

DAVID LINDSAY.

BORN 1490—DIED 1555.

SIR DAVID LINDSAY of the Mount, so called from a family estate of that name near Cupar-Fife, a celebrated poet, moralist, and reformer, was born, it is believed, in 1490, at his father's seat. He was educated at the University of St. Andrews, which he entered in 1505. Here he remained for four years. In 1512 he became an attendant of the infant prince, afterwards James V., his duty being to take the personal charge of him during his hours of recreation. He held this position for twelve years, exercising an important and beneficial influence in the formation of his character, when he was dismissed on a pension by the four guardians to whose care the young king was committed in 1524. Lindsay now devoted his time to the congenial pursuit of literature, and in 1528 produced his "Dream," in which he exposes, with truth and great boldness, the disorders in church and state, which had arisen from the licentious lives of the Romish clergy and the usurpations of the nobles. In the following year he wrote and presented to the king his "Complaynt," in which he reminds his majesty of his faithful services in the days of his youth. It is pleasant to record that, more fortunate than one of his poetical predecessors, Lindsay was in 1530 appointed by James Lyon king-at-arms, and at the same time had the honour of knighthood conferred upon him.

In the "Complaynt of the King's Papingo," Sir David's next production, the royal parrot is made to ridicule, in a most happy vein of humour, the vices of the Popish clergy. In 1531 the poet was sent with two other ambassadors to Antwerp to renew an ancient treaty of commerce with the Netherlands, and on his return he married a lady of the Douglas family. In 1535 he produced before the king a drama entitled "A Satyre of the Three Estatis." The same year he was sent with Sir John Campbell to Germany in quest of a queen for the young king; but none of the portraits of German beauty which they brought

back pleasing him, Lindsay was the following year sent on a similar mission to France. In 1536 he wrote his "Answer to the Kingis Flyting," and his "Complaynt of Basche the King's Hound;" and in 1538 "The Supplication against Syde Taillis," a part of women's dress. On the death of Magdalene of France, two months after her marriage with James, Lindsay composed his "Deploration of the Death of Queen Magdalene;" and on the arrival in Scotland of Mary of Guise, James' second consort, Sir David superintended a variety of public pageants and spectacles for the welcoming of her majesty.

In 1541 the poet produced "Kittie's Confession," written in ridicule of auricular confession. The year following he lost his prince and pupil, who died of a broken heart, and during the succeeding regency the Romish clergy obtained an act to have Lindsay's satirical poems against them and the corruptions of their church publicly burned. In 1544 and the two succeeding years he represented the town of Cupar-Fife in Parliament. In 1546 there was printed in London Lindsay's "Tragical Death of David Beatoun, Bishoppe of St. Andrews, in Scotland; whereunto is ioyned the Martyredom of Maister George Wyscharte, for whose sake the afore said Bishoppe was not long after slayne." His pithy motto about the foulness of the deed, combined with its desirableness, has been often quoted:—

"As for the cardinal, I grant
He was the man we well might want;
God will forgive it soon.
But of a truth the sooth to say,
Although the loun be well away,
The fact was foully done."

In 1548 he was sent on a mission to Denmark, and two years later published the most pleasing of all his productions, "The History and Testament of Squire Meldrum;" and in 1553 appeared his last and most important work, "The Monarchie." He is supposed to have spent the remaining years of his life at the

Mount, his paternal estate. The exact date of his death is not known, but it occurred between January and April, 1555. As a poet Lindsay does not rank with Dunbar and Douglas. Warton, who was the first in modern times to revive the recollection of Lindsay as a poet, does not venture farther than to discover in some of his poems "many nervous, terse, and polished lines." The lord Lyon king-at-arms was, however, one of the trio of great Scottish singers of the sixteenth century, and his place and power as a poet has been described with much exactness in "Marmion":—

"In the glances of his eye,
A penetrating, keen and sly
Expression found its home;
The flash of that satiric rage
Which, bursting on the early stage,
Branded the vices of the age,
And broke the keys of Rome."

All of Lindsay's poems are in his "ain braif tongue," for the use of which, amidst all the rage for Latin writing, he takes occasion in the first book of "The Monarchie," to give an abundance of very excellent reasons. Neither Aristotle nor Plato, he says, wrote in Dutch; neither Virgil "the prince of poetry," nor Cicero "the flower of oratory," wrote in Arabic; but each in his own mother tongue. Lindsay's satirical powers and broad humour long rendered him an especial favourite with the common people of Scotland, with whom many of his moral sayings passed into proverbs. So much was this the case, that in days past when they heard a proposition stated of a doubtful character, they would observe "There is na sic a word in a' Davie Lindsay." The century which saw his death saw no fewer than fifteen editions of his works, in whole or part, issued from the presses of St. Andrews, Edinburgh, London, and Paris; and successive editions appearing during the course of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, kept his

name and fame more prominently before his countrymen than was the case with any of the early poets. Perhaps the most valuable and accurate of the numerous editions of Lindsay was that published in 1806 by Chalmers, till the appearance in 1871 of David Laing's carefully revised edition, and that of the Early English Text Society.

Of the bold herald-poet so beautifully introduced in "Marmion"—

"Still is thy name in high account,
And still thy muse has charms,
Sir David Lindsay of the Mount,
Lord Lyon King-at-arms!"—

Hallam, in his *Literary History of Europe*, writes: "In the earlier part of this period (1520–50) we can find very little English poetry. Sir David Lindsay, an accomplished gentleman and scholar of Scotland, excels his contemporary Skelton in such qualities, if not in fertility of genius. Though inferior to Dunbar in richness of imagination and in elegance of language, he shows a more reflecting and philosophical mind; and certainly his satire upon James V. and his court is more piquant than the other's panegyric upon the thistle. But in the ordinary style of his versification he seems not to rise much above the prosaic and tedious rhymers of the fifteenth century. His descriptions are as circumstantial without selection as theirs; and his language, partaking of a ruder dialect, is still more removed from our own. . . . Lindsay's poetry is said to have contributed to the Reformation in Scotland,—in which, however, he is but like many poets of his own and preceding times. The clergy were an inexhaustible theme of bitter reproof." Pinkerton, who estimated his satirical poetry more highly, remarks, "Lindsay had prepared the ground, and John Knox only sowed the seed."

THE COMPLAINYNT.

(EXTRACT.)

Schir, I beseik thy excellence,
Heir my complainynt with patience;
My dolent hart dois me constraine
Of my infortune to complaine;

Albeit I stand in greit dountance,
Quhome I sall wyte of my mischance,
Quhiddir Saturnus crnelteie,
Regnard in my nativiteie,

Be bad aspect quhilk wirkis vengeance,
 Or utheris hevinly influence;
 Or gif I be predestinate,
 In court to be infortunate,
 Quhilk hes sa lang in service bene,
 Continually with King and Quene,
 And enterit to thy Majestie,
 The day of thy nativitie:
 Quhairthrow my freindis bene eschamit,
 And be my fais I am defamit,
 Seand that I am nocht regardit,
 Nor with my brether of court rewaridit;
 Blamand my sleuthfull negligence,
 That seikis nocht sum recompence.
 Quhen divers men dois me demand,
 Quhy gettis thow nocht sum peice of land,
 As weill as uther men hes gotten?
 Than wis I to be deid and rottin,
 With sic extreme discomforting,
 That I can mak na answering.
 I wald sum wise man did me teiche,
 Quhidder that I suld flatter or feiche:
 I will nocht flyt—that I conclude,
 For crabbing of thy Celsitude:
 And to flatter, I am defamit;
 Lack I rewarid, than am I schamit:
 But I hope thow sall do as weill,
 As did the father of fameill,
 Of quhome Christ makis mentioun,
 Quhilk for ane certane pensioun,
 Feit men to wirk in his vineyard:
 Bot quha come last gat first rewarid,
 Quhairthrow the first men war displeisit,
 But he thame prudently appeisit:
 For thouch the last men first war servit,
 Yit gat the first quhat they deservit.
 Sa am I sure thy Majestie
 Sall anis reward me or I die,
 And rub the roust off my ingine,
 Quhilk bin for langour like to tyne:
 Althoch I beir nocht like ane baird,
 Lang service yairnis ay rewarid.
 I can nocht wyte thine excellence,
 That I sa lang want recompense;
 Had I solystit like the lave,
 My rewarid had nocht bin to crave;
 But now I may weill understand,
 A dumb man yit wan never land;
 And in the court men gettis na thing
 Withoutin opportune asking.
 Allace! my sleuth and schamefulness
 Debarrit me fra all grediness;
 Gredy men that are diligent,
 Richt oft obtenis thair intent,
 And failyeis nocht to conques landis,
 And namely at yong princes handis.
 But I tuke never no uther cure
 In special, buf for thy plesure:

And now I am na mair despaird,
 Bot I sall get princely rewarid.
 The quhilk to me sall be maire gloir,
 Nor thame thow did rewarid befor.
 Men quhilk dois ask ocht at ane king,
 Suld ask his grace ane nobil thing,
 To his excellence honourabill,
 And to the asker profitabill:
 Thocht I be in my asking lidder,
 I pray thy grace for to consider,
 Thow hes maid baith lordis and lairdis,
 And hes gevin mony rich rewaridris
 To thame quhiik was full far to seik,
 Quhen I lay nichtlie be thy cheik.

I tak the Quenis grace, thy mother,
 My lord chancellor, and mony uther,
 Thy nureis, and thy auld maistress,
 I tak thame all to beir witness;
 Old Willie Dillie wer he on lyve,
 My life full weill he culd discryve,
 How as ane chapman beiris his pack,
 I bure thy grace upon my back:
 And sum times strydingis on my nek,
 Dansand with mony bend and bek.
 The first syllabis that thow did mute
 Was *Pa Da Lyn* upon the lute.
 Than playit I twenty springis perqueir,
 Quhilk was greit plesure for to heir.
 Fra play thow let me never rest;
 But *Gynkertoun* thow luifit ay best.
 And ay quhen thow came from the scule,
 Then I behuifit to play the fule:
 As I at lenth into my DREME,
 My sindrie service did expreme.
 Thoch it bene better, as sayis the wise,
 “Hap at the court nor gude service;”
 I wait thow luifit me better than,
 Nor now sum wife dois hir gude-man;
 Than men till uther did record
 That Lyndesay wald be maid ane lord.
 Thow hes maid lordis, schir, by St. Geil,
 Of sum that hes nocht servit sa weill.

To yow, my lordis, that standis by,
 I sall yow schaw the causis quhy;
 Gif ye list tary, I sall tell
 How my infortune thus befell.
 I prayit daylie on my kné,
 My young maister that I nicht sé,
 Of eild in his estait royall,
 Havand power imperiall;
 Than traistit I without demand,
 To be promovit to sum land;
 Bot myne asking I got our sone,
 Because ane clipse fell in the mone,
 The quhilk all Scotland maid on steir,
 Than did my purpose ryn arreir,

The quhilk war langsum till declair.
 And als myne hart is wounder fair,
 Quhen I have in remembrance,
 The suddan change to my mischance.
 The king was not twelf yeiris of age,
 Quhan new rewarlis came in thair rage,
 For commoun-weil makand na cair,
 Bot for thair profite singlar.

Imprudently, like witles fules,
 Thay tuke the young prince from the sculis,
 Quhere he, under obedience,
 Was learnand vertew and science,
 And hastilie pat in his hand
 The governance of all Scotland:
 As quha wald, in ane stormie blast,
 Quhen marinaris been all agast,
 Throw danger of the seis rage,
 Wald tak ane child of tender age,
 Quhilk never had bin on the sey,
 And gar his bidding all obey,
 Geving him hail the governall,
 To ship, marchand, and marinall,
 For dreid of rockis and foir land,
 To put the ruthir in his hand:
 Without Goddis grace is na refuge,
 Gif thare be danger ye may judge.
 I give thame to —
 Quhilk first devisit that counsell;
 I will nocht say that it was tressoun,
 But I dar sweir it was na ressoun.
 I pray God lat me never see ring
 Into this realme sa young ane king.

SUPPLICATION IN CONTEMPTION
 OF SIDE TAILS.

Sovereign, I mean of their side tails,
 Whilk through the dust and dubs trails,
 Three quarters lang behind their heels,
 Express agane all commonweals:
 Though bishops in their pontificals
 Have men for to bear up their tails,
 For dignity of their office;
 Richt so ane queen or ane emprice,
 Howbeit they use sic gravity,
 Comformand to their majesty,
 Though their robe-royals be upborne,
 I think it is ane very scorn,
 That every lady of the land
 Should have her tail so side trailand;
 Howbeit they been of high estate,
 The queen they should not counterfeit.
 Wherever they go it may be seen
 How kirk and causay they soop clean.

The images into the kirk
 May think of their side tails great irk;
 For when the weather been maist fair,
 The dust flies highest into the air,
 And all their faces does begary;
 Gif they could speak, they wald them wary. . . .
 But I have maist into despite
 Poor claggocks clad in Raploch white,
 Whilk has scant twa merks for their fees,
 Will have twa ells beneath their knees.
 Kittok that clekit was yestreen,
 The morn, will counterfeit the queen: . . .
 In barn nor byre she will not bide,
 Without her kirtle tail be side.
 In burghs, wanton burgesse wives
 Wha may have sidest tails strives,
 Weel bordered with velvet fine,
 But followand them it is ane pyne:
 In summer, when the streit is dryis,
 They raise the dust aboon the skies;
 Nane may gae near them at their ease
 Without they cover mouth and neese. . . .
 I think maist pane after ane rain,
 To see them tuckit up again;
 Then when they step furth through the street
 Their fauldings flaps about their feet; . . .
 They waste mair claithe, within few years,
 Nor wald cleid fifty score of freirs. . . .

Of tails I will no more indite,
 For dread some duddron me despite.
 Notwithstanding, I will conclude,
 That of side tails can come nae gude,
 Sider nor may their ankles hide,
 The remanent proceeds of pride,
 And pride proceeds of the devil:
 Thus always they proceed of evil.

Ane other fault, sir, may be seen,
 They hide their face all bot the een;
 When gentlemen bid them gude day
 Without reverence they slide away. . . .
 Without their faults be soon amended,
 My flyting, sir, shall never be ended.
 But wad your grace my counsel tak,
 Ane proclamation ye should mak,
 Baith through the land and burrowstouns,
 To shaw their face, and cut their gowns. . . .
 Women will say, this is nae bourds,
 To write sic vile and filthy words;
 But wald they clenge their filthy tails,
 Whilk over the mires and middings trails,
 Then should my writing clengit be,
 None other mends they get of me.
 Quoth Lindsay, in contempt of the side tails,
 That duddrons and duntibours through the
 dubs trails.

THE BUILDING OF THE TOWER OF
BABEL.

(FROM THE MONARCHIË.)

Their great fortress then did they found,
And cast till they gat sure ground,
All fell to work both man and child,
Some howkit clay, some burnt the tyld.
Nimron, that curious champion,
Deviser was of that dungeon.
Nathing they spared their labouris,
Like busy bees upon the flowers,
Or emmets travelling into June;
Some under wrocht, and some aboon,
With strang ingenious masonry,
Upward their wark did fortify; . . .
The land about was fair and plain,
And it rase like ane heich montane.
Those fulish people did intend
That till the heaven it should ascend;
Sae great ane strength was never seen
Into the world with men's een.
The wallis of that wark they made,
Twa and fifty fathom braid:
Ane fathom then, as some men says,
Micht been twa fathom in our days;
Ane man was then of mair stature
Nor twa be now, of this be sure.

The translator of Orosius
Intil his chronicle writes thus,

That when the sun is at the hicht
At noon, when it doth shine maist bricht,
The shadow of that hideous strength
Sax mile and mair it is of length:
Thus may ye judge into your thoct,
Gif Babylon be heich, or nocht.

Then the great God omnipotent,
To whom all things been present, . . .
He seend the ambition,
And the prideful presumption,
How thir proud people did pretend
Up through the heavens till ascend, . . .
Sic languages on them he laid
That nane wist what ane other said;
Where was but ane language afore,
God sent them languages three score;
Afore that time all spak Hebrew,
Then some began for to speak Grew,
Some Dutch, some language Saracen,
And some began to speak Latin.
The maister men gan to ga wild
Cryand for trees, they brocht them tyld.
Some said, Bring mortar here at ance,
Then brocht they to them stocks and stanes;
And Nimrod, their great champion,
Ran ragand like ane wild lion,
Menacing them with words rude,
But never ane word they understood. . .
——— for final conclusion,
Constrained were they for till depart,
Ilk company in ane sundry airt. . . .

RICHARD MAITLAND.

BORN 1496 — DIED 1586.

SIR RICHARD MAITLAND, a poet, lawyer, and statesman, was born in 1496. He was the son of William Maitland of Lethington, and Martha, daughter of George, lord Seaton. Having received the usual university education at the College of St. Andrews, he went to France to study law. On his return to Scotland he was employed in various public offices by James V., and afterwards by the Regent Arran and Mary of Guise. In the year 1551 he was appointed Lord of Session, and soon after he was knighted. In his sixty-fourth year he had the misfortune to lose his sight, but his blindness did not incapacitate him for

business. In 1562 he was made lord privy-seal and a member of the privy-council. He continued a Lord of Session during the reign of Queen Mary and the minority of her son James VI. In July, 1584, his great age, compelled him to resign his seat on the bench, previous to which time he had relinquished the office of lord privy-seal to his second son John, afterwards Lord Thirlstane, Lord High-chancellor of Scotland. Sir Richard died March 20, 1586, at the age of ninety, leaving seven sons, the eldest of whom, Sir William, historically known as Secretary Lethington, was accounted the ablest statesman of his age;

and one who in his day played many parts, being "anything by fits, but nothing long."

With the single exception of a passage in Knox's *History*, which imputes to him having accepted bribes to aid Cardinal Beaton in effecting his escape from imprisonment, a charge which is not generally credited, Maitland is uniformly spoken of by contemporary writers with great respect. Many of his manuscript decisions are preserved in the Advocates' Library of Edinburgh. His collections of *Early Scottish Poetry*, in two vols., a folio and a quarto, were, with other MSS., presented by the Duke of Lauderdale to Samuel Pepys, the

founder of the Pepysian Library at Cambridge, where they are still preserved. A selection from these may be seen in Pinkerton's valuable collection of *Ancient Scottish Poems*. Sir Richard's own poems were for the first time printed in 1830, in a handsome quarto volume, for the Maitland Club, which derives its name from him. His *History and Chronicle of the Hous and Surename of Seytoun* was printed for the Maitland Club in 1829. His principal poetical pieces are the "Satyres," "Ballet of the Creatioun of the World," "The Blind Baron's Comfort," and a supplication "Agains Oppressioun of the Comouns."

THE CREATION AND PARADISE LOST.

God by his word his wark began,
To form this eard and hevin for man,
The sie and watter deip;
The sun, the mune and stars sae bricht,
The day devydit from the nicht,
Thair courses just to keip;
The beists that on the grund do muve,
And fishes in the sie;
Fowls in the air to flie above,
Of ilk kind formed he:
Sum creiping, sum fleiting,
Sum fleing in the air,
Sae heichly, sae lichtly
In muving heir and thair.

Thir warks of gret magnificence,
Prefytit by his providence,
According to his will:
Nixt he made man; to gife him glore,
Did with his image him decore,
Gaife paradyse him till;
Into that garden hevily wrocht,
With pleasures mony a one,
The beists of every kynd wer brocht,
Thair names he suld expone;
These kenning and nameing,
As them he list to call,
For eising and pleising
Of man, subdued them all.

In heavenly joy man sae possest,
To be alane God thoct not best,
Made Eve to be his maik;
Bad them increass and multiplie,
And of the fruit frae every tree
Thair pleasure they suld take,

Except the tree of gude and ill
That in the midst dois stand,
Forbad that they suld cum thertill,
Or twitch it with thair hand;
Lest lukiug and plucking,
Baith they and all thair seid,
Seveirly, awsteirly,
Suld die without remeid.

Now Adam and his lusty wife
In paradyce leidand thair life,
With pleasures infneit;
Wanting nae thing suld do them ease,
The beists obeying them to please,
As they could wish in spreit:
Behald the serpent sullenlie
Envyand man's estate,
With wicket craft and subtiltie
Eve temptit with desait;
Nocht feiring, but speiring,
Quhy scho tuke not her till,
In using and chusing
The fruit of gude and ill?

Commandit us, scho said, the Lord,
Noways therto we suld accord,
Undir eternal pain;
But grantit us full libertie
To eit the fruit of every tree,
Except that tree in plain,
No, no, nocht sae, the serpent said,
Thou art desai fet therin;
Eit ye therof, ye sall be made
In knowledge lyke to him,
In seiming and deiming
Of every thing aicht,

As dewlie, as trewly,
As ye wer gods of micht.

Eve thus with these fals words allurit,
Eit of the fruit, and syne procurit

Adam the same to play:
Behald, said scho, how precious,
Sae dilicate and delicious,

Besyde knowledge for ay;
Adam puffed up in warldly glore,
Ambition and high pryd,
Eit of the fruit; allace therefore,
And sae they baith did slyd;
Neglecting, forgetting,
The eternall Gods command,
Quha scourged and purged
Them quyt out of that land.

Quhen they had eiten of that fruit,
Of joy then war they destitute,
And saw thair bodys bare;
Annon they past with all their speid,
Of leives to mak themselves a weid,
To cleith them, was thair care;
During the tyme of innocence,
Nae sin or schame they knew,
Frae tyme they gat experience,
Unto ane buss they drew,
Abyding and hyding,
As God suld not them see,
Quha spyed, and cryed,
Adam, *quhy hydys thou thee?*

I being naikit, Lord, throu feir,
For schame I durst not to compeir,
And sae I did refuse.
*Had thou not eiten of the tree,
That knowledge had not bein in thee,
Nor yit nae sic excuse.*
The helper, Lord, thou gaiffe to me,
Has cawsit me to transgress.
*Sayd scho, the serpent subtille
Persuaded me nae less,
Intreiting, be eiting,
That we suld be perfyfte,
Me fylit, begylit;
In him lyes all the wyte.*

Jehove, that evir juged richt,
Bringing his justice to the licht,
The serpent first did juge;
Because the woman thou begylt,
For evir thou sall be exylt,
Said he, without refuge;
Betwixt her seid and thy offspring
Nae peace nor rest sall be,
And hir seid sall thy heid doun thring,
For all thy subtiltie;

Abhorred, deformed,
Thou on thy breist sall gang,
In feiding and leiding
Thy lyfe the beists amang.

The woman nixt, for her offence,
Did of the Lord resave sentence,
Her sorrow suld increase,—
With woe and pain her childrene beir,
Subdewt to man, under his feir,
No libertie possess:
For Adams falt he cursd the erth,
That barrane it suld be,
Without labour suld yeild nae birth
Of corns, nor herb, nor tree;
Bot working and irking
For evir suld remain,
And being in doing
In erth returnd again.

O cruel serpent venomous,
Dispytful and seditious,
The grund of all our care!
Thou fals-bound slave unto the devill,
Thou first inventor of this evill,
Of bliss quihilk made us bare;
O devlish slave! did thou believe,
Or hou had thou sic grace,
Therby for evir thou might live
Abuve into that place:
Thy grudging gat scrudging,
And sae God lute the se,
Desavers no cravers
Of his reward suld be.

O dainty dame, with eirs bent
That harken to that fals serpent!
Thy bains we may sair ban;
Without excuse thou art to blame,
Thou justly has obtaind that name,
The very *wo of man*:
With teirs we may bewail and greit
That wicket tyme and tyde,
Quhen Adam was obligit to sleip,
And thou tane off his syde.
No sleiping bot weiping
Thy seid hes fund sensyne;
Thy eiting and sweating
Is turn'd to wo and pyn.

Adam, thy part quha can excuse,
With knowledge thou that did abuse
Thyne awn felicitie.
The serpent his inventing fals,
The womans sune consenting als,
Was nocht sae wicketly.
God did prefer thee to this day,
And them subdewt to thee,

Sae all that they culd mein or say,
 Suld not have moved thee
 To brecking, abjecting
 That hie command of lyfe
 Quhilk gydid, provydit
 The ay to live bot stryf.

Behald the state that man was in,
 And als how it he tynt throw sin,
 And lost the same for ay;
 Yet God his promise dois perform,
 Sent his Son of the Virgin born,
 Our ransome deir to pay.
 To that great God let us give glore,
 To us has bein sae gude,
 Quha be his grace did us restore,
 Quherof we were denude;
 Not caring nor sparing
 His body to be rent,
 Redeiming, releiving
 Us quhen we wer all schent.

SATIRE ON THE TOWN LADIES.

Some wifs of the borowstoun
 Sae wonder vain are, and wantoun,
 In warld they wait not what to weir;
 On claithis they ware mony a croun;
 And all for newfangleness of geir.

And of fine silk their furrit klokis,
 With hingan sleeves, like geil pokis;
 Nae preaching will gar them forbeir
 To weir all thing that sin provokis;
 And all for newfangleness of geir.

Their wilicoats maun weel be hewit,
 Broudred richt braid, with pasments sewit.
 I trow wha wald the matter speir,
 That their gudeman had cause to rue it,
 That evir their wifs wore sic geir.

Their woven hose of silk are shawin,
 Barrit aboon with taisels drawin;
 With gartens of ane new maneir,
 To gar their courtliness be knawin;
 And all for newfangleness of geir.

Sometime they will beir up their gown,
 To shaw their wilicoat hingan down;
 And sometimes baith they will upbeir,
 To shaw their hose of black or brown;
 And all for newfangleness of geir.

Their collars, carcats, and hause beidis—
 With velvet hats heigh on their heidis,
 Cordit with gold like ane younkeir.
 Braidit about with golden threidis;
 And all for newfangleness of geir.

Their shoon of velvet, and their muilis—
 In kirk they are not content of stuilis,
 The sermon when they sit to heir,
 But carries cusheons like vain fulis;
 And all for newfangleness of geir.

And some will spend mair, I hear say,
 In spice and drugis in ane day,
 Nor wald their mothers in ane yeir.
 Whilk will gar mony pack decay,
 When they sae vainly waste their geir.

Leave, burgess men, or all be lost,
 On your wifs to mak sic cost,
 Whilk may gar all your bairnis bleir.
 She that may not want wine and roast,
 Is able for to waste some geir.

Between them, and nobles of blude,
 Nae difference but ane velvet hude!
 Their camrock curchies are as deir,
 Their other claithis are as gude,
 And they as costly in other geir.

Of burgess wifs though I speak plain,
 Some landwart ladies are as vain,
 As by their claithing may appeir,
 Wearing gayer nor them may gain,
 On ower vain claithis wasting geir.

FLORENCE WILSON.

BORN 1500 — DIED 1547.

FLORENCE WILSON, commonly known by his Latinized name of Florentius Volusenus, was born on the banks of the Lossie, in the vicinity of Elgin, about the year 1500. He received

the rudiments of his education in his native place, and prosecuted his academical studies in the University of King's College, Aberdeen. Repairing afterwards to England, his talents

recommended him to the notice of Cardinal Wolsey, who appointed him preceptor to his nephew, and he accompanied the youth to Paris, where he was sent for his education. On Wolsey's death in 1530 Wilson lost his pupil; but he soon after found another friend in the person of the learned Cardinal du Bellai. Intending to proceed to Rome with this prelate, he travelled with him as far as Avignon, where he was seized with an illness which caused him to be left behind, and prevented his continuing his journey. On his recovery he applied to the celebrated Cardinal Sadolet, Bishop of Carpentras, a churchman styled by Erasmus "*eximium hujus ætatis decus.*"

In a letter to his nephew Sadolet thus describes the interview which took place. "I had," he writes, "by chance gone into my library when it was already night, and was turning over some books very diligently, when my chamberlain announced that there was some one wished to see me. I inquire, Who is he? A person in a gown, was the answer. I ordered him to be admitted; he comes in. I ask what he may want, that he should come to me at such an hour; for I was anxious to get quit of the man speedily, and return to my studies. Then he, having entered on his introductory matter in very humble terms, spoke with such propriety, correctness, and modesty as to produce in me a desire to question him more particularly, and to become more intimately acquainted with him. Therefore, shutting my book, I turned towards him, and asked from what country he came, what studies he had pursued, and what had brought him into these parts. He replied that he was a Scotchman. You come, then, said I, from the remotest region of the earth; where have you studied? (This question I asked because his discourse betokened genius and an elegant Latinity.) In my own country first, he answered, and afterwards at Paris. What do you seek here? I asked. I came hither, he replied, moved by a strong desire to see you, and from having heard at Avignon that you were in want of some one to undertake the charge of instructing your youth."

The influence of the cardinal procured the desired situation, and Wilson was appointed teacher of the Greek and Latin languages in

the public school of Carpentras, a town in the department of the Vaucluse. How long he retained this situation is not known, but it was long enough to compose his celebrated work *De Animi Tranquillitate Dialogus, Florentio Voluseno Scoto Auctore*, which was published at Lyons in 1543. In this dialogue, which displays throughout a vast compass of learning and an intimate acquaintance with the Greek and Latin classics, there are interspersed several Latin poems of his own composition, which in elegance are little inferior to the productions of his contemporary and friend Buchanan. On the Continent the work was reprinted at Leyden and at the Hague, and at Edinburgh in 1571. A third edition was published in the latter city by Ruddiman in 1707, and a fourth in 1751, with a preface by Dr. John Ward. Warton remarks of this work, "It is addressed, as an apologue for the conduct of a king, to James IV., is adorned with many pleasing incidents and adventures, and abounds with genius and learning." Wilson continued to reside on the Continent, visiting many parts of Italy and France, until the year 1546, when he felt a strong desire to see Scotland, and accordingly set out on his return home, but was taken ill on the road, and died at Vienne in Dauphiny in 1547.

Wilson maintained a high character for genius and learning in the age in which he lived, and his countryman George Buchanan paid a tribute to him in an epigram which he composed upon his death:

"Hic Musis, Volusene, jaces carissime ripam
Ad Rhodani, terra quam procul a patria!
Hoc meruit virtus tua, tellus quæ foret altris
Virtutum, ut cineres conderet illa tuos."

Besides his treatise *De Tranquillitate Animi*, which has ever been much admired for the beauty of the philosophy as well as the elegance of the Latinity, Wilson wrote a volume of Latin poems, said to have been printed in London in 1612. In the *Bannatyne Miscellany* there are published two of his letters, the one in English, the other in Latin—the former addressed to Thomas Cromwell, afterwards Lord Cromwell, earl of Essex. The following ode was translated from the Latin by Robert Blair, the gifted author of "*The Grave*:"—

Why do I, O most gracious God!
So heavily complain?
And at thy providence most just,
Why do I thus repine?

Since by reflecting I perceive,
And certainly do know,
That I, my wretched self alone,
Am cause of all my woe.

Who wittingly do strive in vain
From darkness light to bring;
And life and solid joys expect
Under death's awful reign?

As bitter wormwood never doth
Delicious honey yield,
Nor can the cheerful grape be reap'd
From thistles in the field;

So who, in this uncertain life,
Deceitful joys pursue,
They fruits do seek upon such trees
On which it never grew.

That fading beauty men admire,
Of person, and of face;
That splendour of rich ornament,
Which stately buildings grace;

That train of noble ancestors,
Which gives illustrious birth,
Wealth, luxury; then add to these
All the delights on earth:

Yea, whatsoever object doth
Invite our wandering sight,
And whatsoe'er our touch doth feel
With pleasure and delight,—

They all, like despicable dust
And atoms fly away;
And are mere dreams of the short night
Which we have here to stay.

That which is past is nothing sure;
And what of joy to come
Impatiently we want, when got,
Is quickly past and gone:

And when 'tis past, like other things,
It nothing will be thought;
Should then that dream which nothing is
So anxiously be sought?

Go now, go fool, to catch the wind!
Prepare thy nets to bind;
Which thing no man but he that's mad
Did ever yet pretend.

See if thou canst thy shadow grasp,
Which no man yet could find;
It flies the more, the more that thou
To follow art inclined.

That which will leave thee 'gainst thy will
Thou freely shouldst forsake;
And wisely choose those better things
Which none from thee can take.

What comfort can that mortal have
Who earth's whole wealth ingrosth,
If, after this short span of life,
His soul's for ever lost?

With how much wiser conduct he
His course of life doth steer,
Who, by his pious endeavours
Of doing good whilst here;

And by an holy, humble life,
When he shall hence remove,
Secures a passage for himself
Into the heavens above.

Meanwhile, wouldst thou a small taste have
Of real happiness?
And whilst thou on this earth doth dwell,
Some pleasant days possess?

Lay down all fears and anxious cares;
To things within thy power
Confine thy wish; and make thy will
Strict reason's laws endure.

If thou affection do transgress,
The bounds by reason placed,
In noise and trouble thou shalt live,
Both wretched and disgraced.

If thou wouldst perfect peace enjoy,
Thy heart see thou apply
To know Christ, and him crucified;
This is the only way.

How happy is that man who doth
This blessed peace attain!
He all the joys on earth, besides,
Will know to be but vain.

He doth not set his heart on wealth,
The care of worldly men,
But strives to do that which is good,
And Heaven's reward to gain.

He flies the fond delights which we
So ardently affect;
Shuns them as crosses, and as things
Which contemplation check.

What we for greatest blessings take,
 He wholly doth disdain;
 And counts all things but loss and dung,
 That Christ's love he might gain.

What other men do grievous think,
 He calmly can endure;
 He knows none truly can rejoice,
 Whose right in Christ's not sure.

He on the cross of Christ alone
 His wondering thoughts employs,
 Where in his death he hidden sees
 Life and eternal joys.

Thus he can honey from the rocks,
 And oil draw from hard stones;
 A gift to few, and seldom given
 By Heaven, amongst men's sons.

'Tis he alone long life deserves,
 And his years sweetly pass,
 Who holds that treasure in his breast
 Whose worth doth all surpass.

What can he want of outward things
 Who hath this pearl of price,
 Which we should buy at any rate,
 And all things else despise?

Woe's me! how much do other men
 In seas of trouble live,
 Whose ruin oft and endless cares
 Ev'n things they wish do give!

'Tis he alone in earnest can
 Wish for his dying day,
 All mankind's terror; yea, with tears
 Expostulate its stay.

O! would to God my soul just now
 Were raised to such a frame,
 As freely to part hence, which soon
 Must be, though I reclaim.

This present flies, another life
 Is swiftly hasting on,
 The way that leads to which is through
 The cross of Christ alone.

How canst thou, without grief and tears,
 Think on these impious wounds
 Which thou didst cause, through which to thee
 Salvation free rebounds?

Thou, who shun'st all fatigue, and gives
 Thyself to soft delight,
 With what assurance canst thou crave
 What is the labourer's right?

If a strict life thou canst not reach,
 At least let him not see
 Thee much unlike himself, with whom
 Thou wouldst partaker be.

That which resembles most the sun
 We truly may call bright;
 And what is most like to the snow,
 Will whitest be to sight.

These things are sweet which in their taste
 With honey may compare,
 And these are swift which can contend
 With the light-flying air;

So, sure, the more thou art like Christ,
 More perfect thou'rt indeed;
 For, of all true perfection, he
 Both pattern is, and head.

Who are persuaded of this truth,
 When sore afflictions grieve,
 This comfort have, that, ev'n in this,
 They more like Christ do live.

Men of this stamp are very scarce,
 Whose virtue doth them bear
 Above the vulgar; for what's great,
 Difficult is, and rare.

But we to mind salvation's work
 Will never be advised;
 And that all things are vanity,
 Till death hath us surprised:

Then to reflect we first begin,
 And our past lives abhor,
 And all these empty joys which we
 So much admired before.

Then under terrors we would fly
 To Christ, the only rock
 Of life; whom in prosperity
 We never did invoke.

The fear which can no merit have
 Drives us t'implore his grace;
 So great his mercy, that in vain
 We ne'er shall seek his face.

But yet we ought without delay
 Examine our estate;
 And saving interest get in Christ,—
 Far better soon than late.

If any other way we seek
 Our passions to oppose,
 Or get tranquillity of mind,
 We time and labour lose.

ALEXANDER SCOT.

BORN 1502—DIED —.

ALEXANDER SCOT, the prevailing amatory character of whose poems caused him to be called the *Scottish Anacreon*, though there are many points wanting to complete the resemblance to the Teian bard, was a subject of James V., and also flourished during the reign of the unfortunate Mary, to whom he addressed "Ane New Yere Gift," when she came from France in 1562. Little is known of his personal history beyond what can be conjectured from his writings. It is supposed that he was born about the year 1502. In his address to Mary, which begins:

"Welcome, illustre lady, and our queen!"

he designates himself her "simple servant Sanders Scot," and shows that he was a warm friend to the Reformed religion, which he recommends in strong terms to her majesty's protection. The poet concluded his address, which is in twenty-eight stanzas, with an alliterative verse, highly characteristic:

"Fresh, fulgent, flourist, fragrant flower, formose,
Lantern to love, of ladies lamp and lot,
Cherry maist chaste, chief carbuncle and chosse,
Small sweet smaragd, smelling bot smit or smot;
Noblest nature, nourice to nurture not,
This dull indyde, dulce, double, daisy dear,
Sent by thy simple servant Sanders Scot,
Greeting great God to grant thy grace guid year!"

The poet appears to have been totally neglected by the court, and in a beautiful little fable, entitled "The Eagle and Robin Redbreast," he feelingly laments his hard fate

in being obliged to sing without reward or notice; and we find the name of Scot selected by Alexander Montgomery to point a reflection on neglected merit, in one of his sonnets addressed to Robert Hudson:

"Ye knaw, ill guyding genders mony gees,
And specially in poets: for example,
Ye can pen out twa cuple an' ye please,
Yourself and I, *Auld Scot* and Robert Semple."

In Allan Ramsay's *Evergreen*, and in the collections of Hailes, Pinkerton, and Sibbald, will be found many pleasing specimens of Scot's poetry. The Bannatyne MS. contains others which have never been printed; but, considering how often that valuable collection has been examined by competent judges, we may conclude that nothing has been neglected whose oblivious repose is worth disturbing. Allan Cunningham says: "Gay and light, and elegant beyond most poets of his time, Alexander Scot sang with much more sweetness than strength, and was more anxious after the smoothness of his numbers than the natural beauty of his sentiments. He flows smooth, but he seldom flows deep; he is refined and delicate, but has little vigour and no passion. Yet his verses are exceedingly pleasing; they are melodious, with meaning in their melody, and possess in no small degree that easy and gliding-away grace of expression of which the old minstrel vaunted—

"Forbye how sweet my numbers flow,
And slide away like water."

THE FLOWER OF WOMANHEID.

Thou well of virtue, flower of womanheid,
And patron unto patiens;
Lady of lawty baith in word and deid,
Rycht sobir, sweit, full meik of eloquens,
Baith gude and fair; to your magnificens
I me commend, as I haif done before,
My sempill heart for now and evermore.

For evermore I sall you service mak:
Sen of befoir into my mynd I made,
Sen first I knew your ladyship, bot lak
All bewtie, youth and womanheid ye had,
Withouten rest my heart couth not evade.
Thus am I yours, and ay sensyne haif bene,
Commandit thereto by your twa fair ene.

Your twa fair ene maks me aft syis to sing,
 Your twa fair ene maks me to sich also,
 Your twa fair ene maks me grit comforting,
 Your twa fair ene is wyt of all my woe,
 Your twa fair ene will not ane heart let go,
 But links him fast that gets a sicht of them:
 Of every virtue bricht, ye bear the name.

Ye bear the name of gentilness of blude,
 Ye bear the name that mony for ye deis,
 Ye bear the name ye are baith fair and gude,
 Ye bear the name of every sweet can pleis,
 Ye bear the name fortune and you agreis,
 Ye bear the name of lands of lenth and
 breid;
 The well of vertew and flower of womanheid!

RONDEL OF LOVE.

Lo what it is to luve,
 Learn ye that list to pruve,
 By me, I say, that no ways may
 The grund of greif remove,
 But still decay, both nicht and day;
 Lo what it is to luve.

Luve is ane fervent fire,
 Kendillit without desire.
 Short plesour, lang displesour;
 Repentance is the hire;
 Ane pure tressour, without messour;
 Luve is ane fervent fire.

To luve and to be wise,
 To rege with gude advise;
 Now thus, now than, so goes the game,
 Incertain is the dice;
 There is no man, I say, that can
 Both luve and to be wise.

Flee always from the snare,
 Learn at me to beware;
 It is ane pain and dowble train
 Of endless woe and care;
 For to refrain that denger plain,
 Flee always from the snare.

TO HIS HEART.

Hence, heart, with her that must depart,
 And hald thee with thy sovereign,
 For I had lever want ane heart,
 Nor have the heart that does me pain;

Therefore go with thy luve remain,
 And let me live thus unmolest;
 See that thou come not back again,
 But bide with her thou luviss best.

Sen she that I have servit lang
 Is to depart so suddenly,
 Address thee now, for thou sall gang
 And beir thy lady company.
 Fra she be gone, heartless am I;
 For why? thou art with her possest.
 Therefore, my heart! go hence in hy,
 And bide with her thou luviss best.

Though this belappit body here
 Be bound to servitude and thrall,
 My faithful heart is free inteir,
 And mind to serve my lady at all.
 Wald God that I were perigall
 Under that redolent rose to rest!
 Yet at the least, my heart, thou sall
 Abide with her thou luviss best.

Sen in your garth the lily whyte
 May not remain among the lave,
 Adieu the flower of haill delyte;
 Adieu the succour that may me save;
 Adieu the fragrant balmie suaif,
 And lamp of ladies lustiest!
 My faithful heart she sall it have,
 To bide with her it luviss best.

Deploure, ye ladies clear of hue,
 Her absence, sen she must depart,
 And specially ye lovers true,
 That wounded be with luviss dart.
 For ye sall want you of ane heart
 As weil as I, therefore at last
 Do go with mine, with mind inwart,
 And bide with her thou luviss best.

LOVE ANE LEVELLER.

Love preysis, bot comparison,
 Both gentle, simple, general:
 And of free will gives wareson,
 As fortune chanches to befall;
 For love makes noble ladies thrall
 To baser men of birth and blude;
 So love gauris sober women small
 Get maistrice o'er great men of gude.

Firm love, for favour, fear, or feid,
 Of rich nor poor to speak should spare;
 For love to greatness has no heed,
 Nor lightless lowliness ane air,
 But puts all persons in compare:
 This proverb plainly for to preve,

That men and women, less and mair,
Are come from Adam and from Eve.

So though my liking were a lady,
And I no lord, yet ne'ertheless,
She should my service find as ready
As duke to duchess dought him dress;
For as proud princely love express
Is to have soverainitie;
So service comes of simpleness,
And lealest love of low degree.

So lovers lair no leid should lack,
A lord to love a simple lass;
A lady also for love to take
Ane proper page her time to pass—
For why? as bright bene burnished brass
As silver wrought in rich device,
And as gude drinking out of glass
As gold—though gold give greater price.

THE EAGLE AND ROBIN REDBREAST.

The prince of all the fethert kynd,
That with spred wings out fleis the wind,
And tours far out of humane sight
To view the schynand orb of licht:
This ryall bird, the braif and great,
And armit strang for stern debait,
Nae tyrant is, but condescends
Aftymes to treit inferiour friends.

Ane day at his command did flock
To his hie palace on a rock,
The courtiers of ilk various syze
That swiftly swim in christal skyis;
Thither the valiant tersals doup,
And heir rapacious corbies croup,
With greidy gleds and slie gormahs,
And dinsome pyis and clatterin daws;
Proud pecocks, and a hundred mae,
Bruscht up thair pens that solemn day,
Bowd first submissive to my lord,
Then tuke thair places at his borde.

Mein tyme quhyle feisting on a fawn,
And drinking blude frae lamies drawn,
A tunefull robin trig and yung,
Hard by upon a bour-tree sung.
He sang the eagles ryall lyne,
His persing ee and richt divyne,
To sway out-owre the fetherit thrang,
Quha dreid his martial bill and fang;
His flicht sublime, and eild renewit,
His mynd with clemencie endewit;

In safter notes he sang his luve,
Mair hie his beiring bolts for Jove.

The monarch bird with blythness hard
The chaunting litil silvan bard,
Calit up a buzart, quha was than
His favourite and chamberlane.
Swift to my treasury, quod he,
And to yon canty robin gie
As mekle of our currant geir
As may mentain him throw the yeir;
We can weil spairt, and its his due.
He bad, and furth the Judas flew,
Straight to the brench quhair robin sung,
And with a wickit lieand tung,
Said, Ah! ye sing sae dull and ruch,
Ye haif deivt our lugs mair than enuch,
His majestie hes a nyse ceir,
And nae mair of your stuff can beir;
Poke up your pypes, be nae mair sene
At court, I warn ye as a frein.

He spak, quhyle robinis swelling breist
And drouping wings his greif exprest;
The teirs ran happing down his cheik,
Grit grew his hairt he coud nocht speik,
No for the tinsell of rewaird,
But that his notis met nae regaird;
Straicht to the schaw he spred his wing,
Resolvit again nae mair to sing,
Quhair princelie bountie is supprest,
By sic with quhome they ar opprest,
Quha cannot beir (because they want it)
That ocht suld be to merit grantit.

LAMENT WHEN HIS WIFE LEFT HIM.

To love unlov'd it is a pain;
For she that is my sovereign,
Some wanton man so high has set her,
That I can get no love again,
But break my heart, and nought the better.

When that I went with that sweet may
To dance, to sing, to sport, and play,
And oft-times in my armis plet her—
I do now mourn both night and day,
And break my heart, and nought the better.

Where I was wont to see her go,
Right timely passand to and fro,
With comely smiles when that I met her—
And now I live in pain and wo,
And break my heart, and nought the better.

Whattane ane glaikit fool am I
 To slay myself with melancholy,
 Sen weill I ken I may not get her?
 Or what should be the cause, and why,
 To break my heart, and nought the better?

My heart, sen thou may not her please,
 Adieu! as good love comes as gais;
 Go choose another, and forget her!
 God give him doleur and disease,
 That breaks his heart, and nought the better.

GEORGE BUCHANAN.

BORN 1506—DIED 1582.

GEORGE BUCHANAN, the best Latin poet of his time, and known as the Scottish Virgil, was born at Killearn, Stirlingshire, in February, 1506. He was educated at the University of Paris, and at the College of St. Andrews, taking his degree of Bachelor of Arts, October 3, 1525. While employed as tutor to the Earl of Murray he gave great offence to the clergy by a satirical poem, and was obliged to take refuge on the Continent, from which he did not return to Scotland until 1560. While living abroad he was for a time tutor to the celebrated Montaigne, who records the fact in his Essays; and for a year and a half he was confined in the dungeons of the Inquisition, then transferred to a monastery, where he employed his leisure in writing a considerable portion of his inimitable Latin version of the Psalms. Though he had embraced the Protestant religion, and was well known as a reformer, his reception at the court of Queen Mary was favourable; he became her classical tutor, was employed to regulate the universities, and became Principal of St. Leonard's College, in the University of St. Andrews. Dr. Johnson greatly admired Buchanan's beautiful verses addressed to Mary, and said, "All the modern languages cannot furnish so melodious a line as—

"Formosam resonare doces Amarillida silvas."

The queen bestowed on Buchanan a pension of 500 pounds Scots. Although a layman he was in June, 1567, on account of his great abilities and extraordinary learning, elected moderator of the General Assembly of Scotland.

It is uncertain at what precise date his admirable version of the Psalms was first printed,

but a second edition appeared in 1566. The work was inscribed in an elegant dedication to Queen Mary, who in 1564, after the death of Quentin Kennedy, had conferred upon him the temporalities of Crossraguel Abbey. The murder of Darnley and Mary's marriage to Bothwell induced Buchanan to join the party of the Earl of Murray, whom he accompanied to the conference at York, and afterwards at Hampton Court. Whilst in London he addressed some highly complimentary verses to the English queen, who had no dislike to praise, especially from the learned, and she settled upon the poet a pension of £100. At the desire of the earl he was prevailed upon to write his famous *Detectio Mariæ Reginae*, which was published in 1571, a year after the regent's assassination by Hamilton of Bothwellhaugh. The year previous (1570) he was appointed by the estates of the realm one of the preceptors to the young king, who was then in his fourth year; and to Buchanan James VI. was indebted for all his classical learning. The poet proved his independence by a liberal application of the rod, the fame whereof has come down to our own day; and he said of the Scottish Solomon that he "made him a pedant because he could make nothing else of him." When seated on the English throne the king used to say of a person in high place about him, that he ever "trembled at his approach; it minded him so of his pedagogue." James regarded Buchanan's *History of Scotland* as an infamous invective, and admonished his son in his *Basilicon Doron* to punish such of his future subjects as should be guilty of possessing copies of the work.

In the seventy-fourth year of his age

Buchanan composed a brief sketch of his own life, and about the same time published his famous treatise *De Jure Regni*, advocating strongly the rights of the people. The last twelve years of his life he employed in composing in Latin his well-known history of Scotland, published in Edinburgh in 1582, under the title of *Rerum Scoticarum Historia*. He died, unmarried, on the morning of Friday, Sept. 28, 1582, and was honourably interred by the city of Edinburgh in the Greyfriars' Churchyard; and, says Dr. Irving in his life of the poet, "his ungrateful country never afforded his grave the common tribute of a monumental stone." Since those lines were written the poet of whom Scotland is justly proud has been indebted to a simple Scottish artisan for erecting a tablet to point out to the pilgrim to his grave the last resting-place of not only the first Latin poet of his country, but of his age. An edition of Buchanan's works was published by Ruddiman at Edinburgh, in two folio vols. in 1714, and another at Leyden in 4to in 1725.

was equally distinguished as a poet, historian, and jurist, exhibit a rare union of philosophical dignity and research with the finer sensibilities and imagination of the poet. Even Dr. Johnson admitted his great literary achievements in his happy reply to Buchanan's countryman, who said, "Ah! Dr. Johnson, what would you have said of Buchanan had he been an Englishman?" "Why, sir," he replied, "I should not have said had he been an Englishman what I will say of him as a Scotchman, that he was the only man of genius his country ever produced." Certainly the most applauded of Buchanan's poetical works is the translation of the Psalms, particularly Ps. civ., which has been rendered into Latin by nine Scottish poets. Mackenzie remarks that his "version of the Psalms will be esteemed and admired as long as the world endures, or men have any relish for poetry;" and Bishop Burnet said, "Buchanan in his immortal poems shows so well how he could imitate all the Roman poets in their several ways of writing, that he who compares them will be often led to prefer the copy to the original."

The character and works of Buchanan, who

ON NEÆRA.¹

My wreck of mind and all my woes,
And all my ills, that day arose,
When on the fair Neæra's eyes
Like stars that shine
At first, with hapless fond surprise,
I gazed with mine.

When my glance met her searching glance.
A shivering o'er my body burst,
As light leaves in the green woods dance
When western breezes stir them first;
My heart forth from my breast to go,
And mix with hers already wanting,
Now beat, now trembled to and fro,
With eager fondness leaping, panting.

Just as a boy, whose nourice woos him,
Folding his young limbs in her bosom,
Heeds not caresses from another,
But turns his eyes still to his mother,

When she may once regard him, watches,
And forth his little fond arms stretches.
Just as a bird within the nest
That cannot fly, yet constant trying,
Its weak wings on its tender breast
Beats with the vain desire of flying.

Thou, wary mind, thyself preparing
To live at peace, from all ensnaring,
That thou mightst never mischief catch,
Plac'dst you, unhappy eyes, to watch
With vigilance that knew no rest,
Beside the gateways of the breast.

But you, indue'd by dalliance deep,
Or guile, or overcome by sleep,
Or else have of your own accord
Consented to betray your lord;
Both heart and soul then fled and left
Me spiritless, of mind bereft.

Then cease to weep; use is there none
To think by weeping to atone;
Since heart and spirit from me fled,
You move not by the tears you shed;

¹ This and the succeeding poem were translated from the Latin of Buchanan by Robert Hogg, a nephew of the Ettrick Shepherd.—Ed.

But go to her, entreat, obtain;
 If you do not entreat, and gain,
 Then will I ever make you gaze
 Upon her, till in dark amaze
 You sightless in your sockets roll,
 Extinguish'd by her eyes' bright blaze,
 As I have been deprived of heart and soul.

THE FIRST OF MAY.

All hail to thee, thou First of May,
 Sacred to wonted sport and play,
 To wine, and jest, and dance, and song,
 And mirth that lasts the whole day long!
 Hail! of the seasons honour bright,
 Annual return of sweet delight;
 Flower of reviving summer's reign,
 That hastes to time's old age again!
 When spring's mild air at Nature's birth
 First breath'd upon the new-form'd earth;
 Or when the fabled age of gold,
 Without fix'd law, spontaneous roll'd;
 Such zephyrs, in continual gales,
 Pass'd temperate along the vales,
 And soften'd and refresh'd the soil,
 Not broken yet by human toil;
 Such fruitful warmths perpetual rest
 On the fair islands of the blest—
 Those plains where fell disease's moan
 And frail old age are both unknown.
 Such winds with gentle whispers spread
 Among the dwellings of the dead,
 And shake the cypresses that grow
 Where Lethe murmurs soft and slow.
 Perhaps when God at last in ire
 Shall purify the world with fire,
 And to mankind restore again
 Times happy, void of sin and pain,
 The beings of this earth beneath
 Such pure ethereal air shall breathe.
 Hail! glory of the fleeting year!
 Hail! day the fairest, happiest here!
 Memorial of the time gone by,
 And emblem of futurity!

FRANCISCANUS.¹

(EXTRACTS.)

Oft musing on the ills of human life,
 Its buoyant hopes, wild fears, and idle strife,

¹ These extracts, published anonymously, are believed to have been translated from Buchanan's bitter and powerful satire against the Franciscan friars by the Rev. Dr. Candlish.—Ed.

And joys—of hue how changeful! tho' serene,
 That fit ere you can tell where they have been—
 (Even as the bark, when ocean's surges sweep,
 Raised by the waning winds, along the deep
 Is headlong by the howling tempest driven,
 While the staid pilot, to whose charge is given
 Her guidance, skilfully the helm applies,
 And in the tempest's face she fairly forward flies),
 I have resolved, my earthly wandering past,
 In rest's safe haven to secure at last
 Whate'er of fleeting life, by Fate's decree
 Ere end my pilgrimage, remains to me,—
 To give to Heaven the remnant of my days—
 And wash away in penitence and praise,
 Far from this wild world's revelry uncouth,
 The sins and follies of my heedless youth.
 O, blest and hallowed day! with cincture bound,
 My shaven head the gray hood veiling round,
 St. Francis, under thine auspicious name,
 I will prescribe unto this fleshly frame
 A life ethereal, that shall upward rise,
 My heavenward soul commercing with the skies.
 This is my goal—to this my actions tend—
 My resting-place—original and end.

If 'tis thine aim to reach the goal of life
 Thro' virtue's path, and, leaving childish strife,
 To free thy darken'd mind from error's force
 To trace the laws of virtue to their source,
 And raise to heavenly things thy purged sight,
 I view thy noble purpose with delight;
 But if a shadowy good doth cross thy way,
 And lure thee, phantom-like—but to betray—
 Oh! while 'tis time, restrain thy mad career,
 And a true friend's yet timely warning hear;
 Nor let old error with bewilder'd eye,
 Nor let the blind and senseless rabble's cry
 More move thee than stern reason's simple sway,
 That points to truth the undiscovered way.
 But deem not that high Heaven I dare defy,
 Or raise again vain war against the sky.
 For from my earliest youth I have rever'd
 The priests and holy fathers, who appeared
 By virtue's and religion's holy flame
 Worthy a bright eternity of fame.
 But seldom underneath the dusky cowl,
 That shades the shaven head and monkish scowl,
 I picture a St. Paul: the priestly stole
 Oft covers the remorseless tyrant's soul,
 The glutton's and the adulterer's grovelling lust,
 Like soulless brute, each wallowing in the dust,
 And the smooth hypocrite's still smiling brow,
 That tells not of the villany below.

Still deathful is the drug-venom'd draught,
 Tho' golden be the bowl from which 'tis quaff'd:
 The ass, in Tyrian purple tho' array'd,
 Is as much ass, as ass-like when he bray'd;
 Still fierce will be the lioness—the fox
 Still crafty—and still mild the mighty ox—

The vulture still will whet the thirsty beak—
 The twittering swallow still will chirp and squeak:
 Thus tho' the vesture shine like drifted snow,
 The heart's dark passions lurk unchang'd below.
 Nor when the viper lays aside his skin,
 Less baleful does the venom work within;
 The tiger frets against his cage's side,
 As wild as when he roam'd in chainless pride.
 Thus neither crossing mountains nor the main,
 Nor flying human haunts and follies vain,

Nor the black robe nor white, nor cowl-clad head,
 Nor munching ever black and mouldy bread,
 Will lull the darkly-working soul to rest,
 And calm the tumults of the troubl'd breast.
 For always, in whatever spot you be,
 Even to the confines of the Frozen Sea,
 Or near the sun, beneath a scorching clime,
 Still, still will follow the fierce lust of crime—
 Deceit and the dark working of the mind,
 Where'er you roam, will not be left behind.

JAMES THE FIFTH.

BORN 1512—DIED 1542.

JAMES THE FIFTH was born at the palace of Linlithgow in the month of April, 1512. When the fatal field of Flodden numbered among its victims the chivalrous James IV., his successor, the infant prince, was not a year and a half old. Among those who had charge of his education was the celebrated Sir David Lindsay of the Mount, and John Bellenden, the translator of Boethius' *History*. The works of both authors abound with passages referring to the share which they had in the formation of the young sovereign's character. It would seem that to the poet the task had chiefly fallen of attending the prince in his hours of amusement. In his "Complaint" he says—

"And ay quhen thou came from the schule,
 Then I behufft to play the fule."

It is to the happy influence of Sir David Lindsay that we may ascribe a large share of that regard for justice, that taste for literature and art, and that love of poetry, music, and romance for which the young Scottish king became distinguished.

In his twelfth year the nobles, tired of the state of misrule into which Scotland had been brought, and of the dissensions among themselves, requested James to assume the government. His power, however, was merely nominal, as four guardians were appointed, by whom the whole authority of the state was exercised in his name. The Earl of Angus, one of these, soon obtained the ascendancy over his colleagues, and he held the young

king in such restraint as induced him to make his escape from the palace of Falkland when in his seventeenth year, and take refuge in Stirling Castle, the residence of his mother. By the most vigorous measures the king now proceeded to repress disorders and punish crime throughout the kingdom. Attended by a numerous retinue, under the pretence of enjoying the pleasures of hunting, he visited various districts, executing thieves and marauders, and caused the laws to be obeyed on every foot of Scottish soil. The most memorable of his victims was the noted borderer Johnnie Armstrong, who was summarily hanged with his twenty-four followers, "quhilk," says Pit-scottie, "monie Scottisman heavilie lamented, for he was ane doubtit man and als guid ane chieftain as evir was upon the borderis either of Scotland or England."

In 1535 James proceeded to France upon a matrimonial expedition, and married Magdalene, eldest daughter of the French king, who died of consumption within forty days of her arrival in Scotland. He afterwards espoused Mary of Guise. A rupture with Henry VIII. led to the battle of Solway Moss, one of the most inglorious engagements in Scottish annals. The command of the army having been conferred on Oliver Sinclair, a favourite of the king, the high-spirited and discontented nobles indignantly refused to obey such a leader, and were in consequence easily defeated by an inferior force. When the tidings of this disaster reached James he was frantic with

grief and mortification. Hastening to Edinburgh, he shut himself up for a week, and then passed over to Falkland, where he took to his bed. Meantime the queen had given birth to a daughter, afterwards the beautiful but unfortunate Mary Queen of Scots. On being informed of this event he said, "It came with a lass, and it will go with a lass," deeming it another misfortune that it was not a male heir. A little before his death, which occurred previous to the 13th of December, 1542, when he was but thirty-one years of age, he was heard muttering the words "Solway Moss," the scene of that disaster which hurried him to an early grave. The love of justice endeared the lamented monarch to the people, who conferred on him the title of "King of the Poor." Other princes have been called great and bold and mighty, but it was the far nobler pride of James to be styled **THE KING OF THE POOR.**

Of the elegant and useful arts, and of all branches of what was called profane learning, he was a liberal patron and active promoter. "He furnished the countrie," says Pitscottie, "with all kyndis of craftismen, sik as Frenchmen, Spainyardis, and Dutchmen, quhilk ever was the finest of their profession that could be had; quhilk brought the countrie to great policie." Lindsay, Buchanan, Bellenden, Maitland, Montgomery, and many others of

inferior fame, were among the men of letters who contributed to shed a lustre on his reign, and who, in an age when there was no reading public, could live on the patronage of the court alone. To gratify a strong passion for adventures of a romantic character James would often roam through the country in disguise under the soubriquet of "The Gudeman of Ballangeich." He is believed to be the author of the well-known and popular ballads of "The Gaberlunzie Man" and "The Jollie Beggar," both founded on his own adventures. Sir Walter Scott said of the last-mentioned, that it was the best comic ballad in any language. George Chalmers and some other authorities have attributed other productions to the pen of the commons' king, but it is thought without sufficient evidence. The two songs attributed to James V. are both productions of great merit—remarkable for their roguish humour and freedom of expression, albeit they are rather broad for the last half of the nineteenth century:

"Old times are changed, old manners gone."

Yet no change of manners or evolutions of time will much affect poetry which is founded in nature; and this makes the lyrics of James as fresh and lively and intelligible as they were more than three hundred years ago, when they were composed by the young king.

THE GABERLUNZIE MAN.

The pawky auld carle came o'er the lee,
Wi' many good e'ens and days to me,
Saying, Goodwife, for your courtesie,
Will you lodge a silly poor man?
The night was cauld, the carle was wat,
And doun ayont the ingle he sat;
My daughter's shoulders he 'gan to clap,
And cadgily ranted and sang.

O wow! quo' he, were I as free
As first when I saw this countrie,
How blythe and merry wad I be!
And I wad never think lang.
He grew canty, and she grew fain,
But little did her auld minny ken
What thir slee twa thegither were say'ng,
When wooing they were sae thrang.

And O, quo' he, an' ye were as black
As e'er the croun of my daddy's hat,
'Tis I wad lay thee by my back,
And awa' wi' me thou shou'd gang.
And O, quo' she, an I were as white
As e'er the snaw lay on the dike,
I'd clead me braw and lady-like,
And awa' wi' thee I wou'd gang.

Between the twa was made a plot;
They rose a wee before the cock,
And wilyly they shot the lock,
And fast to the bent are they gane.
Up in the morn the auld wife raise,
And at her leisure pat on her claise;
Syne to the servant's bed she gaes,
To speer for the silly poor man.

She gaed to the bed where the beggar lay;
 The strae was cauld, he was away,
 She clapt her hands, cry'd Waladay,
 For some of our gear will be gane!
 Some ran to coffer, and some to kist,
 But nought was stown that could be mist;
 She danc'd her lane, cry'd Praise be blest,
 I have lodg'd a leal poor man!

Since naething's awa', as we can learn,
 The kirn's to kirn, and milk to earn,
 Gae but the house, lass, and waken my bairn,
 And bid her come quickly ben.
 The servant gaed where the daughter lay,
 The sheets were cauld, she was away,
 And fast to her goodwife did say,
 She's aff with the gaberlunzie man.

O fy gar ride, and fy gar rin,
 And haste ye find these traitors again;
 For she's be burnt, and he's be slain,
 The wearifu' gaberlunzie man.
 Some rade upo' horse, some ran a-fit,
 The wife was wud, and out o' her wit,
 She could na gang, nor yet cou'd she sit,
 But she curs'd ay, and she bann'd.

Meantime far 'hind out o'er the lee,
 Fu' snug in a glen, where nane cou'd see,
 The twa, with kindly sport and glee,
 Cut frae a new cheese a whang:
 The priving was good, it pleas'd them baith,
 To lo'e her for ay, he gae her his aith.
 Quo' she, To leave thee I will be laith,
 My winsome gaberlunzie man.

O kend my minny I were wi' you,
 Ill-faurdly wad she crook her mou';
 Sic a poor man she'd never trow,
 After the gaberlunzie man.
 My dear, quo' he, ye're yet o'er young,
 And hae na learn'd the beggar's tongue,
 To follow me frae town to town,
 And carry the gaberlunzie on.

Wi' cauk and keel I'll win your bread,
 And spindles and whorles for them wha need,
 Whilk is a gentle trade indeed,
 To carry the gaberlunzie on.
 I'll bow my leg, and crook my knee,
 And draw a black clout o'er my ee;
 A cripple or blind they will ca' me,
 While we shall be merry and sing.

THE JOLLY BEGGAR.

There was a jollie beggar,
 And a begging he was boun,

And he took up his quarters
 Into a landart town:
 He wadna lie into the barn,
 Nor wad he in the byre,
 But in ahint the ha' door,
 Or else afore the fire.
 And we'll go no more a roving,
 A roving in the night;
 We'll go no more a roving,
 Let the moon shine e'er so bright.

The beggar's bed was made at e'en,
 Wi' gude clean straw and hay,
 And in ahint the ha' door
 'Twas there the beggar lay.
 Up gat the gudeman's daughter,
 All for to bar the door,
 And there she saw the beggarman
 Standing in the floor.
 And we'll go no more a roving,
 A roving in the night,
 Though maids be e'er so loving,
 And the moon shine e'er so bright.

He took the lassie in his arms,
 Fast to the bed he ran—
 O hoolie, hoolie wi' me, sir,
 Ye'll waken our gudeman.
 The beggar was a cunning loon,
 And ne'er a word he spak—
 But lang afore the cock had crawn
 Thus he began to crack:
 And we'll go no more a roving,
 A roving in the night,
 Save when the moon is moving,
 And the stars are shining bright.

Have ye ony dogs about this toun,
 Maiden, tell me true?
 And what wad ye do wi' them,
 My hinney and my dow?
 They'll rive a' my meal-powks,
 And do me mickle wrang.
 O dool for the doing o't,
 Are ye the poor man?
 And we'll go no more a roving,
 A roving in the night,
 Nor sit a sweet maid loving
 By coal or candle light.

Then up she gat the meal-powks,
 And flang them o'er the wa',
 The deil gae wi the meal-powks,
 My maiden fame and a';
 I took ye for some gentleman,
 At least the laird o' Brodie—
 O dool for the doing o't,
 Are ye the poor bodie?

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

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

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

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

ALEXANDER MONTGOMERY.

BORN 1540 — DIED 1614. (?)

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

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

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