

But for one fault. Thy young mind he embued  
 With love of study—and thy way he led  
 Through the rough summits, where the muses stray,  
 Not often trod by royal pupils—and  
 When yet a little boy, he taught thy lips,  
 Sweet eloquence, that sways the multitude,  
 And quietly bends a people to obey  
 Their prince's rule. Yes, well he touch'd thy lips  
 And form'd thee manners worthy of a king;  
 And faithful to his charge, he taught thee that  
 Which courtiers hide—what differeth a king  
 From private man—a tyrant from a king.  
 What subjects owe to him, and he to God.

Though Buchanan wrote the Latin tongue  
 with such purity, that, in point of eloquence,  
 many of the learned have ranked him on a level  
 with the best writers of the Augustan age—it  
 is very different when he writes in his own  
 tongue. At least it appears so to us at this  
 time, but there is a fashion here as in other  
 things, and forms of speech which at one time  
 were esteemed polite, become vulgar in a few  
 generations. The following, addressed to Sir  
 T. Randolph may be taken as a fair specimen of  
 an epistle in the vernacular tongue at this time:

"To Maister Randolph Squier, Maister of Postes to  
 the Queenes Grace of England. Maister, I haif resavit  
 diuerse letters from you, and yit I haue unsourit to  
 naine of thayme; of the quylke albeit I haif mony  
 excusis, as age, forgetfulness, besines, and discease,  
 yit I wyl use nane as now, ecceit my sweirness and  
 your gentilness; and geif ye thynk nane of theise suf-  
 ficient, content you with ane confession of the falt  
 wout fear of punition to follow on my onkindness.—  
 As for the present I am occupit in writyng of our his  
 torie, being assurit to content few, and to displeuse  
 mony thairthrow. As to the end of it, yf ye gelt it  
 not, or thys winter be passit, lippin not for it, nor  
 nane other writyngs from me. The rest of my occu-  
 pation is wyth the gout, quhilks haldis me besy both  
 day and nyte. And quhair ye say ye haif not lang to  
 lyif, I traist to God to go before yow, albeit I be on  
 fut, and ye ryd the post; praying ye als not to *dispost*  
 my hoste at Newark, Jone of Kelsterne. Thys I  
 pray you, partly for his awyne sake, quhairne I thot  
 ane gud fellow, and partly at request of syk as I dar  
 not refuse. And thus I tak my leif shortly at you  
 now, and my lang leif quhen God pleasis committing  
 you to the protection of the almyty. At Sterling, xxv.  
 day of August, 1577.

Yours to command wi service,

G. BUCHANAN."

Buchanan published a work about this time  
 which he seems to have intended should be a  
 manual for directing the public conduct of the  
 king in the new and stirring times in which he  
 was called to the throne. He knew that the  
 old principles of government were fast giving  
 way before the general diffusion of knowledge

among the people. And being no republican,  
 but a firm supporter of the monarchy, he wish-  
 ed to demonstrate the legitimate province  
 within which, consistently with the rights of  
 his people, the king's prerogative might be ex-  
 ercised. And when one reflects on subsequent  
 events, it is impossible not to reflect on the su-  
 gacity of the venerable author. Buchanan was  
 now drawing nigh to the end of life, and could  
 not therefore be supposed to have any other  
 end in view than the king's advantage. The  
 work was entitled "*De jure regni apud  
 Scotos.*" He inscribed it to his royal pupil.

We give Mr. Irving's translation of part of  
 the dedication. "Several years ago," he says,  
 "when our affairs were in a most turbulent con-  
 dition, I composed a dialogue on the preroga-  
 tives of the Scottish Crown; in which I endea-  
 voured to explain from their very cradle if I  
 may adopt the expression, the reciprocal rights  
 and privileges of Kings and their subjects.—  
 Although the work seemed to be of some utility  
 by silencing some individuals who, with impor-  
 tunate clamours, rather inveighed against the  
 existing state of things, than examined what  
 was conformable to reason, yet in consequence  
 of returning tranquillity, I willing consecrated  
 my arms to public concord. But having lately  
 met with this disputation among my papers, and  
 supposed it to contain many precepts necessary  
 to your tender age, (especially as it is so con-  
 spicuously elevated in the scale of human af-  
 fairs,) I have deemed its publication expedient,  
 and admonish you of your duty to the commu-  
 nity. Many circumstances tend to convince me  
 that my present exertions will not prove fruit-  
 less, especially your age, yet uncorrupted by  
 perverse opinions; a disposition above your  
 years, spontaneously urging you to every noble  
 pursuit, a facility in obeying not only your pre-  
 ceptors, but all prudent monitors; a judgement  
 and dexterity in disquisition, which prevents you  
 from paying much regard to authority unless it  
 be confirmed by solid argument. I likewise  
 perceive that by a kind of natural instinct you so  
 abhor flattery, the nurse of tyranny, and the  
 most grievous pest of a legitimate monarchy,  
 that you as heartily hate the courtly solisms  
 as they are relished and affected by those who  
 consider themselves as the arbiters of every  
 elegance, and who by way of seasoning their  
 conversation, are perpetually sprinkling it with  
 majesties, lordships, excellencies, and, if possi-  
 ble, with other expressions still more putrid.—  
 Although the bounty of nature and the instruc-  
 tion of your governors may at present secure you