But auarice, 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, Principall King of Armes, and Wyfe to Lieutenant Colonell Barnard Lindsay, who dyed the . . day of May, the yeare 1645, after shee had liued yeeres.

THE Daughter of a King, of princely partes,
In Beautie eminent, in vertues cheife,
Load-starre of loue, and load-stone of all hartes,
Her freindes and husbandes onlie joy, now grieffe,
Enclosed lyes within this narrow graue,
Whose paragone no tymes no climates haue.

MARITUS MÆRENS POSUIT.

TO THE MEMORIE OF

As nought for splendour can with Sunne compare
For beautie, 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 actiones which the oldest doe befall,
Pure, fruitfull, modest, Virgine, Mother, Wyfe.

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

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

Vnhappye Autumne, spoyler of the flowres,
Discheueler of meades and fragrant plaines;
Now shall those monethes which thy date containes,
No more from Hauens be namd, but eyes salt showres.

TO THE MEMORIE OF THE WORTHIE LADYE, THE LADYE OF CRAIGMILLARE.

THIS Marble needes no teares, let them be powr'd
For such whom Earth's dull bowelles haue emboured
In child-head or in youth, and left to liue
By some sad chance 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 flowres
Shrunke in their stemmes, or Ilium's faire towres
Hidde in their rubbidge), could not but admire,
The casket spoyled, the Jewel so intiere.
For, neither judgement, memorye, nor sence
In thee was blasted, till 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 happy liest in thy faire Progenie
To out-date Tyme, and neuer 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.⁴

D. O. M. S.

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

⁴ This expressive line is repeated in another Epitaph which follows.

sant aspect, countenance. His Kinreds delight and joy, now their greatest displeasure and sorrow: hauing left this transitorye Stage of cares, when hee but scarce appeared vpon it, in his tender nonage.

So falles by Northern blast a Virgine rose,
 At halfe that doth her bashfull bosome close ;
 So a sweet flowrish languishing decayes,
 That late did blush when kist by Phoebus rayes.
 Though vntymelie cropp'd, leaue to bemoan his fate,
 Hee dyed with our Monarchie and State.

His Mother, ^{from}_{out of} that care and loue she caryed to him, to continue heere his memorie (some space) raised this Monument, Anno 1649, mense . . .

Inmortale Decus Superis.

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

To —————

M. G. L.—HEERE is the Inscription your L. desired; and after the most ancient and moderne modell of inscriptions. 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 charecoale or chalke, limne 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 seruant,

[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 preceding 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.