

And we'll go no more a roving,
A roving in the night,
Although the moon is moving,
And stars are shining bright.

He took the lassie in his arms,
And gae her kisses three,
And four-and-twenty hunder merk
To pay the nurse's fee:
He took a wee horn frae his side,
And blew baith loud and shrill,
And four-and-twenty belted knights
Came skipping o'er the hill.
And we'll go no more a roving,
A roving in the night,

Nor sit a sweet maid loving
By coal or candle light.

And he took out his little knife,
Loot a' his duddies fa',
And he was the brawest gentleman
That was amang them a'.
The beggar was a clever loon,
And he lap shoulder height,
O ay for sicken quarters
As I got yesternight!
And we'll ay gang a roving,
A roving in the night,
For then the maids are loving,
And stars are shining bright.

ALEXANDER MONTGOMERY.

BORN 1540 — DIED 1614. (?)

ALEXANDER MONTGOMERY, known as a poet in 1568, is supposed to have been a younger son of Montgomery of Hazlehead Castle, in Ayrshire. Of his personal history there are no authentic memorials. In his poem entitled "The Navigatioun," he calls himself "ane German born." Dempster describes him as "*Equus Montanus vulgo vocatus*," but is certain that he was never knighted. In the titles to his works he is styled Captain, and it has been conjectured that he was an officer in the body-guard of the Regent Morton. Melville in his *Diary* mentions him about 1577 as "Captain Montgomery, a good honest man, and the regent's domestic." His poetical talents secured him the friendship of James VI., from whom he received a pension. In the king's "Reulis and Cautelis to be observit and eschewit in Scottish Poesie," published in 1584, his majesty quotes some of Montgomery's poems as examples of the different styles of verse. His best known production is his allegorical poem of "The Cherrie and the Slae," on which Allan Ramsay formed the model of his "Vision," and to one particular passage in which he was indebted for his description of the Genius of Caledonia. It was first published in 1595, and reprinted two years later by Robert Waldegrave, "according to a copie corrected by the author himselfe." Another

of his compositions is styled "The Flyting between Montgomerie and Polwart," which is written after the manner of the "Flyting of Dunbar and Kennedie." He is also the author of "The Minde's Melodie," consisting of paraphrases of the Psalms, and a great variety of sonnets. Among the books presented by Drummond of Hawthornden to the University of Edinburgh is a manuscript collection of the poems of Montgomery, consisting of odes, sonnets, psalms, and epitaphs. His death occurred between 1597 and 1615, in which latter year an edition of his "Cherrie and Slae" was printed by Andrew Hart. Editions of his poetical works were published in 1751 and 1754; and in 1822 a complete edition, with a biographical preface by Dr. Irving, was issued in Edinburgh, under the superintendence of David Laing.

An eminent critic says of Montgomery, that he "deserves more notice than he has obtained; he was long spoken of, but seldom read; and I am willing to believe that the fortunate abuse of Pinkerton contributed to his fame, by arming in his behalf all the lovers of old Scottish song. The cast of his genius is lyrical; there is a sweetness and a liquid motion about even his most elaborate productions, and one cannot easily avoid chanting many passages on perusal. His thoughts are ready, his images

at hand, and his illustrations natural and apt. His language is ever flowing, felicitous, and abundant. His faults are the faults of the times. Printing had opened the treasures of ancient lore; and all our compositions were speckled and spotted with classical allusions. He embalms conceits in a stream of melody, and seeks to consecrate anew the faded splendour of the heathen mythology. Such dis-

play of scholarship was less affected than than it would be now. To glance, as the stream of story flows along, at old glory and at ancient things, is very well when happily managed and not dwelt upon; but Venus can only come into courtships now to be laughed at, and the most reasonable god in all the mythology will abate rather than increase the interest of any living poet's song."

THE CHERRIE AND THE SLAE.

(EXTRACT.)

About an bank with balmy bewis,
 Quhair nychtingales thair notis renewis,
 With gallant goldspinks gay;
 The mavis, merle, and progne proud,
 The lintquhyt, lark, and laverock loud,
 Salutit mirthful May.
 Quhen Philomel had sweetly sung,
 To progne scho deplord,
 How Tereus cut out hir tung,
 And falsly hir deflourd;
 Quilk story so sorie
 To schaw hir self scho semit,
 To heir hir so neir hir,
 I doubtit if I dreimit.

The cushat crouds, the corbie crys,
 The coukow couks, the prattling pyes,
 To geck hir they begin:
 The jargoun or the jangling jayes,
 The craiking craws, and keckling kays,
 They deavt me with thair din.
 The painted pawn with Argos eyis
 Can on his mayock call;
 The turtle wails on witherit treis,
 And eccho answers all,
 Repeting with greiting,
 How fair Narcissus fell,
 By lying and spying
 His schadow in the well.

I saw the hurcheon and the hare
 In hidlings hirpling heir and thair,
 To mak thair morning mänge.
 The con, the cuning, and the cat,
 Quhais dainty downs with dew were wat,
 With stif mustachis strange.
 The hart, the hynd, the dae, the rae,
 The fulmart and false fox;
 The beardit buck clam up the brae,
 With birssy bairs and brocks;

Sum feiding, sum dreiding
 The hunter's subtile snairs,
 With skipping and tripping,
 They playit them all in pairs.

The air was sobir, saft, and sweit,
 Nae misty vapours, wind, nor weit,
 But quyit, calm, and clear,
 To foster Flora's fragrant flowris,
 Quhairon Apollo's paramouris,
 Had trinklit mony a teir;
 The quhilk lyke silver schaikers shynd,
 Embroydering bewties bed,
 Quhairwith their heavy heids declynd,
 In Mayis collouris cled,
 Sum knoping, sum dropping,
 Of balmy liquor sweit,
 Excelling and smelling,
 Throw Phebus hailsum heit.

Methocht an heavenlie heartsum thing,
 Quhair dew lyke diamonds did hing,
 Owre twinkling all the treis,
 To study on the flurist twists,
 Admiring nature's alchymists,
 Laborious bussie beis,
 Quhair of sum sweetest honie socht,
 To stay thair lyves frae sterve,
 And sum the waxie veschells wrocht,
 Thair purchase to preserve;
 So heiping, for keiping
 It in thair hyves they hede,
 Precisely and wysely,
 For winter they provyde.

NIGHT IS NIGH GONE.

Hey, now the day's dawning;
 The jolly cock's crowing;
 The eastern sky's glowing;
 Stars fade one by one;

The thistle-cock's crying
On lovers long lying,
Cease vowing and sighing;
The night is nigh gone.

The fields are o'erflowing
With gowans all glowing,
And white lilies growing,
A thousand as one;
The sweet ring-dove cooing,
His love notes renewing,
Now moaning, now suing;
The night is nigh gone.

The season excelling,
In scented flowers smelling,
To kind love compelling
Our hearts every one;
With sweet ballads moving
The maids we are loving,
Mid musing and roving
The night is nigh gone.

Of war and fair women
The young knights are dreaming,
With bright breastplates gleaming,
And plumed helmets on;
The barbed steed neighs lordly,
And shakes his mane proudly,
For war-trumpets loudly
Say night is nigh gone.

I see the flags flowing,
The warriors all glowing,
And, snorting and blowing,
The steeds rushing on;
The lances are crashing,
Out broad blades come flashing
Mid shouting and dashing—
The night is nigh gone.

WHILE WITH HER WHITE HANDS.

While with her white and nimble hands
My mistress gathering blossoms stands
Amid the flowery mead;
Of lilies white, and violets,
A garland properly she plaits
To set upon her head:

Thou sun, now shining bright above,
If ever thou the fire of love
Hast felt, as poets feign:
If it be true, as true it seems,
In courtesy withdraw thy beams,
Lest thou her colour stain.

If thou her fairness wilt not burn
She'll quit thee with a kinder turn,
And close her sparkling eyes;—
A brightness far surpassing thine,
Lest thou thereby ashamed should tyme
Thy credit in the skies.

VAIN LOVERS.

None love, but fools, unloved again,
Who tyme their time and come no speed.
Make this a maxim to remain,
That love bears none but fools at feid;
And they get aye a good goosehead,
In recompense of all their pain.
So of necessitie men succeed:
None love, but fools, unloved again.

I wot a wise man will beware,
And will not venture but advice;
Great fools, for me, I think they are
Who seek warm water under ice:
Yet some more wilful are than wise,
That for their love's sake would be slain;
Buy no repentance at that price—
None love, but fools, unloved again.

Though some we see in every age,
Like glaikit fools, gang giddy gates,
Where reason finds no place for rage,
They love them best who them but hates:
Synne of their follies wyte the fates,
As destiny did them disdain,
Which are but idle vain conceits,—
None love, but fools, unloved again.

Some by a proverb fain would prove,
Who scarcely ever saw the schools,
That love with reason is no love,
Nor constance where occasion cools:
There they confess like frantic fools,
That wilfully they will be vain;
But reason, what are men but mules?
None love, but fools, unloved again.

Go ding a dog and he will bite,
But fawn on him who gives him food,
And can, as cause requires, acquit,
As ill with ill, and good with good.
Then love none but where thou art lov'd,
And where thou finds them feign'd, refrain:
Take this my counsel, I conclude—
None love, but fools, unloved again.

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

BORN 1542 — DIED 1587.

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS, the daughter of James V. and Mary of Lorraine, was born at Linlithgow Palace, December 8th, 1542. While she was still a child she was demanded in marriage by Henry VIII. of England for his son Edward VI. When the Earl of Huntly was solicited for his assistance in this measure, he said like a man, that he did not dislike the match so much, as the way of wooing. The wishes of this boisterous potentate were not gratified, and a war arose in consequence, during which the young princess was sent to France at the age of six years. She was kindly received by Henry II., who resolved to educate her in all the accomplishments suitable to her elevated rank. She profited by her attention and her talents from the education which a munificent king bestowed upon her, as the intended wife of the dauphin, heir-apparent of his crown. By the death of the French king, and her marriage with Francis II., whom she also lost soon after, she became an unprotected widow at the age of eighteen. France had now no charms for her; while she received invitations from all parties to return to her native country and her divided people. She arrived at Leith, the seaport of Edinburgh, on the 19th of August, 1561.

Before her departure from France Mary wrote verses with great facility in the language of that country, which may be said to have been her mother-tongue. She never attained to a good knowledge of English, not even of that form of it spoken in her native land. Her poems on the death of the dauphin, and on her leaving France, have "very considerable merit in the ideas, the imaginations, and the very genius of elegiac poetry," says her vindicator Whitaker, who has translated them into English. She was not only a poetess, but the cause of poetry in others. Many a *vaudeville* was written on her departure for Scotland, and one of her subjects, Alexander Scot, known as the Scottish Anacreon because he sung so much of love, sent "Ane New Year Gift" in

the form of a poetical address, in twenty-eight stanzas. It begins—

"Welcome, illustrate lady, and our queen!"

and in one verse the poet makes pointed allusion to certain prophecies which assigned a brilliant future to the young queen:—

"If saws be sooth to shaw thy celsitude,
 What bairn should brook all Britain by the sea,
 The prophecy expressly does conclude
 The French wife of the Bruce's blood should be:
 Thou art by line from him the ninth degree,
 And was King Francis' perty maik and peer;
 So by descent the same should spring of thee,
 By grace of God against this good new year."

After many vicissitudes of fortune, and struggles with her turbulent and semi-savage nobles, Mary was at last forced to flee from her own kingdom to that of a rival and enemy, for refuge from the hands of those who were capable of almost any deed of violence. But as well might the beautiful and unfortunate queen claim protection from her kinswoman as the hunted deer seek refuge in a tiger's den. For nineteen years she was confined a prisoner in various castles, and at length ended her sad and chequered career on the block. She was beheaded at Fotheringay Castle, February 8, 1587, in the forty-fifth year of her age. "The admirable and saintly fortitude with which she suffered," it has been well remarked, "formed a striking contrast to the despair and agony which not long afterwards darkened the death-bed of the English queen." Her remains now rest in Westminster Abbey, where a magnificent monument is erected to her memory. Mary's sad story may be epitomized in the lines—

"Beauty and anguish walking hand in hand
 The downward slope to death."

While the conduct and character of Queen Mary have been the subject of endless controversy with historians, her great beauty, her learning, and her many accomplishments are universally acknowledged. She wrote with elegance and force in the Latin, French, and Italian languages. Among her compositions

are "Poems on Various Occasions;" "Royal Advice to her Son;" a copy of verses in French, sent with a diamond ring to Queen Elizabeth; and her "Last Prayer," written originally in Latin. A meritorious poem of five stanzas has been attributed to her second husband, Lord Darnley, the father of James VI. In 1873 an edition of Queen Mary's poems in French was published, with an in-

troduction by Julian Sharman. The volume contained eight poems.¹ It is doubtful whether at any time the queen applied herself to the study or composition of English poetry. A distich in that language, scrawled on a window at Fotheringay, is the only fragment:—

"From the top of all my trust,
Mishap has laid me in the dust."

ON THE DEATH OF THE DAUPHIN.

While in a tone of deepest woe
My sweetly mournful warblings flow,
I wildly cast my eyes around,
Feel my dread loss, my bosom wound,
And see, in sigh succeeding sigh,
The finest moments of my life to fly.

Did Destiny's hard hand before,
Of miseries such a store,
Of such a train of sorrows shed
Upon a happy woman's head?
Who sees her very heart and eye
Or in the bier or in the coffin lie;—

Who, in the morning of my day,
And midst my flowers of youth most gay,
Feel all my wretchedness at heart,
That heaviest sorrows can impart;
And can in nothing find relief
But in the fond indulgence of my grief.

What once of joy could lend a strain,
Is now converted into pain;
The day, that shines with feeblest light,
Is now to me a darksome night;
Nor is there aught of highest joys
That now my soul will condescend to prize.

Full at my heart and in my eye
A portrait and an image lie
That figure out my dress of woe,
And my pale face reflected show
The semblance of the violet's blue,
Unhappy love's own genuine hue.

To ease my sorely troubled mind,
I keep to no one spot confin'd,
But think it good to shift my place,
In hopes my sadness to efface;
For now is worst, now best again,
The most sequester'd solitary scene.

Whether I shelter in the grove,
Or in the open meadow rove;
Whether the morn is dawning day,
Or evening shoots its level ray,
My heart's incessant feelings prove
My heavy mourning for my absent love.

If at a time towards the skies
I cast my sorrow-dropping eyes,
I see his eyes sweet glancing play
Amongst the clouds in every ray;
Then in the clouds dark water view
His hearse display'd in sorrow's sable hue.

If to repose my limbs apply,
And slumbering on my couch I lie,
I hear his voice to me rejoin,
I feel his body touching mine;
Engaged at work, to rest applied,
I have him still for ever at my side.

No other object meets my sight,
However fair it seems, or bright,
To which my heart will e'er consent
To yield itself in fond content;
And robbed of the perfection be
Of this impassioned mournful sympathy.

But here, my song, do thou refrain
From thy most melancholy strain,
Of which shall this the burden prove:
"My honest heart full lively love,
Howe'er I am by death disjoin'd,
Shall never, never diminution find."

SONNET.

Que suis-je, hélas! et de quoi sert la vie!
J'en suis fors qu'un corps priué de cœueur;
Un ombre vayn, un object de malheur,
Qui n'a plu rien qui de mourir en vie.

¹ *The Poems of Mary Queen of Scots*, edited by Julian Sharman. One vol. 8vo (Pickering, London, 1873). 100 copies only printed.—Ed.

Plus ne me portez, O enemys, d'envie,
 Qui n'a plus l'esprit à la grandeur:
 J'ai consommé d'excessive douleur,
 Voltre ire en bref de voir assouvie,
 Et vous amys qui m'avez tenu chere,
 Souvenez-vous que sans cuer et sans santey,
 Je ne saurois auqun bon œuvre fair.
 Et que sus bas etant assez punie,
 J'aie ma part en la joie infinie.

TO RONSART.¹

Ronsart, si ton bon cœur, de gentille nature,
 Te meut pour le respect d'un peu de nourriture
 Qu'en tes plus jeunes ans tu as recu d'un roi
 De ton roi allie, et de sa meme loi,
 Le dirai non couart ni tache d'avarice,
 Mais digne, a mon avis, du nom de brave prince.

Helas! n'ecrivez par ses faits ni ses grandeurs,
 Mais qu'il a bien voulu empecher de malheurs.

LAST PRAYER.

Oh! my God and my Lord,
 I have trusted in thee;
 Oh! Jesus, my love,
 Now liberate me.
 In my enemies' power,
 In affliction's sad hour
 I languish for thee.
 In sorrowing, weeping,
 And bending the knee,
 I adore and implore thee
 To liberate me!

ALEXANDER HUME.

BORN 1560 — DIED 1609.

ALEXANDER HUME, a sacred poet, was the second son of Patrick, fifth baron of Polwarth, and is supposed to have been born in the year 1560. He studied at the University of St. Andrews, where he was graduated in 1574. After spending four years in France studying the law, he returned to his native country, and was admitted to practise as an advocate. His professional progress is thus related by himself in an "Epistle to Maister Gilbert Monterief, Mediciner to the King's Majestie, wherein is set down the Inexperience of the Author's Youth:"—

"Quhen that I had employ'd my youth and paine .
 Four years in France, and was return'd againe,
 I lang'd to learn and curious was to know

The consuetudes, the custome, and the law,
 Quhairby our native soil was guide aright,
 And justice done to everie kind of wight.
 To that effect, three years, or near that space,
 I haunted maist our highest pleading place,
 And senate, quhair causes reason'd war,
 My breast was bruisit with leaning on the bar;
 My buttons brist, I partly spitted blood,
 My gown was traild and trampid quhair I stood;
 My ears war deif'd with maissars cryes and din,
 Qukilk procuratoris and parties callit in.
 I daily learnit, but could not pleisit be;
 I saw sic things as pitie was to see,
 Ane house owerlaid with process sa misguidit,
 That sum too late, sum never war decydit;
 The pair abusit ane hundred divers wayes;
 Postpon'd, deffer'd with shifts and mere delays,
 Consumit in gudes, ourset with grief and paine;
 Your advocate maun be refresht with gaine,
 Or else he fails to speake or to invent
 Ane gude defence or weightie argument.
 Ye 'spill your cause,' ye 'trouble him too sair,'
 Unless his hand anointed be with mair."

¹ The following translation was made by D. G. Rosetti:—

Ronsart, if thy good heart, of gentle kind,
 Moves thee in regard of some little nurture
 Which, in thy younger years, thou didst receive from a
 king
 Allied to thy king, and of his self-same form of faith,
 I will pronounce him no craven, nor stained with
 avarice,
 But worthy, to my thinking, of the name of a good prince.
 Alas! write not his achievements nor his grandeur,
 But that he strove to prevent many calamities.

Not meeting with success at the bar, Hume sought preferment at the court of James VI., but failing in this also, he entered into holy orders, and was appointed minister of Logie, in Fifeshire. He now devoted himself to writing religious songs and poems, with a view of correcting the popular taste, and displacing

the "godlie and spiritual sangis and ballatis" of that age, which were nothing more than pious travesties of the profane ballads and songs then most in vogue. In 1599 Hume published a volume entitled "Hymnes or Sacred Songs, where the right use of Poetry may be Espied," dedicated to "the faithful and vertuous Lady Elizabeth Melvil," generally styled Lady Culros, who wrote "Ane Godlye Dream, compylit in Scottish Meter," printed at Edinburgh in 1603, and at Aberdeen in 1644, which was a great favourite with the Presbyterians. The Hymns were recently reprinted by the Bannatyne Club. The best of these sacred poems, entitled by the author "The Day Estivall," is altogether an extraordinary production for the age in which it was composed. It presents the picture of a summer day from the dawn to the twilight; painted with a fidelity to nature, a liveliness of colouring, and a tasteful selection of incidents which mark the hand of a master. Besides the

"Hymns or Sacred Songs," Mr. Hume wrote a poem on the defeat of the Spanish Armada. It is called "The Triumph of the Lord after the Maner of Men," and describes a triumphal procession similar to those of the ancient Romans, in which the spoils of the conquered enemy are exhibited in succession. The following passage may suffice for a specimen:—

" Richt as the point of day beginnes to spring,
And larks aloft melodiouslie to sing,
Bring furthe all kynde of instrumentis of weir
To gang befor, and mak ane noyce cleir;
Gar trumpets sounde the awful battellis blast,
On dreadful drummes gar stryke alarum faste;
Mak showting shalmes, and peircing phipheris shill
Cleene cleave the clouds, and pierce the hiest hill.
Caus michtelie the wierlie nottis brejke,
On Hieland pipes, Scottes and Hybernicke.
Let heir the skraichs of deadlie clarions,
And syne let off ane volie of cannons."

The poem has been highly praised by Dr. Leyden. The year 1609 is given as the date of Hume's death.

THE DAY ESTIVALL.

O perfite light! quhilk schaid away
The darknes from the light,
And set a ruler over the day,
Ane uther ouer the night.

Thy glorie quhen the day forth flies,
Mair vively dois appeare,
Nor at mid-day unto our eyes,
The shining sun is cleare.

The shaddow of the earth, anon,
Removes and drawis by;
Sine in the east quhen it is gone,
Appeares a clearer sky.

Quhilk sunne perceaves the lytill larkis,
The lapwing and the snype,
And tunes thair fangs like nature's clarkis,
Ouer medow, muir, and strype.

But everie bauld nocturnal beast
Na langer may abide,
They hy away, baith maist and least,
Themselves in house to hide.

They dread the day, fra they it see,
And from the sight of men,
To seats and covers fast they flee,
As lyons to their den.

Oure hemisphere is poleist clein,
And lightened more and more,
Quhill everie thing be clearlie sein
Quhilk semit dim before.

Except the glistering astres bright,
Quhilk all the night were cleare,
Offusked with a greater light,
Na langer dois appeare.

The golden globe incontinent,
Sets up his shining head,
And ouer the earth and firmament
Displays his beims abroad.

For joy the birds, with boulden throats,
Agains his visage shein,
Takes up their kindlie musike nots
In woods and gardens grein.

Up braids the cairfull husbandman,
His cornes and vines to see,
And everie tymous artisan
In buith work besilie.

The pastor quits the sloithfull sleepe,
And passes forth with speede,
His little camow-nosed sheepe,
And rowtting kie to feede.

The passenger from perrels sure
Gangs gladlie forth the way.
Breife everie living creature
Takes comfort of the day.

The subtile motty rayens light
At rifts they are in wonne;
The glansing thains, and vitre bright,
Resplends agains the sunne.

The dew upon the tender crops,
Like pearls white and round,
Or like to melted silver drops,
Refreshes all the pound.

The mistie rock, the clouds of raine,
From tops of mountains skails;
Clear are the highest hills and plaine,
The vapors takes the vails.

Begaried is the sapphire pend
With sprains of skarlet hew,
And preciously from end to end
Damasked white and blew.

The ample heaven of fabrik sure
In cleannes dois surpass
The crystall and the silver pure,
As cleirest poleist glass.

The time sa tranquil is and still,
That na where sall ye find,
Saive on ane high and barren hill,
The aire of peeping wind.

All trees and simples, great and small,
That balmie leaf do beir,
Nor thay were painted on a wall,
Na mair they move or steir.

Calm is the deep and purpour sé,
Yea smoother than the sand;
The wallis that woltring wont to be,
Are stable like the land.

Sa silent is the cessile air,
That everie cry and call,
The hills and dails, and forest fair,
Againe repeats them all.

The rivers fresh, the caller streams
Ouer rocks can softlie rin;
The water clear, like crystal seams,
And makes a pleasand din.

The feilds and earthly superifice
With verdure grene is spredd,
And naturallie, but artifice,
In partie colours cledd.

The flourishes and fragrant floures,
Throw Phebus' fostring heit,
Refresht with dew and silver shoures,
Casts up an odor sweet.

The clogged bussie humming beis,
That never thinks to drowne,
On flowers and flourishes of treis
Collects their liquor browne.

The sunne, maist like a speidie post,
With ardent course ascends,
The beauty of the heavenly host,
Up to our zenith tends.

Nocht guided by a Phaeton,
Nor trayned in a chayre,
Bot by the hie and holie On,
Quhilk dois all where empire.

The burning beims down from his face
Sa fervently can beat,
That man and beast now seeks a place
To save them fra the heat.

The breathless flocks drawes to the shade
And frechure of their fald;
The startling nolt, as they were madde,
Runnes to the rivers cald.

The heards beneath some leafy treis
Amids the floures they lie;
The stabill ships upon the seis
Tends up their sails to drie.

The hart, the hind, and fallow-deare
Are tapisht at their rest;
The foules and birdes that made thé beare,
Prepares their prettie nest.

The rayons dures descending down,
All kindles in a gleid,
In cittie, nor in burroughs-towne,
May nane set furth their heid.

Back from the blew paymented whunn,
And from ilk plaister wall,
The hot reflexing of the sunne
Inflames the air and all.

The labourers that timelie raiss,
All wearie, faint, and weake,
For heate down to their houses gais,
Noon-meate and sleip to take.

The callour wine in cave is sought,
Men's brotheing breists to cule;
The water cald and cleir is brought,
And sallets steipit in ule.

Sum pluckes the honie plown and peare,
The cherrie and the pesche;
Sum likes the rime, and London beare,
The bodie to refresche.

Forth of their skeppes sum raging beis
Lyes out, and will not cast;
Sum uther swarmes hyes on the treis
In knots togidder fast.

The korbeis and the kekling kais
May scarce the heat abide;
Halks prunyeis on the sunnie brais,
And wedders back and side.

With gilted eyes and open wings
The cock his courage shawis;
With claps of joy his breast he dings,
And twentie times he crawis.

The dow, with whistling wings sa blew,
The winds can fast collect;
Her purpour penes turnes merry hew,
Agains the sunne direct.

Now noon is went, gane is mid-day,
The heat dois slake at last;
The sunne descends down west away
Fra three o'clock be past.

A little cule of breathing wind
Now softly can arise,
The warks throw heit that lay behind,
Now men may enterprise.

Furth faires the flocks to seek their fude
On everie hill and plaine,
Quhilk labourer, as he thinks gude,
Steppes to his turn againe.

The rayons of the sunne we see
Diminish in their strenth;
The schad of everie towre and tree
Extended is in lenth.

Great is the calm, for everie quhair
The wind is settin doune;
The reik thraves right up in the air
From everie towre and towne.

Their firdoning the bony birds
In bauks they do begin;
With pipes of reeds the jolie hirds
Halds up the mirrie din.

The maveis and the philomeen,
The stirling whissels loud,
The cuschetts on the branches green,
Full quietly they crowd.

The gloming comes, the day is spent,
The sun goes out of sight,
And painted is the occident
With purpour sanguine bright.

The skarlet nor the golden threid,
Who would their beautie try,
Are naething like the color reid
And beautie of the skie.

Our west horizon circular,
Fra time the sunne be set,
Is all with rubeis, as it wer,
Or roses reid ouerfrett.

What plesour wer to walk and see,
Endlang a river cleir,
The perfect form of everie tree
Within the deepe appear!

The salmon out of cruives and creills,
Uphaild into skoutts;
The bels and circles on the weills,
Throw lowping of the trouts.

O! then, it wer a seemlie thing,
While all is still and calme,
The praise of God to play and sing,
With cornet and with schalme.

Bot now the hirds, with mony shout,
Calls uther be their name.
Ga, Billie! turne our gude about,
Now time is to ga hame.

With bellie fow, the beasts belyve
Are turned fra the corne,
Quhilk soberly they hameward dryve,
With pipe and liltling horne.

Throw all the land great is the gild
Of rustik folks that cry;
Of bleiting sheep, fra they be fild,
Of calves and rowtting ky.

All labourers draws hame at even,
And can till uther say,
Thanks to the gracious God of heaven,
Quhilk sent this summer day.

RECANTATION.

Alace, how long have I delayed
To leave the laits of youth!
Alace, how oft have I essayed
To daunt my lascive mouth,

And make my wayne polluted thought,
My pen and speech prophaine,
Extoll the Lord quihilk made of nocht
The heaven, the earth, and maine.

Scarce nature yet my face about
Her virile net had spun,
Quhen als oft as Phœbea stout
Was set agains the Sun;
Yea, als oft as the fierie flames
Arise and shine abroad,
I minded was, with sangs and psalms,
To glorifie my God.

But ay the cancred, carnall kind,
Quhilk lurked me within,

Seduced my heart, withdrew my mind,
And made me sclave to sin.
My senses and my saul I saw
Debait a deadlie strife,
Into my flesh I felt a law
Gainstand the law of life.

Even as the falcon high, and hait
Furth fleeing in the skye,
With wanton wing, hir game to gaif,
Disdains her caller's cry;
So led away with liberty,
And drowned in delight,
I wandred after vanitie—
My vice I give the wight.

JAMES THE SIXTH.

BORN 1566 — DIED 1625.

JAMES, the Sixth of Scotland and First of England, called by Sully "the wisest fool in Europe," was born in the castle of Edinburgh, June 19, 1566. He was the son of Queen Mary, by her husband Henry Lord Darnley. Both by his father and mother James was the great-grandson of Henry VII. of England. It is well known that a confederation of conspirators dethroned Mary about a year after the birth of her son. While this ill-fated princess was imprisoned in Lochleven Castle James was taken to Stirling, and there crowned King of Scotland at the age of thirteen months and ten days. When he was scarcely nineteen years he became an author, by publishing *The Essayes of a Prentice in the Divine Art of Poesie, with the Reulis and Canteles to be pursued and avoided*. These essays were printed at Edinburgh in 1585, by T. Vautroullier, and consist of a mixture of prose and poetry; the poems being chiefly a series of sonnets, while the prose consists of a code of laws for the construction of verse according to the ideas of that age. There is little in the king's style or his ideas to please the present age; yet compared with the efforts of contemporary authors these poems may be said to present a respectable appearance. This volume was reprinted in 1814, with a prefatory memoir

by R. P. Gillies. Copies of the original edition have been sold for more than £25. At Bindley's sale one brought £26, 5s.

In 1591 King James produced a second volume of verse entitled *Poeticall Exercises at Vacant Houres*, in the preface to which he informs the reader, as an apology for inaccuracies, that "scarcelie but at stolen moments had he leisure to blenk upon any paper, and yet nocht that with free, unvexed spirit." He also appears about this time to have proceeded some length with his translation of the Psalms into Scottish verse. A few years later the king wrote a treatise of counsel for his son Prince Henry, under the title of *Basilicon Doron*, which, although containing some passages offensive to the clergy, is a work of good sense, and conveys, upon the whole, a respectable impression at once of the author's abilities and moral temperament. It was published in 1599, and gained him a great accession of esteem among the English, for whose favour, of course, he was anxiously solicitous. Camden says "that in this book is most elegantly portrayed and set forth the pattern of a most excellent, every way accomplished king." Bacon considered it as "excellently written;" and Hume remarks that "whoever will read the *Basilicon Doron*, particularly the last two books, will

confess James to have possessed no mean genius."

It was a time when puns and all sorts of literary quips and quirks were much in vogue. The king was not behindhand in following this peculiar and distressing fashion. James greeted his Scottish subjects on a certain solemn occasion with a string of punning rhymes on the names of their most learned professors, Adamson, Fairlie, Sands, Young, Reid, and King.

"As Adam was the first of men, whence all beginning tak;
So Adam-son was president, and first man in this act.(1)
The theses Fair-lie did defend, which, though they lies contain,
Yet were fair lies, and he the sam right fairlie did maintain.
The field first entred Master Sands, and there he made me see
That not all sands are barren sands, but that some fertile bee.
Then Master Young most subtilie the theses did impugne,
And kythed old in Aristotle, although his name be Young.
To him succeeded Master Reid, who, though Reid be his name,
Neids neither for his disput blush, nor of his speech think shame.
Last entered Master King the lists, and dispute like a king,
How reason reigning as a queene should anger under bring.
To their deserved praise have I then playd upon their names,
And will their colledge hence be cald the Colledge of King James."

The king also wrote some vivacious verses when fifty-six years old, on the courting expedition to Spain of his son Charles and the courtly Buckingham.

On March 28, 1603, Queen Elizabeth expired, having named James as her successor, and he was crowned King of Great Britain, July 25, by Archbishop Whitgift, with all the ancient solemnity of that imposing ceremony. James was the author of various works in addition to those already mentioned: *A Discourse on the Gunpowder Plot*, *Demonology*, *A Counterblast to Tobacco*, &c. Kings are generally, as Milton has remarked, though strong in legions, but weak at arguments. James, although proud of his literary abilities, was certainly not strong in argument. He was dogmatic and pedantic, and his idea of his vocation appears to have been—

"To stick the doctor's chair into the throne,
Give law to words, or war with words alone,
Senates and courts with Greek and Latin rule,
And turn the council to a grammar-school."

So fond was James of polemics that he founded Chelsea College expressly for controversial theology. His grandson, Charles II., however, converted it into an asylum for disabled soldiers. For the encouragement of learning the king also founded, in April, 1582, the University of Edinburgh; and he conferred a lasting benefit on all who read the English language by the Authorized Version of the Holy Bible, still in use, nearly three centuries after it was completed and published by his orders. His reign was also distinguished by the establishment of new colonies and the introduction of manufactures. Early in the spring of 1625 the king was seized with tertian fever, and died March 27th, in the fifty-ninth year of his age.

A SHORT POEM OF TIME.

As I was panning in a morning aire,
And could not sleip nor nawayis take me rest,
Furth for to walk, the morning was so faire,
Athort the fields, it seemed to me the best.
The east was cleare, whereby belyve I gest
That fryie Titan cumming was in sight,
Obscuring chaste Diana by his light.

Who by his rising in the azure skyes
Did dewlie helse all thame on earth do dwell,
The balmie dew through birning drouth he dryis,
Which made the soile to savour sweet, and smell
By dew that on the night before downe fell,

Which then was soukit by the Delphienns heit
Up in the aire: it was so light and weit.

Whose hie ascending in his purpoure chere
Provokit all from Morpheus to flee:
As beasts to feid, and birds to sing with beir,
Men to their labour, bissie as the bee:
Yet idle men devysing did I see
How for to drive the tyme that did them irk,
By sindrie pastymes, quhile that it grew mirk.

Then woundred I to see them seik a wyle
So willingly the precious tyme to tyne:

And how they did themselves so farr begyle,
 To fushe of tyme, which of itself is fyne.
 Fra tyme be past to call it backward syne
 Is bot in vaine: therefore men sould be warr
 To sleuth the tyme that flees fra them so farr.

For what hath man bot tyme into this lyfe,
 Which gives him dayis his God aright to know?
 Wherefore then sould we be at sic a stryfe
 So spodelie our selfis for to withdraw
 Evin from the tyme, which is no wayis slaw
 To fie from us, suppose we fled it nocht?
 More wyse we were, if we the tyme had socht.

But sen that tyme is sic a precious thing,
 I wald we sould bestow it into that
 Which were most pleasour to our heavenly King.
 Flee ydilteth, which is the greatest lat;
 Bot, sen that death to all is destinat,
 Let us employ that tyme that God hath send us,
 In doing weil, that good men may commend us.

THE CIIII. PSALME.

O Lord inspyre my spreit, and pen, to praise
 Thy name, whose greatnes farr surpassis all:
 That syne, I may thy gloir and honour blaise,
 Which claithis the over: about the lyke a wall
 The light remainis. O thou, whose charge,
 and call
 Made heavens lyke courtenis for to spraid abraid,
 Who bowed the waters so, as serve they shall
 For cristal syrling ouer thy house to gleid.

Who walks upon the wings of restles winde,
 Who of the clouds his chariot made, even he
 Who, in his presence, still the spreits doeth find
 Ay ready to fulfill ilk just decree
 Of his, whose servant's fyre and flammis they be;
 Who set the earth on her fundations sure,
 So as her brangling none shall ever see:
 Who, at thy charge, the deip upon her bure.

So as the tops of mountains hie
 Be fluids were onis ouerflowed at thy command,
 Ay whill thy thundring voice sone made them
 flie
 Ower hiddeous hills and howes, till nocht but
 sand
 Was left behind, syne with thy mightie hand
 Thou limits made unto the roring deip.
 So shall she never droun againe the land,
 But brek her waves on rockis, her mairch to keip.

Thir are thy workis, who made the strands to
 breid,
 Syne rinn among the hills from fountains cleir,
 Whairto wyld asses oft dois rinn with speid,
 With uther beasts, to drinke. Hard by we heir

The chirping birds among the leaves, with beir
 To sing, whil all the rocks aboute rebounde.
 A wondrous worke, that thou, O Father deir,
 Maks throts so small yeild furth so great a
 sounde!

O thou who from thy palace oft letts fall
 (For to refresh the hills) thy blessed raine:
 Who with thy works maintains the earth and all:
 Who maks to grow the herbs and grass to gaine.
 The herbs for foode to man, grass dois remaine
 For food to horse and cattel of all kynde.
 Thou causeth them not pull at it in vaine,
 But be thair food, such is thy will and mynde.

Who dois rejoyse the hart of man with wyne,
 And who with oyle his face maks cleir and bright,
 And who with foode his stomack strengthens syne,
 Who nourishes the very treis aright.
 The cedars evin of Liban tall and wight
 He planted hath, where birds do bigg their nest.
 He made the fir trees of a wondrous hight,
 Where storks dois mak their dwelling-place, and
 rest.

Thou made the barren hills, wyld goats refuge,
 Thou made the rocks a residence and rest
 For Alpin ratts, where they do live and ludge.
 Thou maid the moone, her course, as thou
 thought best;
 Thou maid the sunne in tyme go to, that lest
 He still sould shyne, then night sould never come:
 But thou in ourdour all things hes so drest,
 Some beasts for day, for night are also some.

For lyons young at night beginnis to raire,
 And from their dennis to crave of God some
 pray:
 Then, in the morning, gone is all thair caire,
 And homeward to their caves rinnis fast, fra day
 Beginnes to kythe, the sunne dois so them fray.
 Then man gois furth, fra tyme the sunne dois ryse,
 And whill the evening he remainis away
 At lesume labour, where his living lyes.

How large and mightie are thy workis, O Lord!
 And with what wisdoms are they wrought, but
 fail.
 The earth's great fulnes, of thy gifts recorde
 Dois beare: heir of the seas (which divers skaile
 Of fish contenis) dois witnes beare: ilk sail
 Of divers ships upon the swelling waves
 Dois testifie, as dois the monstrous whale
 Who frays all fishes with his ravening jawes.

All thir (O Lord), yea all this wondrous heape
 Of living things, in season craves thair fill
 Of foode from. Thou giving, Lord, they reape:
 Thy open hand with gude things fills them still
 When so thou list: but contrar, when thou will

Withdraw thy face, then are they troubled sair,
 Their breath by thee received, sone dois them
 kill;
 Syne they returne into thair ashes bair.

But, notwithstanding, Father deare, in cace
 Thou breath on them againe, then they revive.
 In short, thou dois, O Lord, renewe the face
 Of all the earth, and all that in it live.
 Therefore immortal praise we give:
 Let him rejoyse into his workis he maid,
 Whose looke and touche, so hills and earth dois
 greive,
 As earth does tremble, mountains reikis, afraid.

To Jehoua I all my life shall sing,
 To sound his name I ever still shall cair:
 It shall be sweit my thinking on that king;
 In him I shall be glaid for ever mair.
 O let the wicked be into no whair

In earth. O let the sinful be destroyde,
 Blesse him my soule who name Jehoua bair:
 O blesse him now with notts that are enjoyde.

SONNET.

We find, by proof, that into every age
 In Phœbus' art some glistering star did shine,
 Who, worthy scholars to the Muses sage,
 Fulfill'd their countries with their works divine.
 So Homer was a sounding trumpet fine
 Amongst the Greeks, into his learned days;
 So Virgil was among the Romans syne
 A sprite sublim'd, a pillar of their praise!
 So lofty Petrarch his renown did blaze
 In tongue Italic, in a sugar'd style,
 And to the circled skies his name did raise;
 For he, by poems that he did compile,
 Led in triumph love, chasteness, death, and fame:
 But thou triumphs o'er Petrarch's proper name!

ROBERT AYTON.

BORN 1570 — DIED 1638.

SIR ROBERT AYTON, a younger son of Andrew Ayton, of Kinaldie, Fifeshire, was born there in the year 1570, and studied at St. Leonards College, St. Andrews, where he took his master's degree after the usual course of study, in 1588. Subsequently he resided for some time in France; whence in 1603 he addressed an elegant panegyric in Latin verse to King James, on his accession to the throne of England. On his appearance at court he was knighted, and appointed one of the gentlemen of the bedchamber and private secretary to the queen, Anne of Denmark. At a later period Ayton was secretary to Henrietta Maria, queen of Charles I. About 1609 he was sent by James as ambassador to the Emperor of Germany with the king's "Apology for the Oath of Allegiance," which he had dedicated to all the crowned heads of Europe. During Ayton's residence abroad, as well as at the court of England, he lived in intimacy with, and secured the esteem of, the most eminent persons of his time. "He was acquainted," says Aubrey, "with all the wits of his time in England; he was a great

acquaintance of Mr. Thomas Hobbes of Malmesbury, whom Mr. Hobbes told me he made use of, together with Ben Jonson, for an Aristarchus, when he made his epistle dedicatory, for his translation of Thucydides." Ben Jonson seemed proud of his friendship, for he told Drummond of Hawthornden that Sir Robert loved him (Jonson) dearly.

Sir Robert Ayton died in London in March, 1638, and was buried in Westminster Abbey, where a handsome monument was erected to his memory by his nephew. The inscription is in Latin, and his bust in bronze; in his looks there is as much of the gentleman as the genius. His monument is near that of Henry V. The brass head of the humble poet is still safe and un mutilated; while the silver head of the hero of Agincourt fell a victim to the value of its material: it was melted down by Cromwell's parliament to assist in paying the army!

The courtier poet's song to his forsaken mistress is one of the sweetest and happiest of our early compositions. It was on this song that Burns bestowed a Scottish dress, and for

once he failed to improve upon the original. It did not admit of emendation. The English poems of Ayton, for the first time published in the *Miscellany* of the Bannatyne Club, are few in number, but of great merit, and remind us of the elegant productions of Herrick. John Aubrey remarks "that Sir Robert Ayton was one of the best poets of his time;" and adds the more important testimony that "Mr. John Dryden has seen verses of his, *some of the best of that age*, printed with some other verses." Ayton was also the writer of verses in Greek and French, as well as in English and Latin. Several of his Latin poems are preserved in the work called *Delitice Poetarum Scotorum*, which was printed at Amsterdam the year previous to his death.

It is sad to think that the poet who could charm us with such songs in his native tongue should have poured the stream of his fancy into the dark regions of Latin verse, and lab-

oured, like Buchanan, to make the world feel his genius in a language which only a few can understand. A critic says, "I cannot understand how a man can hope to write felicitously out of his mother tongue; by what spell is he to be possessed with all the proverbial turnings and windings of language, all those meltings of word into word—those gradations of meaning direct and implied, which give a deeper sense than they seem to bear, and assist in the richness and the strength of composition. The language may be learned and words may be meted out in heroic or lyric quantities by the aid of a discreet ear; but such verses will want the original flavour of native poetry—the leaf will come without the fragrance, and the blossom without the fruit." A privately-printed edition of Ayton's poems, with a memoir prepared from original sources of information by the Rev. Charles Rogers, LL.D., was issued in 1871.

ON WOMAN'S INCONSTANCY.

I lov'd thee once, I'll love no more,
Thine be the grief as is the blame;
Thou art not what thou wast before,
What reason I should be the same?
He that can love unlov'd again,
Hath better store of love than brain:
God send me love my debts to pay,
While unthrifts fool their love away.

Nothing could have my love o'erthrown,
If thou hadst still continued mine;
Yea, if thou hadst remain'd thy own,
I might perchance have yet been thine.
But thou thy freedom did recall,
That if thou might elsewhere intral;
And then how could I but disdain
A captive's captive to remain?

When new desires had conquer'd thee,
And chang'd the object of thy will,
It had been lethargy in me,
Not constancy, to love thee still.
Yea, it had been a sin to go,
And prostitute affection so;
Since we are taught no prayers to say
To such as must to others pray.

Yet do thou glory in thy choice,
Thy choice of his good fortune boast;

I'll neither grieve nor yet rejoice
To see him gain what I have lost;
The height of my disdain shall be,
To laugh at him, to blush for thee;
To love thee still, but go no more
A begging to a beggar's door.

THE ANSWER.

Thou that loved once, now loves no more,
For fear to show more love than brain;
With heresy unhatch'd before,
Apostasy thou dost maintain.
Can he have either brain or love
That doth inconstancy approve?
A choice well made no change admits—
All changes argue after-wits.

Say that she had not been the same,
Should thou therefore another be?
What thou in her as vice did blame,
Can thou take virtue's name in thee?
No; thou in this her captive was,
And made thee ready by her glass;
Example led revenge astray,
When true love should have kept the way.

True love has no reflecting end,
The object good sets it at rest,

And noble breasts will freely lend
 Without expecting interest.
 'Tis merchants' love, 'tis trade for gain,
 To barter love for love again:
 'Tis usury, yea, worse than this,
 For self-idolatry it is.

Then let her choice be what it will,
 Let constancy be thy revenge;
 If thou retribute good for ill,
 Both grief and shame shall check her change;
 Thus may'st thou laugh when thou shalt see
 Remorse reclaim her home to thee;
 And where thou begg'st of her before,
 She now sits begging at thy door.

INCONSTANCY REPROVED.¹

I do confess thou'rt smooth and fair,
 And I might have gone near to love thee,
 Had I not found the slightest prayer
 That lips could speak had power to move thee;
 But I can let thee now alone
 As worthy to be loved by none.

I do confess thou'rt sweet, yet find
 Thee such an unthrift of thy sweets,
 Thy favours are but like the wind
 That kisses everything it meets.
 And since thou canst with more than one,
 Thou'rt worthy to be kiss'd by none.

The morning rose, that untouch'd stands,
 Arm'd with her briars, how sweetly smells!
 But pluck'd and strain'd through ruder hands,
 Her sweet no longer with her dwells;
 But scent and beauty both are gone,
 And leaves fall from her one by one.

Such fate ere long will thee betide,
 When thou hast handled been awhile!
 Like sere flowers to be thrown aside,
 And I will sigh, while some will smile,
 To see thy love for more than one
 Hath brought thee to be lov'd by none.

SONG.

What means this strangeness now of late,
 Since time must truth approve?
 This distance may consist with state—
 It cannot stand with love.

'Tis either cunning or distrust
 That may such ways allow;
 The first is base, the last unjust;
 Let neither blemish you.

For if you mean to draw me on,
 There needs not half this art;
 And if you mean to have me gone,
 You overact your part.

If kindness cross your wished content,
 Dismiss me with a frown;
 I'll give you all the love that's spent,
 The rest shall be my own.

EARL OF ANCRUM.

BORN 1578 — DIED 1654.

SIR ROBERT KERR, afterwards Earl of Ancrum, was born in 1578, and succeeded to the family estate of Ferniehurst in 1590, when his

father was assassinated by a kinsman, Robert Kerr younger of Cessford. He was one of the gentlemen of the bedchamber who attended James VI. on his accession to the throne of England. In 1619 he became involved, either through family connection or friendship, in a violent quarrel which arose between the Maxwells and Johnstones respecting the wardenship of the western marches, and received a challenge from Charles Maxwell to meet him in single combat. Although his adversary was

¹ Altered by Burns into the song—

“I do confess that thou art fair;”

and from another of Ayton's, beginning—

“Should old acquaintance be forgot,
 And never thought upon,”

he took the idea of a song especially dear to all Scotchmen.—Ed.

a perfect giant, and he himself had scarcely recovered from a long illness, he promptly accepted the challenge, consulting his honour rather than his safety. It required all his skill to sustain the onset of his huge antagonist, a bold and impetuous man, but he at length ran him through the body. Having now closed, they both fell, Maxwell being uppermost; but in a few minutes he breathed his last, leaving Kerr covered with his blood. The friends of the deceased are said to have acquitted Sir Robert of all blame; yet so strict were the laws established by the king for the prevention and punishment of duels, that he was obliged to escape to Holland, where he remained for about a year. There is a letter from William Drummond, the poet, to Sir Robert on the subject of his duel, with which our readers cannot fail to be interested. Philosophically and with much kindness he thus reprehends his rashness and temerity:—"It was too much hazarded on a point of honour. Why should true valour have answered fierce barbarity; nobleness, arrogance; religion, impiety; innocence, malice,—the disparagement being so vast? And had ye then to venture to the hazard of a combat, the exemplar of virtue and the Muses' sanctuary? The lives of twenty such as his who has fallen in honour's balance would not counterpoise your own. Ye are too good for these times, in which, as in a time of plague, men must once be sick, and that deadly, ere they can be assured of any safety. Would I could persuade you in your sweet walks at home to take the prospect of court shipwrecks."

During his exile he employed himself in the collection of pictures which he afterwards presented to Prince Charles. At the end of a year,

through the intercession of friends, he was restored to his place at court. In 1624 he addressed the following letter to his friend Drummond:—"Every wretched creature knows the way to that place where it is most made of, and so do my verses to you, that was so kind to the last, that every thought I think that way hastens to be at you. It is true I get leisure to think few, not that they are *cara* because *rara*, but indeed to declare that my employment and ingine concur to make them, like Jacob's days, few and evil." "The best is, I care as little for them as their fame; yet if you do not mislike them, it is warrant enough for me to let them live till they get your doom. In this sonnet I have sent you an approbation of your own life, whose character, however I have mist, I have let you see how I love it, and would fain praise it, and indeed fainer practise it." The poem thus diffidently introduced has had a more fortunate career than was contemplated by its author. It is the beautiful sonnet which follows this notice, and is unfortunately the only specimen of his poetical powers extant. On the accession of Prince Charles in 1625 he was promoted to be a lord of the bedchamber, and in 1633 was raised to the peerage by the titles of the Earl of Ancrum and Lord Kerr of Nesbit. Unlike many persons who owed everything to King Charles, the earl continued his steady adherent during all his trials and troubles, and on his death again took refuge in Holland, where he spent the remainder of his days. He died in 1654, in the seventy-sixth year of his age. In Park's edition of Walpole's *Royal and Noble Authors* there is a portrait of the Earl of Ancrum, assigning him a thoughtful and strongly-marked countenance.

PRAISE OF A SOLITARY LIFE.¹

Sweet solitary life! lovely dumb joy,

That need'st no warnings how to grow more wise
By other men's mishaps, nor the annoy

Which from sore wrongs done to one's self
doth rise.

The morning's second mansion, truth's first friend,

¹ This beautiful and sweetly plaintive sonnet, and the interesting letter which accompanied it (to Drummond of Hawthornden), must be considered as ornamental to this or to any other publication. — Thomas Park's *Walpole's Royal and Noble Authors*.

Never acquainted with the world's vain broils,
When the whole day to our own use we spend;

And our dear time no fierce ambition spoils.
Most happy state, that never tak'st revenge

For injuries received, nor dost fear
The court's great earthquake, the grieved truth
of change,

Nor none of falsehood's savoury lies dost hear;
Nor knows hope's sweet disease, that charms our
sense,

Nor its sad cure—dear-bought experience.