

EARL OF STIRLING.

BORN 1580 — DIED 1640.

WILLIAM ALEXANDER, an eminent statesman and poet, was born on the estate of Menstrie, near Stirling, in 1580. His original station in life was that of a small landed proprietor or laird. While still young he accompanied the Earl of Argyll abroad as his tutor and travelling companion. Previous to this period, when only fifteen years of age, he was smitten with the charms of a country beauty, "the cynosure of neighbouring eyes," and on his return to Scotland his passion had suffered no abatement. His first poems were addressed to his mistress, and though he actually penned a hundred songs and sonnets in her praise the lassie was not to be moved. She gave her hand to another; and as Alexander poetically tells us, "the lady, so unrelenting to him, matched her morning to one in the evening of his age." In his next attachment he was more fortunate, and after a brief courtship married the daughter and heiress of Sir William Erskine. In 1604 his first volume of poems was published in London under the title of "Aurora, containing the first Fancies of the Author's Youth." Shortly after James VI. ascended the throne of England Alexander followed him, and, it appears, soon obtained the place of gentleman of the privy chamber to Prince Henry, to whom he had addressed a poem or paraenesis. In 1607 he published some dramatic poems, entitled *Monarchick Tragedies*, dedicated to the king, with which was republished his first tragedy, founded on the history of Darius.

In act iii. scene 3, several lines of the monarch's soliloquy bear a strong resemblance to the passage in the "Tempest" beginning "The cloud-capped towers." As Shakspeare's play was in all probability written subsequently to "Darius," he would appear to have borrowed the idea from Lord Stirling, whose passage begins—

"Let greatnesse of her glassie scepters vaunt,
Not sceptres, no, but reeds, soon bruised, soon broken;

And let this worldly pomp our wits enchant,
All fades, and scarcely leaves behind a token."

On this subject Hunter writes—"Can there be any truth in the assertion that Shakspeare ever was in Scotland? I cannot believe this, and yet there are many curious arguments to be assigned to show that he was. Could he have gone to visit William Alexander, Earl of Stirling, with whom he assuredly was acquainted, and whose works he did not scruple to imitate, and even adopt, in some instances?"¹

In 1613 Alexander was appointed gentleman-usher to Prince Charles. In 1614 he received the honour of knighthood from James, who used to call him his "philosophic poet," and was made master of requests. The same year he published a sacred poem entitled "Doomsday, or the Great Day of Judgment," his largest and perhaps most meritorious production, which has been several times republished. It is divided into twelve parts, or hours, as the author calls them, each hour containing upwards of one hundred stanzas. Prefixed were some complimentary verses by his friend Drummond of Hawthornden, which thus conclude:—

"Thy phenix muse still wing'd with wonder flies
Praise of our brookes, staine to old Pindus springs,
And who thee follow would, scarce with their eyes
Can reach the sphere where thou most sweetly sings,
Though string'd with starres, heavens, Orpheus' harpe
enrolle,
More worthy thine to blaze about the Pole."

Drummond on another occasion described Alexander as "that most excellent spirit and rarest gem of our north," and Drayton coupled them in highly eulogistic verse:—

"So Scotland sent us hither for our own
That man whose name I ever would have known
To stand by mine; that most ingenious knight,
My Alexander, to whom in his right
I want extremely. Yet in speaking thus
I do but show the love that was 'twixt us,

¹ *Archibald Constable and his Literary Correspondents*.
Edinburgh, 1873, three vols.—Ed.

And not his numbers; which were brave and high,
 So like his mind was his clear poesy.
 And my dear Drummond, to whom much I owe,
 For his much love, and proud was I to know
 His poesy. For which two worthy men
 I Menstrie still shall love, and Hawthornden."

In 1621 King James made a grant to Sir William of Nova Scotia, with a view to his colonizing it. This scheme had also the sanction of Charles I., who appointed him lieutenant of the new colony, and founded the order of the Baronets of Nova Scotia, the money to be derived from whom, for the title and land in the province, was to be expended in the formation of the settlement; but the project miscarried, and Sir William sold the colony to the French "for a matter of five or six thousand pounds English money." In 1626 he was made secretary of state for Scotland; in 1630 he was created Viscount Canada; and in 1633, at the coronation of King Charles at Holyrood, Earl of Stirling. He died in 1640, and the title has been dormant since the death of the fifth earl in 1739. Among the various claimants for the extinct title was Major-general Alexander of the United States army, who served with distinction during the Revolutionary War, and was generally known

as Lord Stirling. Three years previous to his death the earl collected his poems, which were published in 1637 in one folio volume, entitled *Recreations with the Muses*. He also published at Oxford King James VI.'s version of the Psalms, which had been revised by him. Besides the works mentioned, he is believed to have written a supplement to complete the third part of Sir Philip Sydney's "Arcadia." A new edition of Stirling's works was undertaken in 1720 by A. Johnston, but never completed. The editor in his preface states that he had submitted the whole of them to Mr. Addison for his opinion of them, and that that very competent judge was pleased to say he had read them over with the greatest satisfaction, and found reason to be convinced that the beauties of our ancient English poets were too slightly passed over by the modern writers, "who, out of a peculiar singularity, had rather take pains to find fault with, than endeavour to excel them." A complete edition of his works was published in 1870 at Glasgow in three handsome octavo volumes, entitled "*The Poetical Works of Sir William Alexander, Earl of Stirling, &c.*," now first collected and edited, with Memoir and Notes."

SONG.

O would to God a way were found,
 That by some secret sympathie unknowne
 My faire my fancie's depth might sound,
 And know my state as clearly as her owne.

Then blest, most blest, were I,
 No doubt beneath the skie
 I were the happiest wight:
 For if my state they knew,
 It ruthlesse rockes would rue,
 And mend me if they might.

But as the babe before the wand,
 Whose faultlesse part his parents will not trust,
 For very feare doth trembling stand,
 And quakes to speake, although his cause be
 just:

So set before her face,
 Though bent to pleade for grace,
 I wot not how I faile:
 Yet minding to say much,
 That string I never touch,
 But stand dismaid and pale.

The deepest rivers make least din,
 The silent soule doth most abound in care;
 Then might my brest be read within,
 A thousand volumes would be written there.

Might silence show my mind,
 Sighes tell how I were pin'd,
 Or lookes my woes relate:
 Then any pregnant wit,
 That well remarked it,
 Would soon discern my state.

No favour yet my fair affords,
 But looking haughtie, though with humble
 eyes,

Doth quite confound my staggering words;
 And as not spying that thing which she spies,
 A mirror makes of me,
 Where she herselfe may see:
 And what she brings to passe,
 I trembling too for feare,
 Move neither eye nor eare,
 As if I were her glasse.

Whilst in this manner I remaine,
 Like to the statue of some one that's dead,
 Strange tyrants in my bosom raigne,
 A field of fancies fights within my head:
 Yet if the tongue were true,
 We boldly might pursue
 That diamantine hart;
 But when that it's restrain'd,
 As doom'd to be disdain'd,
 My sighes show how I smart.

No wonder then although I wracke,
 By them betray'd in whom I did confide,
 Since tongue, heart, eyes, and all gave backe,
 She justly may my childishnesse deride.
 Yet that which I conceal
 May serve for to reveale
 My fervencie in love.
 My passions were too great
 For words t'expresse my state,
 As to my paines I prove.

Oft those that do deserve disdaine
 For forging fancies get the best reward;
 Where I, who feele what they do faine,
 For too much love am had in no regard.
 Behold my prooffe, we see
 The gallant living free,
 His fancies doth extend;
 Where he that is orecome,
 Rein'd with respects stands dumbe,
 Still fearing to offend.

My bashfulnesse when she beholds,
 Or rather my affection out of bounds,
 Although my face my state unfolds,
 And in my hue discovers hidden wounds:
 Yet jeasting at my wo,
 She doubts if it be so,
 As she could not conceive it.
 This grieves me most of all,
 She triumphs in my fall,
 Not seeming to perceive it.

Then since in vaine I plaints impart
 To scornfull eares, in a contemned scroule;
 And since my toung betrayes my hart,
 And cannot tell the anguish of my soule;
 Henceforth I'll hide my losses,
 And not recompt the crosses
 That do my joyes orethrow:
 At least to senselesse things,
 Mounts, vales, woods, fouds, and springs,
 I shall them onely show.

Ah! unaffected lines,
 True models of my heart,
 The world may see that in you shines
 The power of passion more than art.

A SPEECH OF COELIA.

(FROM THE TRAGEDY OF CRESUS.)

Fierce tyrant, Death, who in thy wrath didst take
 One half of me, and left one half behind,
 Take this to thee, or give the other back,
 Be wholly cruel, or be no way kind!

But whilst I live, believe, thou canst not die—
 O! e'en in spite of death, yet still my choice!
 Oft with the inward all-beholding eye
 I think I see thee, and I hear thy voice.

And to content my languishing desire,
 To ease my mind each thing some help affords:
 Thy fancied form doth oft such faith acquire,
 That in all sounds I apprehend thy words.

Then with such thoughts my memory to wound,
 I call to mind thy looks, thy words, thy grace—
 Where thou didst haunt, yet I adore the ground!
 And where thou slept, O, sacred seems that
 place!

My solitary walks, my widow'd bed,
 My dreary sighs, my sheets oft bath'd with
 tears,
 These shall record what life by me is led
 Since first sad news breath'd death into mine
 ear.

Though for more pain yet spar'd a space by death,
 The first I lov'd, with thee all love I leave;
 For my chaste flames, which quench'd were with
 thy breath,
 Can kindle now no more but in thy grave!

SONNET.

I swear, Aurora, by thy starry eyes,
 And by those golden locks, whose lock none
 slips,
 And by the coral of thy rosy lips,
 And by the naked snows which beauty dyes;
 I swear by all the jewels of thy mind,
 Whose like yet never worldly treasure bought,
 Thy solid judgment, and thy generous thought,
 Which in this darkened age have clearly shined;
 I swear by those, and by my spotless love,
 And by my secret, yet most fervent fires,
 That I have never nurst but chaste desires,
 And such as modesty might well approve.
 Then since I love those virtuous parts in thee,
 Shouldst thou not love this virtuous mind in me?

WILLIAM DRUMMOND.

BORN 1585 — DIED 1649.

From the Drummonds of Carnock, afterwards Dukes of Perth, were descended the Drummonds of Hawthornden, a branch rendered as famous by the poet, as the other has been by statesmen and warriors. William Drummond, son of Sir John Drummond, was born at Hawthornden, December 13, 1585. He was educated at the recently founded University of Edinburgh, and being designed by his father for the legal profession, was in the year 1606 sent, in accordance with the custom of that day, to France to prosecute the study of the law. He appears to have been a most diligent student, studying with great assiduity, taking notes of the lectures which he attended, and writing observations of his own upon them. That he was well fitted for this profession is not left to conjecture. The learned President Lockhart, on being shown these manuscripts, declared that if Drummond had followed the law "he might have made the best figure of any lawyer of his time." In 1610 his father, Sir John, died, and he returned to Scotland to take possession of an independent inheritance, as Laird of Hawthornden, at the same time deciding to look for happiness in rural life and literary pursuits.

A more lovely spot for a poet's retreat we never saw in or out of Scotland. "Classic Hawthornden," Sir Walter called it. Within a small space are combined all the elements of sublime and picturesque scenery, and in the immediate neighbourhood is Roslyn Castle, one of the most interesting of Gothic ruins. In this charming retreat Drummond gave himself up to the study of the poets of Greece and Rome, of modern Italy and France; and to the formation upon them of an English style of his own. His earliest publication of which we have any knowledge, is a volume of poems of the date of 1616, when he was in his thirty-first year. This volume, however, is stated in the title to be the *second* edition. His next work was produced after his recovery from a dangerous illness, and was entitled

"The Cypress Grove;" a prose rhapsody on the vanity of human life, which has been pronounced equal to the splendid passages of Jeremy Taylor on this sublimest of all earthly topics. If tradition may be credited, it was composed in one of the caves in the lofty cliff on which the House of Hawthornden stands, and which is to this day called "The Cypress Grove." About this time, and while in the same frame of mind, he wrote what he called "Flowers of Zion; or Spiritual Poems." The publication of these volumes brought Drummond great fame, and led to a familiar correspondence with several of the literary magnates of his day, among whom may be mentioned Ben Jonson, Michael Drayton, Dr. Arthur Johnston the Latin poet, and the Earls of Ancrum and Stirling. Drayton in an elegy on the English poets takes occasion to speak of Drummond with much distinction.

The most remarkable incident connected with the literary life of the Laird of Hawthornden, was the visit which the great dramatist "Rare Ben Jonson" paid to him in the spring of 1619. The Scottish poet kept notes of the opinions expressed by his distinguished guest, and chronicled some of his personal failings. Jonson alludes to all the contemporary poets and dramatists; but the most singular of all is his reference to Shakspeare, of whom he speaks with as little reverence as of any of the others. He said, "Shakspeare wanted art, and sometimes sense; for in one of his plays he brought a number of men, saying they had suffered shipwreck in Bohemia, where is no sea near by an hundred miles." In describing Jonson Drummond says, "He was a great lover and praiser of himself, a contemner and scorner of others, given rather to lose a friend than a jest; jealous of every word and action of those about him, especially after drink, which is one of the elements in which he lived; a dissembler of the parts which reign in him; a bragger of some good that he wanted; thinking nothing well done, but what either he

himself or some of his friends have said or done. He is passionately kind or angry, careless either to gain or keep; vindictive, but if he be well answered at himself, interprets best sayings and deeds often to the worst. He was for any religion, as being versed in both; oppressed with fancy, which hath overmastered his reason, *a general disease in many poets.* "In short," concludes Drummond, "he was in his personal character the very reverse of Shakspeare, as surly, ill-natured, proud, and disagreeable, as Shakspeare, with ten times his merit, was gentle, good-natured, easy, and amiable."

It should be said to Ben's honour, that when he spared not the absent, neither did he overlook him who was present. Hawthornden's verses, he allowed, "were all good, especially his epitaph on Prince Henry; save that they smelled too much of the schools, and were not after the fancy of the times; for a child," said he, "may write after the fashion of the Greek and Latin verses, in running;—yet, that he wished for pleasing the king, that piece of 'Forth Feasting' had been his own." Our poet has been most unjustly attacked for his remarks about Jonson, which was simply a rough memorandum for his own use, never intended for publication. Though it treats with unparalleled severity the character and foibles of the English dramatist, there is every proof that he has not done him any injustice. It is not kindly, nor can it be said to be hostilely written. There is scarcely any writer that had any personal acquaintance with Jonson who does not confirm Drummond's sketch. Howell, in one of his letters, has a passage which may suffice to acquit our poet of any singularity in his opinions. "I was invited yesterday," he says, "to a solemn supper by B. J. There was good company, excellent cheer, choice wines, and jovial welcome. One thing intervened, which almost spoiled the relish of the rest, that B. began to engross all the discourse, to vapour extremely of himself, and by vilifying others to magnify his own name. T. Ca. buzzed me in the ear, that though Ben had barrelled up a great deal of knowledge, yet it seems he had not read the ethics, which, amongst other precepts of morality, forbid self-commendation, declaring it to be an ill-favoured solecism in good manners."

It was about the time of the English poet's visit that Drummond formed an attachment for a young lady, daughter to Cunninghame of Barnes, an ancient and honourable house. His affection was reciprocated, the marriage day was appointed, and preparations going forward for its solemnization, when she was taken ill with a fever of which she soon after died. His deep grief on this sad event he has expressed in many of those sonnets which have given him the title of the Scottish Petrarch; and it has been well said that he celebrated his dead mistress with more passion and sincerity than others use to praise their living ones. Finding his home, after this event, irksome to him, he sought consolation on the Continent, where he resided for eight years, spending his time chiefly in Paris and Rome. During his travels he collected a large library of the best ancient Greek and Latin authors, and the works of the most esteemed modern writers of France, Italy, and Spain. He afterwards presented the collection to the College of Edinburgh. The catalogue accompanying the gift, about 500 volumes, printed in the year 1627, is furnished with a Latin preface, from Drummond's pen, upon "the advantage and honour of libraries."

On his return to his native land, which Drummond found already breaking out into those political troubles which so unhappily closed the career of Charles I., he retired to the residence of his brother-in-law, Sir John Scot, where he wrote his *History of the Five Jameses, Kings of Scotland*. For purity of style and elegance of expression it is not surpassed by any Scottish work of his day. It was not published until after Drummond's death. In the year 1630 he married Elizabeth Logan, daughter to Sir Robert Logan, in whom he either found, or fancied he had found, a resemblance to his first love. By his marriage he had several children, the eldest of whom, a son, was knighted by Charles II. We know little of the private life of the poet after this period, but that he lived a retired life at his beautiful house of Hawthornden, which he repaired, as we learn from an inscription bearing date 1638 still to be seen upon the building. Drummond died December 4, 1649, wanting only nine days to the completion of his sixty-fourth year. His body

was interred in Lasswade church, in the neighbourhood of Hawthornden. Besides his history he wrote several political tracts, all strongly in favour of royalty.

It is as a poet, however, that Drummond is now known and remembered. His poems, though occasionally tinged with the conceits of the Italian school, possess a harmony and sweetness unsurpassed by the productions of any of his English or Scottish contemporaries. His sonnets are particularly distinguished for tenderness and delicacy. William Hazlitt remarks, "Drummond's sonnets, I think, come as near as almost any others to the perfection of this kind of writing, which should embody a sentiment, and every shade of a sentiment, as it varies with time, and place, and humour, with the extravagance or lightness of a momentary impression." It is generally conceded that Drummond is second only to Shakspeare as a sonnet writer; and Henry Hallam, Thomas Campbell, and Robert Southey have concurred, with some variations in degree of praise, in assigning him a high place among British poets who appeared before Milton.

Drummond seems throughout his life, if we except the early collections, to have entertained little concern for the preservation of his poems. Many of them were only printed, during his lifetime, upon loose sheets; and it was not till 1656 that Sir John Scot caused them to be collected and published in one volume. An edition of this collection was republished in London in 1659, with the following highly encomiastic title:—"The most Elegant and Elaborate Poems of that great Court Wit, Mr. William Drummond; whose labours both in Prose and

Verse, being heretofore so precious to Prince Henry and to King Charles, shall live and flourish in all ages, whiles there are men to read them, or art and judgment to approve them." Some of his poems remained in MS. till incorporated in the folio edition of his works issued in 1711. The most popular of those detached productions printed in the poet's lifetime was entitled "Polemio-Middinia, or the Battle of the Dunghill." This was a satire upon some of the author's contemporaries; and contains much humour in a style of composition which had not before been attempted in Scotland. It long retained its popularity in Edinburgh, where it was almost yearly reprinted; and it was published at Oxford in 1691, with Latin notes and a preface by Bishop Gibson. The latest edition of Drummond's works appeared in London in 1833, with a life by Peter Cunningham, a son of "honest Allan." In 1873 another memoir of the poet appeared, from the pen of Professor David Masson.

The first poem which appears among our selections from Drummond was designed as a compliment to King James VI., on his visit to Scotland in 1617. Of the many effusions which that event called forth this only has maintained its popularity, and indeed, as a performance professedly panegyric, it is no ordinary praise to say that it has done so. "It attracted," as Lord Woodhouselee has remarked, "the envy as well as the praise of Ben Jonson, is superior in harmony of numbers to any of the compositions of the contemporary poets of England, and in its subject one of the most elegant panegyrics ever addressed by a poet to a prince."

THE RIVER OF FORTH FEASTING.

(EXTRACT.)

What blust'ring noise now interrupts my sleep?
What echoing shouts thus cleave my crystal
deeps?

And seem to call me from my watery court?
What melody, what sounds of joy and sport,
Are convey'd hither from each night-born spring?
With what loud murmurs do the mountains ring,
Which in unusual pomp on tiptoes stand,
And, full of wonder, overlook the land?
Whence come these glittering throngs, these
meteors bright,

This golden people, glancing in my sight?
Whence doth this praise, applause, and love arise?
What load-star draweth us all eyes?

Am I awake, or have some dreams conspir'd
To mock my sense with what I most desir'd?
View I that living face, see I those looks,
Which with delight were wont t'amaze my brooks?
Do I behold that worth, that man divine,
This age's glory, by these banks of mine?
Then find I true what I long wish'd in vain;
My much-beloved prince is come again.

So unto them whose zenith is the pole,
When six black months are past, the sun does
roll:

So after tempest to sea-tossed wights,
Fair Helen's brothers show their clearing lights:
So comes Arabia's wonder from her woods,
And far, far off is seen by Memphis' floods;
The feather'd sylvans, cloud-like, by her fly,
And with triumphing plaudits beat the sky;
Nile marvels, Serap's priests entranced rave,
And in Mygdonian stone her shape engrave;
In lasting cedars they do mark the time
In which Apollo's bird came to their clime.

Let mother Earth now deck'd with flowers be
seen;
And sweet-breath'd zephyrs curl the meadows
green:

Let heaven weep rubies in a crimson shower,
Such as on India's shores they use to pour;
Or with that golden storm the fields adorn
Which Jove rain'd when his blue-eyed maid was
born.

May never hours the web of day outweave;
May never night rise from her sable cave!
Swell proud my billows, faint not to declare
Your joys as ample as their causes are:
For murmurs hoarse sound like Arion's harp,
Now delicately flat, now sweetly sharp;
And you, my nymphs, rise from your moist
repair,

Strew all your springs and grotts with lilies fair.
Some swiftest footed, get them hence, and
pray

Our floods and lakes may keep this holiday;
Whate'er beneath Albania's hills do run,
Which see the rising or the setting sun,
Which drink stern Grampus' mists, or Ochil's
snows:

Stone-rolling Tay, Tyne, tortoise-like that flows,
The pearly Don, the Dees, the fertile Spey,
Wild Severn, which doth see our longest day;
Ness, smoking sulphur, Leve, with mountains
crown'd,

Strange Lomond, for his floating isles renown'd;
The Irish Rian, Ken, the silver Ayr,
The snaky Doon, the Orr with rusby hair,
The crystal-streaming Nith, loud-bellowing
Clyde,

Tweed which no more our kingdoms shall divide,
Rank-swelling Annan, Lid with curl'd streams,
The Esks, the Solway, where they lose their
names;

To every one proclaim our joys and feasts,
Our triumphs; bid all come and be our guests.
And as they meet in Neptune's azure hall,
Bid them bid sea-gods keep this festival;
This day shall by our currents be renown'd;
Our hills about shall still this day resound:
Nay, that our love more to this day appear,
Let us with it henceforth begin our year.

To virgins flowers, to sun-burnt earth the rain,
To mariners fair winds amidst the main;
Cool shades to pilgrims, which hot glances burn,
Are not so pleasing as thy blest return,
That day, dear prince.

SONG.

Phœbus, arise,
And paint the sable skies
With azure, white, and red;
Rouse Memnon's mother from her Tython's
bed,

That she thy career may with roses spread,
The nightingales thy coming each where sing,
Make an eternal spring.
Give life to this dark world which lieth dead;
Spread forth thy golden hair
In larger locks than thou wast wont before,
And, emperor-like, decree
With diadem of pearl thy temples fair:
Chase hence the ugly night,
Which serves but to make dear thy glorious
light.

This is that happy morn,
That day, long-wished day,
Of all my life so dark,
(If cruel stars have not my ruin sworn,
And fates my hopes betray,)
Which, purely white, deserves
An everlasting diamond should it mark.
This is the morn should bring unto this grove
My love, to hear, and recompense my love.
Fair king, who all preserves,
But show thy blushing beams,
And thou two sweeter eyes
Shalt see than those which by Peneus' streams
Did once thy heart surprise:
Nay, suns, which shine as clear
As thou when two thou didst to Rome appear.
Now, Flora, deck thyself in fairest guise.

If that ye winds would hear
A voice surpassing far Amphion's lyre,
Your furious chiding stay;
Let Zephyr only breathe,
And with her tresses play,
Kissing sometimes those purple ports of death.
The winds all silent are,
And Phœbus in his chair
Ensafroning sea and air,
Makes vanish every star:
Night like a drunkard reels
Beyond the hills, to shun his flaming wheels.
The fields with flowers are decked in every
hue,

The clouds with orient gold spangle their blue:
Here is the pleasant place,
And nothing wanting is, save she, alas!

DEDICATION OF A CHURCH.

Jerusalem, that place divine,
 The vision of sweet peace is named;
 In heaven her glorious turrets shine—
 Her walls of living stones are framed;
 While angels guard her on each side,
 Fit company for such a bride.

She, decked in new attire from heaven,
 Her wedding chamber now descends,
 Prepared in marriage to be given
 To Christ, on whom her joy depends.
 Her walls, wherewith she is inclosed,
 And streets, are of pure gold composed.

The gates, adorned with pearls most bright,
 The way to hidden glory show;
 And thither, by the blessed might
 Of faith in Jesus' merits, go
 All those who are on earth distressed
 Because they have Christ's name professed.

These stones the workmen dress and beat
 Before they thoroughly polished are;
 Then each is in his proper seat
 Established by the Builder's care—
 In this fair frame to stand for ever,
 So joined that them no force can sever.

To God, who sits in highest seat,
 Glory and power given be;
 To Father, Son, and Paraclete,
 Who reign in equal dignity—
 Whose boundless power we still adore,
 And sing their praise for evermore!

SONNETS.

Dear chorister, who from those shadows sends—
 Ere that the blushing morn dare show her light—
 Such sad lamenting strains, that night attends,
 Become all ear, stars stay to hear thy plight;
 If one whose grief even reach of thought trans-
 scends,
 Who ne'er (not in a dream) did taste delight,
 May thee importune who like case pretends,
 And seems to joy in woe, in woe's despite;
 Tell me (so may thou fortune milder try,
 And long, long sing!) for what thou thus com-
 plains,
 Since Winter's gone, and sun in dappled sky
 Enamor'd smiles on woods and flow'ry plains?
 The bird, as if my questions did her move,
 With trembling wings sighed forth, "I love, I
 love."

In Mind's pure glass when I myself behold,
 And lively see how my best days are spent;
 What clouds of care above my head are rolled,
 What coming ill, which I can not prevent:
 My course begun, I, wearied, do repent,
 And would embrace what reason oft hath told;
 But scarce thus think I, when love hath controlled
 All the best reasons reason could invent.
 Though sure I know my labour's end is grief,
 The more I strive that I the more shall pine,
 That only death shall be my last relief:
 Yet when I think upon that face divine,
 Like one with arrow shot, in laughter's place,
 Maugre my heart, I joy in my disgrace.

Triumphing chariots, statues, crowns of bays,
 Sky-threatening arches, the rewards of worth;
 Books heavenly-wise in sweet harmonious lays,
 Which men divine unto the world set forth;
 States which ambitious minds, in blood, do raise
 From frozen Tanais unto sun-burnt Gange;
 Gigantic frames, held wonders rarely strange,
 Like spiders' webs, are made the sport of days.
 Nothing is constant but in constant change,
 What's done still is undone, and when undone
 Into some other fashion doth it range;
 Thus goes the floating world beneath the moon:
 Wherefore, my mind, above time, motion, place,
 Rise up, and steps unknown to nature trace.

A good that never satisfies the mind,
 A beauty fading like the April showers,
 A sweet with floods of gall that runs combined,
 A pleasure passing e'er in thought made ours,
 A honour that more fickle is than wind,
 A glory at opinion's frown that lowers,
 A treasury which bankrupt time devours,
 A knowledge than grave ignorance more blind,
 A vain delight our equals to command,
 A style of greatness in effect a dream,
 A swelling thought of holding sea and land,
 A servile lot, decked with a pompous name:
 Are the strange ends we toil for here below,
 Till wisest death makes us our errors know.

Thrice happy he who by some shady grove,
 Far from the clamorous world, doth live his own.
 Thou solitary, who is not alone,
 But doth converse with that eternal love.
 O how more sweet is bird's harmonious moan,
 Or the hoarse sobbings of the widowed dove,
 Than those smooth whisperings near a prince's
 throne,
 Which good make doubtful, do the evil approve!
 O how more sweet is Zephyr's wholesome breath,
 And sighs embalmed which new-born flowers
 unfold,
 Than that applause vain honour doth bequeath!
 How sweet are streams to poison drank in gold!

The world is full of horror, troubles, slights:
Woods' harmless shades have only true delights.

My lute, be as thou wert when thou didst grow
With thy green mother in some shady grove,
When immelodious winds but made thee move,
And birds their romage did on thee bestow.
Since that dear voice which did thy sounds ap-
prove,

Which wont in such harmonious strains to flow,
Is reft from earth to tune the spheres above,
What art thou but a harbinger of woe?
Thy pleasing notes be pleasing notes no more,
But orphan wailings to the fainting ear,
Each stroke a sigh, each sound draws forth a tear;
For which be silent as in woods before:
Or if that any hand to touch thee deign,
Like widowed turtle still her loss complain.

Sweet bird! that sing'st away the early hours
Of winters past or coming, void of care.
Well pleased with delights which present are,
Fair seasons, budding sprays, sweet-smelling
flowers—

To rocks, to springs, to rills, from leafy bowers
Thou thy Creator's goodness dost declare,
And what dear gifts on thee he did not spare,
A stain to human sense in sin that lowers.
What soul can be so sick which by thy songs
(Attired in sweetness) sweetly is not driven
Quite to forget earth's turmoils, spites, and
wrons,

And lift a reverend eye and thought to heaven!
Sweet, artless songster! thou my mind dost raise
To airs of spheres—yes, and to angels' lays.

Stay, passenger, see where enclosed lies
The paragon of princes, fairest frame
Time, nature, place, could show to mortal eyes,
In worth, wit, virtue, miracle of fame:
At least that part the earth of him could claim
This marble holds—hard like the Destinies—

For as to his brave spirit and glorious name,
The one the world, the other fills the skies.
Th' immortal amaranthus, princely rose;
Sad violet, and that sweet flower that bears
In sanguine spots the tenor of our woes,
Spread on this stone, and wash it with your tears;
Then go and tell from Gades unto Ind
You saw where earth's perfections were confined.

Of mortal glory O soon darkened ray!
O winged joys of man, more swift than wind!
O fond desires, which in our fancies stray!
O trait'rous hopes, which do our judgments blind!
Lo, in a flash that light is gone away
Which dazzle did each eye, delight each mind,
And, with that sun from whence it came com-
bined,

Now makes more radiant heaven's eternal day.
Let Beauty now bedew her cheeks with tears;
Let widowed Music only roar and groan;
Poor Virtue, get thee wings and mount the
spheres,
For dwelling-place on earth for thee is none!
Death hath thy temple razed, love's empire
foiled,
The world of honour, worth, and sweetness
spoiled.

I know that all beneath the moon decays;
And what by mortals in this world is brought,
In time's great periods shall return to nought;
That fairest states have fatal nights and days.
I know that all the Muses' heavenly lays,
With toil of sprite which are so dearly bought,
As idle sounds, of few or none are sought;
That there is nothing lighter than vain praise.
I know frail beauty's like the purple flower
To which one morn oft birth and death affords;
That love ajarring is of mind's accords,
Where sense and will bring under reason's power:
Know what I list, this all cannot me move,
But that, alas! I both must write and love.

ARTHUR JOHNSTON.

BORN 1587—DIED 1641.

ARTHUR JOHNSTON, M.D., next after Buchanan the best Latin poet of Scotland, was born in the year 1587 at Caskieben, the seat of his ancestors, near Inverury, in Aberdeenshire. He is supposed to have been a student at Marischal College, Aberdeen, as he was

afterwards elected rector of that university. With the purpose of studying medicine he resided for some time at Padua, Italy, where, in 1610, the degree of M.D. was conferred upon him. He subsequently travelled in Germany, Denmark, and Holland, and then set-

tled in France, where he acquired considerable eminence as a Latin poet. He is said by Sir Thomas Urquhart to have been laureated a poet in Paris at the early age of twenty-three. He remained for twenty years in France, a period during which he was twice married to ladies whose names are unknown, but who bore him thirteen children to transmit his name to posterity. On his return to Scotland in 1632 he was appointed physician to the king, it is supposed through the recommendation of Archbishop Laud. The same year he published at Aberdeen his *Parerga* and *Epigrammata*; and in 1633 he printed at London a specimen of his new Latin version of the Psalms of David, which he dedicated to Laud. A complete translation of the whole, under the title of *Psalmorum Davidis Paraphrasum Poetica*, was published at Aberdeen and London in 1637, with translations of the Te Deum, Creed, Decalogue, &c., subjoined. Besides these he translated the Song of Solomon into Latin elegiac verse, published in 1633. He also wrote *Musæ Aulicæ*, or commendatory verses on some of the most distinguished literary men of his time; and edited *Delitiæ Poetarum Scotorum*, in which he introduced many of his own pieces. Dr. Johnson was pleased to say of this work that "it would do honour to any country."

Critics have been divided as to the comparative merits of Buchanan's and Johnston's translations of the Psalms. About the middle of the eighteenth century it was the subject of a controversy in which Lauder, and an English gentleman named Benson, stood forward as the zealous advocates of Johnston; while Mr. Love and Ruddiman ably and successfully defended Buchanan. Hallam remarks, "Though the national honour may seem equally secure by the superiority of either, it has, I believe,

been usual in Scotland to maintain the older poet against all the world. I am, nevertheless, inclined to think that Johnston's Psalms, all of which are in elegiac metre, do not fall far short of those of Buchanan, either in elegance of style or in correctness of Latinity." Three editions of Johnston's Psalms were printed at Benson's expense, with an elegant life of the translator prefixed. One of these, in quarto, with a fine portrait of Johnston by Vertue, after Jamesone, and copiously illustrated with notes, was published in 1741. Johnston, sometimes called the Scottish Ovid, died in 1641 at Oxford, whither he had gone to visit a married daughter who resided there. Dr. William Johnston, professor of mathematics in Marischal College, Aberdeen, a brother of the poet, was a man of considerable celebrity. Wodrow says "He was ane learned and experienced physician. He wrote on the mathematics. His skill in the Latin was truly Ciceronian."

Robert Chambers, in writing of our author, says, "This poet, whose chief characteristic was the elegance with which he expressed his own simple feelings as a poet, in the language appropriate to the customs and feelings of a past nation, has left in his *Epigrammata* an address to his native spot; and although Caskieben is a piece of very ordinary Scottish scenery, it is surprising how much he has made of it by the mere force of his own early associations. With the minuteness of an enthusiast, he does not omit the circumstance that the hill of Benachie, a conical elevation about eight miles distant, casts its shadow over Caskieben at the periods of the equinox." We give a translation of this epigram, which unites a specimen of Johnston's happiest original effort with circumstances personally connected with his history.

CASKIEBEN.

Here, traveller, a vale behold
As fair as Tempe, famed of old,
Beneath the northern sky!
Here Urie, with her silver waves,
Her banks, in verdure smiling, laves,
And winding wimples by.

Here Benachie high towering spreads
Around on all his evening shades,
When twilight gray comes on:
With sparkling gems the river glows;
As precious stones the mountain shows
As in the East are known.

Here nature spreads a bosom sweet,
 And native dyes beneath the feet
 Bedeck the joyous ground:
 Sport in the liquid air the birds,
 And fishes in the stream; the herds
 In meadows wanton round.

Here ample barn-yards still are stored
 With relics of last autumn's hoard,
 And firstlings of this year;
 There waving fields of yellow corn,
 And ruddy apples, that adorn
 The bending boughs, appear.

Beside the stream a castle proud
 Rises amid the passing cloud,
 And rules a wide domain,
 (Unequal to its lord's desert:)
 A village near, with lowlier art,
 Is built upon the plain.

Here was I born; o'er all the land
 Around the Johnstons bear command,
 Of high and ancient line:
 Mantua acquired a noted name
 As Virgil's birth-place; I my fame
 Inherit shall from mine.

CHARLES THE FIRST.

BORN 1600 — DIED 1649.

CHARLES I., King of Great Britain, was born at Dunfermline Palace, which was the dotarial or jointure house of his mother the queen, on Nov. 19, 1600, the very day that the Earl of Gowrie and his brother were dismembered at the cross of Edinburgh for their share in the celebrated conspiracy. King James remarked with surprise that the principal incidents of his own domestic and personal history had taken place on that particular day of the month; he had been born, he said, on the 19th of June; he first saw his wife on the 19th of May; and his two former children, as well as this one, had been born on the 19th of different months. Charles was only two and a half years old when his father was called to London to fill the throne of Elizabeth. The young prince was left in Scotland in charge of the Earl of Dunfermline, but joined his father in July, 1603, in company with the rest of the royal family. His elder brother, Henry, dying in 1612, Charles was four years later formally created Prince of Wales. He succeeded to the throne in 1625, and on June 22 was married to Henrietta Marie, daughter of the illustrious Henry IV. of France. We cannot follow the unfortunate Stuart through his kingly career—the political troubles and civil wars, closing with the triumph of Cromwell and the execution of Charles, June 30, 1649, in front of his own palace of Whitehall.

In literature Charles is entitled to mention chiefly as the reputed author of a work published after his death entitled *Eikon Basilike*, which contained a series of reflections, proceeding from himself, respecting various situations in which he was placed towards the close of his life. This in a short space of time went through forty-eight editions, exciting a keen interest in the fate of the king, and high admiration of his mental gifts. He was also the author of some stanzas, not devoid of merit, which entitle him to a place among the minor poets of his native land. We are indebted to Bishop Burnet for their preservation. He gives them in his *Memoirs of the Dukes of Hamilton*, saying, "A very worthy gentleman who had the honour of waiting on him there (at Carisbrooke Castle), and was much trusted by him, copied them out from the original, who voucheth them to be a true copy." The literary works attributed to King Charles were, after his death, collected and published under the title of *Reliquiæ Sacre Carolinæ*. They consist chiefly of letters and a few state papers, and of the "Eikon Basilike," but his claim to the authorship of the latter has been much disputed; Dr. Wordsworth is certain that the king wrote it, Sir James Mackintosh is equally positive that he did not; and the question appears to be no nearer settlement than that of the authorship

of Junius, or the true character of the king's grandmother Mary Stuart. Charles was, however, certainly among the most elegant English

writers of his time, and a friend to the fine arts, which he greatly encouraged in the early part of his reign.

MAJESTY IN MISERY.¹

Great Monarch of the World! from whose arm
springs
The potency and power of kings,
Record the royal woe, my sufferings.

Nature and law, by thy divine decree
(The only root of righteous loyalty),
With this dim diadem invested me:

With it the sacred sceptre, purple robe,
Thy holy union, and the royal globe;
Yet I am levelled with the life of Job.

The fiercest furies that do daily tread
Upon my grief, my gray discrowned head,
Are those that owe my bounty for their bread.

Tyranny bears the title of taxation,
Revenge and robbery are reformation,
Oppression gains the name of sequestration.

Great Britain's heir is forcèd into France,
Whilst on his father's head his foes advance:
Poor child! he weeps out his inheritance.

With my own power my majesty they wound,
In the king's name the king himself's un-
crown'd;
So doth the dust destroy the diamond.

My life they prize at such a slender rate,
That in my absence they draw bills of hate
To prove the king a traitor to the state.

Felons obtain more privilege than I,
They are allowed to answer ere they die;
'Tis death for me to ask the reason, Why.

But, sacred Saviour! with thy words I woo
Thee *to forgive*, and not be bitter to
Such as thou know'st *do not know what they do*.

Augment my patience, nullifie my hate,
Preserve my issue, and inspire my mate;
Yet though we perish, bless this church and
state!

Vota dabunt quæ bella negarunt.

ON A QUIET CONSCIENCE.

Close thine eyes, and sleep secure;
Thy soul is safe, thy body sure:
He that guards thee, he that keeps,
Never slumbers, never sleeps.
A quiet conscience in the breast
Has only peace, has only rest:
The music and the mirth of kings
Are out of tune unless she sings.
Then close thine eyes in peace, and sleep
secure—
No sleep so sweet as thine, no rest so sure!

FRANCIS SEMPILL.

BORN 1605 — DIED 1680. (?)

The SEMPILLS or SEMPLS of Beltrees, among the earliest and most successful cultivators of Scottish song, were small landowners or lairds in Renfrewshire. Sir James Sempill wrote

"The Packman and the Priest," a satire in which the absurdities of Popery are exposed. He was a favourite with James VI., by whom he was knighted. Robert, the son and suc-

¹ The entire poem consists of twenty-four verses of very unequal merit. Archbishop Trench says: "I have dealt somewhat boldly with this poem, of its twenty-

four triplets omitting all but ten, these ten seeming to me to constitute a fine poem, which the twenty-four fail to do." We prefer the eleven as given above.—ED.

cessor of Sir James, had the merit of first using a form of stanza in the well-known "Elegy on Habbie Simpson, the Piper of Kilbarchan," which Allan Ramsay and Robert Burns adopted and rendered popular. The "Sempill Ballates," a series of historical political and satirical Scottish poems attributed to him, have been recently republished in Edinburgh. Francis, the son of Robert, and the last of the rhyming lairds, was born at Beltrees early in the seventeenth century, probably about the year 1605. He was a warm adherent of the Stuarts, and wrote several panegyrics on James II. while Duke of York and Albany, and on the birth of his children. He was also the author of a piece of considerable merit, entitled "The Banishment of Poverty;" but it is as the reputed author of several admirable songs that he is chiefly indebted for the honourable place accorded to him among the song-writers of Scotland. Of his personal history nothing is known, not even the date of his death, which is believed to have occurred about the year 1680.

Allan Cunningham says: "Tradition of late has provided authors for some of our favourite songs; and since authentic history declines to chronicle those who furnish matter for present and future mirth, I can see no harm in accepting the aid of traditionary remembrance. On such authority, aided by the less doubtful testimony of family papers, Francis Semple of Beltrees has obtained the reputation of writing three popular songs, 'The Blythesome Bridal,' 'Maggie Lauder,' and 'She rose and loot me in.' I have heard the tradition, but I have not seen the family manuscripts; and though I am not obliged to believe what I cannot with certainty contradict, yet I have no right to discredit what honest men have seriously asserted; the story has been for years before the world, and if any be sceptical they are also silent. Semple is of itself a worthy name. I am glad tradition has taken its part; besides, we owe much poetic pleasure to the ancestors of Francis, who wrote, like their descendant, with great ease and freedom; and why should not the mantle descend?" There are few more famous Scottish songs than "Fy, let us a' to the Bridal" and "Maggie Lauder," the humour

and broad glee of the latter being equalled by the admirable *naïveté* and grace of the former. Speaking of one of these songs the critic whom we have quoted remarks: "The freedom with which some of the characters are drawn has gone far to exclude the song ('The Blythesome Bridal') from company which calls itself polished. I quarrel not with matters of taste—but taste is a whimsical thing. Ladies of all ranks will gaze by the dozen and hour on the unattired grace and proportion of the old statues, and feel them o'er like the wondering miller in Ramsay's exquisite tale, lest glamour had beguiled their een; but the colour will come to their cheeks, and the fans to their faces, at some over-warm words in our old minstrels; whatever is classical is pure."

"Maggie Lauder" was a favourite song in the American camp during revolutionary days, and was often sung to the commander-in-chief by stout old Putnam. An old chronicler says: "This afternoon the provincial congress of New York gave an elegant entertainment to General Washington and his suite, the general and staff officers, and the commanding officer of the different regiments in or near the city. Many patriotic toasts were offered and drank with the greatest pleasure and decency. After the toasts little Phil of the Guard was brought in to sing H——'s new campaign song, and was joined by all the under officers, who seemed much animated by the accompanying of Clute's drum-sticks and Aaron's fife. Our good General Putnam got sick and went to his quarters before dinner was over; and we missed him a marvel, as there is not a chap in the 'camp who can lead him in the 'Maggie Lauder' song." The hero of this beautiful song was Robert Simpsonne, *alias* "Rob the Ranter," who was also celebrated by Robert Sempill as "Habbie Simpson, the Piper of Kilbarchan." A grandson of the poet Francis deserves to be incidentally mentioned as a remarkable instance of longevity. He died in 1789 at the age of 103. He was the first in the nomination of justices of the peace for Scotland in 1708, being the year after the union, and was at the date of his decease undoubtedly the oldest judicial functionary of that or any other rank in the British Empire.

THE BLYTHSOME BRIDAL.

Fy, let us a' to the bridal,
 For there will be liltin' there;
 For Jock's to be married to Maggie,
 The lass wi' the gowden hair.
 And there will be lang kail and porridge,
 And bannocks of barley-meal;
 And there will be good saut herring,
 To relish a cog of good ale.

And there will be Sawney the sutor,
 And Will wi' the meikle mou';
 And there will be Tam the blutter,
 With Andrew the tinkler, I trow;
 And there will be bow-legged Robie,
 With thumbless Katy's goodman;
 And there will be blue-cheeked Dobie,
 And Laurie, the laird of the land.

And there will be sow-libber Patie,
 And plooky-fac'd Wat i' the mill,
 Capper-nos'd Francie and Gibbie,
 That wins in the how of the hill;
 And there will be Alaster Sibbie,
 Wha in with black Bessie did mool,
 With snivelling Lilly, and Tibby,
 The lass that stands aft on the stool.

And Madge that was buckled to Steenie,
 And coft him gray breeks to his a—
 Who after was hangit for stealing—
 Great mercy it happen'd na warse!
 And there will be glead Geordy Janners,
 And Kirsh with the lily-white leg,
 Wha gade to the south for manners,
 And danced the daft dance in Mons Meg.

And there will be Judan Maclaurie,
 And blinkin' daft Barbara Macleg,
 Wi' flae-luggit sharney-fac'd Laurie,
 And shangy-mou'd haluket Meg.
 And there will be happer-hipp'd Nancy,
 And fairy-fac'd Flowrie by name,
 Muck Madie, and fat-hippit Grisy,
 The lass wi' the gowden wame.

And there will be Girn-again Gibbie,
 With his glaikit wife Jenny Bell,
 And misle-shinn'd Mungo Macapie,
 The lad that was skipper himsel.
 There lads and lasses in pearlins
 Will feast in the heart of the ha'
 On sybows and rifarts and carlings,
 That are baith sodden and raw.

And there will be fadges and brochan,
 With fouth of good gabbocks of skate,

Powsowdy, and drammock, and crowdy,
 And caller nowt-feet in a plate;
 And there will be partans and buckies,
 And whittings and speldings enew,
 With singed sheep-heads and a haggis,
 And scadlips to sup till ye spew;

And there will be lapper'd milk kebbocks,
 And sowens, and farls, and baps,
 With swats and well-scraped paunches,
 And brandy in stoups and in caps;
 And there will be meal-kail and castocks,
 With skink to sup till ye rive,
 And roasts to roast on a brander,
 Of flukes that were taken alive.

Scrap't haddocks, wilks, dulse and tangle,
 And a mill of good snishing to prie;
 When weary with eating and drinking,
 We'll rise up and dance till we die.
 Then fy, let us a' to the bridal,
 For there will be liltin' there;
 For Jock's to be married to Maggie,
 The lass wi' the gowden hair.

SHE ROSE AND LOOT ME IN.

The night her silent sable wore,
 And gloomy were the skies,
 Of glittering stars appeared no more
 Than those in Nelly's eyes;
 When to her father's gate I came,
 Where I had often been,
 And begged my fair, my lovely dame,
 To rise and let me in.

Fast locked within my close embrace,
 She trembling stood ashamed—
 Her swelling breast, and glowing face,
 And every touch inflamed.
 With look and accents all divine
 She did my warmth reprove,—
 The more she spoke, the more she looked,
 The warmer waxed my love.

O then beyond expressing,
 Transporting was the joy!
 I knew no greater blessing,
 So blest a man was I:
 And she all ravish'd with delight,
 Bid me often come again,
 And kindly vowed that every night
 She'd rise and let me in.

Full soon soon I returned again
 When stars were streaming free,

Oh, slowly, slowly came she down,
 And stood and gazed on me:
 Her lovely eyes with tears ran o'er,
 Repenting her rash sin—
 And aye she mourn'd the fatal hour
 She rose and loot me in.

But who could cruelly deceive,
 Or from such beauty part?
 I lov'd her so, I could not leave
 The charmer of my heart:
 We wedded, and I thought me blest
 Such loveliness to win;
 And now she thanks the happy hour
 She rose and loot me in.

MAGGIE LAUDER.

Wha wadnae be in love
 Wi' bonnie Maggie Lauder!
 A piper met her gaun to Fife,
 And speir'd what was't they ca'd her:
 Right scornfully thus answered she,
 Begone, you hallan-shaker;
 Jog on your gate, you blether-skate,
 My name is Maggie Lauder.

Maggie! quoth he; now by my bags,
 I'm fidgin fain to see thee!

Sit down by me, my bonnie bird,
 In troth I winna steer thee;
 For I'm a piper to my trade,
 Men call me Rab the Ranter:
 The lasses loup as they were daft,
 When I blaw up my chanter.

Piper, quo' Meg, have you your bags,
 And is your drone in order?
 If you be Rab, I've heard of you,—
 Live you upon the Border?
 The lasses a', baith far and near,
 Have heard of Rab the Ranter—
 I'll shake my foot wi' right good will,
 If you'll blaw up your chanter.

Then to his bags he flew wi' speed,
 About the drone he twisted;
 Meg up and walloped o'er the green,
 For brawlie could she frisk it:
 Weel done! quoth he. Play up, quo' she.
 Weel bobbed! quoth Rab the Ranter;
 'Tis worth my while to play, indeed,
 When I get sic a dancer!

Weel hae you played your part! quoth Meg;
 Your cheeks are like the crimson—
 There's nane in Scotland plays sae weel,
 Since we lost Habbie Simpson.
 I've lived in Fife, baith maid an wife,
 These ten years and a quarter;
 Gin ye should come to Anster Fair,
 Spier ye for Maggie Lauder.

MARQUIS OF MONTROSE.

BORN 1612 — DIED 1650.

Among the great soldiers of the seventeenth century, the celebrated Marquis of Montrose—a hero whom Cardinal de Retz deemed worthy of the pages of Plutarch, being inspired by all the ideas and sentiments which animated the classic personages whom that writer has commemorated—is certainly entitled to a place among the minor poets of Scotland. It may be truly said that he possessed an elegant genius: spoke eloquently, and wrote with a graceful and perspicuous turn of expression. James Graham, THE GREAT MARQUIS, was born in the month of September, 1612, it is believed at the family estate of Auld Mon-

trose. He was the only son of John, fourth earl, and Margaret Ruthven, daughter of the Earl of Gowrie. The future hero succeeded to his paternal estates and honours soon after Charles I. ascended the throne. During his minority he was under the guardianship of Lord Napier, who had married his sister, and who continued through life one of his warmest friends and supporters. He was educated at the University of St. Andrews, where he won reputation as a classical scholar and a poet. Montrose married Madeline Carnegie, daughter of the Earl of Southesk, by whom he had two sons. On the death of his wife he went abroad,

and spent three years on the Continent, returning to Scotland in 1633, with the reputation of being the most accomplished nobleman of his time.

It were foreign to our purpose to follow the brilliant career of the chivalric soldier, or to describe the noble magnanimity and Christian spirit displayed by the Highland hero in the hour of defeat and disaster. In the year 1650 he was captured by the Parliamentary forces, and conducted to Edinburgh. There he was received as a condemned traitor, and subjected to the most barbarous indignities. The night before his execution he wrote the well-known and beautiful lines:—

“Let them bestow on every airt a limb,
Then open all my veins, that I may swim
To thee, my Maker, in that crimson lake,—
Then place my parboil'd head upon a stake,
Scatter my ashes—strew them in the air.—
Lord! since thou knowest where all these atoms are,
I'm hopeful thou'lt recover once my dust,
And confident thou'lt raise me with the just.”¹

Montrose was executed at the Scottish capital, May 21, 1650, and in accordance with the barbarous sentence the legs and arms were cut off, and sent as trophies to the four principal cities of Scotland, while his head was affixed to a spike at the top of the Tolbooth, Edinburgh. The Great Marquis met his sad fate, and the many insults and indignities heaped upon him before his execution, with a calm and Christian spirit, with such dignity and fortitude as to excite even the admiration

¹ There is a coincidence worthy of notice between these lines and those written by Sir Walter Raleigh, when about to submit himself like Montrose to a judicial murder:—

“Even such is time; who takes in trust
Our joys, our youth, and all we have,
And pays us but with earth and dust;
Who, in the dark and silent grave,
When we have wandered all our ways,
Shuts up the story of our days;
But from that earth, that grave and dust,
The Lord shall raise me up, I trust.”—ED.

and sympathy of his enemies. On the Restoration the remains of the greatest of the Grahams were carefully collected, and interred with imposing solemnities within the precincts of St. Giles Cathedral, Edinburgh, and the sentence of forfeiture which parliament had passed was reversed by Charles II., thus restoring Lord Graham to his father's dignities and possessions. One of Scotland's sweetest singers has celebrated in the *Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers* the death of the faithful royalist and gallant knight, and also that of his renowned grandson “Bonny Dundee;” and his biographer Mark Napier concludes his memoir of the Great Marquis with these lines:—

“From yon grim tower, where long, in ghastly state,
His head proclaim'd how holiness can hate;
From gory pinnacles, where blench'd and riven,
Ten years his sever'd limbs insulted Heaven;
From the vile hole, by malice dug, beneath
The felon's gibbet, on the blasted heath,
Redeem'd to hallow'd ground, too long denied,
Here let the martyr's mangled bones abide.

His country blush'd, and clos'd the cloister'd tomb,
But rais'd no record of the hero's doom;
Blush'd, but forbore to mark a nation's shame
With sculptur'd memories of the murder'd Graham;
The warrior's couch, 'mid pious pageants spread,
But left the stone unletter'd at his head:
Vain the dark aisle! the silent tablet vain!
Still to his country cleaves the curse of Cain,—
Still cries his blood, from out the very dust
Of Scotland's sinful soil,—‘Remember me they must.’
But, though the shame must Scotland bear through
time,

Ye bastard priesthood, answer for the crime!
Preachers, not pastors, redolent of blood,
Who cried, ‘Sweet Jesu, in your murderous mood,—
Self-seeking—Christ-caressing—canting crew,
That from the Book of Life death-warrants drew,
Obscur'd the fount of truth, and left the trace
Of gory fingers on the page of grace:—
This was thy horrid handiwork, though still
Sublime he soar'd above your savage will,
Rous'd his great soul to glorify its flight,
And foil'd the adder of his foeman's spite:—
This was thy horrid handiwork, the while
He of the craven heart, the false Argyle,
Sent for our sins, his country's sorest rod,
Still doom'd his victims in the name of God,
Denounc'd true Christians as the Saviour's foes,
And gorg'd his ravens with the GREAT MONTROSE.”

MY DEAR AND ONLY LOVE.¹

PART FIRST.

My dear and only love, I pray
That little world,—of THEE,—
Be governed by no other sway
Than purest monarchy.
For if confusion have a part,
Which virtuous souls abhor,
I'll call a Synod in mine heart,
And never love thee more.

As Alexander I will reign,
And I will reign alone;
My thoughts did evermore disdain
A rival on my throne:
He either fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts are small,
That dares not put it to the touch,
To gain or lose it all.

But I will reign and govern still,
And always give the law,
And have *each subject at my will*,
And all to stand in awe.
But 'gainst my batteries if I find
Thou kick or vex me sore,
As that thou set me up a blind,
I'll never love thee more.

And in the empire of thine heart,
Where I should solely be,
If others do pretend a part,
Or dare to vie with me;
Or if *committees* thou erect,
And go on such a score,
I'll laugh and sing at thy neglect,
And never love thee more.

But if thou wilt prove faithful then,
And constant of thy word,
I'll make thee *glorious* by my pen,
And *famous* by my sword:
I'll serve thee in such noble ways
Was never heard before,
I'll crown and deck thee all with bays,
And love thee more and more.

PART SECOND.

My dear and only love, take heed
How thou thyself dispose;
Let not all longing lovers feed
Upon such looks as those:
I'll marble-wall thee round about,
Myself shall be the door,

And if thy heart chance to slide out,
I'll never love thee more.

Let not their oaths, like volleys shot,
Make any breach at all,
Nor smoothness of their language plot
Which way to scale the wall;
Nor balls of wildfire love consume
The shrine which I adore,
For if such smoke about thee fume
I'll never love thee more.

I know thy virtues be too strong
To suffer by surprise;
If that thou slight their love too long
Their siege at last will rise,
And leave thee conqueror, in that health
And state thou wast before;
But if thou turn a *Commonwealth*,
I'll never love thee more.

And if by fraud, or by consent,
Thy heart to ruine come,
I'll sound no trumpet as I wont,
Nor march by tuck of drum;
But hold my arms, like ensigns, up,
Thy falsehood to deplore,
And bitterly will sigh and weep,
And never love thee more.

I'll do with thee as Nero did
When Rome was set on fire:
Not only all relief forbid,
But to a hill retire,
And scorn to shed a tear to save
Thy spirit, grown so poor,
But laugh and smile thee to thy grave,
And never love thee more.

Yet for the love I bare thee once,
Lest that thy name should die,
A monument of marble-stone
The truth shall testify:
That every pilgrim, passing by,
May pity and deplore,
And, sighing, read the reason why
I cannot love thee more.

The golden laws of love shall be
Upon these pillars hung,

¹ Our version of this loyal ballad is taken from an old broadside sheet discovered by the late Dr. Irving. It is entitled "An excellent new ballad, to the tune of 'I'll never love thee more,'" and is much superior to the common version.—Ed.

A single heart, a simple eye,
 A true and constant tongue.
 Let no man for more love pretend
 Than he has hearts in store;
 True love begun will never end—
 Love one and love no more.

And when all gallants ride about,
 These monuments to view,
 Whereon is written, in and out,
 Thou traitorous and untrue;
 Then in a passion they shall pause,
 And thus say, sighing sore,
 Alas! he had too just a cause
 Never to love thee more.

And when that tracing goddess Fame
 From east to west shall flee,
 She shall record it to thy shame,
 How thou hast loved me;
 And how in odds our love was such
 As few have been before;
 Thou lov'dst too many, and I too much,
 So I can love no more.

My heart shall with the sun be fixed
 For constancy most strange,
 And thine shall with the moon be mixed,
 Delighting aye in change.
 Thy beauty shined at first more bright,
 And woe is me therefore,
 That ever I found thy love so light,
 I could love thee no more.

The misty mount, the smoking lake,
 The rock's resounding echo,
 The whistling winds, the woods that shake,
 Shall with me sing hey ho!
 The tossing seas, the tumbling boats,
 Tears dropping from each oar,
 Shall tune with me their turtle notes,—
 I'll never love thee more.

As doth the turtle, chaste and true,
 Her fellow's death regret,
 And daily mourns for his adieu,
 And ne'er renews her mate;
 So, though thy faith was never fast,
 Which grieves me wondrous sore,
 Yet I shall live in love so chaste,
 That I shall love no more.

ON THE EXECUTION OF CHARLES I.¹

Great, good, and just, could I but rate
 My grief with thy too rigid fate,
 I'd weep the world in such a strain
 As it should deluge once again;
 But since thy loud-tongued blood demands
 supplies
 More from Briareus' hands than Argus' eyes,
 I'll sing thy obsequies with trumpet sounds,
 And write thy epitaph in blood and wounds.

JOHN MACDONALD.

BORN 1620 (?)—DIED 1700.

JOHN MACDONALD, a Lochaber poet and politician, known among his Highland countrymen as *Iain Lom*, literally "bare John," so named from his acuteness and severity on some occasions. He was also called *Iain Mauntach*, from a slight impediment in his speech. Macdonald was of the Keppoch family, but the exact place and date of his birth is unknown. We do know that he lived in the reigns of Charles I. and II., and that he died upwards of threescore and ten, about the year 1700, so that his birth may be fixed between 1620 and 1625. Of his early life little is known. The first event that made him famous beyond

the limits of Lochaber was the active part he took in punishing the murderers of the heir of Keppoch; the massacre was perpetrated by the young Highlander's cousins. A few years later the poet, whose talents had made him a man of importance in his native country, was the means of bringing the armies of Montrose and Argyle together at Inverlochy. From the castle the bard had a fine view of the engagement, of which he gives a graphic description in his long poem "The Battle of Inverlochy."

¹ Written at Brussels, on hearing of the king's execution.—ED.

“So true,” says Mackenzie, “natural, and home-brought is the picture, that all that had happened seem to be passing before their eyes. The spirit of poetry, the language, and boldness of expression have seldom been equalled, perhaps never surpassed; yet, at this distance of time, these martial strains are rehearsed with different and opposite feelings.”

The changes which afterwards took place produced no change in the politics of the royal Gaelic bard. He entered into all the turmoils of the times with his whole heart, and with a boldness which no danger could daunt nor power intimidate from what he considered his duty. He became a violent opposer of the union, and employed his muse in numerous sarcastic and bitter compositions against William and Mary. But it was against the Campbells that he wrote his sharpest satires. The head of the clan felt the influence of his ridicule so much that he offered a reward for the poet's head. The bard presented himself to the marquis at Inverary, and demanded the

reward. Argyle received him courteously, showed him through the castle, and on entering an apartment hung round with the heads of black-cocks, asked, “Have you ever seen so many black-cocks together?” “Yes,” said the bard. “Where?” demanded Argyle. “At Inverloch,” replied the poet, alluding to the slaughter of the Campbells on that memorable day. “Ah! John,” added Argyle, “will you never cease gnawing the Campbells?” “I am sorry,” said Macdonald, “that I cannot swallow them.”

Iain Lom was a prolific writer, and among his other compositions he kept a poetical journal of Dundee's route from Keppoch to Killiecrankie. Donald Campbell, in his *Treatise on the Language, Poetry, and Music of the Highland Clans*, tells us that “Mr. James Munro, than whom no man is better qualified, is preparing for publication the interesting poems of this eminent modern bard, with a memoir of the bard himself, which will, if possible, be still more interesting even than his poems.”

THE DEATH OF GLENGARRY.

When in the morning I arose
Pleasure was not my aim.
Is there no end to Albin's woes,
To deaths 'mong men of fame?
The manly leader of the race
Who own the Garrian-glen,
Is off to his last resting-place,
Borne high by sorrowing men,—
The chieftain lofty, true, and bold,
Who never his allegiance sold.

Not safe were they who rashly met
Thy warriors, stern and true,
When the proud heather-badger was set
In all their bonnets blue;
When thy brave banner waved on high,
And thou thyself wert seen,
With battle kindling in thine eye,
To draw thy broad-sword keen;—
Then, then 'twas time for Albin's foes
To fly their fierce, their deadly blows.

That praise, that early praise was thine,
And spread thy well-known fame afar;
Thou didst on all occasions shine,
The wisest leader in the war.

No serried red-coats daunted thee,
Although their well-aimed volleys rolled,
Upon thy ranks, from musketry
That oft in deadly slaughter told:
Thy just distinctions ever were—
The wise to lead, the bold to dare.

Thy lineage is, for blood and length,
In Albin's annals unexcelled,
And formed of chieftains famed for strength,
Who in the deadly charge compelled
Steeds fierce and fleet, that harnessed shone
Like meteors coursing through the sky;
While in their sells, as on a throne,
They towered in their war panoply;
And none of them has been constrained
To deeds that have that lineage stained.

Since some in battle have forgot
How their brave fathers plied their steel,
No refuge has our country got
From ruthless Fortune's crushing wheel,
Although Clanndonnill on that day,
As ever, clothed them with renown;
Our heroes have been *wede* away,
In fruitless battles one by one;

And now we've lost the worthiest lord
That in these battles drew his sword.

It was our country's destiny
To lose three pillars of the throne,—
Heroes who, in adversity,
For daring, proudly, greatly shone:
Sir Donald, our leader when combined;
Clanronald, captain of our men;
Alisdair, generous, good, and kind,
Chief of the Garry's far-famed glen;
Clanndonill's ranks no more will see
Leaders illustrious as the three.

When other chiefs fled from their lands,
Our heroes, stern and unsubdued,
Rallied their bold, their kindred bands,
And for their king and country stood;
Aye stood prepared in arms to die,
When war should his fierce tocsin sound,
Or to achieve a victory
That should their treacherous foes con-
found;
Such were our chiefs, than maidens mild,
But, roused to war, than beacons wild.

ON CROWNING CHARLES THE SECOND.

Upon my elbow calmly leaning,
Within the lovely mountain-glen,
My mind indulged itself in dreaming
Of the strange deeds and lives of men.

And wherefore should my voice be silent,
While my heart bounds with pride and joy,
Nor tell the Whigs, the base and violent,
Their greedy, rampant reign is by?

Their reign who falsely tried and murdered
The true, the loyal, and the brave;
Who, with their sophistry, bewildered
The people whom they would enslave.

With staff in hand, the while I hasten
To welcome home my native king,
Why should I doubt that he will listen
To the leal counsel I may bring?

Counsel from clans and chiefs true-hearted,
Who suffered in their country's cause,
Which, through the royal bard imparted,
Should warn him to respect the laws;

But not the men whose conduct baneful
Has scattered ruin o'er the land,

And answered but with taunts disdainful
Those whom they robbed of wealth and land.

Remember, Charles Stuart, ever
The lesson taught thee by the past,
Forgetting truth and justice never,
If thou wouldst that thy reign may last.

Think, since the throne thou hast ascended,
Without the aid of spear or sword,
How thy own rights may be defended,
And eke thy people's rights restored.

No Machiavel has yet propounded
The means to make the throne secure,
Save when the people's rights are founded
On a just basis, broad and sure.

But leniency is not now wanted;
A wise severity were just:
Let those who are already sainted
E'en go where they have placed their trust.

Why should we grudge these men to heaven
That have their treasure hoarded there?
Since they have made their road so even,
Dismiss them while accounts are square!

Thou subjects hast of high condition,
Whose hearts are not more true than mine,
That will, with many a sage petition,
Crave boons, and laud thy right divine:

But right divine did not defend thee
When thou and Cromwell were at blows;
Then try what force wise rule may lend thee,
And make thy people friends—not foes.

No doubt thy nobles would defend thee,
At cost of all their lands and lives,
But, och! it would not do to 'tend thee,
And leave their children and their wives!

THE BATTLE OF INVERLOCHY.

(EXTRACT.)

Heard ye not! heard ye not! how that whirlwind,
The Gael,—
To Lochaber swept down from Loch Ness to
Loch Eil,—
And the Campbells, to meet them in battle-array,
Like the billow came on,—and were broke like
its spray!
Long, long shall our war-song exult in that day.

'Twas the Sabbath that rose, 'twas the feast of
 St. Bride,
 When the rush of the clans shook Ben-Nevis's
 side;
 I, the bard of their battles, ascended the height
 Where dark Inverlochey o'ershadow'd the fight,
 And I saw the Clan-Donnell resistless in might.

Through the land of my fathers the Campbells
 have come,
 The flames of their foray enveloped my home;
 Broad Keppoch in ruin is left to deplore,
 And my country is waste from the hill to the
 shore,—
 Be it so! By St. Mary, there's comfort in store!

Though the braes of Lochaber a desert be made,
 And Glen Roy may be lost to the plough and the
 spade,
 Though the bones of my kindred, unhonour'd,
 unurn'd
 Mark the desolate path where the Campbells
 have burn'd,—
 Be it so! From that foray *they never return'd!*

Fallen race of Diarmed! disloyal,—untrue!
 No harp in the Highlands will sorrow for you!
 But the birds of Loch Eil are wheeling on high,
 And the Badenoch wolves hear the Camerons' cry—
 "Come, feast ye! come feast, where the false-
 hearted lie!"

LADY GRIZZEL BAILLIE.

BORN 1665 — DIED 1746.

LADY GRIZZEL BAILLIE, the noble-minded daughter of Sir Patrick Home, afterwards created Earl of Marchmont, and wife of George Baillie of Jerviswood, in Lanarkshire, was born at Redbraes Castle on Christmas Day, 1665, was married in 1692, and died at London in 1746, aged eighty-one. Her *Memoirs*, by her daughter, Lady Murray of Stanhope, were published in 1822, and added to her claims on our regard as a lyric poetess claims of a deeper though less shining kind—those of a dutiful daughter and an affectionate wife. "Her lot was cast," says Cunningham, "in very stormy times, and her lively invention was employed in scenes of far deeper importance than in impressing humour and pathos on song. Her turn for domestic pleasure and home-bred mirth was only equalled by her sense of propriety and her regard for prudence; and she found her skill in song not only soothed her own cares, but was a solace amid times of sore trial to her friends, with whom her genius and her virtues were in high esteem. She left many unfinished songs; for domestic cares made the visitations of the muse seldom, and the stay short; but the song on which her fame in verse must depend is one able enough to maintain it. Those who look in 'Were nae my Heart licht I would dee' for fine and polished language, or for a very high

strain of sentiment, must be content to be disappointed. But it has other attractions of a more popular and equally durable kind: it is written in the fine free spirit of the rustic poetry of Scotland—the words are homely and the ideas are natural, yet they are such as the heart of poesy only would have suggested; and they who seek to add deeper interest to the story, or to endow it with more suitable ideas or more natural language, will owe their success as much to good fortune as to meditation. It is now an old favourite, though songs with more melodious verse, and a more embellished style, have followed thick and threefold: yet its careless and artless ease, and simple but graphic imagery, will continue to support its reputation against its more ostentatious associates. The description of a disappointed lover, depressed in spirit and fancy-touched, will keep possession of every heart, and be present to every eye, till some poet exceed it in truth and felicity:—

'And now he gaes daundrin' about the dykes,
 And a' he dow do is to hund the tykes:
 The live-lang nicht he ne'er steeks his e'e,
 And were na my heart licht I wad dee.'

She was among the first of a band of ladies who have contributed largely to the lyric fame of Scotland; nor is she the only one of her

name who has given Scottish song the advantage of female genius. There is another who has breathed into it a far deeper pathos and a far richer spirit; need I say it is Joanna

Baillie?"—Our other selection, "O the Ewe-bughting's bonnie," was in part composed by Thomas Pringle, Lady Baillie having left it unfinished.

WERE NA MY HEART LIGHT.

There was anes a may, and she loo'd na men:
She biggit her bonnie bower down i' yon glen;
But now she cries dool! and well-a-day!
Come down the green gate, and come here away.

When bonnie young Johnnie cam' ower the sea,
He said he saw naething sae lovely as me;
He hecht me baith rings and monie braw things;
And were na my heart licht I wad dee.

He had a wee titty that loo'd na me,
Because I was twice as bonnie as she,
She rais'd such a pother 'twixt him and his
mother,
That were na my heart licht I wad dee.

The day it was set, and the bridal to be;
The wife took a dwam, and lay down to dee,
She main'd and she graned out o' dolour and
pain,
Till he vow'd he never wad see me again.

His kin was for ane of a higher degree,
Said, What had he to do wi' the like of me?
Albeit I was bonnie, I was na for Johnnie:
And were na my heart licht I wad dee.

They said I had neither cow nor calf,
Nor dribbles o' drink rins through the draff,
Nor pickles o' meal rins through the mill-e'e;
And were na my heart licht I wad dee.

His titty she was baith wylie and slee,
She spied me as I cam' ower the lea;
And then she ran in, and made a loud din;
Believe your ain een an ye trow na me.

His bonnet stood aye fu' round on his brow;
His auld ane look'd aye as weel as some's new;
But now he lets 't wear ony gate it will hing,
And casts himself dowie upon the corn-bing.

And now he gaes daundrin' about the dykes,
And a' he dow do is to hund the tykes:
The live-lang nicht he ne'er steeks his e'e;
And were na my heart licht I wad dee.

Were I young for thee, as I ha'e been,
We should ha'e been gallopin' down on yon green,
And linkin' it ower the lily-white lea;
And wow! gin I were but young for thee!

O THE EWE-BUGHTING'S BONNIE.

O the ewe-bughting's bonnie, baith e'ening and
morn,
When our blythe shepherds play on the bog-reed
and horn;
While we're milking they're liltin' sae jocund
and clear;
But my heart's like to break when I think o' my
dear!
O the shepherds take pleasure to blow on the
horn,
To raise up their flocks i' the fresh simmer morn:
On the steep ferny banks they feed pleasant and
free—
But, alas! my dear heart, all my sighing's for
thee!

O the sheep-herding's lightsome among the green
braes
Where Cayle wimples clear 'neath the white-
blossomed slaes,
Where the wild-thyme and meadow-queen scent
the saft gale,
And the cushat crouds luesomely down in the
dale.
There the lintwhite and mavis sing sweet frae
the thorn,
And blythe liltis the laverock aboon the green
corn,
And a' things rejoice in the simmer's glad prime—
But my heart's wi' my love in the far foreign
clime!

O the hay-making's pleasant in bright sunny
June—
The hay-time is cheery when hearts are in tune;
But while others are joking and laughing sae
free,
There's a pang at my heart and a tear i' my e'e.
At e'en i' the gloaming, adown by the burn,
Fu' dowie, and wae, aft I daunder and mourn;
Among the lang broom I sit greeting alane,
And sigh for my dear and the days that are gane.

O the days o' our youtheid were heartsome and
gay,
When we herded thegither by sweet Gaitshaw
brae,
When we plaited the rushes and pu'd the witch-
bells

By the Cayle's ferny howms and on Hounam's
green fells.
But young Sandy bood gang to the wars wi' the
laird,
To win honour and gowd (gif his life it be spared!)
Ah! little I care for wealth, favour, or fame,
Gin I had my dear shepherd but safely at hame!

Then round our wee cot though gruff winter
sould roar,
And poortith glowr in like a wolf at the door;

Though our toom purse had barely twa boddles
to clink,
And a barley-meal scone were the best on our
bink;
Yet, he wi' his hirsell, and I wi' my wheel,
Through the howe o' the year we wad fen unco
weel;
Till the lintwhite, and laverock, and lambs bleat-
ing fain,
Brought back the blythe time o' ewe-bughting
again.

WILLIAM HAMILTON.

BORN 1665 (?)—DIED 1751.

WILLIAM HAMILTON of Gilbertfield, the friend and correspondent of Allan Ramsay, was the second son of Captain William Hamilton of Ladylands, Ayrshire, and was born about 1665. He entered the army early in life, but after considerable service abroad returned to Scotland, with no higher rank than that of lieutenant. His time was now spent in field sports; in the cultivation of the society of men of genius and culture; and the occasional production of some effusion, in which the gentleman and the poet were alike conspicuous. His intimacy with the author of the "Gentle Shepherd"—three of his epistles to whom are to be found in several editions of Ramsay's works—commenced in an admiration on the part of the afterwards celebrated poet of some pieces of Hamilton's which had come under his notice. Allan, in an epistle addressed to his friend, says:

"When I begoud first to con verse,
And cou'd your 'Ardry Whins' rehearse,
Where bony Heck ran fast and fierce,
It warm'd my breast;
Then emulation did me pierce,
Whilk since near ceast.

"May I be lickit wi' a bittle,
Gin of your numbers I think little;
Ye're never ragget, shan, nor kittle,
But blyth and gabby;
And hit the spirit to a tittle
Of Standart Habby."

Towards the close of his life Hamilton resided at Letterick, in the county of Lanark,

where he died at an advanced age, May 24th, 1751. His principal productions are to be found in Watson's *Choice Collection of Scots Poems*. One of his compositions, which displays much simplicity and sweetness, records a very poetic circumstance in the ancient customs of Scotland:—

"wha will gar our shearers shear?
Wha will bind up the brags of weir?"

In the old days it was the custom for a piper to play behind the reapers while at work; and to the poetical enthusiasm thus excited and kept alive we are most probably indebted for many of those sweet songs which have given Scottish airs so unrivalled a celebrity, while the authors and composers of them remain as unknown as if they had never lived. In 1722 Hamilton published an abridgment, in modern Scottish, of Blind Harry's *Life of Sir William Wallace*, a book that became a great favourite among certain classes in Scotland, and inspired the boyhood of numerous poets with patriotic and martial ardour. A writer says, "The name of Hamilton of Gilbertfield has suffered in celebrity from its similarity to that of a greater poet; but, if not illustrated by works of such merit as those of Hamilton of Bangour, it is connected with productions of too much merit to justify a slight regard. A writer whose strains could inspire an Allan Ramsay with emulation could not have been of a class to be forgotten. Oblivion will be kind to him on this account alone, as Sir Walter Raleigh

beautifully tells us she has been to the adorer of Laura.

“Oblivion laid Petrarch on Laura's tomb.”

The readers of Burns will remember that in one of his finest epistles he alludes to Hamilton, in company with Ramsay and the unfortunate Fergusson, as occupying a position on the Parnassian heights to which he could never hope to climb:—

“My senses wad be in a creel
Should I but dare a hope to speel
Wi' Allan or wi' Gilbertfield
The braes o' fame,
Or Fergusson, the writer chiel',
A deathless name.”

Of the following admirable song, which has by some writers been attributed to William Walkinshaw, Allan Cunningham says, “No one ever conceived a more original lyric, or filled up the outlines of his conception with more lucky drollery, more lively flashes of native humour, or brighter touches of human character. Willie is indeed the first and last of his race; no one has imitated him, and he imitated none. He is a surpassing personage, an enthusiast in merriment, a prodigy in dancing; and his careless graces and natural gifts carry love and admiration into every female bosom.”

WILLIE WAS A WANTON WAG.

Willie was a wanton wag,
The blythest lad that e'er I saw,
At bridals still he bore the brag,
An' carried aye the gree awa'.
His doublet was of Zetland shag,
And wow! but Willie he was brow,
And at his shoulder hung a tag,
That pleas'd the lasses best of a'.

He was a man without a clag,
His heart was frank without a flaw;
And aye whatever Willie said,
It still was hauden as a law.
His boots they were made of the jag,
When he went to the weaponschaw,
Upon the green none durst him brag,
The ne'er a ane among them a'.

And was na Willie weel worth gowd?
He wan the love o' great and sma';
For after he the bride had kiss'd,
He kiss'd the lasses hale-sale a'.
Sae merrily round the ring they row'd,
When by the hand he led them a',
And smack on smack on them bestow'd
By virtue of a standing law.

And was na Willie a great loun,
As shyre a lick as e'er was seen;
When he danc'd wi' the lasses round,
The bridegroom speir'd where he had been,
Quoth Willie, I've been at the ring,
Wi' bobbing baith my shanks are sair;
Gae ca' your bride and maidens in,
For Willie he dow do nae mair.

Then rest ye, Willie, I'll gae out,
And for a wee fill up the ring;
But, shame light on his souple snout,
He wanted Willie's wanton fling.
Then straught he to the bride did fare,
Says, Weels me on your bonnie face;
Wi' bobbing Willie's shanks are sair,
And I'm come out to fill his place.

Bridegroom, she says, ye'll spoil the dance,
And at the ring ye'll aye be lag,
Unless like Willie ye advance:
O! Willie has a wanton leg;
For wi' he learns us a' to steer,
And foremost aye bears up the ring;
We will find nae sic dancing here,
If we want Willie's wanton fling.

EPISTLES TO ALLAN RAMSAY.

GILBERTFIELD, *June 26, 1719.*

O fam'd and celebrated Allan!
Renowned Ramsay! canty callan!
There's nowther Highlandman nor Lawlan,
In poetrie,
But may as soon ding down Tantallan
As match wi' thee.

For ten times ten, and that's a hunder,
I ha'e been made to gaze and wonder,
When frae Parnassus thou didst thunder
Wi' wit and skill;
Wherefore I'll soberly knock under,
And quat my quill.

Of poetry the hail quintessence
Thou hast suck'd up, left nae excrecence

To petty poets, or sic messens,
 Tho' round thy stool
 They may pick crumbs, and lear some lessons
 At Ramsay's school.

Tho' Ben and Dryden of renown
 Were yet alive in London town,
 Like kings contending for a crown,
 'Twad be a pingle,
 Whilk o' you three wad gar words sound
 And best to jingle.

Transform'd may I be to a rat,
 Wer't in my pow'r but I'd create
 Thee upo' sight the laureat
 Of this our age,
 Since thou may'st fairly claim to that
 As thy first wage.

Let modern poets bear the blame
 Gin they respect not Ramsay's name,
 Wha soon can gar them greet for shame,
 To their great loss,
 And send them a' right sneaking hame
 By Weeping-cross.

Wha bourds wi' thee had need be wary,
 And lear wi' skill thy thrust to parry,
 When thou consults thy dictionary
 Of ancient words,
 Which come from thy poetic quarry
 As sharp as swords.

Now tho' I should baith reel and rattle,
 And be as light as Aristotle,
 At Ed'nburgh we sall ha'e a bottle
 Of reaming claret,
 Gin that my half-pay siller shottle
 Can safely spare it.

At crambo then we'll rack our brain,
 Droun ilk dull care and aching pain,
 Whilk aften does our spirits drain
 Of true content;
 Woy, woy! but we's be wonder fain
 When thus acquaint.

Wi' wine we'll gargarize our craig,
 Then enter in a lasting league,
 Free of ill aspect or intrigue;
 And, gin you please it,
 Like princes when met at the Hague
 We'll solemnize it.

Accept of this, and look upon it
 With favour, tho' poor I ha'e done it.
 Sae I conclude and end my sonnet,
 Wha am most fully,
 While I do wear a hat or bonnet,
 Yours, WANTON WILLIE.

POSTSCRIPT.

By this my postscript I incline
 To let you ken my hail design
 Of sic a long imperfect line
 Lies in this sentence—
 To cultivate my dull ingine
 By your acquaintance.

Your answer, therefore, I expect;
 And to your friend you may direct
 At Gilbertfield; do not neglect,
 When ye ha'e leisure,
 Which I'll embrace with great respect,
 And perfect pleasure.

GILBERTFIELD, *July 24, 1719.*

DEAR RAMSAY,

When I receiv'd thy kind epistle
 It made me dance, and sing, and whistle;
 O sic a fike and sic a fistle
 I had about it!
 That e'er was knight of the Scots thistle
 Sae fain, I doubted.

The bonny lines therein thou sent me,
 How to the rimes they did content me!
 Tho', sir, sae high to compliment me
 Ye might deferr'd,
 For had ye but haff well a kent me,
 Some less wad ser'd.

With joyfu' heart beyond expression,
 They're safely now in my possession:
 O gin I were a winter session
 Near by thy lodging!
 I'd close attend thy new profession
 Without e'er budging.

In even doun earnest there's but few
 To vie with Ramsay dare avow,
 In verse; for to gi'e thee thy due,
 And without flectching,
 Thou's better at that trade, I trow,
 Than some's at preaching.

For my part, till I'm better lear't,
 To troke with thee I'd best forbear't,
 For an' the fouk o' Ed'nburgh hear't
 They'll call me daft;
 I'm unco eerie, and dirt fear't
 I mak wrang waft.

Thy verses, nice as ever nickit,
 Made me as canty as a cricket;
 I ergh to reply, lest I stick it;
 Syne like a coof
 I look, or ane whose pouch is pickit
 As bare's my loof.

Heh winsom! how thy saft, sweet style
 And bonny auld words gar me smile;
 Thou's travell'd surely mony a mile
 Wi' charge and cost,
 To learn them thus keep rank and file
 And ken their post.

For I maun tell thee, honest Allie,
 (I use the freedom so to call thee,)
 I think them a' sae braw and valie
 And in sic order,
 I wad nae care to be thy valie,
 Or thy recorder.

Has thou with Rosicrucians wandert,
 Or through some donsie desart dandert?
 That with thy magie, town and landart,
 For aught I see,
 Maun a' come truckle to thy standart
 Of poetrie.

Do not mistake me, dearest heart,
 As if I charged thee with black art;
 'Tis thy good genius, still alert,
 That does inspire
 Thee with ilk thing that's quick and smart
 To thy desire.

E'en mony a bonny nacky tale
 Braw to sit o'er a pint of ale:
 For fifty guineas I'll find bail
 Against a bodle,
 That I wad quat ilk day a meal
 For sic a nodle.

And on condition I were as gabby
 As either thee or honest Habby,
 That I lin'd a' thy claes wi' tabby,
 Or velvet plush,
 And then thou'd be sae far frae shabby,
 Thou'd look right sprush.

What tho' young empty airy sparks
 May have their critical remarks
 On thir, my blythe diverting warks;
 'Tis sma' presumption
 To say they're but unlearned clarks,
 And want the gumption.

Let coxcomb critics get a tether
 To tie up a' their lang loose leather;
 If they and I chance to forgether,
 The tane may rue it;
 For an' they winna haud their blether,
 They's get a flewet.

To learn them for to peep and pry
 In secret drolls 'twixt thee and I,

Pray dip thy pen in wrath, and cry,
 And ca' them skellums;
 I'm sure thou needs set little by
 To bide their bellums.

Wi' writing I'm sae bleart and doited,
 That when I raise in troth I stoited;
 I thought I should turn capernoited,
 For wi' a gird,
 Upon my bum I fairly cloited
 On the cauld eard;

Which did oblige a little dumple
 Upon my doup, close by my rumple:
 But had ye seen how I did trumple,
 Ye'd split your side,
 Wi' mony a lang and weary wimple,
 Like trough of Clyde.

GILBERTFIELD, August 24, 1719.

Accept my third and last essay
 Of rural rhyme, I humbly pray,
 Bright Ramsay, and altho' it may
 Seem doilt and donsie,
 Yet thrice of all things, I heard say,
 Was ay right sonsie.

Wharefore I scarce could sleep or slumber,
 Till I made up that happy number:
 The pleasure counterpois'd the cumber
 In every part
 And snoovt away like three-hand ombre,
 Sixpence a cart.

Of thy last poem, bearing date
 August the fourth, I grant receipt;
 It was sae braw, gart me look blate,
 'Maist tyne my senses,
 And look just like poor country Kate,
 In Lucky Spence's.

I shaw'd it to our parish priest,
 Wha was as blyth as gi'm a feast;
 He says, thou may ha'd up thy creest,
 And craw fu' crouse,
 The poets a' to thee's but jest,
 Not worth a souse.

Thy blyth and cheerfu' merry muse,
 Of compliments is sae profuse,
 For my good havins dis me roose
 Sae very finely,
 It were ill breeding to refuse
 To thank her kindly.

What tho' sometimes, in angry mood,
When she puts on her barlichood,
Her dialect seem rough and rude;
Let's ne'er be fleet,
But tak' our bit when it is good,
And buffet wi't.

For gin we ettle anes to taunt her,
And dinna cawmly thole her banter,
She'll tak' the flings, verse may grow scanter;
Syne wi' great shame
We'll rue the day that we do want her;
Then wha's to blame?

But let us still her kindness culzie,
And wi' her never breed a tulzie;
For we'll bring aff but little spulzie
In sic a barter;
And she'll be fair to gar us fulzie,
And cry for quarter.

Sae little worth's my rhyming ware,
My pack I scarce dare open mair,
'Till I tak' better wi' the lair,
My pen's sae blunted;
And a' for fear I fill the fair,
And be affronted.

The dull draff-drink makes me sae dowff,
A' I can do's but bark and yowff;
Yet set me in a claret howff,
Wi' fouk that's chancy,
My muse may lend me then a gowff
To clear my fancy.

Then Bacchus-like I'd bawl and bluster,
And a' the muses 'bout me muster;
Sae merrily I'd squeeze the cluster,
And drink the grape,
'Twad gi'e my verse a brighter lustre,
And better shape.

The powers aboon be still auspicious,
To thy achievements maist delicious;
Thy poems sweet, and nae way vicious,
But blyth and canny,
To see I'm anxious and ambitious,
Thy Miscellany.

A' blessings, Ramsay, on thee row;
Lang may thou live, and thrive, and dow,
Until thou claw an auld man's pow;
And thro' thy creed,
Be kept frae the wirricow
After thou's dead.

LADY WARDLAW.

BORN 1670 — DIED 1727.

"Neither history nor tradition," says Allan Cunningham, "has preserved any other proof of a genius of a very high order than is contained in the martial and pathetic ballad of "Hardyknute," which both tradition and history combine in ascribing to Lady Wardlaw, daughter of Sir Charles Halkett of Pitferren. From the curiosity of her compeers, or the vanity of her family, some other specimens of her poetic powers might have been expected; but whatever was looked for, nothing has come; and this is only equalled by her own modesty in seeking to confer on an earlier age the merit of a production which of itself establishes a very fair reputation." Elizabeth Halkett was born about the year 1670, and was married in 1696 to Sir Henry Wardlaw, Bart., of Pitreavie, in Fifeshire. Her death is supposed to have taken place in the year 1727. Her admirable

imitation of the old heroic ballad style was published in 1719, at Edinburgh, by James Watson, who, between the years 1706 and 1710, issued a *Choice Collection of Comic and Serious Songs, both Ancient and Modern*. This imitation was greatly admired by Gray and Percy, who believed it to be ancient, though retouched by some modern hand; and by Sir Walter Scott, who said it was the first poem he ever learned, the last he should forget. "Hardyknute" is certainly a martial and pathetic ballad, but irreconcilable with all chronology, as Scott acknowledged; "A chief with a Norwegian name is strangely introduced as the first of the nobles brought to resist a Norse invasion at the battle of Largs." Other ballads have been attributed to Lady Wardlaw's pen, but, we think, without sufficient evidence.

HARDYKNUTE.

Stately stept he east the wa',
 And stately stept he west;
 Full seventy yeirs he now had sene,
 With skerss seven yeirs of rest.

He livit quhen Britons breach of faith
 Wrought Scotland meikle wae;
 And ay his sword tauld, to their cost,
 He was their deidly fae.

Hie on a hill his castle stude,
 With halls and touris a-hicht,
 And guidly chambers fair to see,
 Quhair he lodgit mony a knight.

His dame sae peirless anes and fair,
 For chast and bewtie deimt,
 Nae marrow had in all the land,
 Saif Elenor the quene.

Full thirteen sons to him scho bare,
 All men of valour stout,
 In bluidy ficht, with sword in hand,
 Nyne lost their lives bot doubt;

Four yit remain, lang may they live,
 To stand by liege and land;
 Hie was their fame, hie was their micht,
 And hie was their command.

Great luvè they bare to Fairly fair,
 Their sister saft and deir;
 Her girdle shaw'd her middle jimp,
 And gowden glist her hair.

Quhat waefou wae her bewtie bred!
 Waefou to young and auld;
 Waefou, I trow, to kyth and kin,
 As story ever tauld.

The king of Norse, in summer tyde,
 Puft up with powir and micht,
 Landed in fair Scotland the yle,
 With mony a hardy knight.

The tydings to our gude Scots king
 Came as he sat at dyne,
 With noble chiefs in braif aray,
 Drinking the blude-reid wyne.

"To horse, to horse, my royal liege,
 Your faes stand on the strand;
 Full twenty thousand glittering spears
 The king of Norse commands."

"Bring me my steed, Mage, dapple gray,"
 Our gude king raise and cryd;
 A trustier beast in all the land
 A Scots king nevir seyde.

"Go, little page, tell Hardyknute,
 That lives on hill so hie,
 To draw his sword, the dreid of faes,
 And haste and follow me."

The little page flew swift as dart,
 Flung by his master's arm,
 "Cum down, cum down, Lord Hardyknute,
 And red your king frae harm."

Then reid, reid grew his dark-brown cheiks,
 Sae did his dark-brown brow;
 His luiks grew kene, as they were wont
 In dangers great to do.

He has tane a horn as grene as grass,
 And gi'en five sounds sae shrill,
 That trees in grene-wood schuke thereat,
 Sae loud rang ilka hill.

His sons in manly sport and glie
 Had past that summer's morn,
 Quhen low down in a grassy dale
 They heard their fateris horn.

"That horn," quod they, "neir sounds in
 peace,
 We haif other sport to byde;"
 And sune they heyd them up the hill,
 And sune were at his syde.

"Late, late yestrene, I weind in peace,
 To end my lengthened lyfe,
 My age micht weil excuse my arm
 Frae manly feats of stryfe."

"But now that Norse dois proudly boast
 Fair Scotland to intrhall,
 Its neir be said of Hardyknute
 He feired to ficht or fall.

"Robin of Rothsay, bend thy bow,
 Thy arrows schute sae leil,
 That mony a comely countenance
 They've turned to deidly pale.

"Brade Thomas, tak' ye but your lance,
 Ye neid nae weapons mair,
 Gif ye ficht wi' t' as ye did anes
 'Gainst Westmoreland's ferss heir.

“Maleom, licht of foot as stag
That runs in forest wyld,
Get me my thousands thrie of men,
Well bred to sword and schield:

“Bring me my horse and harnisine,
My blade of mettall cleir;”
If faes kend but the hand it bare
They sune had fled for feir.

“Fareweil, my dame, sae peirless gude,”
And tuke her by the hand,
“Fairer to me in age you seim,
Than maids for bewtie fam’d:

“My youngest son sall here remain,
To guard these stately towirs,
And shut the silver bolt that keips
Sae fast your painted bowirs.”

And first scho wet her comely cheiks,
And then hir bodice grene;
Her silken cords of twirtle twist
Weil plett with silver schene;

And apron set with mony a dice
Of neidle-wark sae rare,
Wove by nae hand, as ye may guess,
Saif that of Fairly fair.

And he has ridden owre muir and moss,
Owre hills and mony a glen,
Quhen he cam’ to a wounded knight,
Making a heavy mane:—

“Here maun I lye, here maun I die,
By treachery’s false gyles;
Witless I was that eir gaif faith
To wicked woman’s smyles.”

“Sir knight, gin ye were in my bowir,
To lean on silken seat,
My ladyis kyndlie care you’d prove,
Quha neir kend deidly hate:

“Hir self wald watch ye all the day,
Hir maids at deid of nicht;
And Fairly fair your heart wald cheir,
As scho stands in your sicht.

“Arise, young knight, and mount your steid,
Full lown’s the schynand day;
Cheis frae my menyie quhom ye pleis,
To leid ye on the way.”

With smyleless luke and visage wan,
The wounded knight reply’d,
“Kind chiftain, your intent pursue,
For here I maun abyde.

“To me nae after day nor nicht
Can eir be sweit or fair,
But sune beneath sum draping tree
Cauld death sall end my care.”

With him nae pleiding micht prevail;
Braif Hardyknute to gain,
With fairest words and reason strang,
Straif courteously in vain.

Syne he has gane far hynd attowre
Lord Chattan’s land sae wyde;
That lord a worthy wicht was ay,
Quhen faes his courage seyde:

Of Pictish race, by mother’s syde;
Quhen Picts ruled Caledon,
Lord Chattan claim’d the princely maid
Quhen he saift Pictish croun.

Now with his ferss and stalwart train
He reicht a rying heicht,
Quhair, braid encampit on the dale,
Norse menyie lay in sicht:

“Yonder, my valiant sons, and ferss,
Our raging revers wait,
On the unconquerit Scottish swaird,
To try us with thair fate.

“Mak’ orisons to him that saift
Our sauls upon the rade;
Synne braifly schaw your veins are fill’d
With Caledonian blude.”

Then furth he drew his trusty glaive,
Quhyle thousands all around,
Drawn frae their sheaths glanst in the sun,
And loud the bougills sound.

To join his king, adoun the hill
In haste his march he made,
Quhyle playand pibrochs minstralls meit
Afore him stately strade.

“Thryse welcum, valyiant stoup of weir,
Thy nation’s scheild and pryde,
Thy king nae reason has to feir,
Quhen thou art be his syde.”

Quhen bows were bent and darts were thravn
For thrang scarce could they flie,
The darts clove arrows as they met,
The arrows dart the tree.

Lang did they rage and fecht full ferss,
With little skaith to man;
But bludy, bludy was the field
Or that lang day was done!

The king of Scots that sindle bruik'd
The war that lukit lyke play,
Drew his braid sword and brake his bow,
Sen bows seimt but delay.

Quoth noble Rothsay, "Myne I'll keip,
I wate its bleid a skore."
"Haste up, my merry men," cry'd the king,
As he rade on before.

The king of Norse he socht to find,
With him to mense the feucht;
But on his forehead there did licht
A sharp unsonsie shaft;

As he his hand put up to find
The wound, an arrow kene,
O waefou chance! there pinn'd his hand
In midst betwene his een.

"Revenge! revenge!" cried Rothsay's heir,
"Your mail-coat sall nocht byde
The strength and sharpness of my dart,"
Then sent it through his syde.

Another arrow weil he mark'd,
It persit his neck in twa;
His hands then quat the silver reins,
He law as eard did fa'.

"Sair bleids my liege! sair, sair he bleids!"
Again with micht he drew,
And gesture dreid, his sturdy bow;
Fast the braid arrow flew:

Wae to the knight he ettled at;
Lament now quene Elgreid;
Hie dames too wail your darling's fall,
His youth and comely meid.

"Take aff, take aff his costly jupe,
(Of gold weil was it twyn'd,
Knit like the fowler's net, through quhilk
His steily harness shynd.)

"Take, Norse, that gift frae me, and bid
Him 'venge the blude it beirs;
Say, if he face my bended bow
He sure nae weapon feirs."

Proud Norse, with giant body tall,
Braid shoulder and arms strong,
Cry'd, "Quhair is Hardyknute sae fam'd,
And feird at Britain's throne?

"Though Britons tremble at his name,
I sune sall mak' him wail,
That eir my sword was made sae sharp,
Sae saft his coat of mail."

That brag his stout heart couldna byde,
It lent him youthfou micht:
"I'm Hardyknute. This day," he cry'd,
"To Scotland's king I hecht

"To lay thee law as horse's hufe,
My word I mean to keep."
Syne with the first strake eir he strak
He garr'd his body bleid.

Norse ene lyke gray goschawk's staid wyld,
He sicht with shame and spyte;
"Disgrac'd is now my far-fam'd arm
That left thee power to stryke."

Then gaif his head a blow sae fell,
It made him down to stoop,
As law as he to ladies usit,
In courtly gyse to lout.

Full sune he rais'd his bent body;
His bow he marvell'd sair,
Sen blows till then on him but darr'd
As touch of Fairly fair.

Norse ferliet too as sair as he,
To see his stately luke;
Sae sune as eir he strake a fae,
Sae sune his lyfe he tuke.

Quhair, lyke a fyre to hether set,
Bauld Thomas did advance,
A sturdy fae, with luke enrag'd,
Up towards him did prance:

He spur'd his steid throw thickest ranks,
The hardy youth to quell,
Quaha stude unmuvit at his approach,
His furie to repell.

"That schort brown shaft, sac meanly trim'd,
Lukis lyke poor Scotland's goir;
But dreidfull seems the rusty poynt!"
And loud he leuch in jeir.

"Aft Britons blude has dim'd its shyne,
This poynt cut short their vaunt;"
Syne pierc'd the boisteris bairded cheik,
Nae tyme he tuke to taunt.

Schort quhyle he in his sadill swang;
His stirrup was nae stay,
Sae feible hang his unbent knee,
Sure taken he was fey.

Swith on the harden'd clay he fell,
Right far was heard the thud,
But Thomas luikt not as he lay
All waltering in his blude.

With cairles gesture, mind unmuvit,
On raid he north the plain,
He seimt in thrang of fiercest stryfe,
Quhen winner ay the same.

Nor yit his heart dame's dimpelit cheik
Coud meise saft luvè to bruik ;
Till vengeful Ann returned his scorn,
Then languid grew his luke.

In thrawis of death, with wallowit cheik,
All panting on the plain,
The fainting corps of warriors lay,
Neir to aryse again:

Neir to return to native land ;
Nae mair with blythsom sounds
To boist the glories of the day,
And schaw their shyning wounds.

On Norway's coast the widowit dame
May wash the rocks with teirs,
May lang lukc owre the schiples seis
Befoir hir mate appeirs.

Ceise, Emma, ceise to hope in vain,
Thy lord lysis in the clay;
The valyant Scots nae revers thole
To carry lyfe away.

There on a lie, quhair stands a cross
Set up for monument,
Thousands full fierce that summer's day,
Fill'd kene waris black intent.

Let Scots, quhyle Scots, praise Hardyknute,
Let Norse the name aye dreid ;
Ay how he faucht, aft how he spaird,
Sal latest ages reid.

Full loud and chill blew westlin' wind,
Sair beat the heavy showir,
Mirk grew the nicht eir Hardyknute,
Wan neir his stately towir:

His towir that us'd with torch's bleise
To shyne sae far at nicht,
Seim'd now as black as mourning weid ;
Nae marvel sair he sich'd.

“Thair's nae licht in my lady's bowir,
Thair's nae licht in my hall ;
Nae blink shynes round my Fairly fair,
Nor ward stands on my wall.

“Quhat bodes it? Robert, Thomas, say!”
Nae answer fits their dreid.
“Stand back, my sons, I'll be your gyde;”
But by they past with speid.

“As fast I've sped owre Scotland's faes”—
There ceist his brag of weir,
Sair schamit to mynd ocht but his dame,
And maiden Fairly fair.

Black feir he felt, but quhat to feir,
He wist not yit with dreid;
Sair schuke his body, sair his limbs,
And all the warrior fled.

JOHN CLERK.

BORN 1680—DIED 1755.

SIR JOHN CLERK, second baronet or Penny-cuik, for nearly half a century one of the barons of the exchequer in Scotland, was born in 1680, and succeeded his father in his title and estates in 1722. He was one of the commissioners for the union, and was recognized as one of the most accomplished men of his time. For twenty years he carried on a correspondence with Roger Gale, the English antiquarian, which appears in Nichol's *Bibliotheca Topographica Britannica*, and contributed scientific papers to various learned societies. He

was joint author, in 1726, with Baron Scrope of the *Historical View of the Forms and Powers of the Court of Exchequer in Scotland*, which was printed at the expense of the barons of exchequer at Edinburgh in 1820, in a large quarto volume. To Sir John are ascribed some amatory lines sent with a flute to Susanna Kennedy, whom he courted unsuccessfully. On attempting to blow the instrument it would not sound, and on uncovering it, the young lady, afterwards Countess of Eglinton, found the following:—

“ Harmonious pipe, how I envy thy bliss,
 When press'd to Sylphia's lips with gentle kiss!
 And when her tender fingers round thee move
 In soft embrace, I listen and approve
 Those melting notes, which soothe my soul to love.
 Embalm'd with odours from her breath that flow,
 You yield your music when she's pleas'd to blow;
 And thus at once the charming lovely fair
 Delights with sounds, with sweets perfumes the air.
 Go, happy pipe, and ever mindful be
 To court the charming Sylphia for me;
 Tell all I feel—you cannot tell too much—
 Repeat my love at each soft melting touch;
 Since I to her my liberty resign,
 Take thou the care to tune her heart to mine.”

It was to this lady that Allan Ramsay, in 1726, dedicated his “ Gentle Shepherd.” The baronet was one of Ramsay's warmest friends, who “ admired his genius and knew his

worth.” During the poet's latter years much of his time was spent at Pennycook House, and at his death its master erected at his beautiful family seat an obelisk to Ramsay's memory. Sir John by his second wife had seven sons and six daughters. One of the former was the author of the well-known work on *Naval Tactics*, and father of the eccentric Lord Eldin, one of Scotland's most eminent lawyers. Sir John died at Pennycook, October 4, 1755. His extremely humorous and popular song of “ The Miller ” first appeared in the second volume of Yair's *Charmer*, published at Edinburgh four years before Sir John's death; and since that date it has been included in almost all collections of Scottish song. The first verse belongs to an older and an anonymous hand.

THE MILLER.

Merry may the maid be
 That marries the miller,
 For foul day and fair day
 He's aye bringing till her;
 Has aye a penny in his purse
 For dinner and for supper;
 And gin she please, a good fat cheese,
 And lumps of yellow butter.

When Jamie first did woo me,
 I speir'd what was his calling;
 Fair maid, says he, O come and see,
 Ye're welcome to my dwelling:
 Though I was shy, yet I cou'd spy
 The truth of what he told me,
 And that his house was warm and couth,
 And room in it to hold me.

Behind the door a bag of meal,
 And in the kist was plenty
 Of good hard cakes his mither bakes,
 And bannocks were na scanty;

A good fat sow, a sleeky cow
 Was standin' in the byre;
 While lazy puss with mealy mool'
 Was playing at the fire.

Good signs are these, my mither says,
 And bids me tak' the miller,
 For foul day and fair day
 He's aye bringing till her;
 For meal and malt she does na want,
 Nor anything that's dainty;
 And noo and then a keckling hen
 To lay her eggs in plenty.

In winter when the wind and rain
 Blaws o'er the house and byre,
 He sits beside a clean hearth stane
 Before a rousing fire,
 With nut-brown ale he liltis his tale,
 Which rows him o'er er fu' happy:
 Who'd be a king—a petty thing,
 When a miller lives so happy?