

The Scottish Historical Review

VOL. I., No. 1

OCTOBER 1903

The Lives of Authors

A STUDENT of history, who has to contend every day with the scarcity and inaccuracy of human records, finds himself forced to admit that men are wise, and care little for fame. Each generation of men goes about its business and its pleasure with immense energy and zest; each, when it has passed away, leaves the historians of a later era to spell out what they can from a few broken stones and torn scraps of parchment. The opinion of Shakespeare, that

‘Nothing ’gainst Time’s scythe can make defence
Save breed, to brave him when he takes thee hence,’

is the opinion of the sane world; and the desire for posthumous fame, ‘that last infirmity of noble minds,’ is a rare infirmity. The Romans were content to bequeathe to us their blood and their law. If every human creature were provided with some separate and permanent memorial, we could not walk in the fields for tombstones.

I desire in the following paper to trace the late and gradual growth of an interest in the Lives of English Authors, and to give some brief account of the earlier collections of printed biographies. Biography is not the least valuable part of modern literary history, and its origin is to be found in the new conceptions of literature and of history which were introduced at the time of the Renaissance. In the Middle Ages a writer was wholly identified with his work. His personal habits and private vicissitudes of fortune excited little curiosity; Vincent of Beauvais and Godfrey of Viterbo are the names not so much of two men as of two books. Literature was regarded as the chief means of preserving and promulgating ancient truths and

traditions ; and authors were mechanical scribes, recorders, and compilers. The distinction between fact and fiction, which we all make to-day with so airy a confidence, was hardly known to the mediæval writer. Even the bard who celebrated the exploits of Arthur, the Christian king, or of Fierabras, the Pagan giant, based his claim to credit on the historical truth of his narrative, and supported himself by the authority of the books from which he copied. Poet or historian, he would have been indignant to be refused the name of copyist. Whence should he derive his wisdom but from the old books whose lessons he desired to hand on to coming generations?—

‘For out of oldè feldès, as men seith,
Cometh al this newè corn from yeer to yeer ;
And out of oldè bokès, in good feith,
Cometh al this newè science that men lere.’

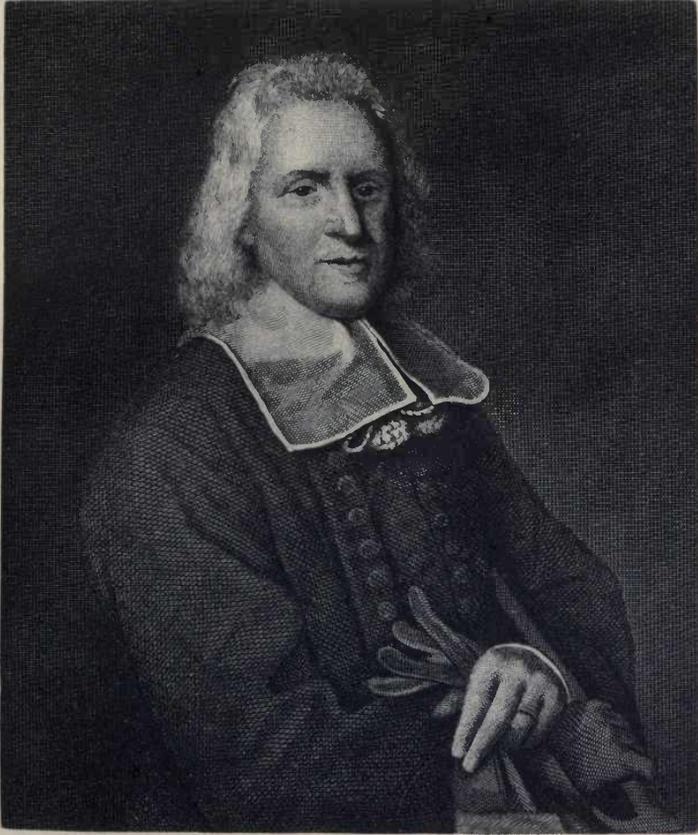
While this was the dominant conception of art and of science, of history and of literature, authors were, in every sense of the word, a humble class. Where it was their function to instruct, they were conduit-pipes for the wisdom of the ages ; where they set themselves to amuse, they held a rank not far above that of the professional jesters and minstrels who were attached as servitors to the household of some great lord or king.

With the revival of letters in the Sixteenth Century there came the first serious attempt to put on record such facts as could be recovered concerning the great writers who had flourished in these islands. The dissolution of the monasteries caused the destruction of so large a mass of valuable material that it was impossible for scholars to stand by without making an effort to save some remnants. Leland, Bale, and Pits, whose joint activity covers the whole of the Sixteenth Century, each of them made a collection of the lives and works of the writers of Great Britain. Three of the most conspicuous features of later antiquarian learning are exemplified in their work, as it is estimated by Fuller: ‘*ƒ. Leland*,’ he says, ‘is the industrious *bee*, working all: *ƒ. Bale* is the angry *wasp*, stinging all: *ƒ. Pits* is the idle *drone*, stealing all.’ But these three men made no new departure in method. The bulk of the writers whom they commemorated were monks and friars, concerning whom biographical details were wholly to seek. Their works, which were compounded, with large additions, into a single folio volume by Bishop Tanner, can hardly be said to exhibit the faint beginnings of modern biography.

It is difficult to persuade man that his contemporaries are interesting and important persons. The industrious scholar bars his doors and windows, and shuts himself up in his room, that he may bequeathe to future ages his views on the Primitive Church or the Egyptian Dynasties. His works, too often, go to swell the dust-heap of learning. And what is going on in the street, on the other side of his shutter, is what future ages will probably desire, and desire in vain, to know. At the time of the Renaissance, when writers of knowledge and power were Latinists and scholars, who had been nurtured in an almost superstitious veneration for the ancient classics, the poor playwright or poet in the vernacular tongue was little likely to engage the labours of a learned pen. Those Elizabethan authors whose lives are fairly well known to us were always something other than mere authors,—men of noble family, it may be, or distinguished in politics and war. We know more of Sir Walter Raleigh's career than of Shakespeare's, and more of Essex than of Spenser. On the other hand, while the works of Shakespeare and Spenser have come down to us almost intact, most of the poems of Raleigh and Essex are lost. Men of position held professional authorship in some contempt, and wrote only for the delectation of their private friends. And when Sir Fulke Greville, Lord Brooke, wrote a brief life of his friend and ancient schoolfellow, Sir Philip Sidney, it was not the author of the *Arcadia* or the *Sonnets* that he desired to celebrate, but rather the statesman of brilliant promise and the soldier whose death had put a nation into mourning. So that this ceremonial little treatise, which is the earliest notable English life of an English poet, is the life of a poet almost by accident.

With the Seventeenth Century, a century rich in all antiquarian and historical learning, literary biography begins. Early in the century, Thomas Heywood, the dramatist, planned a volume to contain 'the lives of all the poets, foreign and modern, from the first before Homer to the *novissimi* and last.' He never carried out his scheme, and so we have lost an invaluable work. But his other prose works and compilations give us reason to fear that his *Lives* would have been borrowed almost wholly from books and would have contained all too little of direct impression or reminiscence. The scheme for a complete account of the lives of English poets was not taken up again till towards the close of the century, and then Shakespeare and the Elizabethans were beyond the reach of living memory.

Nevertheless, during the course of the century poets began to find biographers. The patriotic impulse that had produced the Elizabethan Chronicles, and Camden's *Britannia*, and Drayton's *Polyolbion* moved Thomas Fuller to write his *History of the Worthies of England* (1662), which included the lives of many poets. In undertaking this work Fuller proposed to himself five ends—'first, to give some glory to God; secondly, to preserve the memories of the dead; thirdly, to present examples to the living; fourthly, to entertain the reader with delight; and lastly (which I am not ashamed publicly to profess) to procure some honest profit to myself.' He died a year before his book appeared, so he failed in the last of his aims. He did his best to make his subject attractive to readers. 'I confess,' he says, 'the subject is but dull in itself, to tell the time and place of men's birth, and deaths, their names, with the names and number of their books; and therefore this bare skeleton of time, place, and person must be fleshed with some pleasant passages. To this intent I have purposely interlaced . . . many delightful stories.' He will always be valued for the facts that he records and for the many surprising turns of fanciful wit with which he relieves the monotony of his work. In endeavouring to make his biographies literary he had the advantage of a matchless model. For before Fuller wrote, Izaak Walton had produced two of his famous *Lives*. Walton was drawn into the writing of biography by his desire to leave the world some memorial of the virtues of men whom he had known. The men whom he chose for his subject were men like-minded with himself, men who had studied to be quiet, 'to keep themselves in peace and privacy, and behold God's blessing spring out of their mother earth.' The Life of Dr. John Donne, Dean of St. Paul's, the first that he wrote, was contributed as preface to a collection of Donne's sermons in 1640. Sir Henry Wotton, whose Life appeared in 1651, had been Walton's friend and fellow angler during the quiet years that he spent at Eton College after his retirement from the service of the State—'the College being to his mind as a quiet harbour to a seafaring man after a tempestuous voyage. . . . Nor did he forget his innate pleasure of angling' (for an angler, according to Walton, is born, not made), 'which he would usually call "his idle time not idly spent"; saying often, he would rather live five May months than forty Decembers.' To these two lives Walton subsequently added three more, the



ISAAK WALTON

From a print in the Bodleian of the engraving by Philip Audinet

Lives of Mr. Richard Hooker, Mr. George Herbert, and Dr. Robert Sanderson, the last being written almost forty years later than the Life of Donne. Walton had not known all these men, though they were all contemporary with his long life. But he was drawn by natural sympathy to their characters, and his portraits of them are masterpieces of delicate insight.

Indeed, Walton's *Lives* are almost too perfect to serve as models. They are obituary poems; each of them has the unity and the melody of a song or a sonnet; they deal with no problems, but sing the praises of obscure beneficence and a mind that seeks its happiness in the shade. No English writer before Walton had so skilfully illustrated men's natural disposition and manners from the most casual acts and circumstances. It is not in the crisis of great events that he paints his heroes, but in their most retired contemplations and the ordinary round of their daily life. We see Hooker as he was found by his pupils at Drayton Beauchamp tending his small allotment of sheep in a common field, with the *Odes* of Horace in his hands, and hear him called away by the voice of his wife to rock the cradle; we find George Herbert tolling the bell and serving at the altar of his little Church at Bemerton, and overhear his conversations with his parishioners by the roadside; we come upon Dr. Sanderson, a man whose only infirmities were that he was too timorous and bashful, as Walton met him in the bookseller's quarter of Little Britain, where he had been to buy a book; we notice that he is dressed 'in sad-coloured clothes, and, God knows, far from being costly'; and, on the sudden coming-on of a shower of rain, we are allowed to accompany him and his biographer to 'a cleanly house,' where they have bread, cheese, ale, and a fire for their money, and where we are permitted to overhear their talk on the troubles of the times. Or we see Dr. John Donne dressed in his winding sheet, with his face exposed and his eyes shut, standing for his picture in his study that so his portrait when it was finished might serve to keep him in mind of his death. All these sketches and many more in Walton's *Lives* are as perfect, in their way, as the *Idylls* of Theocritus.

Intimate biography of this kind was the creation of the Seventeenth Century, and Walton had many followers and disciples. Some of the formal collections of Lives are little better, it is true, than compilations of dry facts and dates. The *Theatrum Poetarum Anglicanorum* (1675) by Milton's nephew,

Edward Phillips; the *Lives of the Most Famous English Poets* (1687) by William Winstanley, an industrious barber, who stole from Phillips as Phillips had stolen from Fuller; the *Account of the English Dramatic Poets* (1691) by Gerard Langbaine; Sir Thomas Pope Blount's *De Re Poetica, or Remarks upon Poetry, with Characters and Censures of the most considerable Poets* (1694)—all these are valuable as authorities, but they draw no portraits of authors in their habit as they lived, and intrude upon no privacy. Even where the material for a familiar and life-like portrait existed it was too often suppressed in the supposed interests of the dignity of literature. Sprat in his *Life of Cowley* (1667) confesses that he had a large collection of Cowley's letters to his private friends, in which were expressed 'the Native tenderness and Innocent gayety of his Mind.' But 'nothing of this nature,' says Sprat, 'should be published. . . . In such Letters the Souls of Men should appear undress'd: And in that negligent habit, they may be fit to be seen by one or two in a Chamber, but not to go abroad into the Streets.' So we have lost the letters of a man whom we can easily believe to have been the best letter-writer of his century and country.

Nevertheless, some familiar details have escaped suppression; not all the literary portraits of the time are conventional and stiff. Edward Phillips' *Life of John Milton* (1694), prefixed to an edition of Milton's Latin letters, preserves for us some minute and personal reminiscences of the poet. Moreover, the Seventeenth Century is rich in religious biography, written with a homiletic and didactic intent. The *Lives of Eminent Persons* (1683) by Samuel Clarke, although, like the mediaeval *Lives of Saints*, they are too monotonously alike, too little quickened with the caprices and humours of the unregenerate, yet occasionally display, in the interstices between Biblical quotation and edifying sentiment, real glimpses of living human character. But evangelical biography, which attempts to exhibit human life as a design nearly resembling a fixed pattern, has never been strong in portrait-painting. These sketches are seen to be merely childish in conception and execution if they be set beside the vivid and masterly work of John Aubrey, the best of Seventeenth Century gossips. He was despised by his learned contemporaries for an idle man of fashion and a pretender to antiquities. Anthony à Wood, the author of that great work the *Athenae Oxonienses*—perhaps the most valuable of all early biographical collections—speaks of Aubrey as 'a shiftless person,

roving and magotieheaded, and sometimes little better than crased.' Yet Aubrey had the true spirit of an antiquary; nothing was too trivial to be set down in his *Brief Lives*. He records how, walking through Newgate Street, he saw a bust of the famous Dame Venetia Stanley in a brasier's shop, with the gilding on it destroyed by the Great Fire of London, and regrets that he could never see the bust again, for 'they melted it down.' 'How these curiosities,' he adds, 'would be quite forgott, did not such idle fellowes as I am putt them downe!'

And we owe to Aubrey a world of anecdote that but for his idleness would have been lost. He has the quickest eye for the odd humours and tricks of thought and gesture which distinguish one man from another. He was credulous, no doubt, for he was insatiably inquisitive, and the possibilities of human nature seemed to him to be inexhaustible. Character is what he loves, and he found the characters of men to be full of novelties and surprises. To him we owe the portrait of Hobbes the philosopher, at the age of ninety, lying in bed, and, when he was sure that the doors were barred and nobody heard him (for he had not a good voice), singing from a printed book of airs, to strengthen his lungs and prolong his life. Again, he tells how Thomas Fuller, the historian, had a memory so good that 'he would repeate to you forwards and backwards all the signes from Ludgate to Charing Crosse.' Or how Sir John Suckling, the poet, when he was at his lowest ebb in gaming, 'would make himselfe most glorious in apparell, and sayd that it exalted his spirits.' Or how William Prynne, the Puritan chastiser of the theatre, studied after this manner: 'He wore a long quilt cap, which came 2 or 3, at least, inches over his eies, which served him as an umbrella to defend his eies from the light. About every 3 houres his man was to bring him a roll and a pott of ale to refocillate his wasted spirits. So he studied and dranke and munched some bread: and this maintained him till night; and then he made a good supper.' Sometimes it is a witty saying or happy retort that sticks in Aubrey's memory. So he relates of Sir Henry Savile, Provost of Eton, that he could not abide *Wits*; 'when a young scholar was recommended to him for a good witt, *Out upon him*, says he, *I'll have nothing to do with him; give me the plodding student. If I would look for witts I would goe to Newgate, there be the witts.*' Again, he tells how Sir Walter Raleigh, dining with his graceless son at a nobleman's table, when his son made a profane and immodest speech, struck him over the face. 'His son, as rude as

he was, would not strike his father, but strikes over the face the gentleman that sate next to him, and sayd : “ Box about : ’twill come to my father anon.”’

Aubrey takes as keen a delight as Samuel Pepys himself in the use of his natural senses, and his zest in observation sometimes gives an air of exaggeration to his recorded impressions. Of Sir Henry Savile he says, ‘He was an extraordinary handsome and beautiful man; no lady had a finer complexion.’ Of Sir William Petty, ‘He is a proper handsome man, measured six foot high, good head of browne haire moderately turning up. . . . His eies are a kind of goose-grey, but very short-sighted, and, as to aspect, beautiful, and promise sweetnes of nature, and they do not deceive, for he is a marvellous good-natured person.’ Aubrey’s unbounded faculty for enjoyment and admiration is seen even in his description of the mechanical contrivances and scientific inventions that were shown to him by his friends. Now it is a new kind of well—‘the most ingenious and useful bucket well that ever I saw. . . . ’Tis extremely well worth the seeing.’ Or it is a device for relieving those who are troubled with phlegm,—‘a fine tender sprig,’ with a rag tied at the end to put down the throat of the patient. ‘I could never make it goe downe my throat,’ says Aubrey, ‘but for those that can ’tis a most incomparable engine.’ And there is nothing that he takes more delight in than a funeral or an obituary monument. His descriptions of tombstones almost make you feel that it is worth the pains of dying to get so admirable a thing contrived in your honour. Of Selden he says :

‘He was magnificently buried in the Temple Church. . . . His grave was about ten foot deepe, or better, walled up a good way with bricks, of which also the bottome was paved, but the sides at the bottome for about two foot high were of black polished marble, wherein his coffin (covered with black bayes) lyeth, and upon that wall of marble was presently let downe a huge black marble stone of great thicknesse, with this inscription :

Heic jacet corpus Johannis Seldeni.

. . . Over this was turned an inch of brick . . . and upon that was throwne the earth, etc., and on the surface lieth another finer grave-stone of black marble with this inscription :

I. Seldenus I. C. heic situs est.

. . . On the side of the wall above is a fine inscription of white marble : the epitaph he made himself’

This is merely one instance of Aubrey’s loving care for grave-stones and monuments. He recognised them perhaps as being



JOHN AUBREY: AETAT. 40

From a pen-and-ink drawing in the Bodleian

among the best friends of the antiquary, and desired that they should receive all care and honour. Of Ben Jonson he says :

‘He lies buried in the north aisle of Westminster Abbey, in the path of square stone (the rest is lozenge) opposite to the scutcheon of Robertus de Ros, with this inscription only on him, in a pavement square, of blew marble, about 14 inches square,

O RARE BEN JOHNSON,

which was donne at the chardge of Jack Young (afterwards knighted) who, walking there when the grave was covering, gave the fellow eighteenpence to cutt it.’

And Aubrey did not forget his own epitaph. Among his papers he left two suggestions, made at different times, for an inscription to be placed on his tomb. ‘I would desire,’ he says at the foot of one of these, ‘that this Inscription sho^d be a stone of white M^{ble} about the bigness of a royal sheet of paper, scilicet about 2 foot square. Mr. Reynolds of Lambeth, Stone-cutter (Foxhall), who married Mr. Elias Ashmole’s widow, will help me to a Marble as square as an imperial sheet of paper for 8 shillings.’

But Aubrey’s greatest quality as an antiquary is his sympathy with the living, and with life in all its phases. He writes best when he is recording his memories of men that he had seen and known. Where these men were famous, and remembered by after generations, his vivid phrases have long since been embodied in biographical dictionaries. Some of his best work, however, is done on perishable names, and no better example of his art can be found than his account of Dr. Ralph Kettell, for forty-five years President of Trinity College, Oxford, a humorous pedagogue of the old school, who died soon after Aubrey came into residence at the College :

‘He dyed a yeare after I came to the Colledge, and he was then a good deale above 80 (quaere aetatem), and he had then a fresh ruddy complexion. He was a very tall well-growne man. His gowne and surplice and hood being on, he had a terrible gigantesque aspect, with his sharp gray eies. . . . He was, they say, white very soon ; he had a very venerable presence, and was an excellent governour. One of his maximes of governing was to keepe down the *juvenilis impetus*. . . . One of the fellowes (in Mr. Francis Potter’s time) was wont to say that Dr. Kettel’s braine was like a *hasty-pudding where there was memorie, judgement, and phancy all stirred together*. If you had to doe with him, taking him for a foole, you would have found in him great subtilty and reach : *è contra*, if you treated with him as a wise man, you would have mistaken him for a foole. . . . He observed that the howses that had the smallest beer had most drunkards, for

it forced them to goe into the town to comfort their stomachs : wherefore Dr. Kettle alwayes had in his College excellent beer, not better to be had in Oxon ; so that we could not goe to any other place but for the worse, and we had the fewest drunkards of any howse in Oxford. . . . He was irreconcilable to long haire ; called them hairy scalpes, and as for peri-wigges (which were then very rarely worne) he beleevd them to be the scalpes of men cutt off after they were hang'd, and so tanned and dressed for use. When he observed the scholars' haire longer then ordinary (especially if they were scholars of the howse), he would bring a paire of cizers in his muffle (which he commonly wore), and woe be to them that sate on the outside of the table. I remember he cutt Mr. Radford's haire with the knife that chipps the bread on the buttery-hatch. . . . He dragg'd with one (*i.e.* right) foot a little, by which he gave warning (like the rattle-snake) of his comeing. . . . He preach't every Sunday at his parsonage at Garsington (about 5 miles off). He rode on his bay gelding, with his boy Ralph before him, with a leg of mutton (commonly) and some colledge bread. He did not care for the country revells, because they tended to debauchery. Sayd he, at Garsington revell, *Here is Hey for Garsington! and Hey Hockly!* but *here's nobody cries, Hey for God Almighty!* . . . 'Tis probable this venerable Dr. might have lived some yeares longer, and finisht his century, had not those civill wars come on : which much grieved him, that was wont to be absolute in the colledge, to be affronted and dis-respected by rude soldiers. . . . His dayes were shortned, and dyed (July) anno Domini 1643, and was buried at Garsington : quære his epitaph.'

The abundant human sympathy that takes delight in all these passing incidents and trivial characteristics is a necessary part of the equipment of an antiquary. The whole tribe of antiquaries suffers under the false imputation that their work is 'dry-as-dust.' No doubt there are minute, exact, and arid minds in that, as in other callings. No doubt there is useful work to be done, here as elsewhere, by men who ply a dull mechanical trade and for-swear imagination. But imaginative sympathy is, none the less, the soul of an antiquary, the impulse that urges him on to years of tedious labour, and the refreshment that keeps him alive in a desert of dust and tombs. 'Methinks,' says Aubrey, 'I am carried on by a kind of Oestrum, for nobody else hereabout hardly cares for it, but rather makes a scorn of it. But methinks it shews a kind of gratitude and good nature, to revive the memories and memorials of the pious and charitable Benefactors long since dead and gone.' But if gratitude is the prevailing motive, it is by a wide faculty of imagination that the antiquary comes to understand that there is but one human society on earth, and that, for good or for evil, the living are the least part of it. Where other men see only a wave of green rising ground, he calls up in his thought a bygone civilisation, he

sees the Roman soldiers relieving guard and exchanging gossip on the ramparts of a world-empire, he witnesses excursions and alarums, and hears the strange jargon of the long-haired prisoners brought captive into camp. Where others see only a torn bit of yellow parchment inscribed with faded characters he reconstructs in thought the mediaeval church and the despotism that it wielded in all the dearest relations of life. He knows that a great institution never perished without leaving a legacy to those that come after it, and that the present is inextricably entangled with the past. He builds up a vanished society from tiles and buttons, black-jacks, horn books, and battered pewter vessels. Whatever humanity has touched has a story for him. It is not an accident that the greatest novelist of Scotland was first an antiquary. And, to return to my tale, it was only by accident that John Aubrey, with his interest in witchcraft and mechanical science, in astrology and education, in Stonehenge and the Oxford Colleges, did not leave some more considerable monument of his powers than the voluminous scattered papers that were published for the most part long after his death.

What antiquaries suffer from the neglect of the public is a small thing compared to what they suffer at the hands of one another. Aubrey's biographical materials were compounded, with worse than no acknowledgment, by Anthony à Wood in his *Athenae Oxonienses, an Exact History of all the Writers and Bishops who have had their Education in the University of Oxford* (1691-2). This great work, as splendid a benefaction as has ever been conferred by a single donor on any University, was conceived and executed by its author out of love for the place where he was born and had his education. Like a disdainful beauty, the University of Oxford has always been careless of those who love and serve her best. Her native fascination keeps her truest lovers her slaves, and she reserves her kindness for those who will not swell her following till they are assured of her favour. Anthony à Wood did not grudge a lifetime spent in the service of Oxford, but that he felt her indifference is evident from his preface, *To the Reader*:

'The Reader is desired to know that this Herculean labour had been more proper for a head or fellow of a college, or for a public professor or officer of the most noble university of Oxford to have undertaken and consummated, than the author, who never enjoyed any place or office therein, or can justly say that he hath eaten the bread of any founder. Also, that it had been a great deal more fit for one who pretends to be a *virtuoso*, and to know all men, and all things that are transacted; Or for one who frequents much society in common-

rooms, at public fires, in coffee-houses, assignations, clubbs, etc., where the characters of men and their works are frequently discussed; but the author, alas, is so far from frequenting such company and topicks, that he is as 'twere dead to the world, and utterly unknown in person to the generality of Scholars in Oxon.'

One reason why the company of Anthony was not agreeable to the fellows even of his own College is not unconnected with his professional excellence. 'I am told,' says Hearne, 'by one of the fellows of Merton College that Mr. Ant. à Wood formerly used to frequent their common-room; but that a quarrel arising one night between some of the fellows, one of them, who thought himself very much abused, put some of the rest of them into the court; but when the day for deciding the matter came, there wanted sufficient evidence. At last Mr. Wood, having been in company all the time the quarrel lasted, and put down the whole in writing, gave a full relation, which appeared so clear for the plaintiff, that immediate satisfaction was commanded to be given. This was so much resented, that Mr. Wood was afterwards expelled the common-room, and his company avoided, as an observing person, and not fit to be present where matters of moment were discussed.' In his autobiography Wood himself relates how it was said that 'the society of Merton would not let me live in the college for fear I should pluck it down to search after antiquities.'

But no one can read the *Athenae Oxoniensis* without recognising that the author was also a man of a naturally satirical wit, with a great talent for sketching the characters of men or books in a scornful phrase, or a few incisive epithets. His depreciation is the more effective in that it falls at random, with none of the air of a studied invective. He knows that the indifference of contempt, which is professed a hundred times in human society for once that it is really felt, may be better and more bitingly conveyed in a subordinate clause than in the main sentence. So in speaking of the music of his time, he says, 'Mr. Davis Mell was accounted hitherto the best for the violin in England, as I have before told you; but after Baltzar came into England, and showed his most wonderful parts on that instrument, Mell was not so admired; yet he played sweeter, was a well-bred gentleman, and not given to excessive drinking as Baltzar was.' So Mell loses his musical pre-eminence, and Baltzar his reputation for courtesy and sobriety.

If we consider, therefore, the enormous learning of Anthony à

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ANTHONY À WOOD, AETAT. 45

From a drawing in the Bodleian

Wood, in a kind for which the Oxford of his day had little sympathy, his love of a solitary and retired life, his liberty of speech, his quickness of observation, even when 'he seemed to take notice of nothing and to know nothing,' his independent pride and sarcastic severity of judgment, we shall find no reason to wonder that the fellows of Merton, solicitous chiefly, it may be, for the dignity and comfort of the high table, were not sorry to be rid of his company.

About the greatness of his achievement there can be no question. His account of the learned writers and poets who had their education at Oxford has been used by a hundred later compilers; it has been edited with additions, and may be so edited again and again; but it can never be wholly superseded. The *Athenae* is a monument of literature; it records in its thousands of columns all that Oxford meant to the world, all of learning and beauty that she gave to the world, during centuries of her existence; and its author might justly boast, in the words of the poet-painter who drew the portrait of his mistress—

'Let all men note
That in all time (O Love, thy gift is this!)
He that would look on her must come to me.'

The subject is large, and a brief mention of some later compilations must suffice. Aubrey and Wood had appealed chiefly to an audience of professed students and lovers of antiquity. But at the beginning of the Eighteenth Century, the public, having enjoyed such an education as is obtainable in the noisy school of political and religious controversy, upreared its giant form and swore that it would read. This was the genesis of the publisher. Before this date the author said what he had to say, and the bookseller introduced it to such readers as were likely to appreciate it. Then, as now, an author often failed to find a bookseller or printer who would be at the risk of printing his work. But while the bookseller reigned, the chain of causation often began with the author, who was a man writing, and writing, it might even be, because he thought or knew. When the publisher succeeded to power, the order was reversed. The main fact to be recognised by him was that here was a public which had already taken to reading, as a man may take to drink. The public must be supplied with something that it could consume in large quantities without loss of appetite. Hence the novel, the review, the periodical essay, the collection of private letters, and

though last, not least, the intimate lives of notable men. Tonson, the first great publisher, deserves to be named with Copernicus, Harvey, Kepler, James Watt, and other famous discoverers. To him there occurred the new and fruitful notion that the Garden of Literature was a kind of Zoological Gardens, and that liveried attendants might profitably be employed to feed the beasts. But it was reserved for Edmund Curll, Pope's victim and accomplice, to carry the discovery a step further, and so to play Newton to Tonson's Kepler. Whether by happy chance or by laborious induction we cannot tell; but Curll hit on one of those epoch-making ideas which are so simple when once they are explained, so difficult, save for the loftiest genius, in their first conception. It occurred to him that, in a world governed by the law of mortality, the beasts might be handsomely and cheaply fed on one another's remains. He lost no time in putting his theory into action. During the years of his activity he published some forty or fifty separate *Lives*, intimate, anecdotal, scurrilous sometimes, of famous or notorious persons who had the ill fortune to die during his life-time. He had learned the wisdom of the grave-digger in *Hamlet*, and knew that there are many rotten corpses nowadays, that will scarce hold the laying in. So he seized on them before they were cold, and commemorated them in batches. One of his titles runs: *The Lives of the most Eminent Persons who died in the Years 1711, 12, 13, 14, 15, in 4 Vols.* 8°. His books commanded a large sale, and modern biography was established.

The new taste reacted on the older poets, whose works were steadily finding a larger and larger audience. In 1723 one Giles Jacob, who was the son of a maltster in Hampshire, and had been bred to the law, edited, for Curll, a collection in two volumes called *The Poetical Register, or the Lives and Characters of all the English Poets, with an account of their Writings*. His work, which is founded on Langbaine for the dramatic part, is meanly written, and, like many other meanly written works, is profusely illustrated. 'I have been very sparing,' says the editor, 'in my Reflections on the Merits of Writers, which is indeed nothing but anticipating the judgment of the Reader, and who after all will judge for himself.' Pope, perhaps after reading this sentence, called Jacob 'the scourge of grammar.' He and Congreve and other living writers were treated by the servile Jacob with a vapid monotony of commendation. In short, the book, like so much of later reviewing, is not critical; it belongs

rather to the huge family of trade circulars and letters of introduction.

The effort to recover information concerning our older English poets was continued in the Eighteenth Century by the successors of Aubrey and Wood, chief among whom must be mentioned Thomas Coxeter and William Oldys. Coxeter, who was of Aubrey's College in Oxford, devoted the whole of his busy life (1689-1747) to collecting the works of forgotten poets and amassing historical material. His books were dispersed at his death, but his material fell into the hands of Griffiths, Goldsmith's employer, and became the basis for the last biographical collection that I shall discuss,—*The Lives of the Poets of Great Britain and Ireland to the Time of Dean Swift*. By Mr. Cibber (1753). 5 vols. This important compilation, which probably suggested Johnson's great work, has had very little justice done to it in literary history. It is seldom mentioned save in connection with the dispute about its authorship. There is no reason to distrust the categorical statements of Johnson, who must have been well informed. 'It was not written,' says Johnson, 'nor, I believe, ever seen, by either of the Cibbers; but was the work of Robert Shiels, a native of Scotland, a man of very acute understanding, though with little scholastic education, who, not long after the publication of his book, died in London of a consumption. His life was virtuous, and his end was pious. Theophilus Cibber, then a prisoner for debt, imparted, as I was told, his name for ten guineas. The manuscript of Shiels,' he adds, 'is now in my possession.'

In some of its details this account has been amended and corrected. Cibber, it appears, did actually supervise and edit the work, striking out the Jacobite and Tory sentiments which Shiels had plentifully interspersed in the Lives that he contributed. For this labour of revision Cibber received twenty guineas. Shiels, on the other hand, wrote the chief part of the book, and received almost seventy pounds. Cibber and Shiels, as might be expected, quarrelled, and Shiels, who was for a time one of Johnson's dictionary amanuenses, doubtless communicated to Johnson his version of the affair.

That Shiels is entitled to the chief credit of the work cannot be doubted. Internal evidence, as it is called, would alone be sufficient to establish his claim. Here, for instance, is a description of Edinburgh society, extracted from the Life of Mr. Samuel Boyse, who came to that city from the lighter air of

Dublin. The description seems to me to prove two things : that the author was a Scot ; and that, consciously or unconsciously, he had formed his literary style wholly on the Johnsonian model.

‘The personal obscurity of Mr. Boyse’ (during his residence in Edinburgh) ‘might perhaps not be altogether owing to his habits of gloominess and retirement. Nothing is more difficult in that city than to make acquaintances. There are no places where people meet and converse promiscuously. There is a reservedness and gravity in the manner of the inhabitants which makes a stranger averse to approach them. They naturally love solitude ; and are very slow in contracting friendships. They are generous ; but it is with a bad grace. They are strangers to affability, and they maintain a haughtiness, and an apparent indifference, which deters a man from courting them. They may be said to be hospitable, but not complaisant, to strangers. Insincerity and cruelty have no existence amongst them ; but if they ought not to be hated they can never be much loved, for they are incapable of insinuation, and their ignorance of the world makes them unfit for entertaining sensible strangers. They are public-spirited, but torn to pieces by factions. A gloominess in religion renders one part of them very barbarous, and an enthusiasm in politics so transports the genteeler part, that they sacrifice to party almost every consideration of tenderness. Among such a people a man may long live, little known, and less instructed ; for their reservedness renders them uncommunicative, and their excessive haughtiness prevents them from being solicitous of knowledge.

‘The Scots are far from being a dull nation ; they are lovers of pomp and show, but then there is an eternal stiffness, a kind of affected dignity, which spoils their pleasures. Hence we have the less reason to wonder that Boyse lived obscurely at Edinburgh.’

‘Quintilian,’ Ben Jonson said to Drummond, ‘will tell you your faults, as if he had lived with you.’ Does not the foregoing description embody the experience of many a young Scot, who knows and admires the virtues of his people, and has suffered from them, and dislikes them sometimes even in himself.

The *Life of Samuel Boyse*, from which I have quoted, gives, like Johnson’s *Life of Richard Savage*, a vivid picture of the straits to which professional authors were reduced under the rule of Walpole. It is narrated how, about the year 1740, Boyse was brought to the extremity of distress. Having pawned all his clothes he was confined to bed with no other covering but a blanket. ‘He sat up in bed with the blanket wrapt about him, through which he had cut a hole large enough to admit his arm, and placing the paper upon his knee, scribbled in the best manner he could the verses he was obliged to make. Whatever he got by those, or any of his begging letters, was but just sufficient for the preservation of life.’

‘Whenever his distresses so pressed as to induce him to dispose of his shirt, he fell upon an artificial method of supplying



J'aime mon Honneur que ma vie.

1. Aubrey. 2. Danvers.
3. Lyte. 4. as the first.

AUBREY'S BOOK-PLATE

From MS. Aubrey 6. fol. II^o in the Bodleian

one. He cut some white paper in strips, which he tied round his wrists, and in the same manner supplied his neck. In this plight he frequently appeared abroad, with the additional inconvenience of want of breeches.'

'He fell upon some strange schemes of raising trifling sums. He sometimes ordered his wife to inform people that he was just expiring, and by this artifice work on their compassion. . . . At other times he would propose subscriptions for poems of which only the beginning and the conclusion were written; and by this expedient would relieve some present necessity.'

'He had so strong a propension to groveling that his acquaintances were generally of such a cast, as could be of no service to him.'

'The manner of his becoming intoxicated was very particular. As he had no spirit to keep good company, so he retired to some obscure ale-house, and regaled himself with hot twopenny, which though he drank in very great quantities, yet he had never more than a pennyworth at a time.'

'It was an affectation in Mr. Boyse to appear very fond of a little lap-dog which he always carried about with him in his arms, imagining it gave him the air of a man of taste.' When his wife died, 'Boyse, whose circumstances were then too mean to put himself in mourning, was yet resolved that some part of his family should. He step'd into a little shop, purchased half a yard of black ribbon, which he fixed round his dog's neck by way of mourning for the loss of its mistress.'

In 1749, the unhappy poet, whose works had been praised by Johnson and Fielding, died in obscure lodgings near Shoe Lane. 'The remains of this son of the Muses,' says his biographer, 'were with very little ceremony hurried away by the parish officers, and thrown amongst common beggars.'

Perhaps the chief value of Cibber's *Lives* is to be found in these obscurer memoirs, which give information concerning poets who would otherwise be forgotten. For the rest, the scheme of the work is more generous than that of Johnson's *Lives*. The lives of British poets are recorded, and their works enumerated, from Chaucer to Mrs. Mary Chandler. The private virtues of this lady are so copiously attested, that it is late in her biography before we make acquaintance with her claims to distinction in literature. She was the author, it seems, of a poem on the Bath, which had the full approbation of the public, and when death overtook her, at the age of fifty-eight, she was meditating a

nobler flight, 'a large poem on the Being and Attributes of God, which was her favourite subject.' But this work, like the mammoth, was never seen by the eye of modern man save in impressive fragments.

Last of all comes Johnson's *Lives of the Poets* in 1781. The choice of names, whereby it appears that English poetry began with Abraham Cowley, was made not by Johnson, but by the booksellers of London who employed him. Johnson procured the insertion of the names of some few poets not originally included in the scheme. The *Lives*, except in some special cases, exhibit no laborious industry in the discovery of fact. They were written from a full mind, and with a flowing pen, at a time when Johnson's critical opinions had long been formed, and when he was quite indisposed to renew the detailed labours of the Dictionary. New information concerning the life of Pope was offered him, but he refused even to look at it; and he wrote his criticism on the dramas of Rowe without opening the book to refresh the memories of his reading of thirty years before. This indolence, which would be a sin in an archaeologist or an historian, is almost a virtue in Johnson. His *Lives* make a single great treatise, defining and illustrating the critical system which he had built up during long years of reading and writing. He writes at ease, in the plenitude of his power, and with a full consciousness of his acknowledged authority. His work closes an age; it is the Temple of Immortality of the great Augustans, and, when it was published, already Burns and Blake, Crabbe and Cowper, were beginning to write. With them came in new ideals, destined to affect both criticism and biography. So that the mention of Johnson's *Lives*, which would demand a separate essay for their proper appreciation, may fitly close this rambling catalogue of some early attempts to tell the story of the adventures of poets among their fellow-creatures.

WALTER RALEIGH.

Lislebourg and Petit Leith

IT is now generally well known that in the sixteenth century, or more precisely in the latter half of that century, Lislebourg was a French name for Edinburgh. The large extent, however, to which this name was prevalent is, perhaps, not so well known, while its origin and meaning remain a matter of conjecture. It is sometimes referred to as a fanciful term, or sobriquet, on a par with the native 'Auld Reekie,' or a term current only in certain narrow circles. But this is by no means the case. It was the one term almost exclusively employed at the French court, by French ambassadors and commanders, in public treaties of peace and in official documents as well as in private correspondence. A glance through the pages of Teulet's *Correspondence Diplomatique* will be enough to show this. In the *Articles accordées avecque les Protestants d'Ecosse* (25th July, 1559), Lislebourg there stands for the Scottish capital. Mary of Lorraine and her daughter the Queen of Scots, the well-known ministers, officers, and ambassadors at their court, La Chapelle, De Rubbay, D'Oysel, D'Essé, Paul de Foix, Du Croc, all more naturally speak of Lislebourg than Edinburgh, or 'Edimbourg.' The same is to be said of the French ambassadors resident in London at the period—Marillac, Odet de Selve, Noailles, Fénélon. Queen Mary's usage is interesting. As a rule she employs Lislebourg when writing in French and to her French friends. Her letters to Queen Elizabeth are mostly dated from Edinburgh or Holyrood, but sometimes, writing in her own hand to the English Queen, she dates her letters 'à Lislebourg,' as she does continually in her correspondence with Beaton, Archbishop of Glasgow, her ambassador in Paris. Her spelling is not constant. We have Lilebourg, Lylebourg, Lyslebourg, Lislebourc; but the variations have no significance. Lislebourg too was in familiar use among persons in a more humble position of life. The famous Esther L'Anglois or Inglis,

specimens of whose wonderful calligraphy are to be found in some of our public libraries, was proud to set down on the title-page of her transcripts, 'A Lislebourg.' A letter written by her to Queen Elizabeth is dated 'De Lislebourg en Ecosse, 27 Mar. 1599,' and a Book of Emblems from her pen, preserved in the British Museum, is similarly subscribed as late as 1624. Esther's father, Nicolas, who taught French in Edinburgh, died in 1611, and in his testament he styles himself, 'Nic Langlois maistre de lescole Francoise en cette ville de Lislebourg.' (*Proceedings of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland*, vol. vi. p. 284.)

But the name was not confined to the French or to French correspondence. It was soon appropriated by Spain, and it became, in diplomatic circles at least, almost as much Spanish as French. Bishop De Quadra, the Spanish ambassador in London, in the early days of Queen Elizabeth, speaks of Lislebourg in writing to the Duchess of Parma. His successors, Silva, Guerau de Spes and Mendoza, do the same in their letters to King Philip. De Tassis and Juan de Vargas, who had no particular connection with England or Scotland, use the same term in writing to the Spanish King from Paris.

It has been said that the word was never heard from purely Scottish lips. But this is not absolutely correct. It appears in one or more Acts of the Scottish Privy Council, concerned with or addressed to the French Court, notably in the Letter drawn up by Maitland of Lethington and signed by the members of Council (printed in Keith, Lawson's edition, vol. ii. p. 454), thus, in the subscription: 'From Lisleburgh this 8th of October, 1566,' and in the body of the Letter: 'About ten or twelve days ago the Queen at our request came to this town of Lisleburgh'; but this, no doubt, was a diplomatic accommodation on the part of the Secretary to French fashions of speech. Again, Robert Bruce, the agent of the Catholic earls, dates a letter from Lislebourg in November, 1587, and so does the Earl of Huntly writing to the Duke of Parma in the following year.

The name seems to have rapidly fallen out of use after the Union of the Scottish and English crowns, when French agents ceased to reside in Edinburgh, and the intercourse with France was interrupted. De Montreuil and the brothers De Bellièvre, who in the next generation came to the Scottish Capital as representatives of France, show no knowledge of 'Lislebourg.'

But the strange thing is that it not only passed out of use but out of memory, both in Scotland and France. The per-

plexities of some of our historians and critics on the point are amusing. It seems almost incredible that such a diligent searcher of historical archives as Bishop Keith should not have been familiar with the name from the first; yet this is the faltering way in which the bishop refers to it in a footnote (1734) when he meets it (in a Procuratory from the Queen Regent to the Dowager Duchess of Guise) under the disguise of an erroneous reading, 'Rislebourg': 'Or Lisleburgh' (explains Keith) 'as I also see it written, *but what place it is I know not.*' Is this not a striking example of how insular was the historical outlook of Scottish historians of that time, and of what strides have been taken within the last century in the study of the international relations of the country? Keith had to advance in his history to the year 1566 before the identification of Lislebourg dawned upon him. Quoting Lethington's letter referred to, he naively remarks, 'By many and incontestable evidences I now see that Lisleburgh was the French appellation for Edinburgh, but why they so came to call it I know not.' We next turn to Jamieson (1808) who, curiously enough, enters the word in his *Dictionary of the Scottish Language*, though the one thing certain about the word is that it is not Scottish. Referring to the above-quoted passage from Keith as his authority, the lexicographer only ventures to say 'Lislebourg. A name *said to have been given to the City of Edinburgh.*'

But still more surprising than this uncertainty on the part of Scottish scholars is the fact that the name and its identification should have become almost lost in the land of its birth. Some recent French historians, evidently in want of exact information, speak with curious hesitation. Thus in the *Correspondence Politique de MM. Castillon et de Marillac, ambassadeurs de France en Angleterre, 1537-1542, publiée sous les auspices de la Commission des Archives Diplomatiques, par M. Jean Kaulek* (Paris, 1885), we find Marillac writing from London to the King of France, 1 June, 1540, that he had news from Scotland that a dozen ships of war were in readiness to sail from 'ung port prochaine de Lislebourg.' The editor is apparently puzzled with the name, and registers it in his index with a query—thus, 'Lislebourg (?)—Armements de Jacques V.' So M. Louis Paris editing *Negociations, Lettres et Relations au règne de Francois II.* for the series of *Documents Inédits sur l'Histoire de France* (1841) indexes 'Lislsburg [a misprint for Lislebourg], ville d'Écosse, p. 16, 324, 405—Lettre datée de cette ville,

p. 424, 264, 472, 475, 757.' Again M. Cheruel in his *Marie Stuart et Catherine de Medicis* prints a letter of Michel de Castelnau to Henri III. (11 May, 1584) in which occurs the word 'Lislebon.' M. Cheruel corrects the clerical error of the original, and explains editorially in brackets '(Lislebourg, maintenant partie d'Edimbourg).' The suggestion that it is now *part* of Edinburgh is somewhat obscure.

But what of the origin and meaning of the name? Who first gave it currency, and with what view? Duplicate names of towns are not uncommon. We have a familiar example in our own country of Perth and St. John's Toun, or simply St. John, being current at the same time. The French, by the way, continually wrote it as St. Jehan Stone. In the time of Queen Elizabeth the French seaport Havre or Havre-de-Grace was known to Englishmen as 'Newhaven.' French soldiers were fond of rechristening Scottish places with names of their own. Odet de Selve, writing from London to the Constable of France (20th Oct., 1547), says: 'Après à l'entrée de la rivyère du Petit Leich ont prises ugne isle qu'est appelée l'isle Sainte Cosme, et par les mariniers francoys communément l'Islet' (ed. Lefèvre-Portalès, Paris, 1888, p. 225). The name l'Islet soon gave way to Isle des Vaches, or Cow island, so named, it is said, because it afforded pasturage to the cattle of the French troops. Similarly Inchkeith, a particularly hard morsel for the Frenchman's tongue and a burden to his memory, became replaced by Isle aux Chevaux, Island of Horses.

Now the generally accepted explanation of 'Lislebourg' is that suggested by Jamieson, and adopted by Prof. Hume Brown, viz., that the French imagination struck by the fact that the city was bounded on the north by the Nor Loch, and on the south by a sheet of water, which stood in the place of our present Meadows, not to mention other pools or marshes in the neighbourhood, named it L'Islebourg, or 'The Island City.' It is impossible to deny probability to this guess, but it is no more than a guess. There is not sufficient evidence that the French took the initial L to be the article. In any case the interpretation seemed to me somewhat unnatural, or at least open to question. Far more likely that a name whose original form and significance had in course of time been obscured should come eventually to be so spelled and sounded as to give it an appropriate and intelligible meaning. On my expressing some such doubts on one occasion to Dr. David

Patrick, he remarked that similar doubts had occurred to his own mind, and he threw out the suggestion that the first syllable of Lislebourg was originally Lisse, or Litz, a lispings attempt of a Frenchman to pronounce the difficult Leith.¹ French soldiers approaching Scotland on the East, with Edinburgh as their objective, would hear of Leith as the place of their destination. On the lips of the weary and seasick voyager the continued enquiry would be, 'When do we arrive at Leith,' Leith being in his mind the gate of the capital. Leith and Edinburgh would become identified, the capital being the castle or burgh presiding over the important harbour of Leith.² We should thus expect to find the etymological succession of forms Leithbourg, Lissebourg, or perhaps Leith-le-bourg, Lisse-le-bourg, Lislebourg. Now this suggestion may at first sight seem more unwarrantable and far fetched, as it is certainly less romantic and less flattering than the interpretation 'Island City.' It has nothing in its favour that can be strictly called historic evidence, and the intermediate forms in request have not yet been discovered. It is offered merely as a possible clue which deserves consideration, and which should stimulate enquiry. For, if it lacks positive proof, there are certain interesting facts in the history of the name which at least point very suggestively in the direction indicated and deserve attention.

Thus, in his *Description des royaumes d'Angleterre et d'Ecosse*, published by Estienne Perlin at Paris in 1558, he writes of Scotland: 'Their capital is called in Scots Ennebroc, in French Lislebourg,' and he continues, 'there are *other* seaports as Dunbar, Dumbarton,' etc., as if he had already named the principal seaport in naming Lislebourg, or as if it were understood that Leith was included in Lislebourg.³

¹ For example the various French spellings of another Leith (Ibn Leith, founder of a Persian dynasty) are thus given in Larousse: 'Leith or Leitz or Leitzs or Leitz.'

² Or, indeed, it may be supposed that the walled city by itself was thought of and named Leith-le-Bourg, and the seaport by distinction Leith-le-Port, afterwards Petit Leith. This idea of city and port as one, with the prominence given to Leith, is rather suggested by the plan of Edinburgh, out of all proportion as it is, here reproduced from that published by Munster in his *Cosmography* (1550) from the description supplied by Alexander Ales. (See page 25.)

³ 'Leurs capitale ville est appellee en Escossois *Ennebroc*, en Francoys Lislebourg, la quelle est grande comme Pontoyse, et non point d'avantage, a raison aussi que autrefois a été bruslé des Anglois. Il y a quelques autres portz de mer, côme Dumbars, Domberterand, et autres plusieurs petites villes et bourgades.'

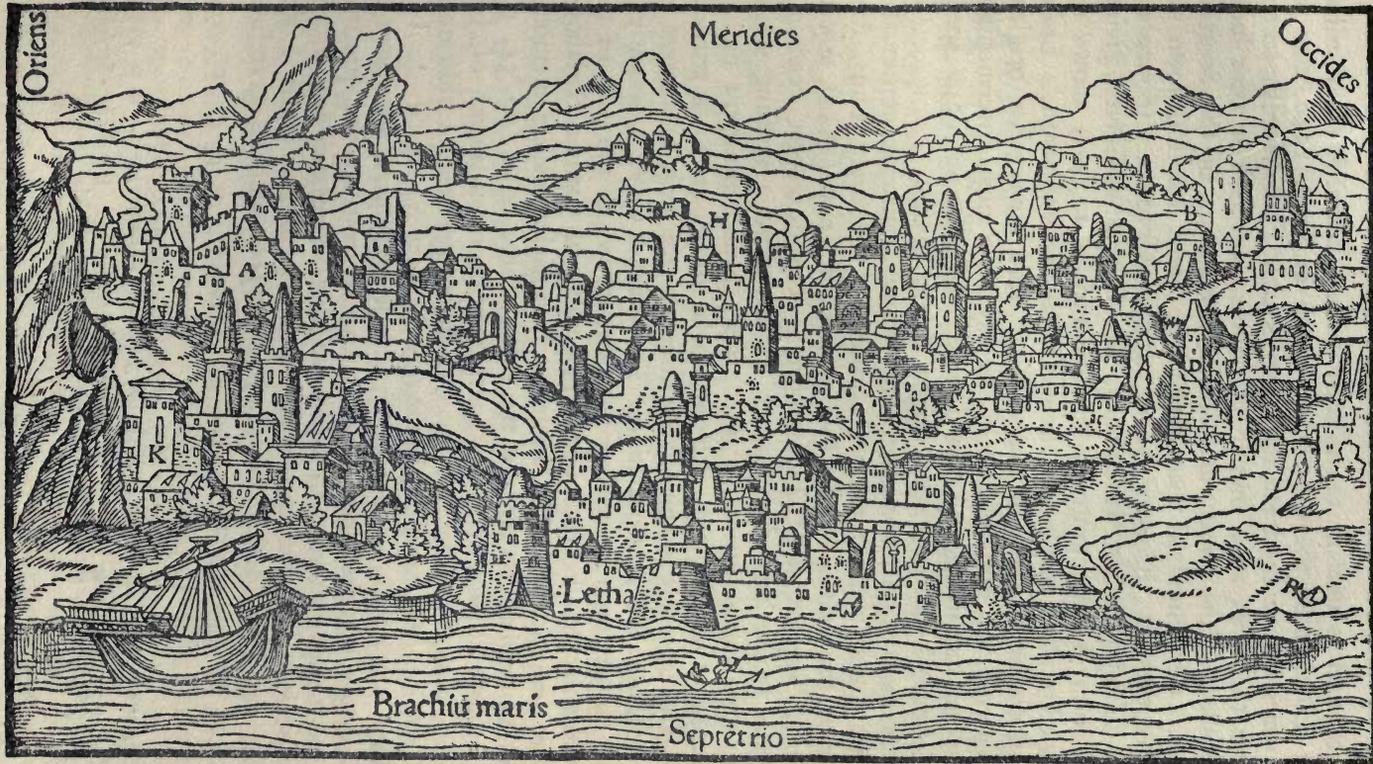
Again, it is instructive to observe that when French writers wish to specify the harbour as apart from the city they invariably use the term *Petit Leith*, a term never used by Scotsmen. Why Little Leith, and where was the Greater Leith, unless it be Lislebourg itself? On any other theory the origin of this *Petit* calls for explanation. The rule holds good, I believe without exception, that whenever a Frenchman uses the term Lislebourg instead of 'Edimbourg,' he will employ the term *Petit Leith* or its equivalents *Petit Lit*, *Petit Liet*, *Petit Leich*, etc., for the seaport; and *vice versa* should he prefer the Scottish form for the capital he would write *Leith*, *Litz*, etc., *simpliciter*, without the *Petit*, for the harbour. M. Odet de Selve, for example (1546-49), constantly writes Lislebourg and *Petit Leich*, employing the former term in his letters from London 28 times, and the latter 12 times, but he does not once write 'Edimburg' or *Leith*. On the other hand, in the Esneval Papers, edited by M. Cheruel, we have (*Marie Stuart*, p. 269) 'le traicté d'Edenbourg faict apres le siege de Litz,' as if with the writer 'Edenbourg' naturally carries with it *Litz* without qualification. Note here, too, the sibilant *Litz*.

What has been said with regard to the Spanish adoption of 'Lislebourg' applies equally to 'Petit Leith' with its variations of spelling. It is so used, for example, by De Quadra and Mendoza in their correspondence with King Philip, and by the Prince of Parma. It may be noted, too, that Cardinal Trivulzio, writing in Italian from Paris to Carafa in 1560, speaks of 'Petit-liet' (Pollen's *Papal Negotiations*, p. 25).

But the difficulty of tracing either name to its source remains. Can it be that the birthplace of Lislebourg was in the House of Lorraine? Did Mary of Guise, on her coming to Scotland in 1538 to marry James V., bring with her the fashion, which was to become current among the French courtiers and soldiers who followed in her train, and to flourish in Scotland and on the continent as long as the Guise influence was paramount? The earliest instance of the occurrence of Lislebourg that I have been

(p. 33, 34 of edition reprinted in 4to by Bowyer & Nichols, London, 1775). The anonymous editor, Richard Gough, the antiquary, remarks in a note to *Ennebroc*, 'I never heard of its French name before.' Perlin again names 'Lislebourg, otherwise called *Ennebroc*' in a list of Scottish towns at p. 40, but here also he makes no mention of *Leith*: 'en cestuy Royaulme d'Ecosse, il y a plusieurs villes comme *Dombarres*, *Dombertrant*, *Thinton* [Tantallon], *Quincornes* [Kinghorn], *Lisle aux chevaux*, *Lislebourg* autrement appellees *Ennebroc*, *Saint André* de autres plusieurs petites villes etc chasteaux.'

ALEXANDER ALESIUS SCOTUS DE EDINBURGO



A Palatium Regis
D Ecclesia S. Egidii
G Collegium reginae

B Arx puellarum
E Minoritae
H Predicatores

C Ecclesia S. Cutberti
F Ecclesia beatae Mariae in campo
K Monasterium S. Crucis

able to find is that in the already quoted despatch of Marillac from London to the Court of France in June, 1540, that is two years before the birth of Mary Stuart. Yet Marillac seems to use the term as a matter of course, and as if it were long established as the correct and official designation of the Scottish capital. One hundred years earlier the name was unknown to, or unnoticed by, Froissart (died 1410). Monstrelet (flourished 1400-1422) speaks of 'Edelbourg,' while Regnault Gerard, giving an account of his embassy to Scotland in 1434-5, shows no knowledge of any name for the place but 'Edempburgh.' Lislebourg appears on no old map that I have seen. No original documents, as has been said, betray any such intermediary forms as Leithbourg or Lissebourg. Marillac in 1540 spells 'Lislebourg' just as Esther Inglis did in 1624.

In a case of this sort the word-hunter must be continually on his guard against the arbitrariness of editors. Thus, Mr. Lawson, the editor of the 8vo edition of Keith (1844), asserts without warrant that 'L'Isleburg' is the correct reading; whereas, to the best of my belief, 'L'Isleburg,' a spelling which begs the whole question, is a form found nowhere but in Brantôme;¹ and, if indeed Brantôme's editors are to be trusted, it may be that this imaginative writer was the first to suggest by this reading the interpretation 'The Island City.' Recently a more tantalizing red herring has been thrown in the path of the enquirer by M. Forestié in his biography of Captain Sarlabous, at one time Governor of Dunbar. In this interesting memoir,² based on original documents, the author three times (pp. 54, 56, 57) prints 'Lithlebourg,' the very form we are in search of, but in each case, on reference to the authority cited, Lithlebourg vanishes into the familiar Lislebourg.

Some apology is needed for the crude and incomplete form of these notes, but they may serve at least to ventilate the question and to tempt others with more available sources to deal with it exhaustively. In the meanwhile, any examples of either Lislebourg or Petit Leith before June, 1540, will be gratefully received by the writer.

T. G. LAW.

¹ Ed. 1787, vol. ii. p. 327; and ed. 1873 (*Soc. de l'Histoire*), vol. vii. p. 419.

² *Un capitain Gascon au XVI^e siècle, Corbeyran de Cardaillac-Sarlabous, Gouverneur de Dunbar (Ecosse), etc., par Edouard Forestié.* Paris, 1897.

Scotland described for Queen Magdalene :

A Curious Volume

MAGDALENE DE VALOIS, daughter of Francis I., and Queen of Scotland for a brief period, has received scant justice at the hands of Scottish historians. The melancholy fate of the Princess who bore the title of Queen of Scotland for only 180 days, and who spent but 49 of these in the land of her adoption, seems to have obscured the critical faculties of her historians, and to have led them to invent romantic episodes in her short life which are not more remarkable than the veritable facts of her career. Even ordinary precautions to obtain historical accuracy with reference to Queen Magdalene have been neglected. It would not have been difficult to obtain accurate information, for instance, regarding her place in the family of Francis I.; yet even here the earlier and later historians are at variance. Tytler describes her as 'the only daughter of Francis.' Hill Burton more carefully refers to Magdalene as '*the* daughter,' leaving the reader to form his own conclusions. Lindsay of Pitscottie, without any hesitancy, calls her 'the eldest doucher.' In the *Diurnal of Occurrents* she is distinctly referred to as 'the eldest dochter of the King of France, callit Magdalene.' John Penman, the spy who corresponded with Sir George Douglas, writing from Paris on 29th October, 1536—two months before the marriage of James V.—says: 'Of a certaynty the King of Scotts shall marye Madame Magdalen the Fraunce Kyngs eldest Doughter'; but the cautious Pinkerton, who quotes this letter in an Appendix, is careful in his text to give her the correct designation of 'the eldest surviving daughter.' Sir Archibald Dunbar in his *Scottish Kings*, published in 1899, quoting apparently from the Comte de Mas Latrie's *Trésor de Chronologie* (1889), repeats the ancient blunder by describing Magdalene as 'eldest daughter of François I. by his first wife, Claude, daughter of Louis XII.' The first English writer

to correct this persistent error was Agnes Strickland. In her account of Magdalene, given in *The Lives of the Queens of Scotland*, she sets down exactly the genealogical position of the Princess. Francis I. and Claude had three sons and four daughters; and Magdalene was the fifth child and third daughter. The sons were Francis, the Dauphin, who died in his father's lifetime; Henri, Duke of Orleans, afterwards Henri II.; and Charles, Duke of Orleans. The eldest daughter was Louise, and the second Charlotte, both of whom died in maidenhood, victims of the pulmonary disease which terminated the life of Magdalene. To them their contemporary Brantôme thus refers: 'Death came too soon to allow the fair fruit of which the hopeful blossoms of their tender childhood had given such beauteous promise, to arrive at their full perfection; but, if those Princesses had been spared to reach maturity, they would have been no whit inferior to their sisters, either in intellect or goodness, for their promise was very great.' At the time of the marriage of Magdalene her proper designation was 'eldest surviving daughter of Francis I.'

Another curious discrepancy is in historical accounts of the marriage. In the *Diurnal of Occurrents* it is stated that the marriage of James V. and Magdalene took place 'at Pareis, in the Kirk of Sanct genuefa' [St. Genevieve]. Pitscottie writes: 'The marriage was solemnised in the citie of Pareis, in Notorodamus Kirk, about the tent hour of the day.' Hume Brown, Tytler, Strickland, Pinkerton, Buchanan, and Lesley all give the Church of Notre Dame as the scene of the ceremony, and this is confirmed on the contemporary evidence of a description of the reception accorded to James V. on his entry to Paris on 31st December, 1536, when he was met by the Parlement, in robes of office, at 'St. Anthoine des Champs lès Paris,' where he lodged, and was conveyed in procession to the Church of Notre Dame, where he took up his residence in the episcopal palace:

'Le lendemain, premier jour de l'an, la solemnité des espousailles de luy et Madicte Dame Magdelaine de France, fille du Roy nostre souverain seigneur, feuste faicte en ladicte esglise Nostre Dame; et le soir, le festin en la grande salle du palais, ausquel ladicte cour fut conviée et assista en robes rouges.'¹

Still another curious error may be pointed out, as showing how cautiously one must examine the evidence of early writers

¹ Teulet, I. p. 108.

who are sometimes right and often wrong. Lindsay of Pit-scottie—or the anonymous author of the original *Cronickles of Scotland*—details with considerable amplitude the rejoicings in Scotland when James and his bride landed at Leith on 19th May, 1537, and proceeds thus :

‘But this grit triumph and great mirriness was soone turned to dollour and lamentation; for the quene deceast this same day that hir grace landit, quhilk maid ane dollorous lamentation that was made in burghes, for triumph and mirriness was all turned in deregies and soull massis quhilkis war verrie lamentable to behold.’¹

If there be any fact about Magdalene that is well ascertained, it is that her death took place on 7th July, 1537. That date is given by the *Diurnal of Occurrents*, by Buchanan, (who ought to know, as he wrote an elegy on the Queen), by the *Chronicle of Aberdeen*, by Pinkerton and later writers; and the date is confirmed by the Accounts of the Lord High Treasurer. Lesley gives the date as 10th July, and Miss Strickland homologates the error. Calderwood, more cautiously, assigns the date to ‘the 7th or 10th of July,’ and Pitscottie, still further to perplex the reader, states that the Queen died forty days after the 28th of May, although he had alleged that her death took place on the day of her arrival in Scotland. These are a few of the troubles that afflict the earnest searcher after historic truth.

Despite several casual slips which a modern writer would not make with the materials now accessible, Miss Strickland’s story of Queen Magdalene is the best that has appeared. Her book, *Lives of the Queens of Scotland*, was published by Messrs. Blackwood & Sons in 1850, twelve years before M. Teulet’s valuable *Relations Politiques de la France et de l’Espagne avec l’Ecosse* had been issued in a more extended form than his Bannatyne Club volume. She had obtained copies of some of the documents relating to Queen Magdalene preserved in the national archives at Paris, though she did not always make intelligent use of them. Nevertheless, her account of the Queen is sufficiently full and exact to make it unnecessary to relate the story again. It is only intended now to bring before the reader a curious piece of contemporary evidence as to the marriage of King James and the French Princess, which is so extremely rare that it has hitherto escaped the notice of all the historians of Scotland.

¹ Pitscottie, I. p. 370, ed. 1814.

Nearly three years before her birth—if the Irishism may be pardoned—the Princess Magdalene had been betrothed to James V. By the famous Treaty of Rouen, made between Francis I., represented by Charles Duke of Alençon, and James V., whose emissary was John, Duke of Albany, and dated 26th August, 1517, it was provided that Francis should give to James as his wife his 'fille puisnée,' the Princess Charlotte, when she should reach the age at which she might enter into a marriage contract. It was further provided that should this marriage not take place for any reason, and should it please God to give Francis another daughter, that she should take the place of her sister, and wed the King of Scots. This Treaty was first printed by M. Teulet, and has either been neglected or misread by all the historians save Miss Strickland, who has quoted from an imperfect copy. Magdalene was born on 10th August, 1520, and in the autumn of that year the Regent Albany proposed that she should be substituted for the Princess Charlotte who had died prematurely. Meanwhile Henry VIII. had offered his only daughter, Mary, as the bride of the Scottish king; but the people of Scotland were more favourable towards the marriage with the French Princess. The Battle of Pavia, where Francis was taken prisoner, had left the Regency in the hands of his mother, Louise of Savoy, and Henry VIII. took advantage of the weakness of France to insist that the marriage with Magdalene should be abandoned or he would withhold his promised aid in liberating Francis. Louise wrote to Margaret Tudor, mother of James V., resigning all claim upon the King's hand. But King Henry's proposal was unpalatable to both the Scottish King and his people, and the Princess Mary of England was not accepted. In the spring of 1531 an embassy was sent by James V. to France for the purpose of renewing the contract of marriage with Magdalene, but these efforts were only partially successful. At length in 1533 James made another application for the hand of Magdalene, and the reply of Francis, dated 23rd June, 1533, was favourable. The letter sent by Francis is printed by Teulet (I. p. 77). Fate was still to be unpropitious, however, for on 29th March, 1535-36, a contract was entered into between Francis and James, whereby it was proposed that Marie de Bourbon, eldest daughter of Charles, Duke of Vendôme, should be the consort of the Scottish King. In his procuratory appended to this document, James introduces the name of

the Princess who had been his affianced from the cradle, with rather a melancholy expression, referring to her as 'illustrissima domina domina Magdalena, ipsius Christianissimi regis filia, consors nobis ante alias petenda foret, verum quia certo informamur ejus vallitudinem—quod dolleter ferimus—impedimento esse quominus matrimonium inter nos consumari possit.' Evidently the King had still a lingering regard for the *fiancée* whom he had never seen, though it was expressed in non-classical Latin.

The new bride proposed to James was twenty-one years of age, and her father was the nearest in blood to the reigning family; indeed, her brother, Antoine de Bourbon, by his marriage with Jeanne d'Albret, became titular King of Navarre, and father of Henri IV. The romantic story of the rupture of the contemplated marriage has been often told. James, it is said, went in disguise to St. Quentin¹ in Picardy, but was not satisfied with the Princess, and set off at once to ask the hand of Magdalene from Francis I. The required consent was speedily obtained, and the marriage, as already stated, took place on 1st January, 1536-7. The king had left Scotland in search of a wife on 1st September, 1536, and he did not return until he took back Queen Magdalene, arriving at Leith on 17th May, in the following year. It must have been about the middle of October that James visited Francis at Lyons and saw Magdalene for the first time; and it is consistently stated that the Princess fell in love with him at first sight, and, despite her father's remonstrances, she insisted upon the marriage. From her childhood the name of the King of Scots had been kept constantly before her, as that of her future consort; and the King from his boyhood had been accustomed to consider her as his destined bride. The constant interruptions to his suit had only confirmed him more decidedly to have no other as his wife save the lovely Princess of France. Their personal courtship lasted for two months and a half, and it is at this point that our new contemporary evidence comes into prominence.

At that period little was known in France regarding Scotland. That country was considered a wilderness inhabited by a savage race, so illiterate that Scottish men of genius had to leave their native shore, where they were unappreciated, and

¹All the chroniclers say that the meeting was at Vendôme; but Hume Brown, on the authority of Bapst's *Les Mariages de Jacques V.* (1889), places it at St. Quentin.

to find refuge and encouragement in France and Germany. The Duke of Albany, who was well known at the French Court, though he was heir-presumptive to the throne of Scotland and was Regent there, had thrice striven in vain to live in that country. His first visit lasted little over two years,—May, 1515, to June, 1517;—his second visit in 1521 only extended to eleven months and seven days; while his third visit—September, 1523, to May, 1524—had so disgusted him with Scotland that he forfeited his office of Regent rather than return to it. Naturally the Princess Magdalene would be anxious to know something about this strange land over which she was to rule. But how was this knowledge to be imparted? There is ample proof that her Royal lover could neither write nor speak French passably. Teulet printed the letter written by James's own hand in French to the Pope in 1535, and found it 'd'un français tellement obscur, et les phrases sont remplies de tournures ecossaises qui paraissent si bizarres' that he deemed it necessary to supply a French translation. Then the members of the Parlement who went to meet King James on the eve of his marriage found that they could not converse with him 'parcequ'il savoit peu du langage françois.' In this dilemma James had to find a substitute who could write an account of Scotland in the French language, which the Princess Magdalene could understand. That useful personage he discovered in Jehan Desmontiers, whose curious book about Scotland is now to be described for the first time.

The immortal Hector Boece, a native of Dundee, who studied at Paris, was Professor of Philosophy at Montacute and became first Principal of King's College, Aberdeen, in 1500, had written his *Scotorum Historiæ* in Latin and published it at Paris in 1527. James V. had been so pleased with this work that he repeatedly bestowed gifts and pensions upon the writer. Boece died about the time King James set out for France—he was certainly dead before 22nd November, 1536, when the King was in Paris—and he could render no assistance. But shortly before that time James had employed John Bellenden to translate Boece's book into the Scottish vernacular; and an entry in the Treasurer's Accounts proves that on 26th July, 1533, Bellenden received £12 'for ane new Cronikle gevin to the Kingis Grace.' It is probable that Bellenden's version was printed at Edinburgh in 1536, and it is very likely that the King took a copy of the book with him to France, if only to prove to the *literati*

there that Scotland was not wholly illiterate, as well as to show his own ancient lineage. The Latin and the Scottish languages were alike unknown to the Princess Magdalene, and it was necessary that the King should have the 'Cronikle' translated into the French of the period; or, at least, that he should have an abridged account of the history of Scotland and a description of the country, founded upon the works of Boece and Bellenden, which the Princess might read with ease and interest. For this purpose he employed Jehan Desmontiers, an 'escuyer' at the Court of Francis, a learned man who knew Greek and Latin, and who (as is suggested later in this article) had been in Scotland with John, Duke of Albany, and could thus supplement the information of Boece and Bellenden from his own experience. That book was written for the Princess, as appears from internal evidence, but it was not printed till after 4th March, 1537-8 (the date when a licence to print was given by the Parlement). The time when it was written is also shown from internal evidence. Reference is made in the middle of the book to 'the late Duke of Albany,' who died 2nd June, 1536, while the last sentence alludes to the marriage of the Princess and the King as imminent, so that it must have been completed before the end of December in that year.

Only one imperfect copy of this remarkable book is known to exist in this country. It is printed on vellum, and is in the British Museum among Mr. Grenville's books, and had at different times been in the possession of Richard Gough (1735-1809), the eminent antiquary, and of the Marquess of Blandford. Two or three copies are in Continental libraries. In 1863 the late Dr. David Laing deemed that the rarity of this book would justify him in having a facsimile reprint made; and with the aid of the late M. Francisque-Michel he had the work executed in Paris by M. Gounouilhou, limiting the reprint to 80 copies. Contrary to his custom, Dr. Laing had not studied the book with care, for in his brief preface he states that 'of the author, Jehan Desmontiers, whose name appears in the privilege for printing, no particulars, I believe, are known.' There are several references in Desmontiers' text which show that he was a person of importance at the Court, having access through his uncle, Monsieur Dallas, to the presence of Marguerite de Valois and Katharine de Medicis, the Dauphiness, to whom he was permitted to make presents of natural curiosities. His eulogy of the Duke of Albany makes

it probable that he had been in Albany's service; while the description that he gives of the Tweed at Berwick—which does not appear in Boece or Bellenden—shows that he had seen the river at the point of its junction with the sea. The rubric which he places beside his text proves that he was well acquainted with Greek and Latin authors, and was, perhaps, a little pedantic.

The modest little volume consists of 38 numbered folios, with three folios for index. The type-forme on each page measures four and a half inches by two and a half inches, with a rubric of half an inch, printed in smaller type than the text. The title-page bears the following inscription:—*'Summaire de lo | rigine description & meruilles Descosse. | Auec vne petite cronique des roys du dict | pays iusques a ce temps. | A tresexcellente & tresillustre dame, | Ma dame la Dauphine. | On les vend au Palays es boutiques | de Iean Andre & Vincent Certenas. | 1538 | Auec priuilege.'* That the book was completed before the marriage of the Princess Magdalene is proved by the last page of text, quoted below. The authority to print the work is dated 4th March, 1537-8, by which time Queen Magdalene was dead. A postscript is added narrating the marriage of the Princess, her journey to Scotland, and her death there, together with four Latin epitaphs upon her. The intention of the author had doubtless been to dedicate the book to Magdalene, but circumstances prevented the accomplishment of this purpose, and the dedication is addressed to Katharine de Medicis, wife of the Dauphin Henri (afterwards Henri II.). It is couched in the grandiloquent style of the period, with learned references to Pliny, Socrates, and the Academicians, and praises the study of nature and of mankind. As an example of the quaint French of the time, one passage may be quoted. The author complains of the difficulties that attend the writing of history, and thus proceeds:

'Parquoy ie feray comme ceaulx qui sont entrez es perilz dangereux des naufrages de la mer, sans aulcune bone esperance de se sauluer qui ont seullement recours au saint quilz pensent leur estre plus propice. Car voyant mon nauire mal frete & en mauuais equipage, & les vents dung coste & dautre sesmouuoir, ie nauray autre esperance de venir a bon port que par vostre benigne grace, Tresnoble & Tresuertueuse Princesse.'

[Therefore I do like those who are entered on the perils and dangers of shipwreck at sea, without any other good hope to save themselves, who have only recourse to the Saint whom they think most propitious to them. For, seeing my ship poorly freighted and in evil plight, and the winds driving it from one side to the other, I have no other hope to come to a safe harbour but by your benign favour, Most Noble and Most Virtuous Princess].

Taking Hector Boece as his model, the author begins with a description of the origin of Scotland, or Albion, repeating the stories about Gathelus who married Scota, daughter of Pharaoh, King of Egypt, exactly as these are given in the second chapter of Boece's *Cosmography*. Desmontiers gives marginal quotations from Thucydides, Diodorus Siculus, Herodianus, Josephus, Strabo, and other ancient writers, making not a little display of his learning. In his *Description du pays Descosse* the author simply abridges Boece's work, following exactly the course adopted by the Scottish writer. The Frenchman, however, is not a mere copyist, for occasionally he inserts remarks of his own, apt enough, but not taken from Boece. It is interesting to compare the separate versions of Boece's work as given in old French by Desmontiers, and in old Scots by Bellenden. The following passages show how far they diverge from each other, though Bellenden faithfully follows the original Latin by Boece :

Bellenden, 'Cosmographie,' cap. 8.

'In Murray land is the Kirk of Pette, quhare the banis of Litill Johne remanis, in gret admiratioun of pepill. He hes been fourtene fut of hicht, with square membris effeiring thairto. Vi yeris afore the cuming of this werk to licht, we saw his hanche bane, als mekill as the hale bane of ane man; for we schot our arme in the mouth thair of; be quhilk apperis how strang and square pepill grew in our regioun, afore thay wer effeminat with lust and intemperance of mouth.'

Desmontiers, folio xiiij.

'Aussi lon voit audict pays de Moray, Les os dung geant quilz appellèt par mocquerie Litiliohn, cest a dire petit Iean, lequel auoit comme lon dict quatorze piedz de long qui est vne chose merueilleuse si lon veult proportionner la gràdeur Dhercules, que conceut subtilemēt le Philosophe Pithagoras & de laquelle quasi tous les historiens ont escript a celle de ce Geant; duquel nul autheur Latin ny Grec que ie saiche ne faict aucune mention.'

There can be no reasonable doubt that when Desmontiers wrote the above paragraph he had Boece's book before him, though he adds several particulars from his own knowledge of literature. In the same way, when treating of the famous petrifying well at Slains, he makes remarks that are, in some degree, autobiographical. Bellenden translates the passage in Boece thus :

'In Buchquhane is the castell of Slains, the Constablis hous, of Scotland; beside quhilk is ane mervellus cove; for the watter that droppis in it, growis, within schort time, in maner of ane hard quhit stane; and, wer nocht the cove is oft temit, it wald be fillit sone with stanis.'

After relating this circumstance, Desmontiers divagates into a brief dissertation to show that petrification is not miraculous,

and quotes from Juvenal, Pliny, and Martianus in support of his contention. He then proceeds thus :

‘De leau qui se tourne en pierre, il nest poict besoïg q par autres raisons il soit cõfirme. Car au mois doctobre dernier ie veiz la fontain de Passy pres la ville de Sens de laquelle leau se tourne en pierre de forme estrange, comme plusieurs virēt a Fontaine bleau, en deux pierres que ie donnay a Monsieur Dallas mon oncle; pour estre presentees a Mes Dames, Madame Marguerite, & a vous mesmement Madame, a qui iay adresse desdie & voue ce petit sommaire, pour avoir occasion de parler des choses & personnes tresillustres & tres magnifiques.’

[As to the water which turns into stone, it is not difficult to confirm it by other reasons. For in the month of last October I visited the fountain of Passy near the town of Sens, where the water turns into stone in strange forms, in the same way as at Fontainebleau, two stones of which I gave to my uncle, M. Dallas, to be presented to Madame Marguerite (of Navarre), and to yourself, Madame, to whom I have addressed and devoted this little summary, to have occasion to speak of things and persons very illustrious and very magnificent.]

Having finished his condensed account of the cosmography of Scotland, the author gives his ‘Cathalogue des Roys,’ beginning with Fergus, and closely following Boece’s list until he reaches ‘James, now reigning, who espoused the noble Princess Magdalene of France, eldest daughter of the Most Christian King, to the great pleasure and consolation of his people, who thought themselves happy above all other nations so long as they might retain and preserve so great a blessing. The King, certainly, merited immortal praise when he crossed the sea to conquer Magdalene, not as Paris did for Helen, nor Jason for Medea, through the avarice of the Golden Fleece, but that he might win the Most Noble Princess, who for gentleness, grace, virtue, and nobility surpasses all the women in the world.’ Here Desmontiers’ book, written for the Princess Magdalene, ends abruptly. On the next page he narrates how King James wedded the Princess on the first day of 1536 and left Havre de Grace in May, landing at Leith on the day of Pentecost, and proceeding to Edinburgh, ‘ou depuis elle mourut ou moys de Iuillet mil cinq cens trente sept.’ Then Desmontiers prints four epitaphs upon Queen Magdalene which have not hitherto been quoted by any Scottish historian. These may have been obtained by Desmontiers directly from the authors. The first is by Etienne Dolet, born at Orleans in 1509, who gained a wide reputation as a theologian. He set up a printing-press at Lyons, and published several of his own books; but these were too advanced for

the time, and in 1543 the Parlement condemned his books to be burned as too favourable to the 'German heresy.' Three years afterwards (1546) he was burned to death at the stake. Scaliger, who was a personal enemy of Dolet, has attacked his memory in a scurrilous lampoon; but more temperate critics have praised Dolet as a Latinist of great merit. The following is his epitaph on Magdalene, as quoted by Desmontiers :

'Mag. Valesiæ. Francisci Fræcorum regis filiæ &
Jacobi Scotorum regis coniugis Epitaphium.

Autore Doletto.

Vere vicissitudo rerum est & bonis mala

Attexta : rege nata patre

Regisque cõiunx nec patris diu gloriam

Suspexi & in vsum tam breuem

Successit maritus rex mihi.

Sic num dupliciter iure querar ?'

[Verily, things change, and good is dashed with evil. The daughter of a King and by a King espoused, neither for long did I admire the glory of my father, and brief was the joy the King my husband had in me. So, may I not justly make a twofold plaint?]

The second epitaph is described as 'Aliud, Io. Vvlteio, avtore,' and is as follows :

'Post matris, fratrisque mei, mortesque Sororũ
Postque facem thalami, fax mihi adest tumuli.'

[After the death of my mother, my brother, and my sisters, and after the torch of wedlock, the funeral torch is mine.]

The third epitaph is by Nicolas Desfrenes (whose Latinised name was Fraxinus), the celebrated theologian of Louvain, and Canon of St. Peter's in that city, who was a noted classicist. He was entrusted with the revision of the translation of the Bible by Febvre d'Étaples, published at Louvain. His epitaph is the most elaborate of the four :

'Quæ nil perpetuum toto sperarat in orbe
Occidit vt fati sensit adesse diem
Compositã mortem venturaque funera longe
Prospiciens inquit morte sequetur honos
Nam vixi, in terris titulis decorata deorum :
Atque meo iũxi fœdere regna duo.
Scotorum vidi populum, turbasque frequentes :
Quæ mihi lætitiæ signa dedere suæ.
Quid superest ? regum nunc more corona paratur,
Vt factis tandem præmia digna feram
Hæc nõ humana constructa est mente, sed alta
Vi superum, quos non interitura iuuant.'

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[She who had thought (or hoped) that nothing in the whole world was abiding, sank when she felt the day of death was nigh. For, long fore-seeing the death she had to meet, and the burial sure to come, she said, 'Glory shall follow death. For I have lived adorned while on earth with divine honours, and by my wedlock I have linked two Kingdoms. I have seen the people and the thronging crowds of the Scots, who gave me tokens of their joys. What is left? Now, after the manner of Kings, a crown is provided, that I may win at last the prize my deeds deserve. This hath not been fashioned by man's device, but by the mighty power of the gods who join in the everlasting.']

The fourth epitaph is described as 'in Phaleucian verse' (that is, in lines of eleven syllables), but the name of the author is not given. The phrase, 'beata lethe,' must mean 'happy Leith,' as the margin bears the words, 'Portus Scotiæ.'

*'Et fratres Helenæ et poli nitentes
Stellas vidimus esse nauigantis
Reginæ comites ducesque fidas
Neptunum tumido mari imperâtem
Ventorum que patrem suis minantem
Vt nos exciperet beata lethe
Sed mors vnica sic latens fefellit
Vt post sæua maris pericla solam
Se vitæ doceat tenere fila.'*

[We saw the brothers of Helen, and the bright stars of the sky were the companions and faithful pilots of the Queen on her voyage. We saw Neptune controlling the swelling sea, and the father of the winds threatening his offspring that happy Leith might welcome us. But Death, lurking, alone escaped us, that, after the cruel perils of the sea, it might teach us that it alone holds the threads of life.]

Here must terminate the description of this very curious book. There can be no question that it was specially written for the information of the Princess Magdalene, who may have read it in manuscript, for evidently it was not printed till after her death. It could not have been written before 1537, the year in which Boece's work was printed at Paris, and thus its date is easily and certainly ascertained. As a strange fragment of the contemporary history of James V., the Scottish History Society might print this book, with the parallel passages from Boece and Bellenden.

A. H. MILLAR.