The town sowtar in grief was bowdin,
His wife hang in his waist:
His body was with blood all browdin,
He granit like any gaist;
His glittering hair, that was full gowden,
So hard in love him laist;
That for her sake he was not zowdin,
Seven mile while he was chaist,
And more,
At Christ's Kirk on the green, that day.

The miller was of manly mak,
To meet him was no mowis;
Their durst not ten come him to tak,
So nowit he their nowis;
The buschment haill about him brak,
And bikkerit him with bowis,
Syne traitourly behind his back,
They hewed him on the howis,
Behind,
At Christ's Kirk on the green, that day.

Two that were heidsmen of the herd,
Ran upon uderis like rammis;
Than followit feymen, right unaffeir'd,
Bet on with barrow trammis;
But where their gobbis were ungeird,
They got upon the gammis;
While bloody barkit was their beird;
As they had werreit lammis
Most like,
At Christ's Kirk on the green, that day.

The wives kest up an hideous yell,
When all the yunkeris yokkit;
As fierce as any fyr-flaught fell,
Friekes to the field they flokkit:
The carlis with clubbis could other quell,
While blood at briestis out bokkit;
So rudely rang the commoun bell,
While all the steeple rokkit,
For reird,
At Christ's Kirk on the green, that day.

When they had beirit, like baited bullis,
And branewod, brynt in bailis,
They wox as meek as any mulis,
That mangit were with mailis:
For faintness thir forfochin fulis
Fell down, like flauchtir failis;
Fresh men came in and haild the dulis
And dang them down in dailis,
Bedene,
At Christ's Kirk on the green, that day.

When all was done, Dick, with an aix,
Came forth, to fell a futher;
Quod he, Where are yon hangit smaiks,
Right now wald slain my bruther?
His wife bad him go home, good glaiks,
And so did Meg his mother;
He turn'd, and gave them both their paiks;
For he durst ding none other,
For feir,
At Christ's Kirk on the green, that day.

DIVINE TRUST.[1]

Sen throw vertew incressis dignitie,
And vertew is flour and rute of nobles ay,
Of ony wit or quhat estait thou be
His steppis follow, and dreid for none effray;
Eject vice, and follow truth alway;
Lufe maist thy God that first thy lufe began,
And for ilk inche He will thé quyte ane span.

Be not ouir proude in thy prosperitie,
For as it cummis, sa will it pas away;
The tyme to compt is schort, thow may weill se,
For of grene grass sone cummis wallowit hay.
Labour in truth quhilk suith is of thy fay;
Traist maist in God, for He best gyde thé can,
And for ilk inche He will thé quyte ane span.

Sen word is thrall, and thocht is only fre,
Thou dant thy toung that power hes and may
Thou steik thy ene fra warldis vanitie,
Refraine thy lust and harkin quhat I say:
Graip or tho slyde, and keip furth the hie way,
Thou hald thé fast upon thy God and man,
And for ilk inche He will thé quyte ane span.

ROBERT HENRYSON.

BORN 1430 — DIED 1506.

ROBERT HENRYSON, or HENDERSON, a poet and fabulist of the fifteenth century, was chief schoolmaster of Dunfermline. Lord Hailes conjectures that he acted as preceptor to the

[1] Of the king's hymns or sacred poems only one specimen has been preserved at the close of the collection called *The Gude and Godlie Ballates*, published in 1570. It has been entitled by Dr. Rogers "Divine Trust."—ED.

Benedictine convent of that town. It is supposed that he was born about the year 1430, and it is known that he died at an advanced age, as Sir Francis Kinaston tells us "that being very old, he died of a diarrhœ or fluxe." It is also known that he passed away early in the sixteenth century, as his name appears among the latest of the poets lamented by Dunbar in his poem on the "Deth of the Makkaris," printed in the year 1508:—

> "In Dumfermling he hes tane Broun,
> With gude Mr. Robert Henrysoun."

On the poet's own testimony he appears to have lived to a good old age, and happily not to have been without the comforts so necessary in advanced years. In the opening stanzas of the "Testament of Faire Creseide," the longest of his productions, he says:—

> "I made the fire, and beked me aboute.
> Then toke I drink, my spirits to comforte,
> And armed me well fro the cold thereoute.
> To cutte the winter night, and make it shorte,
> I took a quere, and lefte all other sporte,
> Writen by worthy Chaucer glorious,
> Of faire Creseide and lusty Troilus."

Of this poem a critic says, "Wittily observing that Chaucer, in his fifth book, had related the death of Troilus, but made no mention what became of Creseide, he learnedly takes upon him, in a fine poetical way, to express the punishment and end due to a false inconstant, which commonly ends in extreme misery." The poem was first printed by Henry Charteris in 1593, and has been appended to various editions of Chaucer's *Troilus and Creseide*. The "Testament of Creseide" and Henryson's pastoral poem of "Robene and Makyne," the earliest of bucolics in the Scottish language, was printed (sixty-five copies) for the Bannatyne Club in 1824 by George Chalmers. Of the latter poem a writer in Blackie's *Dictionary of Eminent Scotsmen* remarks, "I consider it superior in many respects to the similar attempts of Spenser and Broune; it is free from the glaring improprieties which sometimes appear in the pastorals of those more recent writers, and it exhibits many genuine strokes of poetical delineation." His poetical tale entitled "The Traitie of Orpheus Kyng, and how he came to yeid to hewyn and to hel to seik his Quene," was first published in 1508. Portions of both of these poems have been highly commended by Sir Walter Scott, Warton, and other competent judges; but it is in his fables that Henryson's poetical powers appear to greatest advantage. The best of his "Fabils," thirteen in number, is the common story of the "Town Mouse and the City Mouse," which he treats with much humour and characteristic description, and concludes with a beautifully expressed moral. He gives it the Scotch title of "The Borrowstoun Mous and the Landwart Mous." This collection, in manuscript, is still preserved in the Harleian Library, and is dated 1571.

The "Fables" of Henryson were reprinted in 1832 for the Bannatyne Club, from the edition of Andrew Hart, printed in Edinburgh, 1621, —of which the only known copy is in the Advocates' Library—with a memoir prefixed by Dr. Irving, the editor. "Nearly the whole of Henryson's poems," says a critic, "bear evidence of having been composed in the decline of life. In this he resembled his model Chaucer, whose *Canterbury Tales*, the best of all his works, were written when on the verge of threescore years and ten. Henryson had not, however, like Chaucer, cause to blame a vagrant muse in his dying hours, for anything in his writings which might pollute to future ages the stream of future morals. His sentiments are uniformly worthy of his years—pure, chastened, and instructive; and whatever share of the poetical art he displays it is solely employed in giving to the lessons of virtue some heightening charm, or rendering the ways of vice more odious." Until recently it was a subject of regret that only specimens of Henryson's poems were to be met with in the collections of Hailes, Pinkerton, Ramsay, Sibbald, Irving, and Ellis. The desideratum was at length supplied by David Laing, who first collected his poetical writings and prepared a memoir of his life, issued at Edinburgh in 1865.

THE TWO MICE.[1]

Esope, myne autour, makis mentioun
  Of twa myiss; and they war sisters deir;
Off quhom the elder dwelt in borrowstown;
  The yonger wend up-on-land, weil neir
  Rycht solitair; quhyle under busk and breir,
Quhyle in the corn, in uther menys schacht,
As outlawis dois that levis on ylin wacht.

The rurall mouss into the winter tyde
  Had hungar, cauld, and tholit grit distress;
The tothir mouss that in the burgh can byde
  Was gilt brother, and made ane free burgess.
  Tol-free alswa, but custom, mair or less,
And freedom had to ga quhair eir sche list
Amang the cheiss and meill, in ark and kist.

Ane tyme quhen scho was full, and on fute fure,
  Scho tuk in mynd her sister up-on-land,
And langit for her cheir, and her welfair,
  And se quhat lyfe scho led under the wand:
  Barefute allane, with pykstaff in her hand,
As pure pilgrim, scho passit out of town,
To seik her sister, baith our daill and down.

Throw mony wilsum wayis couth scho walk,
  Throw mure and moss, throwout bank, busk, and breyir,
Fra fur to fur, cryand fra balk to balk,
  Cum furth to me, myne sueit sister deir!
  Cry peip anis—with that the mouse couth heir,
And knew her voce, as kynnismen will do
By verry kind; and furth scho came her to.

Their hairtly cheir, Lord God! gif ye had seen,
  Was kyind quhen thir sisters twa wer met,
Quhilk that oft syss was schawin thame betwene;
  For quhyles thai leuch, and quhyles for joy thay gret;
  Quhyles kissit sueit, and quhyles in armis plet.
And thus they fure, quhill sobirt was their meid,
Then fute for fute onto thair chalmer yeid.

As I hard say, it was a simple wane
  Off fog and ferne, full maikly was it maid,
A silly scheill under a yerd-fast stane,
  Of quhilk the entry was not hie nor bred:
  And in the same thai went bot mair abaid,
Withoutten fyre or candell burnand bricht,
For commonly sic pykers lykes not lycht.

Quhen they war lugit thus, thir silly myss,
  The yungest sister until her butrie hyied,
Brought forth nuttis, and peiss, instead of spyss;
  Gif that was weilfarn doit, on thame besyd.
  This burgess mouss permyngit full of pryd,
Than said, sister, is this your daily fude?
Quhy not, quod scho, think ye this mess not gude?

Na, be my saul, me think it but a skorn;
  Ma dame, quod sche, ye be the mair to blame;
My moder said, after that we wer born,
  That ye and I lay baith within her wame;
  I kep the rycht auld custom of my dame,
And of my syre, lyvand in povertie,
For landis haif we nane of propertie.

My fair sister, quod scho, haif me excusit;
  This rude dyet and I can not accord;
With tender meit my stomach ay is usit;
  For quhy, I fair as weill as ony lord:
  Thir widderit peiss and nuttis, or thai be bord,
Will brek my teith, and mak my mouth full sklender,
Quhilk usit wer befor to meit mair tender.

Weill, weill sister, than quoth the rural mouss,
  Gif that ye pleiss sic things as ye se heir,
Baith meit and drink, and arbourie and house,
  Sall be your awin—will ye remain all yeir,
  Ye sall it haif, with blyth and hairtly cheir;
And that suld make the messes that are rude,
Amang friendis richt tendir, sueit and gude.

Quhat plesans is in feists feir dilicate,
  The quhilk ar given with a gloumand brow;
A gentle heart is better recreate
  With blyth usage than seith to him a cow;
  Ane *Modicum* is better, yeill allow,
Sae that gude-will be carver at the dess,
Than a thrawn vult, and mony a spycie mess.

For all this moral exhortatioun,
  The burges mous had little will to sing,
But hevely scho kest her visage doun,
  For all the daintys scho couth till her bring;
  Yit at the last scho said, half in hiething,
Sister, this vittell and your ryal feist
May weill suffice for sic a rural beist.

Let be this hole, and cum unto my place,
  I sall you schaw, by gude experience,
That my *Gude-Fridays* better than your *Pase*,
  And a dish licking worth your hale expence;
  Houses I haif enow of grit defence,
Of cat, nor fall, nor trap, I haif nae dreid.
I grant, quod sche, convinced, and furth they yeid.

In skugry ay throw rankest gras and corn,
  And wonder slie prively throw they creip;
The eldest was the gyde, and went beforn,
  The yunger to her wayis tuke gude keip;
  On nicht they ran, and on the day did sleip,

[1] Sibbald says, "This fable is written with much naïveté, and being the very first example of that manner in the Scottish language, is eminently curious."—Ed.

Till on a morning, or the lavrock sang,
They fand the toun, and blythly in couth gang.

Not far frae thyne, on till a worthy wane,
This burges brocht them sune quhair they sould be.
Without God-speid,—thair herboury was tane
Intill a spence, wher vittel was plenty,
Baith cheis and butter on lang skelfs richt hie,
With fish and flesh enough, baith fresh and salt,
And pokkis full of grots, baith meil and malt.

After, quhen they disposit wer to dyne,
Withouten grace they wush and went to meit,
On every dish that cuikmen can divyne,
Muttone and beif strikin out in telzies grit;
Ane lordis fair thus can they counterfitt,
Except ane thing,—they drank the watter cleir
Insteid of wyne, but yit they made gude cheir.

With blyth upcast and merry countenance,
The elder sister then speird at her gest,
Gif that scho thocht be reson differance
Betwixt that chalmer and her sary nest.
Yea dame, quoth scho; but how lang will this lest?
For evirmair I wate, and langer to.
Gif that be trew, ye ar at eise, quoth scho.

To eik the cheir, in plenty furth scho brocht
A plate of grottis, and a dish of meil,
A threfe of caiks, I trow scho spairt them nocht,
Habundantlie about her for to deill;
Furmage full fyne scho brocht insteid of geil,
A quhyte candle out of a coffer staw,
Insteid of spyce, to creish thair teith with a.

Thus made they mirry, quhyle they micht nae mair,
And hail *yule!* hail! they cryit up on hie;
But after joy aftentymes comes cair,
And trouble after grit prosperitie:
Thus as they sat in all thair solitie,
The spensar came with keis in his hand,
Opent the dore, and them at dinner fand.

They tarriet not to wash, as I suppose,
But on to gae, quha micht the formost win;
The burges had a hole, and in scho goes,
Her sister had nae place to hyde her in;
To se that silly mous it was grit sin,
Sae disalait and will of all gude reid,
For very feir scho fell in swoun, neir deid.

But as God wald, it fell a happy case,
The spensar had nae laisar for to byde,
Nowthir to force, to seik, nor skar, nor chaiss,
But on he went, and kest the dore upwyde.
This burges mouss his pasage weil has spyd,
Out of her hole scho came, and cryt on hé,
How! fair sister, cry peip, quhair eir thou be.

The rural mous lay flatlings on the ground,
And for the deid scho was full dreidand,
For till her heart strak mony waefull stound,
As in a fever trymlin fute and hand;
And when her sister in sic plicht her fand,
For very pitie scho began to greit;
Syne comfort gaif, with words as hunny sweit.

Quhy ly ye thus? Ryse up my sister deir,
Cum to your meit, this perell is owre-past;
The uther answert, with a hevy cheir,
I may nocht eit, sae sair I am agast:
Lever I had this fourtie dayis fast,
With watter kail, or gnaw beinis and peis,
Then all your feist with this dreid and disseiss.

With fair tretie, yit gart scho her ryse;
To burde they went, and on togither sat;
But skantly had they drunken anes or twice,
Quhen in came Gib Hunter, our joly cat,
And bad God-speid.—The burges up than gat,
And till her hole scho fled as fyre of flint;
Badrans the uther be the back has hint.

Frae fute to fute she kest her to and frae,
Quhyle up, quhyle doun, als cant as ony kid;
Quhyle wald she let her ryn under the strae,
Quhyle wald she wink and play with her buk-hid:
Thus to the silly mous grit harm she did;
Quhyle at the last, throw fair fortune and hap,
Betwixt the dressour and the wall scho crap.

Syne up in haste behind the pannaling,
Sae hie scho clam, that Gilbert might not get her.
And be the cluks craftylie can hing,
Till he was gane, her cheir was all the better.
Syne down scho lap, quhen ther was nane to let her.
Then on the burges mous loud couth she cry,
Fairweil sister, heir I thy feist defy.

Thy mangery is myngit all with cair,
Thy gyse is gud, thy gane-full sour as gall;
The fashion of thy feris is but fair,
So sall thou find heirefterwart may fall.
I thank yone courtyne, and yone parpane wall,
Of my defenss now fra yon crewell beist;
Almichty God, keip me fra sic a feist.

Wer I into the place that I cam frae,
For weil nor wae I sould neir cum again.
With that scho tuke her leif, and furth can gae,
Quhyle throw the corn, quhyle throw the plain,
Quhen scho was furth and frie, sche was rycht fain,
And merrylie linkit unto the mure,
I cannot tell how afterwart scho fure.

But I hard syne she passit to her den,
As warm as wow, suppose it was not grit,
Full beinly stuffit was baith butt and ben,
With peis and nuts, and beins and ry and quheit,
When eir scho lykt scho had eneuch of meit,

In quiet and eise, withouten dreid,
But till her sister's feist nae mair she yeid.

MORALITAS.

Freindis, heir may ye find, will ye tak heid,
In this fable a gud moralitie.
As fitchis myngit ar with noble seid,
So intermellit is adversitie
With erdly joy; so that no stait is fré
Without truble and sum vexatioun;
And namely thay that clymis up most hé,
And nocht content of small possessioun.

Blissit be symple lyfe, withouttin dreid;
Blissit be sobir feist in quieté;
Quha hes enuche, of no moir hes he neid,
Thocht it be littill into quanteté.
Grit habowndance, and blind prosperité,
Oft tymis maks ane evill conclusioun;
The suetest lyfe, thairfoir, in this cuntré,
Is of sickerness, with small possessioun.

O wantoun man! quhilk usis for to feid
Thy wame, and makis it a God to be,
Luke to thyself, I warne thé weill, on deid;
The cat cummis, and to the mouss hewis é.
Quhat dois availl thy feist and reyelté,
With dreidfull hairt and tribulatioun?
Thairfoir best thing in erd, I say, for me,
Is mirry hairt, with small possessioun.

Thy awin fyre, freind, thocht it be bot a gleid,
It warmis weill, and is worth gold to thé:
And Salamone sayis, and ye will reid,
Under the hevin I can nocht bettir sé,
Then ay be blyth, and leif in honesté;
Quhairfoir I may conclud be this ressoun,
Of erdly joy it beiris moist degré,
Blythness in hairt, with small possessioun.

WALTER KENNEDY.

BORN 1450 — DIED 1508.

WALTER KENNEDY, a contemporary of Dunbar, was born in the district of Carrick, Ayrshire, about the middle of the fifteenth century. He resided in the town of Ayr, which he calls "hame," and belonged to the ecclesiastical order. Although Kennedy is now chiefly known to the readers of Scottish poetry by his "Flyting" or altercation with Dunbar in rhyme, he appears in his time to have possessed a very considerable poetical reputation. He speaks of himself as "of Rethory the Rose," and as one who has

> "ambulate on Parnasso the mountain,
> Inspyrit with Hermes frae his golden sphere;
> And dulcely drunk of eloquence the fountain,
> Quhen purifiet with frost, and flowand cleir."

In addition to his own testimony we find him mentioned by Douglas and Lyndsay, as one of the most eminent of their contemporaries. Douglas ranks him before Dunbar in his "Court of Muses," styling him "the great Kennedie." His works, with the exception of a few short poems, have perished. Dunbar, with whom he carried on a poetical warfare, upbraids him with living by theft and beggary; but Kennedy replies that he wants not "land, store, and stakkis," "steids and cakes," of his own. He boasts also of the favour of royalty, and even of some affinity to it:—

> "I am the king's blude, his trew and special clerk,
> That never yit imaginit his offense;
> Constant in my allegiance, word, and wark,
> Only dependand on his excellence,
> Trusting to have of his magnificence
> Guerdon, reward, and benefice bedene."

The "Flyting" is a miserable exhibition of rival malice, and does as little credit to the moral sense as to the poetical taste of the combatants. It is due, however, to Kennedy to mention that the controversy did not commence with him, and that he appears to have suffered least in the wordy conflict. Lord Hailes thinks it probable that the altercation between the poets may have been merely a play of fancy, without any real quarrel existing between the parties, and that there was more mirth than malice at the bottom of the affair. It is gratifying to know that Dunbar, who survived Kennedy, survived also whatever resentment he entertained towards him, if indeed he ever felt any. In his "Lament for the Death of the Makkaris," he thus mourns the

approaching loss of his adversary, who appears, at the time the poem was written, to have been on his death-bed:—

> "And Mr. Walter Kennedy
> In point of death lies wearily,
> Grit rewth it wer that so should be,
> *Timor mortis conturbat me.*"

"The Praise of Age" is the only production by Kennedy extant which is of a nature to account for the estimation in which he was anciently held. "This poem gives a favourable idea of Kennedy as a versifier. His lines are more polished than those of his contemporaries."

INVECTIVE AGAINST MOUTH-THANKLESS.

Ane agit man twyce fourty yeirs,
  After the haly days of Yule,
I hard him carp among the freirs,
  Of order gray, makand grit dule,
  Richt as he war a furious fule;
Aft-tymes he sicht, and said Alace!
  Be *Claud* my care may nevir cule,
That I servt evir *Mouth-thankless.*

Throch ignorance, and folly, youth,
  My preterit tyme I wald neir spair,
Plesance to put into that mouth,
  Till aige said, Fule, let be thy fare,
  And now my heid is quhyt and liair,
For feiding of that fowmart face,
  Quhairfor I murn baith late and air,
That I servt evir *Mouth-thankless.*

Silver and gold that I micht get,
  Beisands, brotches, robes and rings,
Frelie to gife, I wald nocht let,
  To pleise the mulls attour all things.
  Right as the swan for sorrow sings,
Before her deid a little space,
  Richt sae do I, and my hands wrings,
That I servt evir *Mouth-thankless.*

Bettir it were a man to serve
  With honour brave beneath a shield,
Nor her to pleis, thocht thou sould sterve,
  That will not luke on thee in eild,
  Frae that thou hast nae hair to heild
Thy heid frae harming that it hes,
  Quhen pen and purse and all ar peild,
Tak then a meis of *Mouth-thankless.*

It may be in example sene,
  The grund of truth wha understude,
Frae in thy bag thou beirs thyne ene,
  Thou gets nae grace but for thy gude,
  At Venus closet, to conclude,
Call ye not this a cankert case:
  Now God help and the haly rude,
And keip all men frae *Mouth-thankless.*

O brukil youth in tyme behald,
  And in thy heart thir words gae graif,
Or thy complexion gather cauld,
Amend thy miss, thy self to saif,
  The bliss abune gif thou wald haif,
And of thy gilt remit and grace.
  All this I hard an auld man raif,
After the Yule of *Mouth-thankless.*

THE PRAISE OF AGE.

At matyne houre, in midis of the nicht,
Walkeit of sleip, I saw besyd me sone,
Ane aigit man, seimit sextie yeiris be sicht,
This sentence sett, and song it in gud tone:
O thryn-fold, and eterne God in trone!
To be content and lufe thé I haif caus,
That my licht youtheid is our past and done;
Honor with aige to every vertew drawis.

Grene yowth, to aige thow mon obey and bow,
Thy fulis lust lestis skant ane May;
That than wes witt, is naturall foly now,
Warldly witt, honor, riches, or fresche array:
Deffy the devill, dreid deid and domisday,
For all sall be accusit, as thow knawis;
Blessit be God, my yowtheid is away;
Honor with aige to every vertew drawis.

O bittir yowth! that semit delicious;
O swetest aige! that sumtyme semit soure;
O rekles yowth! hie, hait, and vicious;
O haly aige! fulfillit with honoure;
O flowand yowth! frutles and fedand flour,
Contrair to conscience, leyth to luf gud lawis,
Of all vane gloir the lanthorne and mirroure;
Honor with aige till every vertew drawis.

This warld is sett for to dissaive us evin;
Pryde is the nett, and covetece is the trane;
For na reward, except the joy of hevin,
Wald I be yung into this warld agane.
The schip of fayth, tempestous winds and rane

Of Lollerdry, dryvand in the sey hir blawis;
My yowth is gane, and I am glaid and fane,
Honor with aige to every vertew drawis.

Law, luve, and lawtie, gravin law thay ly;
Dissimulance hes borrowit conscience clayis;
Writ, wax, and selis ar no wayis set by;
Flattery is fosterit baith with friends and fayes.
The sone, to bruik it that his fader hais,
Wald sé him deid; Sathanas sic seid sawis;
Yowtheid, adew, ane of my mortall fais,
Honor with aige to every vertew drawis.

WILLIAM DUNBAR.

BORN 1460 — DIED 1520.

WILLIAM DUNBAR, styled by Pinkerton "the chief of the ancient Scottish poets," was born about the year 1460. From passages in his writings he is supposed to have been a native of East Lothian. Having received his education at the College of St. Andrews, where, in 1479, he took the degree of Master of Arts, he became a travelling novitiate of the order of St. Francis, as we learn from his poem "How Dunbar was desyred to be ane Frier," in which capacity he visited the principal towns and cities of England and Scotland. He also went to France, preaching, as was the custom of the order, and living by the alms of the pious—a mode of life which the poet himself acknowledges to have involved a constant exercise of deceit, flattery, and falsehood. He returned to Scotland about the year 1490, and attaching himself to the court of the brave, generous, and accomplished James IV., he received a small pension from that monarch. What his duties at court were is not known, but he evidently entertained hopes of advancement in the church. His smaller poems abound with allusions to this effect:—

"I knaw nocht how the kirk is gydit,
Bot beneficis ar nocht leil devydit;
Sum men has sevin, and I nocht nane,
Quhilk to consider is ane pane.

"And sum, unworthy to brouk ane stall,
Wald clym to be ane cardinall;
Ane bishopric may nocht him gane,
Quhilk to consider is ane pane.

"Unwourthy I, amang the laif,
Ane kirk dois craif, and nane can have," &c.

It does not appear that any ecclesiastical benefice was ever conferred upon Dunbar; a fact the more remarkable because it is known that he became a great favourite at the Scottish court. It is believed, from allusions in his writings, that for many years he was employed by the king in some subordinate capacity in connection with various foreign embassies, and that he visited England, Ireland, France, Germany, Italy, and Spain. Leading such a life for upwards of ten years, Dunbar could not fail to acquire much of that knowledge of mankind which forms so important a part of a poet's education. It is probable that the poet accompanied the ambassadors who were sent to England to conclude the negotiations for the king's marriage, and that he remained to witness the affiancing of the Princess Margaret, sister of Henry VIII., which took place at St. Paul's Cross, with great solemnity and splendour, January 25, 1502; and that he was the person then styled "The Rhymer of Scotland." Three months before her arrival in Scotland Dunbar composed "The Thrissill and the Rois," one of the most beautiful, and certainly the noblest, of all prothalamia. We give the whole poem, as he wrote it, among our selections. He appears to have been on good terms with the queen, as he had previously been with the king, for he addresses several poems to her majesty in a very familiar manner. One is entitled "Prayer that the King war Johne Thomsounis Man," that is, subservient to the views of his consort, so that he might obtain what the queen desired his majesty to bestow upon him:—

"For war it so, than weill were me,
But benefice I wald nocht be;
My hard fortoun were endit than,
God gif ye war Johne Thomsounis man!"

To be *John Thomson's man,* was a proverbial expression for being what is now familiarly known as a hen-pecked husband.

At Martinmas, 1507, his pension was *newly eiked;* the king having ordered it to be increased to £20, and three years afterwards it was raised to £80, to be paid during his life, "or until he be promoted to a benefice of £100 or above." It is, we think, very evident that the cause of the court-bard's non-preferment was the king's reluctance to be deprived of his company, being pleased with his compositions, and probably also with his conversation, the charms of which, judging from his writings, must have been very great. His majesty would not have stood such incessant badgering about a benefice, had he not been loath to lose so bright a genius—nay, had he not loved the man. As for Dunbar himself, we doubt his having been as desirous to give up his £80 a year at court for £100 per annum, and a parish in some obscure village, as would appear to have been the case from his unceasing appeals to the king. "With all his cheerfulness and elasticity of spirit," says his biographer, "Dunbar had reached a period of life when he must have felt keenly the misfortune of continuing so long a dependant on court favour. Had the Scottish monarch not desired to retain him as a personal attendant, he would have found no difficulty in gratifying the wishes of an old and faithful servant, as the presentation to all vacant benefices was vested in the king's hands; for it has been well observed, 'that it must have been a pure priesthood, indeed, to whom Dunbar would not in his maturer years have done honour.'" Of the time or manner of Dunbar's death nothing is known with certainty. From one of his poems on the death of the poets he appears to have outlived most of his contemporaries, and probably lived until about 1520 or 1530. Next to the "Thrissill and the Rois," his most considerable poem was "The Goldyn Targe," a moral allegorical piece intended to demonstrate the general tendency of love to overcome reason; the golden targe, or shield, of reason, he shows to be an inefficient protection to the shafts of Cupid. It is cited by Sir David Lyndsay, as showing that Dunbar had "language at large." The most remarkable of his poems is the "Dance of the Sevin Deidly Synnis." It is equal in its way to anything in Spenser. Dunbar was the author of a number of moral poems, the most solemn of which is the one in which he represents a thrush and nightingale taking opposite sides in a debate on earthly and spiritual affections.

Among his numerous comic pieces, which are not, however, suited to the present era, the most humorous are the "Twa Marriet Wemen and the Wedo," containing many sarcastic reflections upon the fair sex; and an account of a tournament, entitled "The Justis betuix the Tailyzour and Sowtar"—conducted according to the laws of chivalry. It is in a style of the broadest farce, and as droll as anything in Scarron or Rabelais. Dunbar is supposed to be the author of another exquisitely humorous tale, "The Freirs of Berwick," which supplied the groundwork of Allan Ramsay's well known poem of "The Monk and the Miller's Wife." Our court-bard had the fortune, rare in that age, of seeing some of his poems printed in his lifetime. In 1508, among the first efforts of the Scottish press, Chapman and Miller published his "Golden Targe" and "Two Married Women and the Widow." Most of his writings were, however, allowed to remain in the obscurity of manuscript among the Bannatyne and Maitland collections, till the beginning of the last century, when some of his productions appeared in Allan Ramsay's *Evergreen.* It was not till 1834 that a complete edition of his works, accompanied by a life and valuable notes by David Laing, was published. Had any accident befallen the Bannatyne and Maitland MS. prior to 1834 Dunbar would not, as now, have been known as "the darling of the Scottish muses."

"In the poetry of Dunbar," says Dr. Irving, "we recognize the emanations of a mind adequate to splendid and varied exertion; a mind capable of soaring into the higher regions of fiction, or of descending into the humble walks of the familiar and ludicrous. His imagination, though highly prolific, was sufficiently chastened by the interposition of judgment. In his allegorical poems we discover originality, and even sublimity of invention; while those of a satirical kind present us with striking images of real life and manners. As a descriptive poet he has secured superlative praise. In the mechanism of poetry he evinces a won-

derful degree of skill; he has employed a great variety of metres; and his versification, where opposed to that of his most eminent contemporaries, will appear highly ornamental and poetical." That Celt-abhorring critic, John Pinkerton, said, "His moral pieces have a terseness, elegance, and force only inferior to those of Horace;" and Sir Walter Scott, after many enthusiastic encomiums on his various powers, has finely remarked, "The genius of Dunbar and Gavin Douglas alone is sufficient to illuminate whole centuries of ignorance. . . . Dunbar is unrivalled by any poet that Scotland ever produced, and he has the honour, though not the earliest, of being regarded as the father of Scottish poetry."

THE THISTLE AND THE ROSE.[1]

Quhen Merch wes with variand windis past,
And Appryll had, with hir silver schouris,
Tane leif at Nature with ane orient blast,
And lusty May, that muddir is of flouris,
Had maid the birdis to begin their houris
Amang the tender odouris reid and quhyt,
Quhois armony to heir it was delyt:

In bed at morrow, sleiping as I lay,
Me thocht Aurora, with hir cristall ene,
In at the window lukit by the day,
And halsit me, with visage paill and grene;
On quhois hand a lark sang fro the splene,
Awalk, luvaris, out of your slomering,
Sé how the lusty morrow dois up spring.

Me thoucht fresche May befoir my bed up stude,
In weid depaynt of mony diverss hew,
Sobir, benyng, and full of mansuetude,
In brycht atteir of flouris forgit new,
Hevinly of color, quhyt, reid, broun and blew,
Balmit in dew, and gilt with Phœbus bemys;
Quhyll all the house illumynit of hir lemys.

Slugird, scho said, awalk annone for schame,
And in my honour sum thing thow go wryt;
The lark hes done the mirry day proclame,
To raise up luvaris with confort and delyt;
Yit nocht incressis thy curage to indyt,
Quhois hairt sum tyme hes glaid and blisfull bene,
Sangis to mak undir the levis grene.

Quhairto, quoth I, sall I up ryse at morrow,
For in this May few birdis herd I sing;
Thai haif moir cause to weip and plane thair sorrow;
Thy air it is nocht holsum nor benyng;
Lord Eolus dois in thy sessone ring:
So busteous are the blastis of his horne,
Amang thy bewis to walk I haif forborne.

With that this lady sobirly did smyle,
And said, Upryse, and do thy observance;
Thow did promyt, in Mayis lusty quhyle,
For to discryve the Rois of most plesance.
Go sé the birdis how thay sing and dance,
Illumynit oure with orient skyis brycht,
Annamyllit richely with new asure lycht.

Quhen this wes said, departit scho, this quene,
And enterit in a lusty gairding gent;
And than me thocht, full hestely besene,
In serk and mantill [efter hir] I went
In to this garth, most dulce and redolent,
Off herb and flour, and tendir plantis sueit,
And grene levis doing of dew doun fleit.

The purpour sone, with tendir bemys reid,
In orient bricht as angell did appeir,
Throw goldin skyis puttin up his heid,
Quhois gilt tressis schone so wondir cleir,
That all the world tuke confort, fer and neir,
To luke upon his fresche and blisfull face,
Doing all sable fro the hevynnis chace.

And as the blisfull soune of cherarchy
The fowlis song throw confort of the licht;
The birdis did with oppin vocis cry
To luvaris so, Away thow duly nicht,
And welcum day that comfortis every wicht;
Haill May, haill Flora, haill Aurora schene,
Haill princes Nature, haill Venus luvis quene.

Dame Nature gaif ane inhibitioun thair
To ferss Neptunus, and Eolus the bawld,
Nocht to perturb the wattir nor the air,
And that no schouris [snell] nor blastis cawld
Effray suld flouris nor fowlis on the fold:
Scho bad eik Juno, goddes of the sky,
That scho the hevin suld keip amene and dry.

Scho ordand eik that every bird and beist
Befoir hir hienes suld annone compeir,
And every flour of vertew, most and leist,

[1] Of this poem, in which Dunbar emblematized the junction and amity of the two portions of Britain, Dr. Irving remarks, the author "displays boldness of invention and beauty of arrangement, and in several of its detached parts the utmost strength and even delicacy of colouring;" and Dr. Langthorne finely says:—

"In nervous strains Dunbar's bold music flows,
And Time yet spares the Thistle and the Rose."—Ed.

And every herb be feild fer and neir,
As they had wont in May, fro yeir to yeir,
To hir thair makar to mak obediens,
Full law inclynnand with all dew reverens.

With that annone scho send the suiyft Ro
To bring in beistis of all conditioun;
The restless Suallow commandit scho also
To feche all foull of small and greit renown;
And to gar flouris compeir of all fassoun,
Full craftely conjurit scho the Yarrow,
Quhilk did furth swirk als swift as onny arrow.

All present wer in twynkling of ane é,
Baith beist, and bird, and flour, befoir the quene;
And first the Lyone, gretast of degré,
Was callit thair, and he, most faire to sene,
With a full hardy countenance and kene,
Befoir dame Nature come, and did inclyne,
With visage bawld and corage leonyne.

This awfull beist full terrible wes of cheir
Persing of luke, and stout of countenance,
Rycht strong of corpis, of fassoun fair, but feir,
Lusty of schaip, lycht of deliverance,
Reid of his cullour, as is the ruby glance;
On feild of gold he stude full mychtely,
With flour-de-lycis sirculit lustely.

This lady liftit up his cluvis cleir,
And leit him listly lene upone hir knė,
And crownit him with dyademe full deir,
Off radyous stonis, most ryall for to sė;
Saying, The King of Beistis mak I thė,
And the chief protector in woddis and schawis;
Onto thy leigis go furth, and keip the lawis.

Exerce justice with mercy and conscience,
And lat no small beist suffir skaith na scornis
Of greit beistis that bene of moir piscence;
Do law elyk to aipis and unicornis,
And lat no bowgle with his busteous hornis
The meik pluch-ox oppress, for all his pryd,
Bot in the yok go peciable him besyd.

Quhen this was said, with noyis and soun of joy,
All kynd of beistis in to thair degré,
Atonis cryit, lawd, Vive le Roy,
And till his feit fell with humilité;
And all thay maid him homege and fewté;
And he did thame ressaif with princely laitis,
Quhois noble yre is parcere prostratis.

Syne crownit scho the Egle King of Fowlis,
And as steill dertis sherpit sho his pennis,
And bawd him be als just to awppis and owlis,
As unto pacokkis, papingais, or crennis,
And mak á law for wycht fowlis and for wrennis;
And lat no fowll of ravyne do efferay,
Nor devoir birdis bot his awin pray.

Than callit scho all flouris that grew on feild,
Discirnyng all thair fassionis and effeiris,
Upon the awfull Thrissil she beheld,
And saw him kepit with a busche of speiris;
Considering him so able for the weiris,
A radius croun of rubeis scho him gaif,
And said, In feild go furth, and fend the laif:

And sen thow art a king, thow be discreit;
Herb without vertew thow hald nocht of sic pryce
As herb of vertew, and of odour sueit;
And lat no nettil vyle, and full of vyce,
Hir fallow to the gudly flour-de-lyce;
Nor latt no wyld weid, full of churlicheness
Compair hir till the lilleis nobilness:

Nor hald non udir flour in sic denty
As the fresche Rois, of cullour reid and quhyt:
For gife thow dois, hurt is thyne honesty;
Considdering that no flour is so perfyt,
So full of vertew, plesans, and delyt,
So full of blisful angeilik bewty,
Imperiall birth, honour, and dignité.

Than to the Rois scho turnit hir visage,
And said, O lusty dochtir most benyng,
Aboif the lilly, illustare of lynnage,
Fro the stok ryell rysing fresche and ying,
Bot ony spot or macull doing spring:
Come blowme of joy with jemis to be cround,
For oure the laif thy bewty is renownd.

A coistly croun, with clarefeid stonis brycht,
This cumly quene did on hir heid incloss
Quhyll all the land illumynit of the licht;
Quhairfoir me thocht the flouris did rejois,
Crying, attonis, Haill be thow richest Rois!
Haill hairbis Empryce, haill freschest Quene of Flouris,
To thé be glory and honour at all houris.

Thane all the birdis song with voce on hicht,
Quhois mirthfull soun wes mervelus to heir;
The mavyis sang, Haill Rois most riche and richt,
That dois up flureiss under Phebus speir;
Haill plant of yowth, haill princes dochtir deir,
Haill blosome breking out of the blud royall,
Quhois pretius vertew is imperiall:

The merle scho sang, Haill Rois of most delyt,
Haill of all flouris quene and soverane:
The lark scho sang, Haill Rois both reid and quhyt,
Most pleasand flour, of michty cullouris twane:
The nychtingaill sang, Haill Naturis suffragane,
In bewty, nurtour, and every nobilness,
In riche array, renown, and gentilness.

The commoun voce up raise of birdis small,
Apon this wyis, O blissit be the hour
That thow wes chosin to be our principall;

Welcome to be our Princés of honour,
Our perle, our plesans, and our paramour,
Our peax, our play, our plane felicité;
Chryst thé conserf frome all adversité.

Than all the birdis song with sic a schout,
That I annone awoilk quhair that I lay,
And with a braid I turnyt me about
To sé this court; bot all wer went away:
Then up I lenyt, halflingis in affray,
And thus I wret as ye haif hard to-forrow,
Off lusty May upone the nynt morrow.

EARTHLY JOY RETURNS IN PAIN.

Off Lentren in the first mornyng,
Airly as did the day up spring,
Thus sang ane bird with voce upplane,
All erdly joy returnis in pane.

O man! haif mynd that thow mon pass;
Remembir that thow art bot ass,
And sall in ass return agane:
All erdly joy returnis in pane.

Haif mynd that eild ay followis yowth,
Deth followis lyfe with gaipand mowth,
Devoring fruct and flowring grane:
All erdly joy returnis in pane.

Welth, warldly gloir, and riche array,
Ar all bot thornis laid in thy way,
Ourcovered with flouris laid in ane trane:
All erdly joy returnis in pane.

Come nevir yit May so fresche and grene,
Bot Januar come als wod and kene;
Wes nevir sic drowth bot anis come rane:
All erdly joy returnis in pane.

Evermair unto this warldis joy,
As nerrest air succeidis noy;
Thairfoir quhen joy may nocht remane,
His verry air succeidis pane;

Heir helth returnis in seikness;
And mirth returnis in haviness;
Toun in desert, forrest in plane:
All erdly joy returnis in pane.

Fredome returnis in wrechitness,
And trewth returnis in dowbilness,
With fenyeit wirdis to mak men fane;
All erdly joy returnis in pane.

Vertew returnis into vyce,
And honour into avaryce;
With cuvatyce is consciens slane;
All erdly joy returnis in pane.

Sen erdly joy abydis nevir,
Wirk for the joy that lestis evir;
For uther joy is all bot vane:
All erdly joy returnis in pane.

GAVIN DOUGLAS.

BORN 1474 — DIED 1522.

GAVIN DOUGLAS, whom the Scottish antiquary John Pinkerton pronounced the fifth of the seven classic poets of Scotland whose works would "be reprinted to the end of the English language"—the others being Barbour, James I., Blind Harry, Dunbar, Sir David Lyndsay, and Drummond—was one of the distinguished luminaries that marked the restoration of letters in his native land at the commencement of the sixteenth century. He was the third son of Archibald, fifth Earl of Angus, surnamed, from a well-known incident in Scottish history, "Bell-the-Cat," but generally the Great Earl of Angus. Gavin was born, it is believed, at Brechin late in the year 1474, or early in 1475. Of his early life little is known, but it is probable that, being designed for the church, he received as liberal an education as Scotland could then furnish. If it be true that his father gave

> "Thanks to Saint Bothan, son of mine,
> Savé Gavin, ne'er could pen a line,"

then his progress was perhaps due, in a great measure, to his natural talent for acquiring knowledge. All that is known with certainty on the subject is that his education was completed at the University of Paris, and that having made a continental tour he returned to his native land, and was appointed rector of Hawick in 1496, being when installed but

twenty-two years of age. In 1509 Douglas was made provost of the collegiate church of St. Giles, Edinburgh, and five years later the queen-mother, then Regent of Scotland, who had married his nephew, the young Earl of Angus, appointed him abbot of Aberbrothock; and soon after conferred upon him the archbishopric of St. Andrews, in a letter to the pope extolling him for his eminent virtue and great learning, and earnestly soliciting him to confirm her nomination. His holiness did not, however, grant the queen's request, but issued a bull designating Forman, bishop of Moray, for the vacant dignity; while at the same time the chapter, who approved of neither Douglas nor Forman, made choice of John Hepburn, prior of St. Andrews.

To console Douglas for his disappointment the queen in 1515 made him Bishop of Dunkeld; but the Duke of Albany, who in this year was declared regent, to prevent him from obtaining that see, accused him of contravening the laws of the realm in obtaining bulls from Rome, in consequence of which he was imprisoned for a year in the Castle of Edinburgh. On the reconciliation of the queen and the duke, Douglas obtained his liberty, and was consecrated at Glasgow by Archbishop Beaton. In 1517 he accompanied the Duke of Albany to France, but soon returned to Scotland, and repaired to his diocese, where he applied himself diligently to the duties of his episcopal office. In 1521 he was compelled by the disputes between the Earls of Arran and Angus to take refuge in England, where he was kindly received by Henry VIII., and where he formed the acquaintance of Erasmus, who speaks of his regal mien, and of Polydore Virgil, a learned Italian who was then writing a history of England. The bishop is believed to have supplied the latter with information concerning the early period of the Scottish nation. We are informed by Holingshed that during his residence in London Douglas received a pension from the English monarch, who, with all his faults, was a liberal patron of literature. Bishop Douglas died in London of the plague in September, 1522, and was interred in the chapel-royal of the Savoy.

In this ancient little church, on the banks of the Thames, there was discovered in 1873, after a long disappearance, the old brass plate which indicated his burial-place. The inscription describes him as "Gavanus Dowglas, Natione Scotus, Dunkellensis Præsul, patria sui exul. Anno Christus 1522." The words *patria sui exul* are suggestive of the similar epitaph of Dante, between whom and Douglas there is at least the resemblance that each of them shed a lustre by his genius on a stormy and anarchic period of his country's history, and died in exile.

Hume says that the bishop "left behind great admiration of all his virtues and love of his person in the hearts of all good men; for, besides the nobility of his birth, the dignity and comeliness of his personage, he was learned, temperate, and of singular moderation of mind, and, in those turbulent times, had always carried himself among the factions of the nobility equally, and with a mind to make peace, and not to stir up parties, which qualities were very rare in a clergyman of those days." Douglas, who is also highly eulogized by George Buchanan, is also remembered as the author of one of the best historical Scottish witticisms. When the Hamiltons, in April, 1520, were planning their attack on the Douglases in the High Street of Edinburgh, which, after it came off, was known among skirmishes as "Clear-the-causeway," from the sweep which was made of the assailants, Gavin, as a man of peace, remonstrated with one of their chief abettors, James Beaton, archbishop of Glasgow. The archbishop laid his hand upon his heart, and said, "Upon my conscience, I cannot help what is going to happen." But, lo! as he was speaking, the armour which he had donned beneath his episcopal rochet began to rattle. "Ha! my lord," said the witty Gavin, "I perceive that your conscience is not sound, as appears from its *clatters*"—a rejoinder the double force of which can be appreciated only by a Scotchman.

As a man of letters Douglas stands distinguished as the first poetical translator of the classics in Britain. Besides the translation of Ovid's *De Remedio Amoris*, he translated the *Æneid* of Virgil, with the additional thirteenth book of Mapheus Vigius, into Scottish verse. This he undertook at the request of Henry, first lord Sinclair, in 1512, and completed it in the short space of eighteen months. It was first printed in London under the following

title:—"*The XIII Bukes of Eneados of the Famose Poet Virgill.* Translated out of Latine Verses into Scottish Meter by the Reverend Father in God, Mayster Gawin Douglas, Bishop of Dunkel and Unkil to the Erle of Angus. Euery Buke hauing hys perticular Prologe." Douglas' *Virgil* possesses one excellence to which no succeeding translation has any pretension. The prologues of his own composition which he has prefixed to the different books are such as almost to place him on a level with the poet he had so ably translated. It has been said, "They yield to no descriptive poems in any language;" and Warton remarks, "The second book of Virgil's *Æneid* is introduced with metrical prologues which are often highly poetical, and show that Douglas' proper walk was original poetry." These original prologues, it has been supposed, suggested to Scott the idea of the introduction to the several cantos of "The Lay of the Last Minstrel" and "Marmion."

Douglas is also the author of two allegorical poems, the one entitled "The Palace of Honour" and the other "King Hart." The first named was addressed, as an apologue for the conduct of a king, to James IV., and was written prior to 1501. "It is a poem," says Warton, "adorned with many pleasing incidents and adventures, and abounds with genius and learning." "King Hart" is believed to have been written in the latter part of his life, and contains what Dr. Irving styles "a most ingenious adumbration of the progress of human life." It was first printed in Pinkerton's collection of *Ancient Scottish Poems*, published in 1786. It is perhaps worthy of mention that the well-known *Pilgrim's Progress* bears a strong resemblance to Douglas' "Palace of Honour," although it is hardly possible that Bunyan could have met with the poem. The works of Bishop Douglas were first published, with a memoir, notes, glossary, &c., by Rev. Mr. Scott, in 1787; the latest and most complete edition appeared in 1874, in four vols., bearing the following title:—"*The Poetical Works of Gavin Douglas, Bishop of Dunkeld.* With Memoir, Notes, and Glossary, by J. Small, Librarian of the University of Edinburgh."

In the only attempt made by Dr. James Beattie, in a poetical epistle, to use the Mearns or Aberdeen dialect after the manner of Robert Burns, he mentions the name of Douglas in his happy summary of the early Scottish poets:—

"I here might gi'e a skreed o' names,
Dawties of Heliconian dames,
The foremost place Gavin Douglas claims,
That pawky priest.
And wha can match the first King James,
For saing or jest;
Montgomery grave, and Ramsay gay,
Dunbar, Scot, Hawthornden, and mae
Than I can tell; for o' my fae
I maun brak aff;
'Twould tak' a live-long summer day
To name the half.

Another poetical allusion to the amiable and virtuous prelate occurs in one of George Dyer's poems:—

"Dunkeld, no more the heaven-directed chaunt
Within thy sainted walls may sound again,
But thou, as once the Muse's favourite haunt,
Shall live in Douglas' pure Virgilian strain,
While time devours the castle's crumbling wall,
And roofless abbeys pine, low-tottering to their fall."

Horne Tooke remarks that the language of Gavin Douglas, though written more than a century after Chaucer, must yet be esteemed more ancient; even as the present English speech in Scotland is in many respects more ancient than that spoken so far back as the reign of Queen Elizabeth. So Casubon says of his time. The Scottish language is purer than the English of the present day, where by "purer" he means nearer to the Anglo-Saxon.

KING HART.

AN ALLEGORICAL POEM.

(EXTRACT FROM CANTO FIRST.)

King Hart, into his cumlie castell strang,
Closit about with craft and meikill ure,
So seimlie wes he set his folk amang,
That he no dout had of misaventure:
So proudlie wes he polist, plaine, and pure,
With youtheid and his lustie levis grene;
So fair, so fresche, so liklie to endure,
And als so blyth, as bird in symmer schene.

For wes he never yit with schouris schot,
  Nor yit our run with ronk, or ony rayne;
In all his lusty lecam nocht ane spot;
  Na never had experience into payne.
  But alway into lyking mocht to layne;
Onlie to love, and verrie gentilnes,
  He wes inclynit cleinlie to remane,
And woun under the wyng of wantownes.

Yit was this wourthy wicht king under ward;
  For wes he nocht at fredom utterlie.
Nature had lymmit folk, for thair reward,
  This gudlie king to governe and to gy;
  For so thai kest thair tyme to occupy.
In welthis for to wyne for thai him teitchit;
  All lustis for to love, and underly,
So prevelie thai preis him and him preitchit.

First [war thair] *Strenth*, [and *Rage*,] and *Wantounes*,
  Grein *Lust*, *Disport*, *Jelosy*, and *Invy;*
Freschnes, *New Gate*, *Waist-gude*, and *Wilfulnes*,
  Delyvernes, *Fulhardenes* thairby:
  Gentrice, *Fredome*, *Petie* privie espy,
Want-wit, *Vaingloir*, *Prodigalitie*,
  Unrest, *Nicht-walk*, and felon *Gluttony;*
Unricht, *Dyme-sicht*, with *Slicht*, and *Subtiltie*.

Thir war the inwarde ythand servitouris,
  Quhilk governours war to this nobil king;
And kepit him inclynit to thair curis.
  So wes thair nocht in erde that evir micht bring
  Ane of thir folk awa fra his dwelling.
Thus to thair terme thai serve for thair rewarde:
  Dansing, disporting, singing, revelling,
With *Bissines* all blyth to pleis the lairde.

This folk, with all the femell thai micht fang,
  Quhilk numerit ane milyon and weil mo,
That wer upbred as servitours of lang,
  And with this king wald woun, in weil and wo.
  For favour, nor for feid, wald found him fro;
Unto the tyme thair dait be run and past:
  That gold nor gude micht gar thame fro him go;
No greif, nor grane, suld grayth thame so agast.

APOSTROPHE TO HONOUR.

O, hie honour, sweit heuinlie flour digest!
  Gem verteuous, maist precious, gudliest,
For hie renoun thou art guerdoun conding,
  Of worschip kend the glorious end and rest,
  But whome in richt na worthie wicht may lest,
Thy greit puissance may maist auance all thing,
And pouerall to meikall auail sone bring.
  I thé require sen thow but peir art best,
That eftir this in thy hie blis we ring.

ALEXANDER BARCLAY.

BORN 1475 — DIED 1552.

Whether ALEXANDER BARCLAY, an elegant poet of the sixteenth century, was born on Scottish or English soil has long been a *quæstio vexata*, affording the literary antiquary a suitable field for the display of his characteristic amenity. Bishop Bale, Dr. Bulleyn, Hollingshed, and Ritson claim him as a Scotchman; while Warton, Wood, and other writers are equally certain that he was born south of the Tweed. The year of Barclay's birth is believed, on very obscure evidence, to have been 1475. From his writings it is conjectured that about 1495 he was pursuing his studies at Oriel College, Oxford, where, or at Cambridge, he received the degree of D. D. Going afterwards to the Continent, he there added to his classical attainments a knowledge of the Dutch, French, German, and Italian languages. On his return to England he entered the church, and became chaplain to Bishop Cornish, who in 1508 appointed him one of the priests or prebendaries of St. Mary Ottery, Devonshire. Subsequently he became a Benedictine monk of Ely, and afterwards a Franciscan monk at Canterbury. While in this situation he published an English translation of the *Mirrour of Good Manners*, a treatise compiled in Latin by Dominyke Mancyn for the use of the "juvent of England." After the Reformation Barclay accepted a ministerial charge in the Protestant Church as vicar of Much-Badew, in Essex. In 1546 he was vicar of Woking, in Somersetshire; and in April, 1552, he became rector of All-Hallows, Lombard Street, London. He possessed this living but six weeks, and died in the month of June at Croydon, in Surrey, where he was buried.

Of his personal character diametrically different accounts have been given. Bale, a Protestant, treats Barclay's memory with indignity, and charges him with having lived a scandalous life; while Pitts, a Roman Catholic, assures us that the poet directed his studies to the service of religion, and employed his time in composition, in his religious duties, and in reading the lives of the saints.

Barclay was the author of a large number of works, original and translated, and he is entitled to grateful commemoration as having done more for the improvement of English literature than any of his contemporaries. His principal poetical production, entitled "The Shyp of Fooles," is an extremely curious and once widely popular satire, which, under the allegory of a ship freighted with fools of all kinds, held the mirror up to the prevailing vices and follies of every rank and profession at that important and suggestive period of history immediately preceding the Reformation. Barclay's metrical version in the balade or octave stanza, adapted from a German poem by Sebastian Brandt, called "Navis Stultifera," printed by Pynson in 1509, contains large additions satirizing the follies and vices of his own countrymen. Of this work Warton writes: "All ancient satirical writings, even those of an inferior cast, have their merit, and deserve attention, as they transmit pictures of familiar manners and preserve popular customs. In this light at least Barclay's 'Ship of Fools,' which is a general satire on the times, will be found entertaining. Nor must it be denied that his language is more cultivated than that of many of his contemporaries, and that he has contributed his share to the improvement of the English phraseology. His author, Sebastian Brandt, appears to have been a man of universal erudition, and his work for the most part is a tissue of citations from the ancient poets and historians." A beautiful edition of this work, with a glossary and biographical notices by T. J. Jamieson, keeper of the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh, was published in 1874. Copies of the Pynson edition are very rare, and are valued at upwards of one hundred pounds.

Among Barclay's other works are his "Eclogues," translations freely made from Mantuanus and Eneas Silvius, and which are the earliest specimens of pastoral poetry in the English language; "The Castle of Labour," an allegorical poem; and a translation of Sallust's *History of the Jugurthine War*, published five years after the poet's death. It is one of the earliest specimens of English translation from the classics, and on the title-page may be read, "translated into Englishe by Syr Alexder Barklaye, prieste: nowe perused and corrected by Thomas Paynell." Of the "Eclogues," Warton, in his *History of English Poetry*, says, "They are, like Petrarch's and Mantuan's, of the moral and satirical kind, and contain but few touches of rural description and bucolic imagery." Barclay's abilities, it may be added, gained him very great distinction as a writer even during his lifetime. He was admired for his wit and eloquence, and for a fluency of style not common in that age.

OF THEM THAT GIVE JUDGMENT ON OTHERS.

Who that reputyth hym selfe iust and fawtles,
Of maners gode, and of lyuynge commendable,
And iugeth other (parchaunce that ar gyltles)
To be of a condicion reprouable,
Hymselfe nat notynge, thoughe that he were culpable,
He is a fole, and onys shall haue a fall,
Syns he wyll other iuge, hym selfe yet worst of all.

Many fallyth in great peryll and damage,
And greuous deth by the vyce of folysshnes,
Perseuerantly bydynge in theyr outrage,
Theyr soule infect with synne and viciousnes;
And though that deth hym alway to them addres,
Yet hope they in longe lyfe and prosperyte,
And neuer asswageth theyr blynde iniquyte.

The tyme passeth as water in a ryuere,
No mortall man can it reuoke agayne;
Dethe with his dartis vnwarely doth apere,
It is the ende of euery man certayne,
The last of all ferys and ende of worldly payne:
But thoughe we knowe that we all must haue an ende,
We slepe in synne disdaynynge vs to amende.

Some thynke them gode, iust and excellent,
Myghty stronge and worthy of permynence:
Charitable, chast, constant and innocent,
Nat doutynge deth nor other inconuenyence:
But yet ar they wrappyd sore in synne and offence,
And in a vayne hope, contynue in suche wyse
That all the worlde (saue them selfe) they dispyse.

They take on them the workes of God omnipotent,
To iuge the secrete of mannys mynde and thought;
And where no sygne is sene playne and euydent
They iuge a man, saynge his lyfe is nought.
And if deth one hath vnto his last ende brought,
(As mad) they mende nat theyr mysgouernaunce,
Nat thynkynge that they ensue must the same daunce.

OF ELEVATED PRIDE AND BOASTING.

That lawde is vyle the whiche doth procede
From mannys owne mouth vttred in wordes vayne;
Of suche foly no wyse man taketh hede,
But by discression doth hym selfe refrayne;
But pompe and pryde whiche doth all men disdayne
Engendreth folys: whiche thynkynge to exell
All other in erth, at last fall downe to hell.

Besyde our folys rehersyd here before
In dyuers barges almost innumerable,
Yet stately pryde makyth the nomber more,
Whiche is a vyce so moche abhomynable,
That it surmountyth without any fable
All other vyces in furour and vylenes,
And of all synne is it rote and maystres.

The noblest hertis by this vyce ar acloyed,
It is confounder mekenes and vertue;
So by the same is many one destroyed
In soule and body whiche them to it subdue.
Wherfore let the wyse his statelynes eschewe,
For it hath be sene, is sene, and euer shall,
That first or last foule pryde wyll haue a fall.

The first inuentour of this vnhappy vyce,
As doth the scripture playne expres and tell,
Was Lucyfer, whiche to hym dyd attyce
A crusyd nomber both stately and cruell,
In mynde intendynge his Maker to excell;
Or els if he coude come to his intent
For to be egall with God omnypotent.

Thus of all synnes pryde was the first of all,
Bygon by Lucifer; but God omnypotent
Percyuynge his foly made hym and his to fall
From heuen to hell, to paynes violent
In horryble shape: before so excellent
Shynynge in heuen before the aungels all,
Thus had his folysshe pryde a greuous fall.

OF EVIL COUNSELLORS, JUDGES, AND LAWYERS.

He that office hath and hyghe autorite,
To rule a royalme, as juge or counsellour,
Which seynge Justice, playne ryght and equyte,
Them falsly blyndeth by fauour or rigour,
Condemnynge wretches gyltles; and to a transgressour
Formede shewinge fauour: suche is as wyse a man
As he that wolde seeth a quycke sowe in a pan.

Right many labours nowe, with hyghe diligence,
For to be lawyers the comons to counsayle,
Therby to be in honour had and in reuerence;
But onely they labour for theyr pryuate auayle:
The purs of the clyent shal fynde hym apparayle.
And yet knowes he neyther lawe, good counsel nor justice,
But speketh at auenture, as men throwe the dyce.

Suche in the senate ar taken oft to counsayle
With statis of this and many a other region,
Whiche of theyr maners vnstable ar and frayle,
Nought of lawe ciuyl knowinge nor canon,
But wander in derknes, clerenes they haue none.
O noble Rome, thou gat nat thy honours
Nor general empyre by suche counsellours.

Whan noble Rome all the worlde dyd gouerne
Theyr councellers were olde men iust and prudent,
Whiche egally dyd euery thynge descerne,
Wherby theyr empyre became so excellent.
But nowe a dayes he shall haue his intent
That hath most golde, and so it is befall
That aungels worke wonders in Westmynster hall.

They cursyd coyne makyth the wronge seme right;
The cause of hym that lyueth in pouertye
Hath no defence, tuycion, strength nor myght:
Suche is the olde custome of this faculte
That colours oft cloke justice and equyte:
None can the mater fele nor vnderstonde
Without the aungell be weyghty in his honde.