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THE  
FRANCISCAN FRIAR,  
A SATIRE;  
AND  
The Marriage Ode  
OF  
FRANCIS OF VALOIS AND MARY,  
SOVEREIGNS  
OF  
FRANCE AND SCOTLAND:  
TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH VERSE FROM THE LATIN  
OF  
GEORGE BUCHANAN,  
BY  
GEORGE PROVAND.

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Jam nulla saxi figimus oscula,  
Nulla e sepulchris tracta cadavera  
Gemmis refulgent, fascinantque  
Indociles animos Popelli.

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GLASGOW:  
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1809.

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D. M'KENZIE,  
*Printer, 154. Trongate, Glasgow.*



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F84E

## ADDRESS.

---

ON Evan's banks, where Cadzow's towers display  
The shatter'd remnant of their better day,  
Oft have my idle footsteps fondly stray'd,  
And pac'd its halls, veil'd with an ivy shade;  
While Fancy, soaring in her wildest mood,  
The feudal splendors of the scene renew'd.

Within these walls—high Hamilton's resort,  
The pride of chivalry would join the sport;  
Or in the mimic fight, with shield and glaive,  
Would strive to win the guerdon of the brave:  
Even now in Memory's eye the lances shine,  
And streaming banners of the mailed line;  
The smiles of beauty gladden all the grove,  
That seems a fairy realm of joy and love!

But when grim war in blood embrued the land,  
And rous'd the chieftain and his gallant band;  
Far other feats his hours would then employ,  
And his dark looks express'd a savage joy;  
His hall, that lately rung with mirth and glee,  
Then echo'd to a sterner melody.

Without, the watchman's busy step; within,  
The matron's wailing, and the anvil's din.

Though past these times, when Hamilton's proud  
name

Shone aye the foremost in the rolls of fame,  
And ever to a rival scorn'd to yield,  
For grace in hall, and courage in the field;  
Yet still it shines with undiminish'd blaze,  
And gathers greatness from a length of days.

And thou, the branch of this illustrious stem,  
That once nigh grac'd fair Scotia's diadem\*,  
Proceed in patriot fire and zeal to shine,  
The worthy scion of a kingly line;  
Still in the Senate let thy voice be strong,  
The right to cherish, and expose the wrong,  
For this thy pride of eminence maintains,  
More than the Royal blood that swells thy veins.

GEORGE PROVAND.

'GLASGOW,  
Nov. 25th 1809. }

\* See Bishop LESLIE's History.—P. 304.

## PREFACE.

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WHEN men peruse the page of history, and look back on those dark ages of the world, when it was immersed in superstition, they are filled with astonishment, and can scarcely believe, that monks and friars, immersed in monasteries, from whence they sent forth their wandering missionaries, should have had the address to hold most powerful nations under their imperious controul, and that the powers of reason had not more early delivered mankind from their arbitrary sway: but when it is considered, that the sacred writings were withheld from general perusal, that priests alone were educated, and the art of printing had not been discovered, our astonishment ceases, and we feel conviction that the magnificent churchman in his stately palace, would with zeal exert every nerve that he might still live in luxurious splendor, and remain secure and undisturbed in his elevated situation.

With dread he beheld the dawn of rising understanding, and his anxious soul predicted that the gorgeous fabric would crumble to destruction. To uphold a system so contrary to the happiness and comfort of every individual but themselves, they established the Court of Inquisition. A priest, arrayed in a white surplice, who had vowed meekness and humility to all the earth, confines his fellow-creatures in a dungeon, conducts them to a stage erected in

the market-place, attended by a train of monks and holy brethren, who sing psalms, say mass, and butcher mankind; and, as they firmly believe the souls of heretics are to be burnt in hell-fire with eternal vengeance, they think, by consigning them to the flames, they imitate the divine justice upon earth. Notwithstanding the terrors of the *auto de fe*, the thunder of bulls, and the dread of purgatory, first a Wickliff, then a Luther, a Calvin, and the great Erasmus, arose to burst asunder those fetters that had so long bound the human race. England embraced the religion of Luther, who, with great princes on his side, was compelled to adopt a religion of pomp and magnificence: while the people of Scotland received the religion of Calvin, who, living amongst republicans, could well avoid dignities and pre-eminence; but their choice was denied them, and they groaned under the most cruel oppression, and for a long period sanguinary prelates desolated their country. Scaffolds were erected in the midst of courtly entertainments, and drums were beat, that the dying declarations, of those victims devoted to death, might not be heard by the surrounding multitude. Those scenes arose from that vast desire for power and grandeur, and terror for the downfall of ecclesiastical dignity, which have so long deluged the earth with blood. Well might Shakespear exclaim,

I am no enemy to true religion,  
 Or any thing that's for my country's good;  
 but I abhor those lazy full fed friars,  
 Who neither plough nor sow, and yet they reap  
 The fruit of all the land, and suck the poor.

It is very curious to observe, no religionists have been so inveterate as Christians. At the same period they would

not allow the Turks a mosque, the Turks allowed the Greeks to have churches. Many of these churches were collegiate; and in the Archipelago canons have all along lived unmolested, under the eye of a Bashaw: and they are at this moment tolerated in China.—The Roman pontiffs were at first poor men, preaching to mean congregations, as destitute and lowly as themselves, in the subterranean vaults of Rome, and it was only when the doctrines of the church became vitiated that they rose to temporal eminence. At length, when they became mighty sovereigns, Europe was deluged with religious orders, of which the Franciscans were the most numerous and active. Francis of Assisi, who founded this order in 1210, was in their eye a man superior to humanity, and they insist he wrought many miracles. In his life time he multiplied the order to such a degree, that there were 5000 deputies from the several convents to the general chapter held at Assisi in 1219; and not more than fifty years ago, they consisted upon the continent of 115,000 men, and about 29,000 women. Those men struck at every thing; they were preachers, divines, missionaries, mendicants, emissaries, and every where the declared enemies of the Dominicans, who had more power than the Franciscans, and of which they were jealous. The Dominicans held the office of master of the sacred palace of Rome, and the presidency of the Courts of Inquisition, and they had the nomination of the Inquisitors all over Europe. There were besides Jesuits, Austin friars, Cordeliers, and a great number of different societies, which cannot at present be described, as it would require a volume by itself to review every regiment of this immense army.

In this happy age of national spirit and improvement, while the clergy are striving for an augmentation to their

livings, and, in conformity to an Oration, lately published, delivered in May 1809\*, before the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, “ Are contending for an act for upholding the splendor of their establishment, and opening up an easier and broader avenue to the independence of its members, to give an eclat to religion, and arm the good cause against the rising infidelity of the age. While they are thus struggling for eminence, and to be the virtuous companions of the great, and can pronounce, with the eye of statesmen, the church to be an essential part of the political fabric; a powerful instrument of security against the disaffection of the people,” it is to be regretted that the salaries of the parish school-masters are so limited and scanty, so as to afford no temptation to individuals of learning and talents to remain in that situation, and instruct the youth. Are those valuable and respectable men to be suffered to dwindle into obscurity? Will not another Fletcher arise, to perpetuate his name, and prove their patron and protector, that this island may still retain her proud pre-eminence, and never more revert to days of superstition and barbarism?

Though the narrow-minded politician may inculcate, *keep the people in ignorance*; Adam Smith has said, “ That the more they are instructed, the less they are liable to the delusions of enthusiasm and superstition, which among ignorant nations frequently occasion the most dreadful commotions. A people instructed and intelligent, are always more decent and orderly than the ignorant and stupid; they feel, each individually, more respectable, and more likely to obtain the respect of their lawful superiors; and are therefore more disposed to respect those superiors: they are more capable of detecting the interested complaints of faction and sedi-

\* By the Reverend Mr CHALMERS of Kilmarnock.

tion, and are less apt to be misled by any wanton unnecessary opposition to the measures of Government." Education has the effect of making the people feel the blessings and importance of their political situation, and to glory in the rights of the British Constitution. Thus, the empire of Great Britain, has no inhabitants more discerning, well-informed, and loyal than the presbyterians of Scotland, nor who, in case of invasion, would be more ready to step forth to save their country from the thralldom of a nation who style themselves the great, and an aspiring individual who aims at universal empire.

Mankind may now with rapture hail those auspicious years, when reason reigns triumphant, when powerful dignitaries of the church, whose predecessors for many ages kept up the flame of discord, have lost their sting, and persecution for conscience sake is at an end; when the ambitious churchman is curbed by the legislature, the good sense of his brethren, and of mankind; when men of all religions live together in harmony, and cultivate the arts of peace; when commerce, the parent of agriculture and of science, in consequence thereof, now spreads its benign influence over this happy land. At length they behold the magnificent city, the inclosed and highly cultivated plain, and the splendid edifice for the purposes of manufacture; which proclaim aloud that mankind have resumed their sense and dignity, and no longer spend their days in unavailing rites under sacerdotal domination, but now act that part assigned to them by the Creator of the universe. They are not now compelled, like Galileo, on bended knees, to renounce the system of Copernicus before the inquisition, but are daily making further advances in art and science, and converting those discoveries into useful plans for accelerating human labour in the various

branches of manufacture, and in the amelioration of the soil; and they live in an age when the rulers of the earth follow the wise and salutary maxims of the gospel, and exercise good-will and clemency to all around, and bear in mind, that the cause of all religious wars, that have so often made Europe a scene of blood, arose from this, that the supreme power insisted on mankind to believe in established tenets, instead of requiring of them to be just, and preached up controversy instead of morality.

Europe, and particularly Scotland, has been greatly indebted, for its emancipation from clerical slavery, to the celebrated GEORGE BUCHANAN, whose writings gave a death-blow to superstition in those parts of the Continent where they were read; and (so true is the proverb, that a prophet is not esteemed in his own country) at the same period they were prohibited in Scotland, they were reprinted, read, and admired upon the Continent, for their strength of thought, poetical beauties, and pure Latinity. He was considered by all the foreign universities as the first writer of his age. Why therefore do his writings remain under the veil of a dead language? While other nations sound the praises of their illustrious men, shall not a part be translated and read in the land that gave Buchanan birth? With this view, an attempt has been made to translate the Friar and the Marriage Ode, and although the translator is fully aware, he has not been able to do them the justice they merit, as his life has been spent rather in commercial\*, than literary pursuits, he therefore hopes an allowance will be made by a generous and impartial public.

\* The Translator can prove, from undoubted testimony, that he was the first who brought the Invention of Weaving by Water or Steam to perfection in 1795; and it is upon his principle, that the Loom is now wrought by Machinery with success to a considerable extent in Scotland.—*Tullit alter Lanercos.*



The reason that induced Buchanan to publish this celebrated Satire, will be abundantly evident from the following letter to the regent Murray.

*George Buchanan, to James Stewart Earl of Murray.*

“ About thirty years ago, when I was in the country with the Earl of Cassils, I wrote at my leisure an Elegy, that gave much unnecessary offence to the Franciscans. For men, ambitious even in poverty, and who would rather cloak their iniquity under the shade of integrity, than that their reputation should be upheld through virtue by the duties of their calling, they took nothing worse, than that the external appearance of sanctity, or show of goodness, as Horace says, should be removed.

“ Therefore, with the whole weight of their insolence, (as is the custom with those religious fathers), they directed their attacks against me, and with a ruffian spirit they wished to revenge what appeared to them so flagrant an injury. These men, therefore, exercised in the dexterity of detraction, by spreading evil reports, in a short time perfected their design; and rumours of their conspiracy against me also reached the royal ears, but truly with a different result from what they expected, for the king had already begun to discover their artifices, and, to add to the ill opinion he had conceived of them, another offence occurred, in the case of a nobleman that was accused of the crime of lese-majesty, the Franciscans, who were in the habit of meddling with every thing, scarcely acted with sincerity. Therefore, almost at the same time these things were transacted, when I came into the king’s presence in the palace, who a little before had appointed me preceptor to his Son, he very frequently ordered me, in the hearing of many, that I should write something against the Franciscans, and that also with asperity; not that he thought satirical writing was my fort, but because, in my opinion, he expected,

that goaded on as I was by private injuries, I would be the keen avenger of public wrong, as the most witty of all poets expresses himself,

*Si natura negat, facit indignatio versum.*

“ It happened, however, far otherwise; I verily, who should have known the virulence of these men, and dreaded their power more than revered their virtue, having laid aside the purpose of warfare, I should have rather resolved to appease with reason, than violently to irritate wild beasts, naturally fierce, and almost irreconcilable. Therefore, that I might satisfy the king respecting the Franciscans, and equally so the Franciscans, irritated against me, I drew out the sketch of a Poem, that might moderate his anger, and, in some degree, not violently inflame their minds against me, for it was composed so ambiguously in words and sentences, that the reader could easily interpret them differently. In fine, I kept no copy, lest the report of the circumstance should spread abroad; but this design, although it might appear circumspect, so deceived me, that although I studied to please both parties, I could give satisfaction to neither. But the story being divulged by spies, which they had frequently in the palace, they attacked me with every acerbity of language, and by their wavering villanous deeds, they gave determinate signs of their malevolence against me.

“ But the king demanded a still keener Satire from me, which would not only pierce the skin, but penetrate into the inmost recesses of the heart; nor was it difficult to write against men so wanton, and, in their own opinion, so inviolable, and that even for expiating the most trifling of their offences.

*Non debeat una parari**Simia, nec serpens unus, nec Culeus unus.*

“ I have therefore, enraged at their designs against me, written by authority, what appeared to me proper, that I might satisfy the king, although I never could conciliate the Franciscans; and I finished a Poem on their lives, manners, and rules, and exposed their origin and principles to the king, who with eagerness demanded it. But, however, to minds on both sides enraged, and that I might reserve some chance of regaining their favour, I made out no copy of the Poem but the one for the king. But they eagerly longed for my punishment, to shut the mouths of others, and to look forward to their own security for a long period to come. Through their foul mouthed and abusive harangues, and the friends of their faction in the palace, they first drove me away from my preceptorship to the son of the king, and afterwards into exile; and while in exile, they persecuted me with the whole violence of their authority, through England, France, Spain, and Italy.

At length, after the 24th year of my exile, with the consent of the Scots nobility, the power and tyranny of the Franciscans being overthrown, I have begun to correct my Satire, written by the king's authority, discontinued by the vicissitude of the intervening period, and left off through the injustice of my own *times*, I have resolved to publish it at length, perfected at my leisure, under the protection of your powerful name James Stewart, who as a chief have laboured in exterminating those monsters from your country; and at this time I boldly maintain, that as the Greeks, men of the highest wisdom and learning, who have excelled in the licence of fable, and have sent abroad the wonders of their Hercules, yet you have outshone even Hercules himself in these times, and have much more than

held up our belief in the tales of antiquity, by your incredible virtue and magnanimity, and have achieved what none could believe would ever have been accomplished. Nor do we less rejoice at thy splendid acts, than admire them. This also must be added, you, who are another representation or image of your father, although late, we ought to explain how highly we should esteem you for walking in the footsteps of your sire, and thus to exhibit you, that we may compensate for our delay with fullness of interest. Farewell. *St Andrews*, 9th June 1564.

THE  
*FRANCISCAN.*

---

CANTO FIRST.

WHY, with a slow and solemn pace advance,  
To mortals round scarce deign a passing glance,  
Beneath the fretted vault and sculptur'd dome,  
With downcast and delusive aspect roam?  
Shall splendid fame from stern grimace arise;  
The leering squint secure the heavenly prize;  
The furrow'd brow, and the terrific frown,  
Lead on to paths of honour and renown?  
Tell, from what source has this mad folly sprung?  
Why dwells this silence on your witching tongue?  
Why still your mirth restrain, the jest confine,  
Where wit, and taste, with elegance combine?

When Nature smiles, why not in feats excel,  
With active sports your limbs and sinews swell?  
Arise with glee, and seize the early morn,  
Rous'd at the cry of hounds and cheerful horn,  
And vaulted on the bar-surmounting steed,  
Fly o'er the hill and dale with rapid speed;  
Your guns provide, and faithful dogs prepare,  
To hunt the fox, and chace the timid hare;  
Upon the mountain's brow, or moss grown crag,  
Tranfix the lively breast of antler'd stag.

Involv'd in thought, on life's corroding cares,  
Her hopes, vain labours, trembling fears, and snares,  
Ten thousand ills upon my fancy throng,  
The petty tyrant's dark revengeful wrong,  
Those who 'gainst freedom all their power employ,  
Clouds that obscure each fleeting earthly joy,  
Just as a ship, tost to and fro in storms,  
While dreadful tempest ocean's brow deforms,  
The daring Tar each rising billow braves,  
With dextrous helm o'ertops the dashing waves,

By devious tracts, while foaming surges sport,  
Through skill arrives safe at his destin'd port.

When Fate, indulgent, in her course prepares  
That I shall spend my life in holy cares,  
Sweeps far away, in that exalted hour,  
The rage for splendour, and the thirst for power,  
O holy festive day! with fond desire,  
When we behold the good Franciscan Friar,  
Down to the ancles wrapt in hempen gown,  
His rugged cowl, and shining shaven crown,  
From feuds, ambition, strife, remov'd afar  
The din of arms, and wild destructive war,  
To this blest goal the mind, in rising gales,  
Longs to advance, with far outspreading sails,  
From low pursuits of life's vain tumult flies,  
And thinks of nought but bliss beyond the skies.

Should you this heavenly prospect ever gain,  
From tales obscure, and legends wild refrain,

'The mind from mean ignoble trifles raise,  
Your conduct fix upon a massive base,  
Through pious acts have lasting fame acquir'd,  
By Virtue's chaste and holy flame inspir'd,  
Soon shall the film remove which clouds the eyes,  
To blissful streams and sacred fountains rise;  
Gewgaws forsake, depart from childish toys,  
Your ardent soul uprear to heavenly joys,  
While days roll on, and fleeting time allows,  
Pour forth your prayers, fulfil your ardent vows.

When you shall err from paths of ancient sires,  
To knowledge bright your soul no more aspires,  
With splendor deck'd, array'd with stately pride,  
With heart deprav'd, immoral actions hide;  
Your sacred word contemn, and tenets veil,  
With eager mind the days of darkness hail,  
To follies strange through wild perversion tend,  
From your sincere and solemn promise bend;  
Why, at this hour, your friend sincere despise,  
The counsels slight of the sedate and wise?



While errors wild, which wisdom stern dispels,  
O'ergrown with weeds, the fruits of magic spells.  
Those ravings, that o'erwhelm the vulgar throng,  
Shall make you leave the right, and choose the wrong,  
Tho' they have flourish'd for one thousand years,  
They'll come to nought when heavenly truth appears;  
Reason, defil'd with no obscure disguise,  
Will cause the soul to Wisdom's paths arise,  
To gray hairs show, and the inquiring youth,  
Her streamlets, open as the fount of truth,  
Soon shall on earth her lasting blessings shower,  
The subtle monk, with all his skill, o'erpower.

Why then believe I long, with froward heart,  
To rend the Church, 'gainst heaven my strength exert,  
The ancient wild mysterious system view,  
'Twixt gods and giants modern fights renew?  
From early years I always learnt to prize  
The fathers, just, devout, sincere, and wise,

Whose splendid virtue, and whose acts divine,  
Will through each age with rising lustre shine.

Yet when I see the greasy shaven head,  
The gloomy Friar with flowing gown full spread,  
The twisted girdle, and the hat's broad brim,  
The open'd shoe, dress'd out in monkish trim;  
Below that garb, I know you'll often find  
The brutal tyrant, whom no laws can bind;  
The robber, who oppression's armour wields;  
The sensual glutton, who to excess yields;  
The husband's brow to deck the night will spend;  
The faithless lover, and deceitful friend,  
The modest face, though false, worn as a cloak  
To gull plebeians, and delude the flock,  
Ten thousand thousand crimes, dark, wild, and deep,  
Conceal'd beneath the clothing of the sheep!

By caution warn'd, exert your special care,  
Lest guile seduce, and fraud your souls ensnare;

Religion false cause you from Truth depart,  
Your passions blind, corrupt your artless heart;  
In youth's gay morn, the sly designing race  
Had spread their nets, that I might snares embrace;  
But wise Eubulus ope'd my clouded eyes,  
And reason taught me not to catch their flies.

Yet I behold this dread distemper rage  
Against mankind, a horrid warfare wage,  
This fierce disease increase with rolling years,  
With passions wild the subtile song appears,  
While to black poison you shall fall a prey,  
A genius vile will sweep your thoughts astray,  
The hateful furies, who at ruin smile,  
With filth of mind will simple souls beguile.  
Long did my breast, with rising pleasure dwell,  
On creed bewild'ring, and delusive spell;  
Yet learn'd Eubulus dragg'd me from the den  
Of monks sophistic, and deceiving men.  
Let councils sage at length augment their sway,  
To court instruction, not one hour delay;

Why, in this age, those magic tales respect,  
Which frantic Sibyls would with scorn reject.

When you nine times shall holy water spread,  
The ground bedew beneath your sacred tread,  
Nine times cross o'er your breast, with fervor fill'd,  
And hellebore's pernicious juice have swill'd,  
Reflect, from this important hour resolve,  
My precepts learn, and in your mind revolve.

A worthy race, in days long past and gone,  
For lives upright, and spotless manners shone,  
From holy fathers sprung, embalm'd their name,  
And fill'd each age with their immortal fame;  
But now, alas! their sons have left the road  
That leads by Truth to heaven's serene abode;  
They shadows court, embrace ignoble wiles,  
Wild phantoms chase, and rear fast falling piles:  
In dark disguise they morals base conceal,  
And idle dreams to mankind round reveal;

Their organs loud in vast Cathedrals sound,  
Mankind delude, their souls with guile confound,  
They, leaning on the ancient fathers fame,  
Seduce plebeians with an empty name,  
An image false of pious lives display,  
The doltish mob deprave and lead astray,  
They who gewgaws with gazing looks desire,  
The outward glare of dazzling pomp admire.

Shall splendor still throw out the specious veil,  
With magic whims the eye and ear assail,  
With minds matur'd, no more to grandeur bow,  
Their fraud suspect, and false external show?

Arise, at length behold, in just attire,  
What sovereign pontiffs, mighty kings admire;  
Explain why they denude their skulls of hair,  
Wrapt in their cowls, with ancient sires compare,  
The sun's bright rays, cloud with a sweeping train,  
Wear open shoes to court the summer rain;  
What fancies wild these plaited garments hide,  
Below this garb what wonders strange abide?

Tell why religion false its power displays,  
Immense domains the regal sceptre sways?

To this asylum they incessant fly,  
The wicked to this genial warren hie,  
Those turn'd adrift by a remorseless sire,  
Or have through sloth incurr'd their master's ire;  
To shun the step-dame's rage, vindictive jade!  
Who aims her blows, and scolding is her trade;  
The lazy, who can't throw the warlike dart,  
Whose cold blood freezes round their feeble heart,  
On weaken'd limbs, through midnight riot bend,  
Who never shall Parnassus' steeps ascend,  
With ease endure fatigues of active war,  
Or ply the oar, and drive the harness'd car,  
Turn o'er with crooked plough the moss grown soil,  
And through the rough and stubborn furrows toil,  
Whom Pallas, and Apollo too, derides,  
And Hermes at his ill-star'd birth presides,  
To ward despair, and 'scape the dreadful foe,  
Stern winter's blasts, the storms of frost and snow;

Here skulk beneath a base inglorious ease,  
To waste their hours, and listless fancies please;  
Here laymen haste to stand at convent gate,  
Rich viands cook, and glory in their fate;  
With cowl adorn'd, one plants his garden flowers,  
The widow with his ghostly calls o'erpowers;  
Through hills and dales another fondly hies,  
The blockish clown misleads with artful lies,  
With apples mild the youthful mind decoys,  
Prone to deceive, his amulets employs,  
The fillet fine, on Laura's neck bestows,  
While gross delusion as a torrent flows,  
Till, with enchanting tales, and powerful charms,  
He rules the mind, the feeble frame alarms,  
With wiles obscure, ten thousand falsehoods fraught,  
At length ensnar'd, the fish in nets are caught.

Those who in phrenzy shall each muscle strain,  
Or some disease that will confuse the brain,  
Shall brawny limbs with sore affliction seize,  
From death alone can snatch relief and ease;

When the physician's fervent hopes are lost,  
With anguish spent, in restless couches tost,  
That God may these alarming ills assuage,  
To ward his arm, and shun his awful rage,  
The sacred vow they take, on earth to prowl,  
With holy pate, wrapt in Franciscan cowl.

With heavenly cares some other friar, brimful,  
Inspir'd with grace, makes bare his brain-sick skull;  
His dusky clothes enwraps in spreading gown,  
On dainties feasts, and sleeps on softest down;  
His fertile mind with pardons ample primes,  
Remission for the most atrocious crimes,  
Ten thousand dreams croaks in the list'ning ear,  
The sleepless sinner drowns with anxious fear,  
And with ten thousand bushels of rewards,  
'Gainst present ills, and future terror wards,  
To all around he shall forgiveness spread,  
For countless faults, even to the silent dead;  
Will rather heaven to laymen vile procure,  
As loss of one bright ounce of gold endure:



Sooth'd with vain hope, the wretch with pain distress'd,  
Is hourly teas'd, with skilful fervour press'd,  
On friars to shower his wealth and silver plate,  
If they'll avert his dire impending fate;  
His silver cups, wares, tapestry, and gold,  
What mankind grasp, or are for profit sold,  
The plunder'd stores they claim with ceaseless calls,  
And lodge them safe within the convent walls.

These chosen nets are for fat thrushes thrown,  
With rich domains and earthly gifts o'ergrown,  
A venal heaven is thus wide open laid,  
To swell an artful and productive trade;  
When rich men leave these fleeting scenes below,  
Friars then express fictitious signs of woe:  
If wretched Codrus, naked Irus dies,  
No trumpets sound, compassion quickly flies,  
No funeral hymns are sung with heavenly strain,  
No splendid pomp moves on with solemn train;  
Where is the soul sincere, the mournful friend,  
That to the grave will their remains attend?

While friars those scenes of pomp superb contrive,  
On skill and labour of the vulgar thrive,  
On dazzling power terrestrial honours brood,  
With art pretend to scorn all worldly good,  
With serious gait, imposing vile parade,  
Through pompous streams to high distinction wade,  
Deceitful sighs, affected gestures use,  
The untaught clown, with well-tim'd spells amuse;  
At length their splendid aim, and vast desire,  
Is not allay'd, until the monks attire.  
Cowl, gown, and twisted belt, are thrown aside  
For regal mitre and imperial pride;  
As far as mortals can, they then ascend,  
Make monarchs quake, and mighty warriors bend,  
Climb to an earthly heaven, load men with chains,  
Then rule the earth with grand celestial reins.

O Muse! explain how priests deceptions spread,  
How torpid souls are by delusion fed,

With pious frauds, and wild inventions full,  
Kingdoms entire, a wretched people gull.  
To gaping crowds their wonders strange reveal,  
Beneath a veil their base chicane conceal,  
Despotic creeds, a wild reproachful life,  
Full of wrath, fraud, ambition, envy, strife,  
Christ's sheepfold plunder, at each ill connive,  
Of sense and gold the Christian flock deprive.

Those who their hours in cards and dice employ,  
By lawless love a frame robust destroy,  
In loud debauch, nocturnal riot roar,  
The tavern, tap-room, and the stew explore;  
Who waste their lands, to worthless sharks a prey,  
While vigour flies, and virtue, sense, decay,  
Of luckless love, and wretched fate complain,  
Whom want distracts with all her woeful train,  
Now banish'd from the once all-cheering fire  
Of cool relation, or a worthless sire,  
Those upon whom the greedy tutor thrives,  
Without one coin abroad the stripling drives;

Those who have felt the strong devouring paw  
Of lengthen'd suits, and evergrasping law,  
Long sore oppress'd with endless hopes and fears,  
Drain'd by expence, have spent their joyless years,  
Without decisions, and oppress'd with care,  
To convent gates, with feeble limbs repair;  
The city tyrant, despot of the plain,  
Who at their homes could not in peace remain,  
They who had rul'd, with most unequal sway,  
And made the poor a source of endless prey,  
This motley group, o'erwhelm'd with vast distress,  
To this retreat with earnest footsteps press,  
Quick to this den the loaded sinner hies,  
From this blest source superior men arise,  
The race sublime of chaste and heaven-born friars,  
With grace surcharged, and cheer'd with sacred fires  
By thirst for power, wrapt round in mild array  
With priestcraft's chains, they potent nations sway,  
Whom fury, lust, wrath, idleness, and crimes,  
Contempt of life, ambition, adverse times;

Those who have 'scap'd the scolding of a wife,  
And caught the relish for immortal life,  
To convents fly, to days of ease inclin'd,  
Couch'd under cowl, a sure repose they find.

In former days, those press'd by adverse fate,  
Who would no longer Heaven's decree await,  
Stung by distress, could not one hour forbear  
To jump o'er rocks, or dance upon the air;  
To leap the bridge, to plunge into the main,  
To rush o'er windows with a troubled brain;  
With passion fierce urg'd on, and awful gloom,  
Starvation 'scap'd the wretched miser's doom.

By shame impell'd, or dread of powerful law,  
Now to the monkish den these vermin draw;  
The healing cowl, and mild Franciscan robe,  
Shall cleanse away all crimes that stain the globe;  
Friars, in that dress, for pardon will confide,  
For murder, sacrilege, and parricide;  
Renew'd and freed from all their former leaven,  
The razor fits a colony for heaven.

Though from bright gold and gems they quaff  
their wine,  
Their wicked souls to knavery will incline,  
In temples grand, or stately mansions dwell;  
Their rage for mischief nought on earth can quell:  
Although the ass in Tyrian dye may shine  
With precious stones, cull'd from an eastern mine,  
In splendor vast the great Mogul surpass,  
Still it remains the stubborn stupid ass:  
The lioness confin'd, is savage still;  
Bears in their dens, and wolves upon the hill;  
The vulture will be keen, the ox sedate;  
The swallow still shall chatter at the grate.  
Thus friars their minds will not of vice divest,  
Though in full robes and gorgeous vesture drest;  
The lily fair excel in vernal blow,  
In whiteness, the hyperborean snow.

Although the fatal viper of Marseilles  
Shall cast his skin, and throw away his scales,  
The deadly poison still with force prevails;

Though we may pen the tyger in his cage,  
Still he will feel his former native rage:  
Tho' monks should trace the rising hills and dales,  
Old ocean brave, her dreadful squalls and gales,  
Great cities shun, where wond'ring crowds abound,  
With black or white gown, reaching to the ground;  
In wild beasts skins roam through the lonely dell,  
They never can their canker'd bosoms quell,  
Whether they shall Ryphean winters shun,  
Or broil beneath an equinoctial sun;  
Still thirst for lucre will their steps attend,  
And gnaw their breasts to life's remotest end.

Though they shall fly mankind and human calls,  
Stalk slow within the cloister's marble walls,  
The rising storm of an outrageous mind,  
Will every limb, with conscious horror, bind,

Their hearts disturb, and souls in terror drown,  
While dismal dreams each night the whole will  
crown:

Vain glorious pride, upon uprearing wing,  
Which makes them soar above their lawful king,  
At last shall rage, their furious lusts incline,  
To break each law, both human and divine.

A rascal base, contemn'd, the prince of fools,  
Who never knew the simple grammar rules,  
From stable, soil to smoking dunghill threw,  
Despotic reign'd o'er rank and frouzy stew;  
Shav'd by a father in the cowl's disguise,  
Becomes at once a prophet, learn'd and wise,  
True-hearted, friendly, liberal, and kind,  
For prudence fam'd, the boast of all mankind;  
From bully mild, and modest from a pimp;  
From robber just, and honest from a crimp;  
Cull'd from his birth for pure realms above,  
Of mild affections and fraternal love:



Whom angels shall to heaven's high portals waft,  
And on a heavenly stem the sinner graft:  
A brother this, with all his might avers,  
From paths of truth a brother never errs.  
His splendid acts, and all his virtues own,  
Lest you shall be in dreadful dungeon thrown;  
If e'er a boor shall sacred cowl contemn,  
A Friar, to torture, will the wretch condemn:  
Those who incur the church's vengeful ire,  
Mid faggots bound, shall in the flames expire.

Such fruits are from the shaven crown deriv'd,  
Scenes, worthy monks, have oft on earth reviv'd.  
Why deem it strange, if once the ancients thought,  
How wonders were by transmigration wrought,  
With Cadmus, that the serpent's teeth were sown,  
Rose up companions, active, and full grown;  
That Jason to arm'd men gave instant birth;  
The vulgar mind, alarm'd with pregnant earth:  
Thus he who keeps a stew, or empties jakes,  
And sells at rural fairs his ginger cakes;

He who's a goat herd, or a strange buffoon,  
 Whose brain, like ocean, rises with the moon,  
 By razor shav'd, shall in one instant dare  
 With Xenophon and Zeno to compare,  
 Or fill with splendor Aristotle's chair,  
 Inspir'd can on the lore of Athens dwell,  
 And Plato and Cleanthes far excel.

Attend, I will expose to noontday light,  
 Those frauds which crown the fathers with delight,  
 How subtile friars inglorious lives enjoy,  
 The weak entrap, the rustic boors decoy;  
 Widows allure in their deceitful snares,  
 The earth involve in mist, mankind in cares;  
 The vulgar throng with errors strange confound,  
 Their wild destructive poison spread around.  
 Their secret pleasures, spells, I will relate,  
 Those various creeds that rouse the keen debate;  
 Love potions, and unlawful tricks unfold,  
 That in their nets the rude plebeians hold.

He who from youth has been a clod-pole base,  
With razor shall his horrent bristles raze;  
Of homely garb devests his clownish limbs,  
While he to faith through monkish order climbs;  
With cowl adorn'd, takes on the solemn vow;  
Like Tages form'd from turf at Tuscan plough;  
A prophet learn'd, to high distinction springs,  
Of nothing talks, but saints and heavenly things;  
Learns to adjust his steps, his gown to spread,  
And to the left incline his sacred head;  
His hands to cross, his earth-ward eye-lid close,  
With looks askew, on all around impose;  
An aspect wild, and solemn visage feigns,  
With smoke of incense floating round his brains;  
Learns soon the haunts of cheerful man to fly,  
To raise his pious eye-lids to the sky;  
When laymen rude approach, the laugh restrain,  
In pensive posture for a while remain;  
A solemn silence hold when crowds are near,  
And drop, in prayer, the false unwilling tear.

Bawl in the church his loud obstrep'rous song,  
 To charm old matrons, and to gull the throng,  
 When he shall wine with holy fervor sip,  
 To press the chalice to his sacred lip;  
 With formal words arise from languid sleep,  
 His table place, then slip away to weep;  
 Again adjust his table, pray, turn round,  
 'The solemn grace repeat, with falsehood crown'd;  
 Sigh like a saint, and when he sits forlorn,  
 His twisted belt with varied knots adorn,  
 Devise how he can gull the rustic hind, }  
 Where he shall rich and easy plunder find; }  
 How to debauch an artless female's mind, }  
 Where he can catch old maids with witching bait;  
 How rise in power, a fortune vast create;  
 The art to gain the ears of mighty kings,  
 Those fountains whence great wealth and honour  
                   springs;  
 What gifts the chiefs upon the earth will please;  
 How minds distress'd, entrap with wondrous ease,

With chosen spells the weak and old ensnare,  
Whom age has worn, and death not long will spare;  
How fools deceive, and hags delude with skill,  
To leave the church their all by latter will.

Those just rewards the holy tribe acquire,  
This firm foundation rears the skilful friar;  
Points out the way to chaste and spotless lives,  
When they assemble in fraternal hives;  
Their pleasant friends forsake, and native land,  
The cowl adore upon some foreign strand;  
Why stroller, outlaw, beggar, pimp, and knave,  
At convent gates a friendly entrance crave;  
Why scoffers crowd to this delightful pen,  
As beasts of pray flock to the spacious den:  
Warm'd with the cowl, to rancour vile inclin'd,  
They rail aloud, and bark at all mankind;  
To all are fierce or friendly, kind or cool,  
As spleen shall urge, or rage their passions rule;  
By codes of church they must with care abide;  
Thus steer their helm, their future conduct guide:

Below the ancient gothic vaults they stalk,  
On polished thresholds, marble pavements walk,  
The earth command, immortal mansions sell;  
The wicked drag from lowest depths of hell,  
In harmless joy their pious lives expend,  
And at the last through grace to Heaven ascend.

THE  
*FRANCISCAN.*

---

CANTO SECOND.

BEHOLD, arrang'd in groups, the docile friars,  
Keen to explore the lore of ancient sires;  
Devoted now, their listless souls to please,  
In pleasure's bowers, fann'd with the vernal breeze,  
A brother from the tribe forthwith appears,  
Who had their wiles imbib'd from early years;  
Toothless and frail, with weak and trembling hands,  
The blear-eyed father of those chosen bands,  
Begins their frauds and secrets to expound,  
With pleasant words and fertile fancy crown'd.  
To maxims wise give ear, ye untaught friars,  
Of manners upright, and of chaste desires;

Whom cowl and belt constrain with firmest tie,  
To scatter darkness, and the truth defy;  
The open'd shoe, the bare and addle skull,  
Your love for mankind shall at once annul;  
Listen a while beneath these shady trees,  
Equip yourselves for pleasure and for ease:  
My temples now can scarce one gray hair show,  
Broken in voice, with trembling steps I go,  
The Fates command me to behold my end,  
Nor can my spells from ruthless death defend;  
Full fifty years, with calm complacence spent,  
Below the cowl has ease and comfort sent;  
Rid me of active life, the ocean's rage,  
And not in vain brought me to crooked age.  
If wise Tiresias could Ulysses learn  
His helm to steer, and perils dread discern;  
If aged Priam, great Anchises taught  
To shun the rocks and shelves, with danger fraught,  
His course to bend, with wide outspreading sails,  
The shoals avoid, in mild propitious gales;



Shall I not then my sprightly youths address,  
My wholesome precepts on your mind impress;  
The fire and spirit of my inmost soul,  
My constant landmark, and attractive goal;  
With rapture I shall sacred things indite,  
To sketch my life affords extreme delight;  
With steady breeze, and well-directed oars,  
To sail along the oft frequented shores.

As in soft shades you've spent your early days,  
Refus'd to walk in wisdom's pleasant ways;  
With feeble limbs, unfit for active toil,  
Or with the plough to turn the stubborn soil,  
In sloth immers'd, no ray of hope can gleam,  
That you shall quaff the pure Castalian stream;  
To pleasant strains, instructive songs attend,  
My rules embrace, our doctrines pure defend;  
Your minds enrich, the wondrous tales imbibe,  
Fit to inspire the wise Franciscan tribe;  
With souls enlarg'd, our power immense maintain,  
On columns strong and sure, not rear'd in vain.

Confession is an ever fertile field,  
That will enrich, and ample product yield;  
As grapes are spoil'd with showers of rattling hail,  
And blasted corn the farmer wont avail;  
It will not on the dextrous clown impose,  
Nor on the learn'd, who oft our tricks expose;  
This grand machine terrific vengeance wings,  
And shows itself most terrible to kings;  
Has noise of nations, rising tumults quell'd,  
And from the throne of ancestors expell'd;  
Its powerful arm a monarch can appal;  
Make rise to glory, or to ruin fall;  
It has the crown on worthless minions plac'd,  
The fertile globe with deeds of blood defac'd.  
Thus we the mind of mortals weak pervade,  
The conscience please, and the full purse invade;  
This engine scours the rich abundant field,  
With trembling hearts men's secrets are reveal'd;  
The timid herd we to obedience train,  
Depress that power they cannot ascertain;

The vulgar to complete subjection bring,  
While nobles shall your well-known merits sing;  
Plebeians curb, increase your well-earn'd fame;  
Your use and value to the king proclaim.

It still requires our most extensive skill  
To search for plunder, and the pouch to fill;  
In deep distress let no smart dame complain,  
Of sins horrific, while you snatch the gain;  
As animals by instinct learn their tricks,  
The banker trembles at the name of Styx,  
Seize hold of piles, and rows, secure the prize,  
While he to heaven, like Moses, lifts his eyes;  
Of broils intestine dreams, invasion's ills,  
And will not then discount the trader's bills;  
Squeeze harder still from those of fertile brain,  
Who public wealth convert to private gain;  
Their notes extend, to rustic, matron, hind,  
Where'er they can one single hundred find;  
From lawyers borrow even the minor's rent,  
On sordid gain and matchless profit bent;

The merchant pinch, the cash from artist lock,  
Then night and day contrive to purchase stock;  
By courtiers taught, who share the grateful prey,  
And secrets of the state to friends display:  
At length the patriots cry aloud for peace,  
The nations wheedle, and the empire fleece.  
The merchant next your urgent zeal demands, }  
Or third rank nobles, who have stain'd their hands }  
With reeking blood, and scour'd unhappy lands. }  
Without remorse augment this gainful trade,  
The footman sponge, groom, waiting boy and maid,  
With vanish'd coins provoke the Miser's grin,  
Despoil the landlord of the splendid inn;  
From daring robber catch the tempting prize,  
Nor presents e'en from slavish pimps despise;  
He who has nought, why, nothing he can give: }  
Can friars on air, as poor Camelions live, }  
Like Raven's croak for straws, and crimes forgive; }  
Madmen alone will sow the sterile ground,  
Or water fields, where fruits shall ne'er abound.

When you, with point of strong and piercing dart,  
Shall dive into the darkness of the heart;  
Like Proteus, in ten thousand shapes appear,  
Their tempers watch, and doubtful conscience clear;  
When the coy maid shall all her thoughts disclose,  
What none has heard, her plaints, disturb'd repose,  
What even companions never would reveal,  
Or faithful wife would from her mate conceal,  
Search the bureau and every coffer drain;  
Drag on the captives with your powerful chain;  
The burthen on the sturdy shoulder heap,  
Their wealth secure, the golden harvest reap;  
When they shall all their inward soul impart,  
Send forth the secrets of an artless heart;  
They hate themselves, and are each hour afraid,  
Lest, in your cups, you will their faults upbraid,  
When at some hour, urg'd on with vengeful ire,  
You had not touched enough of sacred hire;  
When with these chains you shall the prey secure,  
The layman's goods grasp with intentions pure,

Seize, pack, and stow, hold fast, and stoutly cry,  
Till with your sponge you suck their dwellings dry,  
Your waggons load, 'gainst plaints your bosoms steel,  
Their ample stores within the cloister wheel.

Let neither age nor sex your feelings move,  
The smooth fac'd youth, who longs to sigh and love,  
Old age with thirst for gold is all enwrap;  
The virgin is by flatt'ring tongue entrapt;  
Cash is by merchants worshipp'd more than God;  
And old maids bend at Superstition's nod.

If matron, who hastes to the vale of years,  
Of splendid rank, within your grasp appears;  
With artful soul, ten thousand fancies feign,  
To catch the judgment, and the mansion drain;  
Tell, that the ancient walls through time decay;  
The columns vast through tempests wear away;  
The sacred roof, by winter's awful blast,  
Was swept away, and all was left a waste;

The abbey grand, of art the boast and pride,  
 Expos'd to ruin, stands on every side.  
 If forests tall adorn the rich domain,  
 Stern winter, still, hangs close in autumn's train; }  
 For faggots sigh, you shall not sigh in vain, }  
 If fertile soil yields to your holy tread,  
 Urge that the brothers eat unwholesome bread;  
 Where vineyards flourish, o'er green vallies tower,  
 Say that your wines are vapid, weak, and sour,  
 From rustic boors, goats, lambkins, poultry, game,  
 From active cits, some holy raiment claim.  
 Linen for sacred purposes demand;  
 To decorate the fane, explore the land  
 For hues and tints, your images to paint,  
 Renew the bloom, and beautify the saint:  
 The organ gild, its splendid front adorn,  
 And host superb, on monkish shoulders borne;  
 With searching eye let not the artist pass;  
 Crave for the church the cut and painted glass;  
 To deck Cathedrals, ward the passing shower,  
 For windows grand that o'er the altars tower,

From subtile lawyers ample tribute draw,  
Who thrive by quibbles and the maze of law,  
To raise expence their varied forms increase;  
'Gainstsighs and throbs their harden'd bosoms brace;  
The booty from the plundering soldier seize;  
From maidens all their hard-earn'd wages squeeze;  
Command the purse of robber fierce and bold;  
And from the griping merchant crave his gold;  
Stretch forth your hands, and thus your taste evince,  
To mistress of the king or splendid prince;  
To damsels fair discourse with grace and fire,  
And to the summit of the church aspire,  
They who command with artful smile or frown,  
Your subtile pate shall with a mitre crown.

But tender nymphs have not much wealth, you  
know,

Yet what they have they freely will bestow;  
If you are slow, with tardy motions move  
To the fair altar, and the fane of love;



Let skilful friars throughout the earth proclaim  
 The road that leads to affluence and fame;  
 The smiling path to pleasure's bowers display,  
 To artless minds, as bright as noon-tide day;  
 To blooming youth your secret arts expound,  
 And wise instructions spread to all around;  
 Tho' maids shall be than Sabines still more chaste,  
 Yet by your wiles you'll conquer them at last.

When you approach the fair with mild address,  
 Adorn'd with gems, and cloth'd in richest dress,  
 By stealth, and slowly, then her bosom press,  
 With foot touch foot, with hand then touch her  
                   hand,

In her ear whisper, and her heart command;  
 Converse, at length, with nought but beck and sign,  
 Then she to you will all her wealth resign;  
 With fingers talk, from eyes dart lustre bright,  
 And with a nod then vanish out of sight.  
 Let not the path, though wild, the friar dismay,  
 The door shut slow, and gently slip away;

By darkness hid, of mirk and lonesome night,  
You thus evade the search of human sight;  
With eager mind these golden precepts store,  
Lose not one hour, each fertile field explore;  
When time and place shall to your aid conspire,  
You shall with zeal the lovely nymph admire,  
'Mong wanton maids your merit vast uprear,  
And love you'll have throughout the rolling year;  
Increase each day in skill, advance your name,  
Thus never stain your high and spotless fame.

If female, coy, shall not to wisdom's voice  
Give ear, and in your precepts chaste rejoice,  
For maids loquacious, pamper'd menials send,  
To scandal, and an host of lies attend;  
Learn from somewench, who well her foibles knows,  
Who are her friends, and who her latent foes;  
Her failings tell, first whisper in the ear,  
Then let her faults to public view appear:  
But if she leads a chaste and upright life,  
Her hours embitter, and involve in strife;

Tell she's an heretic, an earthly bane,  
 With silent poison thus her honour stain;  
 At length, alarm'd with fear, o'erwhelm'd with shame,  
 In net she's caught, a sure productive game.

Why from the book of fate their errors raze,  
 Without reward the wretch with heav'n amaze;

Or once of the ethereal saintship brag,  
 Of bouncing matron, and the wrinkled hag, }  
 Till they shall fill with gold the ample bag. }

Even rogues and drabs, ere from the world they fly,  
 Rejoice when for small sums the holy fry  
 Shall cleanse their crimes, great rascals are content,  
 To 'scape pale orcus for a life ill-spent;

The splendid altar some repair requires,  
 The ancient roof, and the majestic spires,  
 The cloudcapt temple, and the lofty fane,  
 Aredrench'd with storms, and winter's searching rain.

Spend not your hours in long delusive prayers,  
 With sighs profound, and with oppressive cares;  
 While wicked men in faults and scandal drown'd,  
 Are for their pence with joy and pardon crown'd,

Your precepts wise with crafty fraud distil,  
With trinkets, wares, your stretching wallets fill;  
Though sins out-number even the blades of grass,  
They'll vanish through the all-prevailing Mass.

Above all things some open entrance find,  
To taint the heart, and blast the youthful mind,  
Thro' friendship's mask, and dark disguis'd deceit,  
Within the soul impure desires create,  
Spread flames of lust o'er all the empty plain,  
What's sown in youth will to old age remain;  
The seeds of sin strow o'er the fertile field,  
Where they shall fruits of full transgression yield:  
This is the vineyard of our holy sect,  
'The mighty shield that will our cause protect.  
Thus spend the day, and revel through the night,  
In sin's rich pastures, and fair lawn's delight,  
No moment lose, their evil course to swell,  
To midnight riot and debauch impel,  
Until, o'erwhelm'd with vice, the syren's charms,  
They sink to ruin, claspt within her arms.

Though Boreas shall his northern blasts extend,  
Riphean winter's o'er the earth to send,  
Tornados fierce with dreadful fury blow,  
The raging main vast empires overflow,  
With ardent heat the sun exhaust the air—  
Can all those terrors with that ill compare,  
Than if mankind should all our errors view,  
Our homilies and creeds, in native hue,  
Their minds illum'd, with growing reason rise,  
And Truth, in all her light, appear before their eyes.

Now rural toils proclaim the genial spring,  
The trees are clad, the birds in triumph sing;  
Warm'd by the rays of the prolific sun,  
His annual sports the huntsman has begun,  
The wood to scour, where bulls tremendous roar,  
Dart his bright lance at the outrageous boar;  
My sprightly youth's now court the summer glades,  
Fly soft retirement, and your slothful shades;

The city's noise, and the destructive stew,  
The lofty mountains, and the wilds to view,  
At crystal fountains lightly dance around,  
Where bands of beauteous warbling nymphs are  
found;

The purple fields admire, enrich'd with dew,  
That each gay spring their varied charms renew.

O! if my blood with all that fervor ran,  
As when I this delicious life began,  
My sprightly limbs would with fresh vigour glow,  
On rising hills surpass the nimble doe;  
Joyful and gay, I would, without restraint,  
Behold how flowers the smiling meadows paint,  
In shades of verdant woods delight my fill,  
With gentle murmurs of the trickling rill;  
While birds should chant and through the woodlands  
wing,  
Vile care would from my sluggish bosom spring:

Old age then envied us in days of yore,  
And wish'd that youth would former strength re-  
store.

Ye nimble Friars now range o'er distant lands,  
Trip o'er the hills in dear fraternal bands,  
For ample prey your spacious nets unfold,  
The restless vulgar in your traps to hold;  
Then fruitful fields, in cattle that abound,  
With bark of dogs Franciscan will resound.

When you through groves and rural pastures stray,  
With rolling years your aged limbs decay,  
Franciscan rules will not allow the Friar  
To mount the steed with all a soldier's fire,  
Or o'er the hill and pleasant streamlets pass,  
On sterile mule, or lazy languid ass.  
On foot, my youths, these gladsome scenes survey,  
To simple souls your futile gifts display;  
Pardons for crimes, and figures daub'd with paints,  
Amusing pictures, and small leaden saints.

The skilful fisher will not throw his lines  
With golden hook that with bright lustre shines;  
With silken net through troubled waters ply,  
Or through the streams in glittering garments hie;  
Your wallets with delicious apples fill,  
The early fig, nice pears, cull'd out with skill:  
Fish are sometimes by other fish ensnar'd,  
The harmless birds by hawks are never spar'd;  
Never from wealthy dames small gifts despise,  
Grasp all you can if you be truly wise.  
Small fetters, lions, wolves, and bears constrain,  
The tyger struggles with his bonds in vain;  
The salmon runs to smallest bait on lines;  
The yielding twig the eagle-fast confines.  
If you plant snares in every wood, you dream!  
The mullet is not catch'd in every stream;  
Each field for grain will not with others vie,  
Nor brambles yield the rich Phœnician dye:  
Mark well where you shall useful traps extend,  
Search you the brooks, and witching bait expend;



Thus shoals of fish you'll catch on every side,  
And kingdoms, with the kings themselves divide.

Though sages will at my rehearsal smile,  
And holy Friars for wild goose schemes revile,  
The sacred razor, soap, and crystal lymph,  
The blooming monk has chang'd to lovely nymph;  
You can, O youths, your modest thoughts express,  
To lovely maids, in this enchanting dress,  
Which soothes the mind, to wise designs prepares,  
The soul relieves, worn out with anxious cares:  
In female garb, you can your mind disclose,  
Outwit the sage, and on the saint impose;  
From this device adventures fruitful grow,  
That in large streams from endless sources flow.  
This skilful plan conceals your fond desire,  
The charm obscures, and wards the husband's ire;  
If with keen eye he shall the trick discern,  
Or from some friend the venial error learn,  
His dearest wife will 'scape to shun his rage,  
The loving pair he'll trace from stage to stage.

The modest vows of heaven-born Friars are vain, }  
Their pious hymns, sung o'er in warbling strain; }  
What can this layman's roaring wrath restrain? }  
Abroad he will the shameful action sound,  
The deed Fame's trumpet soon shall spread around;  
At every board old maids the tale relate,  
And at repasts predict their direful fate;  
Meanwhile, her mate with rising fury foams,  
Throughout the town, o'er hill and valley roams,  
He will, when caught, the harmless female lame,  
Through all his limbs, the upright father maim,  
With hazel club, mad as a raging bull,  
His shoulders swinge, and bang his barren skull.

THE  
*FRANCISCAN.*

---

CANTO THIRD.

ATTENTIVE youths, I surely think you know,  
In former times what happen'd at Bourdeaux;  
If still unknown, it will my soul delight,  
While I shall this amusing tale recite;  
My strength of lungs exhaust, and utmost skill,  
Your minds to guard, and souls with prudence fill,  
That at no hour you may your foresight lull,  
Nor from the church her brightest feathers pull;  
Through life avoid this shameful stumbling block,  
Nor more be wreck'd upon this fatal rock;

It may the fathers shield from public scorn,  
And teach, through rolling time, our sons unborn.

A wise Franciscan, just, devout, select,  
None more than he for pious life correct,  
Rapacious, sharp, keen for renown and gain,  
Throughout the Pontiff's ancient wide domain,  
Could in his traps the matron rich inclose,  
On blockish minds his artful guiles impose;  
Had travell'd distant lands, and trac'd the Saone,  
And wander'd o'er the shores of sweet Garonne,  
Most beauteous nymphs, entrap'd in tangling noose,  
Within the fertile districts of Thoulouse.  
By fate impell'd, at length he reach'd Bourdeaux,  
To his lov'd partner now the scene of woe;  
Lucina, though uncall'd, could not delay,  
To show the bantling in the face of day;  
As soldier brave, she threatening danger dares,  
And for a long and weary road prepares,  
Commits her safety to the raging main;  
What could her love for sacred cowl restrain?

The ship now cleaves the waves of fam'd Garonne,  
 The fatal hour no more she could postpone;  
 Fast through the surge she leaves the happy shores,  
 While through the shrouds the gale increasing roars,  
 With all her might, she strives to hide the shame.  
 Alas! who can the hapless female blame,  
 While she her sorrow labours to conceal?  
 Her cries, at length, to all the fraud reveal  
 Behold how shame the human mind depraves!  
 The tender babe is cast upon the waves.

They who had heard tremendous cannon roar,  
 And bled in battles on a foreign shore,  
 Even noble daring sailors stood amaz'd,  
 And on the sea with anxious feelings gaz'd;  
 Others poured forth aloud outrageous ire,  
 With looks severe express'd a strong desire  
 To throw the female, and detested friar,  
 Headlong from deck into the foaming sea,  
 From such a miscreant-load their ship to free,  
 And thus assuage the high and dashing wave,  
 The thick'ning storms, that now around them rave;

The tempest awful, and the darts of fire,  
That mark'd the Almighty's dread avenging ire.

Had there but been on board one pious soul,  
Who rage could curb, and passions strong control,  
He would, if vers'd in our Franciscan creed,  
Pardon'd the error, and consign'd the deed  
To dark oblivion, when, in dismal hue,  
His own mistakes rose up in full review;  
Indulgent would the female friend appear,  
All men forgive, with sympathetic tear.

The ship arrives, and now the sailor's roar  
Rebellows from the hoarse-resounding shore;  
The brother lands, 'mong crumbling rocks and gaps,  
By winding paths from the fierce crew escapes;  
Now far from home, from sacred fanes exil'd,  
The lonely wood he seeks, and desert wild,  
Wrapt in disguise, strolls on with downcast head,  
Impell'd by terror, and the constant dread

Of injur'd church, from human aspect flies;  
Oft for his Clara and her infant cries,  
Whom sick and naked in their wild uproar,  
The rabble duck'd upon the sea-girt shore.

I then, in sacred garb, alert and young,  
Endow'd by Nature with an artful tongue;  
Not inexpert, the simple mind to bend,  
Of low plebeians, and our cause defend,  
Strove, with persuasion, strong and mild address,  
The cruel tale and stigma to repress;  
But I could scarce appease, with threats and frowns,  
The swelling murmur of the raging clowns,  
I often rail'd, to thousands rail'd in vain,  
To sooth the vulgar, and the crowd restrain,  
Who blaz'd the fact abroad in bitter style,  
And curs'd the Friar with imprecations vile,  
Nor yet could I persuade, although I swore,  
That Luther's sons had rais'd the strange uproar:

Still there's a chance, and Friars may spend their  
years

Far from the tumult and the laymen's jeers;  
Through pious thoughts to heavenly regions fly,  
Malicious tongues, and Envy pale defy,  
Free from those ills that wretched mortals tease,  
Their hours will glide in innocence and ease.

Ye who for life my sacred friendship claim,  
Why not acquire with wealth immortal fame?  
Why after poor and rustic damsels run,  
Or shepherdesses tann'd beneath the sun?  
Search round you will, a wealthy matron find,  
Or soldier's wife, to festive joy inclin'd;  
She who within her lonely house may spend  
Her widow'd nights, without a bosom friend;  
That bosom-friend, who from her presence far  
Pursues, on hostile shores, the toils of war;  
Assail the hall, and storm the splendid room,  
To pious purposes their *lumber* doom;



Why flattering speech, or artful tales restrain;  
From soft endearments and from sighs refrain?  
With warm affection ply his friendless wife,  
Who drags along a sober cheerless life;  
If to the first assault the fort wont yield,  
Why, turn the coward, and desert the field;  
Tell her, her mate, enslaved in soft delight,  
With other nymphs spends the luxurious night;  
While she, ah! left to languish and to moan,  
Reposes on her wretched couch alone;  
Still, if you cannot break the bar of shame,  
Another effort yet the prude may tame;  
Then comes confession, whose all-powerful arm  
The sullen matron can at once disarm,  
O'erwhelm'd at length, can she her faults conceal,  
Her inmost soul she will to Friars reveal;  
In that propitious hour shall they display  
Some mental qualm and lose the beauteous prey;  
When they shall seize the full expected hire,  
Her chattels by these artful means acquire,

Her household gods, and all her stores distraign,  
By such devices, all her dwelling drain;  
With toil intense, and with superior skill,  
The ample wain, and broad-wheel'd carriage fill;  
When females leap the bounds of Virtue's laws,  
With haste they rush to dreadful Tyger's paws,  
With honour part, and wealth, for what soon cloy,  
And dearly buy their wild licentious joys.

But, hold, my Muse in fancy wrapt too long,  
Had well nigh lost the tenor of her song;  
Then list attentive, when your annual round  
You pace, learn well to take each vantage ground,  
Whether the city's busy haunts you tread,  
Or humbler walks of life, the cot or shed:  
With skill inquire, and mark, with special care,  
When you shall to a welcome house repair,  
What maid is coy, what buxom matron kind,  
But chief where you a warm reception find,  
Lest he, who should again your circuits roam,  
Through distant regions, wand'ring far from home,

May meet by chance a cruel scolding frow,  
Who will, with cross and surly soul, allow  
The youthful Friar, without his charming lass,  
To pass the live long night upon the grass.  
Learn where the fierce and cruel landlord dwells,  
Who scorns your wiles, and your enchaining spells;  
Where artful lies will catch a certain gain,  
And where, at ease, for weeks you may remain,  
Where, in full streams of pleasure you may wade,  
Comfort the widow, and instruct the maid.

When a young Friar, untutor'd from his years,  
Shall banish shame, and doff his bashful fears;  
To him with full descriptive notes explain,  
Where beauteous females shall him long detain,  
Where they are stern, and eager to rebel;  
Where forward jades, and simple doxies dwell;  
Attractive dames, with wanton glee replete,  
Their habits tell, and all their faults relate,  
The whole expound, narrate each fact with truth,  
Adding remarks to guide the artless youth.

But on youths joyous scenes I dwell too long,  
And themes, alas! too foreign to my song;  
Points more important I must now describe,  
The rock and anchor of the holy tribe,  
'Tis this, a few short rules to understand,  
How simpletons to gull, and boors command,  
The inmost feelings of the heart to scan,  
And all the latent littleness of man.

When, at the sound of the Cathedral bell,  
While dulcet notes through Gothic arches swell;  
With solemn steps the pulpit then we mount,  
And signs, and dreams, and miracles recount;  
The starting tear ten thousand eyelids fills,  
And heavenly manna from our lips distils;  
With sawing arms we thoughts sublime bestow,  
To wondering crowds, above, around, below,  
Their souls we drown with superstitious fear,  
The fancy tickle, and amuse the ear;  
With follies gross the ancient times renew,  
And guide, with steady reins, the rabble crew;

In tumults their unruly passions quell,  
And curb plebeians when they would rebel;  
This is the talent of a monkish mind,  
Both dextrous skill, and ruling judgment join'd,  
Expression keen, with looks that can command,  
Even kings and nobles, of a martial land;  
A clear and powerful voice, calm or austere,  
Mild as the dove, or furious as the bear,  
At times to wrangle, flatter, threaten, smile,  
With wise deceptions, seize the golden spoil;  
The visage change, now arm'd with threats, now  
tame,  
And at no hour to show a spark of shame;  
Fierce or benign, inflexible or mild,  
Thus sooth the restless, and restrain the wild,  
The haughty conquer, and command the bold,  
With syrens warble, or with matrons scold;  
As quick as thought, hold to the right or wrong,  
As profit calls, thus please the restless throng;  
If he exists that can in all excel,  
Men swerve from truth, their daring uproars quell;

Deucalion, kind, has one great soul alone,  
Form'd from the cast of an auspicious stone.

Let none expect I shall with rhetoric mould,  
And burnish o'er my tale with shining gold;  
With fire poetic, sport the common rules,  
Which homely masters teach in sober schools,  
Where students listen to an empty sound,  
Or with dull lore your lively souls confound;  
Calliope support my placid song,  
Far mightier subjects on my pencil throng,  
Shall I with aid of splendid Tully shine,  
His copious diction, nervous strength combine;  
Your peace disturb, break on your soft repose,  
Quintilian's texts, and thoughts sublime disclose,  
And with the fire of eloquence relate  
Creeds, that have risen from the hair-brain'd pate;  
Surmount great Aristotle's prickly thorns,  
Which priests despise, and genuine wisdom scorns?  
I'll choose the road, and well frequented glade,  
Where rocks will not the chariot wheels impede,

That shall to our repeated pressure yield,  
And break the roughness of the stubborn field.

What mortal shall a wise Franciscan blame,  
For modest looks, and mean unmanly shame?  
It never will become the daring knave,  
Unless he wears it, wishing to deceive;  
Shame never can the empty stomach fill,  
The fishwife tame, or scolding matron still;  
The blackleg humble, or the vixen hush,  
Or make the keen stage doctor once to blush.  
If, through defect of Nature, shame shall dye  
Your flushing cheeks, that with the rose may vie,  
Inspiring draughts of rich and sparkling wine  
Shall with carbuncles cause the face to shine;  
The constant brawl of loud and strong debate,  
Will throughout life a lasting tinge create.

Why waste your days to learn stern grammar  
rules,  
With classics languish in pedantic schools,

From Tully rich enlarg'd ideas cull,  
 Commit them to the lodgements of your skull;  
 From Virgil grasp, from fertile Horace store  
 Your eager genius with a spark of lore;  
 At your right hand let this hautgout be found,  
 At all times ready to disperse around:  
 Thus, your renown shall through each region rise,  
 The mob will sound your fame e'en to the skies.

Those have I known, who scarce could once re-  
 hearse

Twice twenty words in Latin prose, or verse,  
 From fertile judgment, and superior skill,  
 Could the canaile with gaping wonder fill,  
 Were ready, at a single moment's call,  
 To talk with laymen, and with sinners bawl, }  
 And answer all things, though unskill'd in all, }  
 Shall e'er a barbarous language once disturb,  
 Your heaven-born minds, and your bright fancy  
 curb,



With trumpet tongue 'bout grammar rules debate,  
And thus new ferments in the church create;  
Why, then, against the holy fathers fight,  
To learning's chains submit the solemn rite;  
With your cross soul, the father's rules withstand,  
Who strive to spread dark tenets through the land;  
Your rules mysterious, and your forms obscure,  
Forbid to wake the genius of the boor;  
Through Wisdom's voice cause ploding laymen rise,  
Who will our frowns and threatening phiz despise?  
Why shall a priest in lumpish lore excel,  
On finish'd periods and expressions dwell;  
In flowery language his discourses deck,  
With grammar halters, round his sacred neck?

In youth's gay morn, why not your fancies please,  
Your early days exhaust in joy and ease;  
As years advance your impudence will grow,  
Let poison'd words in roaring torrents flow;  
You must, with all your might, the church uphold,  
In female fashion learn to brawl and scold;

Let Ætna's fury, Hecla's dreadful flame,  
 Your inward thoughts and artful souls inflame;  
 Tell how the streams of lava onward swell,  
 While fumes sulphureous round your temples dwell;  
 Dread spectres leap from smoke and bubbling springs,  
 With black serpentine horns, and fiery wings,  
 Erynnyes, hell-born furies, crown'd with snakes,  
 Surrounded with horrific dazzling flakes,  
 Swim round for prey across the Stygian lakes,  
 How monsters fierce the writhing victims seize,  
 Each limb and joint with dreadful talons squeeze;  
 'Gainst red-hot rocks their broken bones are dash'd,  
 Their mangl'd limbs with hideous grinders gnash'd;  
 To atoms rent, they never will expire,  
 Nor catch one ray of hope, to 'scape the torture dire.

Yet Friars can from these frightful caverns free,  
 For golden ingot and the tempting fee;  
 Through pious prayers souls shall from torture hie,  
 For endless sins, and crimes of darkest dye;

The sacred mass will in a trice assuage  
The ire of demons, in tremendous rage;  
The holy water, sprinkled by the Friar,  
Rescues the sinner from eternal fire.

This rich resource, and ever fruitful field,  
A constant harvest to the church will yield;  
We wealth from this abundant stream derive,  
On rustic toil, and vulgar errors thrive;  
This grand machine the papal power sustains,  
A golden shower upon the priesthood rains;  
Within their nets mankind is hourly caught,  
With terrors dread, and dooms horrific fraught,  
The clownish herd is thus by sophists led,  
With futile hopes of bliss celestial fed,  
This strange device, with wondrous force retains  
The pining shades in dread infernal chains.  
The priest at length his pious breast unfolds,  
No more the wretch in rueful anguish holds;  
Freed by his prayers, the victim soon retires,  
From furnace awful, and tartarian fires,

He extricates the soul, dispels its plaints,  
 With magic whispers from the hollow saints;  
 While holy water streams its showers around,  
 The rich alone are with heaven's mercy crown'd.

These engines with terrific horror roar,  
 From distant Asia to old Ocean's shore;  
 Their dreadful banners 'mong plebeians rear,  
 Empires alarm, and wrap the earth in fear;  
 You shall with ease your dismal threats maintain,  
 While fam'd Virgilius pours his magic strain;  
 Lombardus rhapsodies shall powerful reign;  
 The fables of Saint Gregory are read,  
 The falsehoods of a lying Thomas spread,  
 Clowns are with tricks of Antoninus fed;  
 This church august can furious storms withstand,  
 On columns vast, that rise on every hand,  
 Conspiring chiefs outbrave in every clime,  
 The lapse of ages and the hand of time;  
 Firm as the base of Rome's imperial pile,  
 The pyramids that tower on flowing Nile,

Sicilian hills, while flaming *Ætna* roars,  
Or rocks that guard our Albion's sea-girt shores.

He who can heaven's exalted portals shut,  
And, in his rage, with millions *Orcus* glut;  
Then ope the gates of heaven with equal ease,  
By right divine possess'd of Peter keys,  
Can also force the doors, abstract the bags  
Loaded with gold, of old penurious hags;  
The miser gull, the sordid wretch divest  
Of his dear coin, squeez'd from the hidden chest;  
The sprightly wench deprive of ill-got wealth,  
Acquir'd in stews, with loss of fame and health.

Shall in this age a monster vile arise,  
That will our host of potent charms despise;  
With sacrilegious words our wiles expose,  
Increase our dangers, and augment our foes;  
A pest tremendous, and schismatic base,  
Who e'er shall dare from earth our power to raze,  
In whose dark soul ten thousand vultures dwell,  
A firebrand lighted at the flames of hell,

An artist in all crimes, from Pluto sprung,  
Who scatters venom with infectious tongue,  
On this atrocious wretch your vengeance send,  
And with your thunder and your lightning rend,  
Whatever your proud anger may suggest;  
No more let this curst germ the earth infest,  
Consign the caitiff to the shades of night;  
For holy altars, and your firesides fight.

Leave off, at once, ye dull and erring fools,  
Christ's chilling precepts, and his simple rules,  
Which his apostles to the Gentiles taught,  
With love benign and heav'nly wisdom fraught,  
That point the road how to obey and live,  
And mortals teach, a mortal to forgive.

If in this age a crazy priest remains,  
Who with old tenets will disturb your brains,  
In place of aid from saints and sculptur'd busts,  
Who fasts and prays, and mortifies his lusts;

By prudence led, search ye for costly fare,  
To rich repasts, and splendid feasts repair,  
And while poor simple souls in Christ delight,  
With flowing bumpers crown the cheerful night.

In former times, plebeians belch'd forth rage  
Against the nobles of a barbarous age,  
With base demands, distress'd each passing hour,  
They roar'd aloud against despotic power;  
As plunder was the high patrician's trade,  
They to their charge a list of horrors laid;  
Wild wanton warfare, and devouring spoil,  
And blood of innocence that drench'd the soil,  
Yet friars can faults expunge, make wrong the right,  
With powerful weapon of the tongue they fight;  
And while their accents as a torrent flow,  
They scarlet sins transmute to spotless snow.

Man has to man been fierce and savage still,  
While streams have roll'd, or verdure cloth'd the  
hill,

Worse than the wolf that through the desert howls,  
Or tyger that on Gange's margin prowls;  
Or crocodiles that o'er their victims weep,  
Or sharks that scour for prey the briny deep.

The vulgar will delight, in every age,  
To blast the just, and rail against the sage;  
Shall 'gainst our order and our system roar,  
And sprinkle us with raillery o'er and o'er;  
Nor can a fruitful and abundant field  
A richer crop than defamation yield.  
With piercing gall they vengeful spleen indulge,  
'Gainst virtuous men, satanic tales divulge;  
At ruin laugh, distress, disease, and pain,  
While on her throne Destruction stern shall reign.  
Thus they against the church a warfare wage,  
At costly fare, and splendid tables rage;  
Tell how fat monks, inspir'd with thoughts divine,  
Their paunches cram, and swill the sparkling wine;  
With excess their expensive stomachs ply,  
In palaces that almost reach the sky;



While sunk in sloth, their rosy faces bloom,  
The labour of the poor they fast consume,  
Though curs'd with ills, and with a barren soil,  
They turn to smoke and dust; their constant toil:  
The rabble then their various sports assail,  
At games licentious, gambling tables rail;  
The private lodgings where their doxies dwell,  
Contrivers who the list of pleasures swell;  
Their eunuchs, who enchant with melting strain,  
The gaudy pimps whom they with pomp retain;  
Who show their tricks with juggling hand around,  
Dance on the floor, and on the slack wire bound;  
Those who in sauces try their utmost skill,  
And with strange dishes friars with rapture fill;  
For dainties search each land, the ocean's store,  
From Lapland to the torrid Afric's shore,  
Rich feasts prepare within the splendid dome,  
That vie with even the luxuries of Rome.

Shall Friars at length the frantic vulgar please,  
Depart from pleasure and voluptuous ease;

From bliss exalted, and the chaste desires,  
And varied taste of their illustrious sires?

Meanwhile the beggar at the gateway stands,  
With haggard looks, weak limbs, and trembling  
hands,  
Distress'd, forlorn, o'erwhelm'd with wasting grief,  
He supplicates with plaintive voice relief,  
And tells his miseries to the rosy priest,  
Who counts disease, and human ills a jest;  
With rending throbs he kind assistance begs,  
While virus gnaws his ulcerated legs.  
He who through nations should Christ's precepts tell,  
In heavenly strains on love to mankind dwell;  
The naked clothe, the sick and hungry feed,  
The stranger succour in the hour of need,  
The poor relieve at Nature's powerful call,  
Confin'd within the grated prison wall;  
No list'ning ear to heartfelt sorrow lends,  
And from his door the wretched pauper sends:

Then to his couch retires, and with his glass  
Enjoys the rosy moments as they pass;  
While dogs, who in nought more can give relief,  
Share, while they lick his sores, the poor man's grief.



THE  
FRANCISCAN.

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CANTO ~~THIRD~~ <sup>4th</sup>

SHALL we Saint Bernard's wond'rous tales recite,  
Evoke the pining shades from hell and night;  
From souls tormented, learn their dismal plaints,  
Imploring help from priests and hallowed saints?  
    ander o'er the endless maze of lore,  
    ount the sand upon the sea-girt shore?  
My fertile mind on Fancy's wings would rise,  
As towers the eagle 'mid Norwegian skies;  
While the proud pontiff round his thunder sends,  
The holy church with ardent zeal defends,  
And great in might the Capitol ascends,

Directs with majesty his vast domains,  
And over Rome with sway triumphant reigns.

Why now the tales of ages past unfold,  
Like rustics squabble, or like vixens scold?  
Nor is it right to free clowns from the yoke,  
To bark 'gainst power, and worthy friars provoke;  
With deeds impure the just and upright blame,  
The belt and cowl with scandal vile defame;  
Though sacrilegious Judas held the reins,  
And robb'd the church and her immense domains,  
With weapons strong the human mind assail'd,  
And o'er the conscience and the purse prevail'd,  
And though, the list of Satan's hosts to swell,  
He sent whole myriads to the gulph of hell;  
Shall 'gainst his power a boor objections bring?  
To mutter is a wicked impious thing;  
Be quiet, although he rages, foams, and tears,  
And shakes the earth, convuls'd with trembling  
fears;

Silent, behold the awful vengeance hurl'd,  
The ire of God against a falling world.  
Rather resolve, 'twere a more venial deed,  
To snatch the sword, and make a parent bleed,  
Than strike one blow with your profane right arm,  
The church to ruin, or her priests to harm,  
With mischief big, and of base intrigue full,  
To drown the splendor of the shaven skull;  
Although the debauchee to all display  
His acts impure, clear as the eye of day;  
Your charming wives, and daughters fair debase,  
And peace domestic from your dwellings raze,  
Below a cloud your wounded feelings mask;  
Let him in sins voluptuous sunshine bask,  
He who from sacred bulls a right acquires  
To walk in paths of sacerdotal sires;  
Whom solemn unction, and the shaven pate,  
Shall holy, wise, benign, and just create.

When with those precepts you have cheer'd your ears,  
Marvels arise, and dazzling skill appears,

What wonders can upon this globe surpass  
The rise and progress of the potent mass,  
Or can exceed the glories that belong  
To Rome, and all her sacerdotal throng?  
Behold, with buzz of words, and priestly nod,  
We can from leaven'd dough produce a God;  
When fashion'd, then, with energy divine,  
Immerse him in the consecrated wine!  
If such vast power from daring priestcraft spring,  
Which far exceeds the might of any king,  
Or angel bright, who lofty heaven pervades,  
Or demon from the dire tartarian shades,  
Yet fathers can, without the smallest dread,  
Bring forth a god, even from a crumb of bread.  
From whence can this audacious thought arise,  
When scripture speaks, and reason opes the eyes?  
Why thus blaspheme, with wicked thoughts replete,  
And turn Christ's glorious doctrines into hate?  
Thus artful knaves, who wish to rise in power, }  
The produce of the fertile field devour, }  
For noxious gain the plains and vineyards scour, }



To gain their point, and seize the sordid spoil,  
Mankind in bloodshed, crimes, and tears embroil.

Though thus monastic power you may abuse,  
The vulgar please, and the profane amuse,  
Reproach upon the active priesthood pour,  
And torrents of abuse on sages shower;  
They who can counsels of the wise confound,  
For countless faults indulgence shower around;  
With melting words you must avert the ire,  
And sooth the soul of the offended friar.  
He who can crimes discharge of darkest dye,  
The terror of the judge severe defy;  
With power divine, from Heaven's just ire secure,  
Your person guard as sacred and secure,  
Free you from direful fangs and piercing claws,  
Of injur'd statutes, and protecting laws;  
Tho' thro' the land good-natur'd friends shall tell,  
The village rouse, and ring the parish bell;  
Report aloud, spread round from cot to cot,  
That you had carv'd your worthy father's throat;

Your too-ag'd mother with the hazel bang'd,  
And then at length th' ill-natur'd sibyl hang'd;  
His gentle soul, with kind forgiveness glows,  
Remission for these trivial faults bestows:  
Our practice is poor mortals to affright,  
With Erebus and dread Tartarian night;  
All ranks alarm with their impending fate,  
Then soften, sooth, amuse, conciliate,  
Nor more allow the hapless soul to pine,  
When a few testers on the table shine.

While I shall breathe on this delightful globe,  
Wear cowl, the twisted belt, and flowing robe,  
The reliques of our holy saints adore,  
Through life I will this serious ill deplore;  
Nor can my soul, at this dread hour, refrain  
To warn you all again, and once again,  
And more and more the sacréd tribe advise,  
To curb that evil which our power defies;  
That worthy saints may not in errors fall,  
From deadly texts of that schismatic, Paul.

Why has this mortal poison reach'd the earth?  
O! that this Paul had perish'd at his birth.  
His doctrines still 'mong sages wise remain,  
Though long obscur'd, they now revive again;  
The rabble, taught by his instructive word,  
Have drawn in fury the avenging sword:  
Illustrious saints, and monks, benign and brave,  
Through cruel fate have reach'd the silent grave;  
The tender sheepfold of the holy Friar  
Has felt the terrors of their scourging ire;  
And as a tempest dreadful, onward scouls,  
O'er dashing waves with swelling horror howls;  
They growl and rage, by Calvin's creeds misled,  
With maxims fatal, to our grandeur fed;  
In broils rejoice, at this eventful hour,  
And o'er the earth with deadly venom scour.

Yet we have wrote in strong impressive strain,  
Our friends increas'd, and yet have wrote in vain,  
If prophecy of our illustrious sire,  
Do not deceive the wise and girdl'd friar;

A prophecy that common prescience scorns,  
And catches both ways, like a pair of horns—  
Tho' storms throughout surrounding nations lowr,  
The church will yet maintain her pristine power.

Yet sages dread the hour will soon arrive,  
When vile plebeians shall the priesthood drive  
From church and abbey, and the monks expel  
From mansions where the just and righteous dwell;  
When temples vast, and altars grand shall fall,  
By the epistles of that monster Paul,  
And fanes superb thrown down, that reach the sky,  
With Jove's august Olympian throne that vie,  
The bones and ashes of the illustrious dead,  
Will be immers'd within the ocean's bed;  
Paul's doctrines, wafted on the wings of truth,  
Shall teach old age, illumine the tender youth,  
Our mystic rites, the world should never know,  
To the profane, and selfish rustic show.

If e'er arrive that dread and luckless hour,  
That will around destructive vengeance shower,  
When rude plebeians shall our thunders brave,  
And nothing can the cowl of Francis save;  
Before these awful horrors may arise,  
I hope to reach the bliss beyond the skies.

A tempest dreadful hangs around your head,  
Infectious tales advance with rapid tread,  
With talents bright, 'gainst direful tenets guard,  
Watch, hourly watch, the awful danger ward,  
Strive, lest the thoughtless youth, 'gainst all your  
    might,

May in the pure and heav'nly truth delight;  
With mind illum'd to untaught clod-poles bawl,  
The undermining mysteries of Paul;  
Which now the swinish multitude inspire,  
With doctrines wild, and with delusions dire;  
The Bible for the vulgar ne'er translate,  
To teach the mob, and threat'ning storms create;

Perhaps its far beyond our power and skill,  
To keep the people in their darkness still;  
To abrogate what has increas'd our fears,  
And gain'd applause so many circling years:  
Our next resource is, that the vulgar soon  
May be advis'd to scorn the heav'nly boon,  
And leave to Sorbonne Doctors, blear'd and wise,  
Their judgments on such points to exercise;  
Who, while the glass goes merrily around,  
Read while they drink, and while they read expound,  
When in high glee, they quaff the genial wine,  
Their eyes dart fire and blood red noses shine.

Although these maxims form the gen'ral base,  
On which the structure of our sect we raise,  
Ten thousand rules and lessons still remain,  
To elevate the mind, and store the brain.

Ye who possess our soothing voice and skill,  
Learn how on earth an useful part to fill;

(By long experience taught) to still the scold,  
And pairs disjoin'd again in chains to hold;  
When the lov'd spouse nigh breaks the husband's  
heart,

A healing ointment to the sore impart;  
When jars disturb (nor is the occasion rare),  
And discord rends the ill assorted pair;  
When in the act the adulteress is caught,  
With eloquence and monkish wisdom fraught,  
To her hard-hearted mate her frailty plead,  
Nor cease to urge till he forgive the deed.

Our bold endeavours with success were crown'd,  
When in the land grim ghosts and fays were found;  
For then as sp'rits we walk'd the live long night,  
And fill'd the weak and dastard with affright;  
With holy whispers and the sacred stream,  
We sooth'd the shades, and fatten'd on the dream.  
Alas! alas! those gainful days are past,  
And striplings now e'en dare our tricks to blast;

The jeering youth to heav'n-born truth aspires,  
Laughs at the wiles and frauds of lusty Friars;  
Even clodpoles base will scarce our tales believe,  
Aided by rhetoric of the fine lawn sleeve;  
And harden'd sinners will their faith postpone,  
Though seal'd by all the Doctors of Sorbonne.

But yet, in better days, this wily shift  
From all mankind could screen our secret drift,  
And break the doors, when, by our prudence led,  
We found a path even to the marriage-bed;  
In those blest hours we influenc'd the quill,  
And chang'd the clauses in the latter will.

In days long past, a husband went from home,  
On pilgrimage to Palestine and Rome;  
Friars, tho' his spouse was with warm fancy fir'd,  
Left her to pine, ne'er to her couch retir'd:  
Rich and neglected, she, in arms of death,  
Sought but few masses with her latest breath



She call'd to mind the dull and lonesome night,  
And well could tell of disregard and slight;  
In mighty wrath, then, to her sons she left  
Her goods, and Friars of all the spoil bereft;  
She'd rather with infernal legions dwell,  
Than leave one sixpence to the convent cell,  
For ever wander 'mong Tartarian haunts,  
As to bedew our coleworts and our plants.  
Our worthy sires would never once allow  
This act atrocious of the sinful frow;  
They would, in days of yore, depriv'd of gain,  
Have soon consign'd her to the dark domain.  
Thus holy Church, the wise and pious Friar,  
Lost their bright hopes, and long expected hire.

Rage now inflam'd the gen'rous Friars, who reign  
'Mid the rich vintages and gay domain,  
Where the smooth Loire reflects upon his side  
Aurelia's splendid fanes and towery pride.  
Oh! had not pious fraud been rather quick,  
And over-eagerness betray'd the trick,

A rich reward had followed, and, I ween,  
The pride and glory of our sect had been.

Confess I must, we sometimes may do wrong,  
And tax our brothers with a faulty tongue;  
For instance, Bern a new St. Francis made,  
The well-known marks his feet and hands display'd;  
But neighbouring envy soon the forgery told,  
With much keen wit, but equal loss of gold.  
Yet Italy, more wise, when new saints claim,  
With predecessors, public wealth, and fame,  
Winks at the plot, or laughs at it by stealth;  
And thus her sons acquire their fame and wealth.  
By Catherine's wounds, and by inventions bold,  
She to herself drew bright barbaric gold.

But Folly can no longer powerful reign,  
In this bright age monastic tricks are vain;  
Nor would I rashly miracles bring forth,  
'Mong mountaineers, and shepherds of the north;  
For wisdom e'en in lonesome region broods,  
And migrates far into the silent woods:  
Who could have thought the rough and frozen Scot-  
Not wild as Indian, dull as Hottentot;

Nurs'd on the snow clad mountain, and the hill,  
That numb the soul, and every feeling chill,  
With barren soil, and dreary sky oppress'd,  
Had e'er a soul, or eyes, or ears possess'd?  
Yet Lang, the sly ensnarer of old wives,  
Who on the creeds of superstition thrives,  
Could not upon these listless clowns impose;  
Their hearts revolted at the nauseous dose,  
Though favor'd by a mirk and cloudy clime,  
A barbarous age, and an unletter'd time;  
With mighty pomp, and dazzling honours swell'd,  
In winter's shades, they all his wiles beheld,  
He could not hide, with keen deception fir'd,  
His tricks, though night to aid his zeal conspir'd.

There was a large untill'd and barren field,  
That in no age could coarsest pasture yield,  
O'er all that tract of desert, waste and wild,  
No fragrant shrub or flower had ever smil'd;  
The sterile soil the wheat and corn crop scorn'd.  
Nor ever had one tree the tract adorn'd,

The tamarisk ne'er cloth'd the barren sand,  
And cattle's footsteps scarce e'er mark'd the strand;  
'Tis Dysart call'd, in regions of the north,  
On the fair banks of the meand'ring Forth.  
Volcanic strata lie beneath its caves,  
That overspread the cliffs with clouded waves.  
From caverns pent fierce flames in volumes rise,  
And smoke in columns mounts the distant skies;  
A burning heat, the soil surrounding cleaves,  
The earth, with intersected gaps, it heaves;  
New clouds, thick suffocating clouds, replace,  
A noxious stench pervades the awful place.

Sagacious Lang, of wild inventions full,  
Who spent his hours poor Scotia's sons to gull,  
Tells that strange sounds his list'ning ear assail,  
And tortur'd souls send forth the dismal wail;  
With pain o'erwhelm'd, and dreadful anguish spent,  
Their wounding sighs and direful moanings vent;  
While frightful demons, a tumultuous band,  
Mark with their tails in tracts the yielding sand:

When he approach'd the mouth of cavern dire,  
The huge abyss, and vast Tartarian fire,  
From smell of kitchen in the frightful mine,  
He smok'd the hour the infernals went to dine.

When with these tales he had the vulgar ear  
Completely stor'd, and wrapt their souls in fear,  
His genius then prepares a mighty charm,  
To fright plebeians, and the clown alarm;  
A mighty circle round the field he drew,  
Within that space less circles rise to view;  
A marsh in centre of the circle stood,  
From which a pool well'd forth with lazy flood;  
Fierce burning coals into the pond he threw,  
It roars, smokes, rises like infernal dew;  
When all's complete, Lang, of his wonders vain,  
In sacred robes beholds this awful scene;  
His bristly sceptre waves, and strikes around,  
With holy water sprinkles all the ground;  
Tremendous words with lengthen'd period twists,  
And vehement beats his breast with brawny fists;

Heav'n, earth, the spacious sea, to witness calls,  
With thund'ring voice, and rising vigor bawls;  
On spirits who dance through the subtile air,  
Those shades who to Tartarian routs repair,  
Those who in Acheron's trembling kingdoms dwell,  
In lowest depths and nations dread in Hell.

Now fast approach'd the dark and gloomy night,  
That conscious seem'd to hide his frauds from sight,  
While sacred rites are hid with low'ring clouds,  
The old and young, in vast encircling crowds,  
Throng on the wild and unfrequented plain,  
To view this awful and terrific scene;  
With anxious eye explore the book of fate,  
And how his promis'd vows shall terminate,  
The mighty Lang, of scientific brain,  
To distant fields, should have sent the profane,  
With voice stentorian, that they might not spy  
The wonders wrought beneath the darken'd sky,  
That in dark shades they might, oppress'd with fear,  
Whisper their crimes into his sacred ear,

Lest trembling ghosts, with terror fill'd, might fly  
From laymen's converse and the human eye;  
Or hungry demon, with a thundering bray,  
Might fly around, and, gaping wide for prey,  
On haunches plac'd, his talons dire uprear,  
The limbs and joints of wretched mortals tear.  
A rustic, as the Host, from tract forlorn,  
Is to the pond by monks sophistic borne;  
This subtile clown could all our secrets tell,  
With terror feign'd, he rais'd the piercing yell,  
As if he just had 'scap'd from Stygian womb,  
Or seen a spectre rising from the tomb;  
Or Cerberus fierce with fury spring around,  
And bark, while vaults re-echo at the sound,  
When he, with dreadful fangs, the victims tore,  
And naked spectres vent the direful roar.  
As boys at wintry fire sides show their fright,  
When wrinkled grandams ghostly tales recite;  
Like madman furious rais'd a dismal howl,  
As if he heard terrific demons growl,

Or saw hell's kitchen, and the frightful looks,  
Of screaming sinners, and of Satan's cooks.

While all these scenes are acted o'er and o'er,  
The people stand on the adjacent shore;  
Yet at that distance they could hear full well,  
The demon's roar, and their infernal yell;  
While noise, and strife confus'd, disturb'd the air,  
Mix'd with sad groans, and many a plaintive prayer;  
As pious Lang, with holy rapture fir'd,  
Return'd aloud responses not requir'd:  
At length, as by a sacred impulse driven,  
With motion slow, he lifts his face to Heaven,  
Surveys, with eyes devout, the marshy ground,  
Then strikes his breast, and heaves a sigh profound,  
With calm delight the wild deception views,  
And all around with holy streams bedews;  
Until the cock, the harbinger of morn,  
At early dawn, awak'd and tun'd his horn;  
Then spectres, warn'd by sol's ethereal fire,  
Depart, and to their haunts and nests retire.



Triumphant Lang then from the circle hies,  
To act his part, and artful tales devise;  
To matrons tell the terror of the shades,  
In flaming groves, and in sulphureous glades,  
How pamper'd laymen, and luxurious dames,  
Dire torture feel within consuming flames;  
Frightful tormentors, with a dread turmoil,  
The screaming victims in their cauldrons boil,  
The wretched sinners on their spits transfix,  
As practis'd on the banks of awful Styx;  
How millions fell, struck down with fiery glaives,  
And were immers'd in depths of frozen waves.  
He then related, with a front of brass,  
How many sins were wash'd away by mass;  
And, as a skilful cit, who had remain'd  
Ten thousand years, and all his knowledge gain'd  
In Orcus dire, and on the Stygian lake,  
He made the rude and stupid vulgar quake,  
With deep deceit, and wondrous falsehood vers'd,  
In order all his dazzling tricks rehears'd;

Nor wanted was, while forth these facts he pour'd,  
An earthly mob who news from hell devour'd;  
Then faith on Saints, with rising glory thriv'd,  
And purgatory's latent sparks reviv'd.  
Though Luther oft the church august assail'd,  
Its downfall with outrageous frenzy hail'd;  
Our splendor would have all his creeds o'erthrown,  
And to a height, vast and surpassing grown,  
Had not, alas! that vile perfidious clown,  
The miscreant base, thus blasted our renown;  
Who, brib'd, or else of sense depriv'd by wine,  
Or else through fear, divulg'd our late design,  
Lang's wonders to the restless mob reveal'd,  
The wiles expos'd, that churchmen long conceal'd;  
And spread abroad on Calumny's black wings,  
The whole Arcana of our sacred things.  
What can we hope shall from these times arise,  
When Scotia's sons our dextrous wiles despise?  
Can we expect, in this declining hour,  
To gull plebeians, and their toil devour;

Consume the labour, by our subtile plans,  
 Of ploughman dull, and toil-worn artisans,  
 When in a course of long extended years,  
 The glory of reviving truth appears.  
 Henceforth I would with ardent soul advise,  
 To forge no dreams, and let no ghosts arise;  
 Amongst the vulgar throng these spells are vain,  
 Yet they may thrive in some far neuks of Spain,  
 And still with all their former lustre vie,  
 'Mong savage tribes, who through the forests fly, }  
 Or hunt and fish, beneath an Indian sky; }  
 We still may raise in isles the lofty fane,  
 To whose wild coasts Columbus plough'd the main,  
 'Mong untaught Copts and Arabs in rude lands,  
 Where Nile conceals his head 'mid unknown sands,  
 Where no keen clown, with Calvinistic zeal,  
 Will your arcanas and your tricks reveal.  
 Yet wisdom may forsake our mortal foes,  
 Our sacred rites no more they may oppose;  
 The earth in clouds may be involv'd again,  
 The church august her pristine power regain.

Traitors have been since first the world began,  
That ill seems fix'd in veins of mortal man;  
While you our cause guard with increasing zeal,  
Our forms protect, and various frauds conceal;  
A dreadful pest the mind conveys astray,  
And faithless monks, to mischief dire a prey,  
Rejoice, when they our witching wiles explain,  
And all our tricks expose to the profane.  
Long, long before this hour, the worthy friar,  
Would have endur'd the mob's destructive ire,  
Amid confusion to dread ruin sped,  
Betray'd by those, within his threshold bred,  
If heav'n had not its powerful banners rear'd,  
And in the cause of our just sires appear'd.

If through persuasion of that prince, who reigns  
O'er dark Avernus, and hell's dread domains,  
A brother e'er our secret myst'ries brings,  
'Fore vulgar eyes, on Fame's wide spreading wings,  
To light sends forth the dim nocturnal rite,  
That should lie buried in the shades of night,

The spot where careful friars their hoard conceal,  
Shall to the base and thieving clown reveal;  
How oft to secret death the fair we led,  
When our cloy'd sense began to loath her bed;  
How, when inspir'd with wine, the spotless friars  
Extinguish lamps to light up other fires.  
The wretch who dares to undermine the just,  
And vilifies our high and sacred trust,  
He, when confronted, shall, without delay,  
By righteous doom, the debt of Nature pay.

These are the creeds, the sacred tribes, that guide  
The maxims pure, in which her sons confide.  
But shall the coinage of my sterile brain  
The youthful friar from better cheer detain,  
When on the board the welcome dishes smoke,  
Then laugh with glee, and deal the harmless joke?  
Words leave the wise, and strength forsakes the  
brave,  
When stomachs bark, and empty paunches crave.

'Twas thus Eubulus ponder'd in his mind, '   
Fir'd with the love of freedom and mankind,   
With inborn hate to mad despotic creeds,   
To lives debauch'd, and to immoral deeds.   
Yet courage lack'd, to tell the glaring truth   
To hoary age, and to the sprightly youth;   
With zeal to spread abroad 'mong the profane,   
That monkish wiles and orgies dark are vain;   
Aw'd by the Inquisition's ghastly fire,   
He timely stopped, and so escap'd their ire.

He wild fantastic dreams from me expell'd,   
While I was sprinkled and in fetters held   
With charms and sulphur, by an egg subdu'd,   
With holy streams by ghostly friars bedew'd.   
He put to flight the whim of shaven crowns,   
Of twisted belts, and cowls, and hempen gowns;   
Taught me that all those idle tricks are vain,   
That fill the mind with thirst for sordid gain.   
Though mighty priests should untaught bigots rule,   
And thrive upon the enthusiastic fool,

In dark chicane their fleeting hours employ;  
Yet peace serene on earth they ne'er enjoy;  
Their souls can ne'er, through the deceitful spell,  
Reach those abodes where saints and angels dwell.

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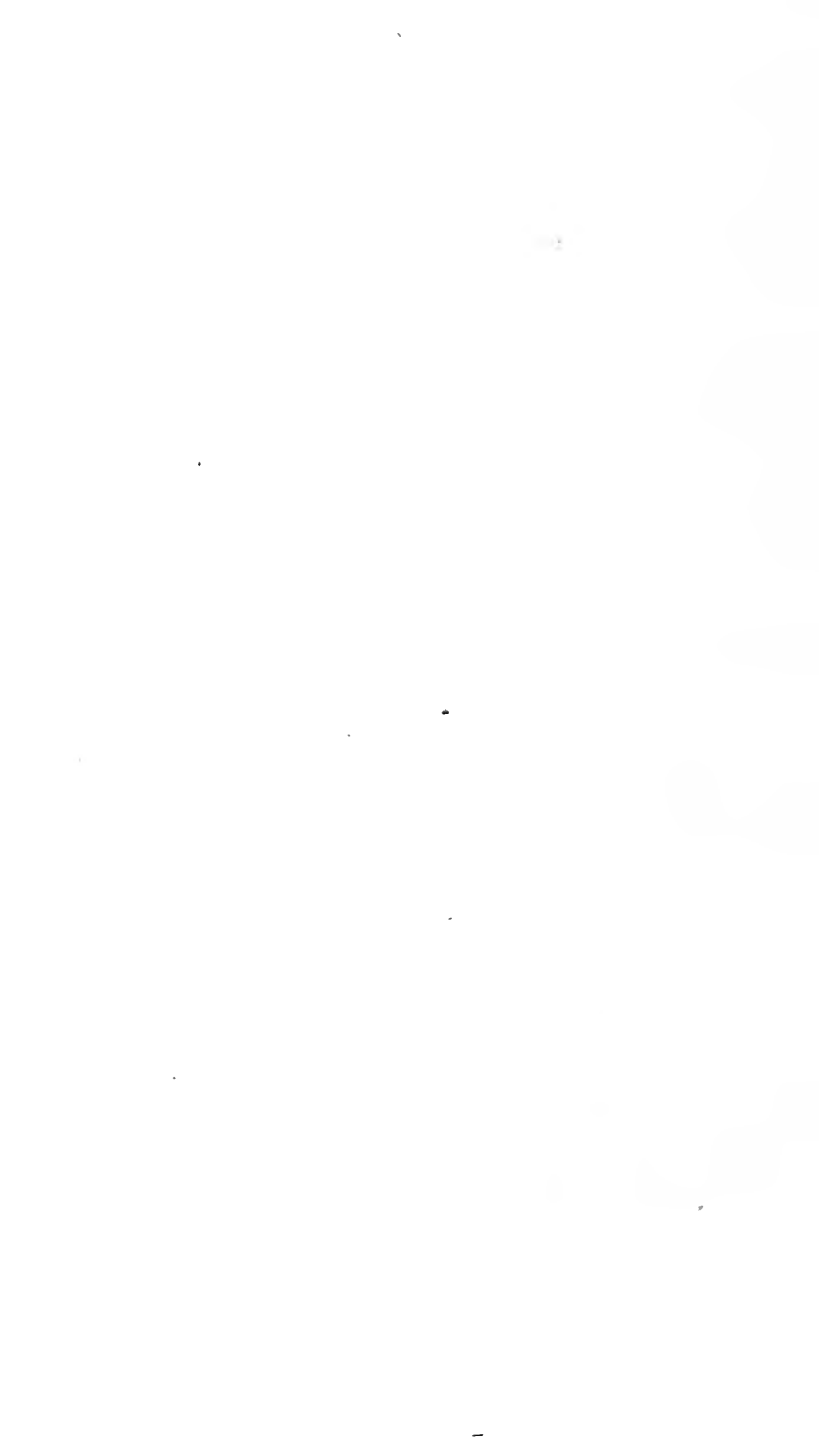


THE

Epithalamium;

OR,

MARRIAGE ODE.



THE  
Epithalamium,  
OR  
MARRIAGE ODE.

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WHAT fires our hearts with more than mortal joy?  
Why does the Muse her loftiest songs employ?  
And thy deep woods, Parnassus, long so mute?  
Why through their caverns sounds the lofty lute?  
But late I saw the Laurel bow her head,  
The lute was silent, and its song was fled;  
Apollo, too, in secret sorrow mourn'd,  
And pray'd the Nine—they no response return'd:

But now upon his hills and rocks he sings,  
And in his holy cave the Tripos rings.  
With laurel-braided hair the Nine advance,  
Join in the lay, and trace the choral dance;  
Eternal honours 'mid the woodlands pour,  
On Pimpla's fount, and height majestic shower;  
From haunt to haunt the sacred sisters rove,  
And glory broods upon Pieria's grove.

Is it for thee the sacred Muses breathe  
Their lays again? for thee prepare the wreath?  
For thee with freshest flowers the shrines adorn?  
Francis, to hallow this auspicious morn,  
Do Helicon's fair streams, which War's fierce voice  
Had long kept shut, again for thee rejoice?

And sooth into no other hand than thine,  
More meetly, can the Muse her fruits resign,  
Whether we would thy sires high deeds rehearse,  
Or arts of peace, so far renown'd in verse.

Now, hark! on every hand the impatient throng  
Rush unrestrain'd, and raise the nuptial song;  
The mob now roars with exultation mad,  
And Paris through her thousand streets is glad;  
From lane to lane triumphant myriads fly,  
And Hymen! Hymen! is the general cry;  
All now rejoice, the golden day arrives,  
And Nature's self amid the bliss revives.

And thou, the boast of Hector's mighty line,  
Weep, sigh no more, each bliss will soon be thine;  
Cease then to blame time's lagging course, for now  
Propitious destiny hath heard thy vow;  
Nor grieve while Luna's varied forms appear,  
Nor while the Zodiack rules the tardy year.  
Long hast thou waited, the delay was hard,  
Yet will thy patience have a blest reward.  
One, whom had Greece produc'd, in elder date,  
Atrides had not wept his ravish'd mate;

And, without Trojan blood, the queen of joy  
Had gi'en *a lovelier* to the Trojan boy,  
Than she whom with his ships he sought to find,  
And was demanded by all Greece combin'd:  
Nor is *her* fate less happy, *thou* hast more  
Of ardent love, than Paris had before;  
And would, to guard thyself the prize divine,  
The Phrygian or the Grecian chief outshine;  
And should a ravisher insult her charms,  
Thou wouldst defy the universe in arms.

But milder upon thee the influence shone,  
Of Venus, and the god of Love, her son;  
Who at thy home, what thou shouldst love, did place,  
And caus'd the boy to love the angel face.  
Love stronger grew, and as the spotless form  
Allur'd thy youth, it made thy manhood warm.  
No sad concern was thine, that often brings  
Despair and anguish to the breasts of kings;  
Nor those uncertainties, that oft create  
Disgust and hatred to the foreign mate;

Nor did that doubt disturb thy mind with fear,  
When first the bride's name greets a monarch's ear;  
Then is the dire suspense—how fair her face?  
Her form how lovely, and how old her race?  
Even if the modell'd wax should meet the eye,  
The work may dazzle, or the artist lye.  
Thus load the mind with trembling hope and fear,  
More lovely than the original appear.  
Nor didst thou woo her from a distant land,  
With sighs indite, and pen with fault'ring hand;  
Thou saw'st thyself, and lov'd'st her beauteous face,  
Not form alone, but every mental grace.

Nor did thy love from sensual lust arise,  
That scorns the bonds that hold the good and wise;  
Nor from the wandering wishes and desires,  
That kindle in the boy impetuous fires:  
But 'twas the chaste'n'd virtue of ripe years;  
And prudence—for in that thou hast no peers;  
The fear of doing wrong, the scorn to lye,  
And, join'd with regal splendor, modesty;

These, and the riches that thy mind contains,  
And which the Graces circle with their chains.

Let darksome thoughts, and dull uncertain care,  
Depart, and for delightful scenes prepare;  
Behold at once, with your expectant eyes,  
Your soul's delight, and hail the beauteous prize;  
Without concern or fear you'll gather now  
The fruit that shines upon the tempting bough.

No more deceiv'd in dreams by fleeting charms,  
The dear reality will bless your arms;  
Long wish'd-for Hymen now shall consecrate  
Your ardent vows, and join your mutual fate.  
But while your hours in dalliance you employ,  
O let your people hail your genial joy;  
For we thy bliss and woe alternate share,  
And oft for thee to heaven address our prayer.

Yes, in thy hopes and fears we had a part,  
And join'd in every feeling of thy heart;  
The long delay we blam'd that caus'd thy woes,  
And now this boon, when fate on thee bestows,



With grateful heart, the rich reward we prize,  
And our breasts leap with kindred sympathies.  
And now that heaven confers her richest meed,  
And joys that all terrestrial joy exceed,  
New sense of pleasure agitates the throng,  
Their heart-strings trembling as they bound along.

As the refulgent sun uprears his head  
From eastern waves, and gilds the ocean's bed,  
Without one cloud to intercept his beams,  
His flaming axis with fresh glory streams;  
Fields, struck with arrows of his joyous rays,  
Shine forth, and sing their great Creator's praise;  
And the vast main, curl'd with a trembling light,  
With dazzling splendor quivers to the sight;  
The fresh'ning calmness of a heaven serene,  
Cheers every hill, and glads the smiling plain;  
But when stern Æolus pours forth his store,  
The cloudy southwinds through the forest roar,

And overspread the sky, replete with rain,  
Impel the river, and o'erflow the plain;  
The loaded air presents a scene forlorn,  
Looks terrible, while fields disfigur'd mourn,  
And chills the heaven, with darkness cover'd o'er,  
While raging billows lash the rocky shore.

So, 'tis from thee alone thy people share  
Suspense or pleasure, misery or care;  
Nor is it now the rosy youth alone  
That makes thy bliss and ecstasies their own;  
Even serious age a smile of gladness wears,  
And quits the dullness of advancing years;  
The matron loud, and oft repeats her prayer,  
'Tis breath'd in silence by the blooming fair.

Shall I repeat, that human minds are prone  
To make your joys, and even your griefs, their own;  
Nature herself, who renovates, upholds,  
And in her works God's wondrous power unfolds;

Throughout her bright and vast celestial fires,  
Even to your joy, and dignity conspires.

Behold the gilded orb of radiant light,  
Who in his course divides the day from night;  
The earth illumines with his exhaustless lamp,  
Dispels the clouds, and clears away the damp;  
His flaming heat to mitigate inclines,  
And with mild rays and gentler splendor shines;  
Your nuptial day, the festive scene to view,  
More early rises with his purple hue,  
And latter while the ocean Gallia laves,  
Sends down his chariot in the western waves,  
With nearer blaze he glads the northern pole,  
Cheers Nature bland, and animates the whole;  
With genial brightness, ever radiant light,  
Contracts the darkness of the summer night. :  
The Earth her verdant carpet fast assumes,  
The hills and dales with floral shrubs perfumes;  
Riches o'er every field with beauty showers,  
The vineyards smile, the plains are deck'd with  
flowers;

The tender fruits enrich the lonesome wild,  
With varied colours, and with fragrance mild;  
The blossoms of the bramble and the thorn  
The woodlands paint, the rising bank adorn;  
The spreading trees in each green vale are found,  
Their boughs with apples bending to the ground;  
Nature her horn abundant largely pours,  
Indulgent plenty through the nation showers;  
With omen kind, ten thousand boons appear  
To crown the copious and productive year.  
And by these blissful symbols deigns to prove,  
Your marriage fruitful in a pledge of love.

O happy both, born at a happy time,  
In friendship join'd, and in your youthful prime,  
A glad consent the circling earth pervades,  
And to your hopes, vows, dignity concedes,  
That concord may your gentle souls engage,  
Until your locks are silver'd o'er with age.

Unless the master of the tuneful lyre  
With no ambiguous thoughts my breast inspire,  
This union, sanctioned by the sacred bands  
Of kindred leagues, and all that law demands,  
Another tie of intercourse will prove  
Strong as your faith, eternal as your love.  
For you Love's flaming torches brightly shine,  
This festive hour inspires the vocal Nine;  
Time never shall, nor the revolving year  
Apart your pure and warm affections tear;  
Cheerful accede, list to the people's prayer,  
Who their good-will and favor loud declare.

O royal youth! destin'd o'er Gaul to reign,  
Prove that your fathers have not liv'd in vain;  
Embrace, with all your soul, her who excels,  
In whose bright form each full perfection dwells;  
Her whom you will each day still more adore,  
And bless that hour she stepp'd on Gallia's shore;  
Her, whom the law, and Nature's powerful calls,  
Demand to wield the sceptre of the Gauls;

Her, whom your parents as a boon have given,  
To sooth your days, until you rise to heaven;  
Whom lineage, virtue, and a ripen'd age,  
And friendship to a just esteem engage;  
While love a closer tie each hour maintains,  
And binds you fast in adamantine chains.

If the three goddesses, divinely fair,  
Shall in your bliss, and all your pleasures share,  
Whom Paris in umbrageous Ida saw,  
With one consent the cords of friendship draw,  
To Hymen's bowers the happy paths display,  
And with Love's torches light the genial way;  
What would the breast of the immoral fire,  
And what the prince of haughty Gaul desire?  
Behold the beauties that her brow adorn,  
More bright than beams, when Sol illumes the morn;  
Her graceful form, and modest gait, conspire  
To light the torch of pure and chaste desire;  
Her blooming cheeks with opening roses vie;  
What gentle flame darts from her lovely eye!

She perfect ease with elegance combines,  
While tender youth in mild alliance shines;  
She utterance bland, with majesty unites,  
Charms every eye, and all the soul delights;  
Nor does her genius to her beauty yield,  
Nurtur'd with care behind Minerva's shield,  
She every hour in useful lore improves,  
And wanders far amid Pierian groves;  
Her mental powers, bright as the star of day,  
Her manners grace, and radiance round display.

When history her pride of birth inquires,  
The race and honours of her ancient sires,  
She can recount, on Fame's wide spreading wings,  
One hundred sceptre bearing martial kings,  
Sprung from the same august and royal line,  
Whose deeds thro' Time's dark annals proudly shine;  
Her kingdom with high eminence appears,  
And boasts the freedom of two thousand years;  
Though oft with fierce surrounding storms assail'd,  
As oft has she her independence hail'd:

While roaring tempests round about her howl'd,  
And tyrants on surrounding nations scowl'd;  
And while the earth has been with carnage stain'd,  
From foreign rule she free has still remain'd;  
Whate'er of other kingdoms Fame may tell,  
Whether in arts or warfare they excel,  
Or ancient legends of their sires relate,  
However wondrous, or how old their date;  
Scotland still nobler deeds and tales can trace,  
And from the proudest claim a prouder place.

If wealth or pomp the beauteous maid should bring,  
Accept a dowry worthy of a king;  
Those sinewy arms, and hearts unknown to fear,  
That urge to war the Scottish mountaineer.  
Nor need I here relate each fruitful plain,  
And fields that wave in Autumn's yellow reign;  
Tell of the rich and ever bounteous field,  
The brass and lead that loaded vallies yield;  
Mountains that glitter with the virgin gold,  
Hills that the iron in cliffs and fissures hold;



Or sing with rapture, in poetic strains,  
Of rivers that flow o'er metallic veins:  
These are the goods that gladden other lands,  
Wealth chains the slave, and arms the despot's  
    hands;

The precious metals are by all ador'd,  
Who day and night increase the secret hoard,  
Fond of their pelf, the mean and crawling race  
In fleeting riches all enjoyment place;  
With fond conceit conceive they're truly wise;  
All gifts on earth, but gold, the fools despise,  
Their constant bustle, and their thirst for gain,  
From generous acts and noble deeds restrain;  
Within their breasts corroding cares create,  
Their homespun souls with poison saturate.

The genuine glory of the Scots, who bore  
Lochaber axes and the huge claymore,  
Was to surround the woods, and scour the dell,  
Swim o'er the rivers in their raging swell;

Hunger endure beneath a northern sky,  
The summer's heat, and winter's cold defy;  
Never beneath the tyrant's yoke to bend,  
Without high walls, their country to defend;  
The trench and shielding fortress to disdain,  
And rush to combat in the open plain;  
The faith of promise, as their soul, adore,  
And show their mercy e'en when drench'd in gore;  
With life, their Fame uninjur'd to maintain,  
For sacred friendship every muscle strain;  
The bribe inviting hand with pride despise,  
Court moral Virtue—thus superior rise.

By these, and arts like these, when warfare rag'd,  
And Europe was in endless broils engag'd,  
When every land was by the despot chain'd,  
Scotland alone the servile yoke disdain'd.  
When conquer'd kingdoms were compell'd to change  
Their codes, and statutes of their sires derange;  
Scotland alone her liberty retain'd,  
And on her ancient base inviolate remain'd.

Here the wild fury of the Goth was quell'd,  
The inroads of the Saxon fierce repell'd;  
The Dane, who o'er the Saxon had prevail'd,  
Here dire defeat and dreadful carnage wail'd;  
And when the Dane was by the land subdued,  
Norwegian blood fair Largo's vale imbued.

Still we shall sing the deeds of ancient times,  
And of the heroes in these northern climes;  
Here Rome, triumphant, with ambition swell'd,  
Was by the Scots to fix her bounds compell'd;  
She who had forc'd the German hosts to yield,  
The squalid Parthian, on the arid field;  
Even Ethiopia spent its heat in vain,  
The Rhine and Elbe could not with cold restrain;  
One nation still, when all the rest were broke,  
Oppos'd a barrier to the Tyrant's shock;  
Here Rome at length her fierce career resign'd,  
Her conquests to Severus' wall confin'd.

Scotia alone, 'mong nations in the world,  
Against whose freedom tyrants darts have hurl'd,

Is still unconquer'd, not from frightful steeps,  
Nor rapid rivers, and devouring deeps;  
Nor forests, where despair and silence reign,  
The field immense, and far extended plain,  
When Rome no more could in her camps confide,  
She rear'd her forts betwixt the Forth and Clyde;  
When nations were from peaceful dwellings torn,  
And banish'd far to bear Oppression's scorn;  
Vanquish'd in fight, then 'neath the servile rod,  
As slaves they trembled at the despot's nod:  
Here Rome, her limits eager to defend,  
And guard the land, no more her blood expend,  
Built stately walls, and strong defensive moats,  
To curb the axe, and quiver bearing Scots.

Her hopes of conquest on the Carron's banks  
Were thrown aside, no more her martial ranks  
To waste in fight, at length she fix'd her bounds  
At Dunipace, threw up the earthen mounds,  
The trench and wall, that her vast power confin'd,  
Mark out where she her warlike plans resign'd.

But think you that these heroes in the field,  
Could not the pen as well as falchion wield;  
Their warlike souls to liberal arts incline,  
With ancient lore, the patriot's breast refine;  
When barbarous war o'er all the earth was hurl'd,  
Had shaken Latium, and a trembling world,  
This was the land, beneath its martial kings,  
Where banish'd Muses could extend their wings.  
Hence rules of Grecian and of Roman skill,  
Were nurtur'd on the Caledonian hill;  
Hence learn'd instructors of the untaught youth,  
Who taught the maxims of the ancient truth,  
By Charlemagne were to the Celts convey'd,  
Who wisdom's paths to Gallia's sons display'd;  
That Charlemagne, whose breast with conquest  
glow'd,  
On France the royal robes of Rome bestow'd,  
He with the Scots was with firm leagues allied,  
That have loud storms and perfidy defied;  
Which horrid war, nor clashing din of arms,  
Nor vile sedition, that the earth alarms;

Nor thirst for power, that reigns in every clime,  
Nor yet the hand of wild destroying Time,  
Nor brutal force, has ever yet o'erthrown;  
Through years that league has venerable grown,  
And at this hour in ample force remains,  
Still binding closer with its potent chains.

Now let my Muse the studious mind engage,  
With splendid triumphs of that martial age,  
When all the nations, at one solemn call,  
Had sworn to whelm the dynasty of Gaul;  
In that sad hour, her liberties and laws  
Had perish'd, had not Scotland join'd her cause.  
No glorious fight her chieftains ever wan,  
Where Scotland flam'd not foremost in the van;  
Unless the Scots had bled, she ne'er had grown  
Powerful, and all her warlike foes o'erthrown;  
Alone, this nation Gallia's fortune bore,  
Her varied hazards in the war's uproar;  
She often turn'd against herself the lance,  
Destin'd to crush the rising power of France.

The warlike English and Batavians know  
Her prowess in the conflict on the Po.  
The Scots have fought, and drench'd the earth in gore,  
On Naples' luckless and disastrous shore.

This is the dowry now your virgin brings,  
A nation famous for a race of kings,  
By firmest leagues to France for ages join'd,  
With splendid feats, and friendly ties combin'd,  
A happy presage of connubial joy,  
Which neither time nor tempests shall destroy;  
A people yet in battle unsubdu'd,  
Though all the land has been with blood imbu'd;  
The auspice of success in every storm,  
When ruthless war shall yet the earth deform.

And thou, fair Nymph! to such a husband join'd,  
Though every virtue dignify thy mind,  
And Venus, too, and all the graces vie,  
To deck with gorgeous prodigality;

And he the hope and joy of Gallia's state,  
Hath nam'd thee his, and glories in his mate.  
Thus amply blest, yet born thy sex to know,  
And to the yoke of Hymen calmly bow;  
Learn to be govern'd, for a few years past  
The wife that's mild will conquer at the last.

Behold the ocean, with o'erwhelming rage,  
Against the rocks unceasing warfare wage,  
At base of mountains firm foundations roar,  
And lash the mould'ring crags and clifty shore;  
Tumultuous billows in the tempest dire,  
Upon the shelves dash with increasing ire;  
But when the earth spreads out the level strand,  
And courts the god to sport upon the sand;  
He calms his wrath, and, with diminish'd threats,  
Rolls on his way, then with a smile retreats,  
Pleas'd at the contact, rages now no more,  
But washes round the unresisting shore,  
With tender kisses o'er the landmark laves,  
And glides along amid the sportive waves.



Behold how high aloft the ivy climbs,  
With tender leaves surmounts the branching limbs  
Of sturdy oak, and round the trunk entwines,  
It gently creeps, and then encircling shines,  
Insinuates itself, each bar defies,  
And with it rears its head amid the skies.  
By soft submission, rigor drops her chains,  
And love by complaisance the heart retains.

Lest a regard for your relinquish'd isle,  
Should cherish thought, and check the youthful smile,  
Affection for a parent should arise,  
Which always must afflict the good and wise;  
This kingdom now esteem your native land,  
Link'd to your own by every social band,  
Here free from discord or distressful fears,  
Your royal sires enjoy'd their happy years,  
Kings, fortunate, and crown'd with calm content,  
Their days of peace in joy and glory spent;  
Where'er you turn around, inquiring eyes,  
The monuments of Scots illustrious rise,

Who, by old leagues and high born honour led,  
For Gallia's triumphs, in her battles bled.

And here, to pass their deeds, tho' high their boast,  
The offspring of the chief of Priam's host  
Awaits thee, in his loveliness divine,  
Almost thy brother too, the same thy line;  
Yet soon a nearer bliss thy soul will prove,  
Than all a brother's, all a parent's love,  
The sacred tie, more strong than human law,  
That Nature forms, and fills the soul with awe.

Unless the gods our righteous prayers oppose,  
And false belief throughout our bosom flows,  
A son his sire, resembling in his face,  
A daughter too, with all her mother's grace,  
You'll have, that will your warm affection move,  
And fix regard with closer ties of love;  
Around your necks with little arms who'll twine,  
Your cares with smiles dispel, and breasts refine.

Grant me, ye Fates, but life to see that hour,  
When Gallia, join'd with Caledonia's power,  
From many an age, to age, the same their cause,  
The deeds of honour, covenants, and laws;  
Grant me to see their crowns united prove,  
A mutual bond of amity and love,  
And that the nations, though remov'd apart  
By rolling seas, be still the same in heart;  
Nor let their harmony and peace be o'er,  
Till the earth flame, and time shall be no more.



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**NOTES.**

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## NOTES.

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### NOTES TO CANTO FIRST.

#### Note I.

*Yet learn'd Eubulus dragg'd me from the den.*—Page 7.

The name of an Athenian Philosopher, and rival to Demosthenes.

#### Note II.

*If wretched Codrus, naked Irus dies.*—P. 13.

Codrus was a Latin Poet in the reign of Domitian, whose poverty was a proverb.

Irus was a beggar of Ithaca, who executed the commissions of Penelope's suitors.

#### Note III.

*With Cadmus that the serpent's teeth were sown.*—P. 21.

Cadmus, son of Agenor, king of Phœnicia, who attacked a monster, and overcame it by the assistance of Minerva, and sowed the teeth on a plain; upon which armed men suddenly rose up from the ground. He threw a stone in the midst of them, and they instantly turned their arms one against the other, till all perished except five, who became his companions, and assisted him to build his city.

## Note IV.

*That Jason to arm'd men gave instant birth.*—P. 21.

Jason, a celebrated hero, who lulled a dragon asleep by the power of herbs, and took from a tree the celebrated golden fleece, and sowed the dragon's teeth: immediately an army of men sprang from the field, and ran towards Jason; he then threw a stone among them, and they fell upon one another till all were totally destroyed. These actions were performed in the sight of the people, who were astonished at the boldness and success of Jason.

## Note V.

*With Xenophon and Zeno to compare.*—P. 22.

Xenophon, an Athenian, celebrated as a General, an Historian, and a Philosopher, who received his education in the school of Socrates; and in the army of Cyrus showed he had been educated in the warlike city of Athens. After the decisive battle of Cunaxa, the ten thousand Greeks, who had followed the standard of that ambitious prince, were 600 leagues from home, without money, provisions, or a leader. Xenophon was elected to superintend the retreat; and after crossing rapid rivers, penetrating deserts, and surpassing mountains, he completed the retreat in 215 days, after an absence of fifteen months.

The retreat of General Moore and his army from Salamanca to Corunna, has been compared to that of this celebrated Grecian, and will also consign his name to immortality. The actions of Xenophon did not escape jealousy, he was banished from Athens; and, in the delightful retreats of Scyllus, he composed his celebrated works for the information of posterity. He died at Corinth in the 90th year of his age, 359 years before the Christian æra.

Zeno, the founder of a sect of Stoics. born in the isle of Cyprus, who was originally a merchant, and who spent afterwards ten years in the school of Crates, and the same number in the school of Stilpo, Zenocrates, and Palemon. He afterwards opened a school at Athens, and saw himself attended by the great, the



learned, and the powerful. He was so respected during his lifetime, that the Athenians publicly decreed him a brazen statue, and a crown of gold. Virtue was his constant research; he felt a pleasure in being kind and benevolent; and could view with indifference, health or sickness, riches or poverty, pain or pleasure, and recommended resignation to the will of Heaven; and used to say, that with Virtue men could live happy under the most pressing calamities. After he had taught publicly for 48 years, he died in the 98th year of his age; and the Athenians erected a monument to his memory.

Note VI.

*Or fill with splendor Aristotle's chair.—P. 22.*

Aristotle, a famous Philosopher and Physician at Sestrado. He was 10 years preceptor to Alexander the Great, who received his instructions with deference, and respected him; and it has been said, that his improvement under Aristotle was of more service to him than all the power and splendor he derived from Philip. Aristotle has been considered a man of universal knowledge, readiness, and acuteness of invention, and fecundity of thought. His logic has long reigned in the schools, and been regarded as the perfect model of all imitation.

Note VII.

*And Plato and Cleanthes far excel.—P. 22.*

Cleanthes was a Stoic Philosopher, and successor to Zeno. He was so poor, that, to maintain himself, he wrought for a gardener in the night, and studied in the day. Cicero calls him the father of the Stoics; and the Roman Senate, on account of his virtues, raised a statue to him in Assos.

Plato, a celebrated Philosopher of Athens. He was eight years one of the pupils of Socrates, and at his death retired from Athens, and visited Megara, Thebes, Elis, Sicily, and Egypt. When he had finished his travels, he retired to the groves of Academus, where his lectures were attended by the learned, noble, and illustrious. During forty years he presided at the head of the

Academy, and composed those Dialogues, which have been the admiration of every age and country. His writings were so celebrated, and his opinion so respected, that he was called divine; and for the elegance, modesty, and sweetness of his expressions, he was distinguished by the name of the Athenian Bee. His philosophy was universally received and adopted; and it has not only governed the speculative opinions of mankind, but it continues still to influence the discerning, and to divide the sentiments of the moderns. He died 348 years before the Christian æra.

NOTE VIII.

*Like Tages form'd from turf at Tuscân plough.—P. 23.*

Tages, a son of Genius, and grandson of Jupiter, was the first that taught the twelve nations of Etruria the science of augury and divination. It is said that he was found by a Tuscan ploughman in the shape of a clod, and that he assumed a human shape, to instruct this nation, so celebrated for their knowledge of omens and incantations.

## NOTES TO CANTO THIRD.

## Note IX.

*Like Proteus in ten thousand shapes appear.—P. 33.*

A sea deity, son of Oceanus and Tethys. He generally resided in the Carpathian sea: he was difficult of access; and when consulted, he refused to give answers, and assumed a vast variety of shapes to elude those who consulted him; of whom it has been said,

“ Omnia vertentem sese in miracula rerum.”

## Note X.

*Though maids shall be than Sabines still more chaste.—P. 37.*

An ancient people of Italy, who were supposed to possess untainted morals.

## Note XI.

*While fam'd Virgilius pours his magic strain.—P. 64.*

It has been said that the Roman Pontiffs drew their ideas of purgatory from the sixth Æneid of Virgil.

## Note XII.

*Lombardus rhapsodies shall powerful reign.—P. 64.*

Petrus Lombardus was the Bishop of Paris, and wrote Four Books of Sayings. He lived in the twelfth century.

## Note XIII.

*Clowns are with tricks of Antoninus fed.—P. 64.*

Antoninus was archbishop of Florence, and a celebrated writer. His works consist of 4 vols. He flourished in the fifteenth century.

## Note XIV.

*The falsehoods of a lying Thomas spread.—P. 64.*

Thomas Aquinas. He flourished in the 13th century, and has been denominated the Angelic Doctor.

## NOTES TO CANTO FOURTH.

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### Note XV.

*While the proud pontiff round his thunder sends.*—P. 73.

About the year 855, the Roman Pontiff was placed in a perforated chair, *verilitatem suam locupletissimis testibus approbare*. As that custom was abolished, it gave rise to the following verse:

“ Non poterat quisquam reserantes æthera claves,  
 “ Non exploratis sumere testiculis,  
 “ Cur igitur nostro mos hic nunc tempore cessat?  
 “ Ante probat quod se quilibet esse marem.”

### Note XVI.

*The Bible for the vulgar ne'er translate.*—P. 81.

“ Further, this year, there were certain godly men, who professed the Evangel of Christ, that were called and accused before the bishops and kirk-men, and were condemned and burnt, by the king's commission, at Edinburgh, one thousand five hundred and thirty years. The names of them, to wit, the vicar of Dolour, Mr Norman Galloway, David Straiton, brother to the laird of Lauriston.

“ The accusation of the vicar of Dolour, and the articles thereof; that is to say, the accuser, Mr John Lauder, saying in this manner, ‘ False heretick, thou sayst it is not leisome to kirkmen to take their tithes, offerings, and cross-puts, though we have been in use of the same, constitute and ordained by the kirk, our kings, and our holy fathers, the popes, have confirmed the same.’ The vicar answered and said, ‘ Brother, I said not so. I said it is not leisome to kirkmen to spend the teinds and the patrimony of the kirk, as they do, on harlots and whores, and delicate clothings, riotous banquetting, and wanton playing

at cards and dice; and the kirk riven and the pulpit down, and the people not instructed in God's word, nor the sacraments duly ministrated to them, as the Scripture of Christ commands.' The accuser answered, 'Deniest thou that thing, that is openly known in the country, that thou gavest again to the parishioners the cow and the upmost cloath, saying, thou hadst no reason unto them?' The vicar answered, 'I give them again to them that had more mister than I of them had.' The accuser answered, 'What sayst thou, that thou learnedst thy parishioners to pray unto God, the Pater-noster in English; and also teachedst them the Belief and Ten Commands in English, which is contrary to our acts? Shall the common people know any part or point of the Scripture of God in English, or any part of the Scripture be read in English, or any books thereupon be used in English?' The vicar answered and said, 'Brother, my parishioners and congregation were so rude and barbarous, that they understood no Latin, that it was force to me, on my conscience, to teach them and learn them the words of their salvation in English, that is to say, the Ten Commands, which is the law of God, whereby they might know their sins, and repent, and forbear the same in time coming; and also the belief, whereby they might know their faith unto God, and Jesus Christ his Son, his death and resurrection, and everlasting life through him. Further, I teach-ed them the Dominical Oration, which we call the Lord's Prayer, in their own mother tongue; to the effect that they might know and understand whom to they prayed, and in whose name what they should ask or desire in their prayer, and what hope they should have in obtaining the same.' Then the accuser answered, 'Why didst thou by our acts and constitutions, and the order and commandment of our holy father the pope, and all the Catholic church?' The vicar answered, 'Verily, brother, I follow the order and commandment of our Master and Sovereign Jesus Christ, and his apostle Paul, who shows in his doctrine unto the Corinthians, in the fourteenth chapter, saying, I had rather speak two words to the understanding and edification of the people, than ten thousand words in a language which

they understand not, nor is not edified therewith.' The accuser answered, ' Heretick, where finds thou that?' The vicar answered, ' My brother, in my book, which is here in my sleeve.' The accuser start to him, and pulled the book out of his sleeve, and held it up, and showed it to the people, saying, ' See the heretick, he hath the book hid in his sleeve; lo, it is here, which is heresy, and makes all this plea and cumber in the holy kirk, and among the prelates thereof.' The vicar answered, ' Brother, you could say better if you pleased; but God forgive you, that calls the true Scripture of God to be the book of heresy.' And, with this he turned him to the people, and said unto them, ' My dear brethren and hearty friends, believe not this wicked man, that calls this book heresy; for I assure you, there is nothing in this book but the latter will and testament of our Saviour Christ Jesus, written by his four Evangelists, to our learning and instruction for our salvation in Christ? The accuser answered, ' Heretick, thou cannot deny but the New Testament in English is contrary to our acts, and forbidden by the pope, and is enough to burn thee, thief.' Then the council of the clergy gave sentence on him to be burnt, for using of the same book, the New Testament in English. And likewise they condemned David Straiton, because he would not abjure and burn his faggot; which the king desired him gently for to do, and procured for his life at the bishops hands, who were content to give him the same, if he would burn his faggot; which he would not consent to; and therefore they burnt him. I know no cause wherefore, but he discorded with his parson for not payment of his teinds. And likewise Mr Norman Galloway was condemned and burnt. I know no cause wherefore, but because he was in the East-land, and came home, and married a wife, contrary to the form of the pope's institution, because he was a priest; for they would thole no priest to marry, but they would punish and burn him to the dead; but if he had used ten thousand whores, he had not been burnt."—*Pitscotties' History*.

## Note XVIII.

*And over eagerness betray'd the trick.*—P. 85.

“The two famous orders that had possessed themselves of the esteem of those dark ages, were engaged in a mighty rivalry. The Dominicans were the more learned, they were the eminentest preachers of those times, and had the conduct of the courts of Inquisition, and the other chief offices of the church in their hands; but, on the other hand, the Franciscans had an outward appearance of more severity, a ruder habit, stricter rules, and greater poverty; all which gave them such advantages in the eyes of the simple multitude, as were able to balance the other honours of the Dominican order. In short, the two orders were engaged in a high rivalry, but the devotion towards the Virgin being the prevailing passion of those times, the Franciscans upon this had great advantages. The Dominicans, that are all engaged in the defence of Thomas Aquinas’ opinions, were thereby obliged to assert that she was born in original sin. This was proposed to the people by the Franciscans, as no less than blasphemy, and by this the Dominicans began to lose ground extremely in the minds of the people, who were strongly prepossessed in favour of the immaculate conception.

“About the beginning of the fifteenth century. A Franciscan happened to preach in Francfort; and one Wigand, a Dominican, coming into the church, the Cordelier seeing him, broke out into exclamations, praising God that he was not of an order that profaned the Virgin, or that poisoned Princes in the sacrament, (for a Dominican had poisoned the Emperor Henry the VIIth. with the sacrament). Wigand being extremely provoked with this bloody reproach, gave him the lye; upon which a dispute arose, which ended in a tumult that had almost cost the Dominican his life, yet he got away. The whole order resolved to take their revenge; and in a chapter held at Vimpsen in the year 1504, they contrived a method for supporting the credit of their order, which was much sunk in the opinion of the people, and for bearing down the reputation of the Franciscans. Four of

the Junto undertook to manage the design; for they said, since the people were so much disposed to believe dreams and fables, they must dream of their side, and endeavour to cheat the people as well as the others had done. They resolved to make Bern the scene in which the project should be put in execution; for they found the people of Bern at that time apt to swallow any thing, and not disposed to make severe inquiries into extraordinary matters. When they had formed their design, a fit tool presented itself; for one Jetzer came to take their habit as a lay-brother, who had all the dispositions that were necessary for the execution of their project, for he was extreme simple, and much inclined to austerities. So having observed his temper well, they began to execute their project the very night after he took the habit, which was on Lady-day 1507. One of the friars conveyed himself secretly into his cell, and appeared to him as if he had been in purgatory, in a strange figure, and he had a box near his mouth, upon which, as he blew, fire seemed to come out of his mouth. He had also some dogs about him, that appeared as his tormentors. In this posture he came near the friar, while he was a bed, and took up a celebrated story that they used to tell all their friars, to beget in them a great dread at the laying aside their habit, which was, that one of the order, who was superior of their house at Solturn, had gone to Paris, but laying aside his habit, was killed in his lay habit. The friar in the vizar said, he was that person, and was condemned to purgatory for that crime; but he added, that he might be rescued out of it by his means; and he seconded this by most horrible cries, expressing the miseries which he suffered. The poor friar Jetzer was excessively frightened; but the other advanced, and required a promise of him to do that which he should desire of him, in order to deliver him out of his torments. The frightened friar promised all that he asked of him. Then the other said, he knew he was a great saint, and that his prayers and mortifications would prevail; but they must be very extraordinary. The whole monastery must for a week together discipline themselves with a whip, and he must lie prostrate in the



form of one on the cross. in one of their chapels, while mass was said, in the sight of all that should come together to it; and he added, that if he did this, he should find the effects of the love that the blessed Virgin did bear him; together with many other extraordinary things; and said he would appear again, accompanied with two other spirits; and assured him, that all that he did suffer for his deliverance should be most gloriously rewarded. Morning was no sooner come, than the friar gave an account of this apparition to the rest of the convent; who seemed extremely surprised at it; they all pressed him to undergo the discipline that was enjoined him, and every one undertook to bear his share: So the deluded friar performed it all exactly in one of the chapels of their church. This drew a vast number of spectators together, who all considered the poor friar as a saint; and in the meanwhile, the four friars that managed the imposture, magnified the miracle of the apparition to the skies in their sermons. The friar's confessor was upon the secret, and by this means they knew all the little passages of the poor friar's life, even to his thoughts, which helped them not a little in the conduct of the matter. The confessor gave him an hostie, with a piece of wood, that was, as he pretended, a true piece of the cross; and by these he was to fortify himself if any other apparitions should come to him, since evil spirits would be certainly chained up by them. The night after that, the former apparition was renewed, and the masked friar brought two others with him in such vizards, that the friar thought they were devils indeed. The friar presented the hostie to them; which gave them such a check, that he was fully satisfied of the virtue of this preservative.

“ The friar, that pretended he was suffering in purgatory, said so many things to him relating to the secret of his life and thoughts, which he had from the confessor, that the poor friar was fully convinced of the reality of the apparition. In two of these apparitions, that were both managed in the same manner, the friar in the mask talked much of the Dominican order, which he said was excessively dear to the blessed Virgin, who knew herself to

be conceived in original sin, and that the Doctors who taught the contrary were in purgatory; that the story of Saint Bernard's appearing with a spot on him, for having opposed himself to the feast of the conception, was a forgery; but that it was true that some hideous flies had appeared in Saint Bonaventure's tomb, who taught the contrary. That the blessed Virgin abhorred the Cordeliers for making her equal to her Son. That Scotus was damned, whose canonization the Cordeliers were then soliciting hard at Rome; and that the town of Bern would be destroyed for harbouring such plagues within their walls. When the in-joined discipline was fully performed, the spirit appeared again, and said he was now delivered out of purgatory; but before he could be admitted to heaven, he must receive the sacrament, having died without it, and after that he would say mass for those who had, by their great charities, rescued him out of his pains. The friar fancied the voice resembled the prior's a little; but he was then so far from suspecting any thing, that he gave no great heed to this suspicion. Some days after, the same friar appeared as a nun, all in glory, and told the poor friar she was Saint Barbara, for whom he had a particular devotion; and added, that blessed Virgin was so much pleased with his charity, that she intended to come and visit him. He immediately called the convent together, and gave the rest of the friars an account of this apparition; which was entertained by them all with great joy, and the friar languished in desires of the accomplishment of the promise that Saint Barbara had made him. After some days, the longed for delusion appeared to him, clothed as the Virgin used to be on the great feasts, and indeed in the same habits. There were about her some angels, which he afterwards found were the little angels which they set on the altars on the great holidays. There was a pulley fastened in his room over his head, and a cord tied to the angels, that made them rise up in the air, and flie about the Virgin, which increased the delusion. The Virgin, after some endearments to himself, extolling the merit of his charity and discipline, told him, that she was conceived in original sin, and that Pope Julius the II.

that then reigned, was to put an end to the dispute, and was to abolish the feast of her conception, which Sixtus the IVth. had instituted, and that the friar was to be the instrument of persuading the Pope of the truth in that matter. She gave him three drops of her Son's blood, which were three tears of blood that he had shed over Jerusalem, and this signified that she was three hours in original sin; after which she was, by his mercy, delivered out of that state. For it seems the Dominicans were resolved so to compound the matter, that they should gain the main point of her conception in sin, yet they would comply so far with the reverence for the Virgin, with which the world was possessed, that she should be believed to have remained a very short time in that state. She gave him also five drops of blood in the form of a cross, which were tears of blood that she had shed while her Son was on the cross. And to convince him more fully, she presented an hostie to him, that appeared as an ordinary hostie, and of a sudden it appeared to be of a deep red colour. The cheat of those supposed visits was often repeated to the abused friar. At last the Virgin told him, that she was to give him such marks of her Son's love to him, that the matter should be past all doubt. She said that the five wounds of St Lucia and St Catherine were real wounds, and that she would also imprint them on him; so she bid him reach his hand. He had no great mind to receive a favour in which he was to suffer so much; but she forced his hand, and struck a nail through it. The hole was as big as a grain of pease, and he saw the candle clearly through it, this threw him out of a supposed transport into a real agony; but she seemed to touch his hand, and he thought he smelt an ointment with which he anointed it, though his confessor persuaded him that it was only an imagination; so the supposed Virgin left him for that time. The next night the apparition returned, and brought some linen cloths, which had some real or imaginary virtue to allay his torments; and the pretended Virgin said, they were some of the linens in which Christ was wrapped, and with that she gave him a soporiferous draught; and while he was fast;

asleep, the other four wounds were imprinted on his body in such a manner that he felt no pain.

“But in order to the doing of this, the friars betook themselves to charms, and the Subprior showed the rest a book full of them; but he said, that before they could be effectual, they must renounce God; and he not only did this himself, but, by a formal act put in writing, signed with his blood, he dedicated himself to the devil. It is true, he did not oblige the rest to this, but only to renounce God. The composition of the draught was a mixture of some fountain water and chrism, the hairs of the eyebrows of a child, some quicksilver, some grains of incense, some what of an Easter wax-candle, some consecrated salt, and the blood of an unbaptized child. This composition was a secret which the Subprior did not communicate to the other friars. By this the poor friar Jetzer was made almost quite insensible: when he was awake, and came out of this deep sleep, he felt this wonderful impression on his body, and now he was ravished out of measure, and came to fancy himself to be acting all the parts of our Saviour’s passion. He was exposed to the people on the great altar to the amazement of the whole town, and to the no small mortification of the Franciscans. The Dominicans gave him some other draughts, that threw him into convulsions; and when he came out of those, a voice was heard, which came through that hole which yet remains, and runs from one of the cells, along a great part of the wall of the church, for a friar spoke through a pipe, and at the end of the hole there was an image of the Virgin with a little *Jesus* in her arms, between whom and his mother, the voice seemed to come. The image also seemed to shed tears, and a painter had drawn those on her face so lively, that they people were deceived by it. The little *Jesus* asked why she wept? And she said, it is because his honour was given to her, since it was said that she was born without sin. In conclusion, the friars did so overact this matter, that at last even the poor deluded friar himself came to discover it, and resolved to quit the order.

“It was in vain to delude him with more apparitions, for he

well nigh killed a friar that came to him, personating the Virgin in another shape, with a crown on her head. He also overheard the friars once talking themselves of the contrivance and success of the imposture so plainly, that he discovered the whole matter: and upon that, as may be easily imagined, he was filled with all the horror with which such a discovery could inspire him.

The friars, fearing that an imposture, which was carried on with so much success, should be quite spoiled, and be turned against them, thought the surest way was, to own the whole matter to him, and to engage him to carry on the cheat. They told him in what esteem he would be, if he continued to support the reputation he had acquired; that he would become the chief person of their order, and in the end they persuaded him to go on with the imposture. But at last they, fearing he would discover all, resolved to poison him, of which he was very apprehensive, that once a loaf being brought him that was prepared with some spices, he kept it for some time, and it growing green, he threw it to some wolve's whelps that were in the monastery, who died immediately. His constitution was so vigorous, that though they gave him poison five several times, he was not destroyed with it. They also pressed him earnestly to renounce God, which they judged necessary, that so their charms might have an effect on him; but he never would consent to that. At last they forced him to take a poisoned *hostie*; which yet he vomited up soon after he had swallowed it down. That failing, they used him so cruelly, whipping him with an iron chain, and girding him about so strait with it, that to avoid farther torment, he swore to them, in a most imprecating style, that he would never discover the secret, but would still carry it on; and so he deluded them till he found an opportunity of getting out of the convent, and throwing himself into the hands of the magistrates, to whom he discovered all.

The four friars were seized on, and put in prison; and an account of the whole matter was sent to the Bishop of Lausanna, and then to Rome; and it may easily be imagined, that the

Franciscans took all possible care to have it well examined. The Bishops of Lausanna and Zyon, with the provincial of the Dominicans, were appointed to form the process. The four friars first objected to Jetzer's credit; but that was rejected. Then being threatened with the inquisition, they put in a long plea against that; but though the Provincial would not consent to that, yet they were put to the inquisition. Some endured it long; but at last, they all confessed the whole progress of the imposture. The Provincial appeared concerned; for though Jetzer had opened the whole matter to him, yet he would give no credit to him; on the contrary, he charged him to be obedient to them; and one of the friars said plainly, that he was in the whole secrets, and so he withdrew. But he died some days after at Constance, having poisoned himself, as was believed. The matter lay asleep some time, but a year after that a Spanish bishop came, authorised with full power from Rome, and the whole cheat being fully proved, the four friars were solemnly degraded from their priesthood; and eighth days after, it being the last of May 1509, they were burnt in a meadow on the other side of the river, over against the great church. The place of their execution was showed us, as well as the hole in the wall through which the voice was conveyed to the image. It was certainly one of the blackest, and yet the best carried on cheats that has been ever known; and no doubt, had the poor friar died before the discovery, it had passed down to posterity as one of the greatest miracles that ever was; and it gives a shrewd suspicion, that many of the other miracles of that church were of the same nature, but more successfully finished.

BURNET'S *Tracts*, Lon. 1689. P. 30.

#### Note XVIII.

*For then as sp'rits who walk the live long night.*—P. 83.

In all the bigotted towns of Italy, the people are sorted in several fraternities, and every one of these has their peculiar churches, altars, images, and relicks, to which they pay a more extraordinary devotion: So there was one at Florence, among

whose favourite images a crucifix happened to be one: a woman (that had a fair daughter) fell sick; and as she had payed many devotions to that image, so she came to fancy, that in her sickness she had the returns of very extraordinary favours from it. The truth of the matter was, that one, who had a mind to have frequent access to her daughter, made a shift to deceive the poor sick woman; for he appeared in such a disguise to her, that she believed it was the image that came to comfort her. And that which was the most acceptable part of the imposture was, that the impostor knew, by her daughter's means, every thing that she wanted, and took care to provide it for her; so that at every visit that he made her, he brought along with him all the things that she needed. This was sensible. So the credulous woman believed all this came from her beloved image; and she was now as grateful as she had been before devout: she told all that came to see her, how careful and bountiful that image was to her; and showed them how well she was supplied by it. In short, this came to be generally believed; for when the least story of this kind gets vent, and is well received by the priests, the people run in so headlong to it, that it would pass for a crime, capable enough of ruining one, in the spirit of the inquisitors. to seem to doubt of it, but much more if one studied to undeceive others: therefore things of this nature kindle the minds of a superstitious multitude so quick, that in a few days a whole town will seem as it was out of its wits: which appeared signally on this occasion at Florence; for now the whole town entered into this fraternity. The great Duke himself came into the number, and all were studying what new honours should be done to an image that had been so kind to one of its worshippers. But some that were wiser than the rest, saw through the cheat, and informed Pope Innocent the Xth. of it, who was resolved to put a stop to the current of this superstition: yet he saw it was necessary to do it with some address. It fell out to be the year of the Jubilee 1650, so the Pope wrote to Florence, that he had heard of the miracles of that image, to which he desired earnestly to do his devotions; therefore he intreated them to bring it to Rome, that

so the image might have the addresses of all the pilgrims, as well as his own made to it. Upon this the more bigotted of the fraternity would needs accompany the charitable image. So they carried it in procession to Rome; and did not doubt but that the Pope and Cardinals, with the clergy of Rome, would have come out in procession to meet them and their image. Their surprise was no doubt very great, when instead of all this, they found a company of Shirri staying for them at the *Porta dell Populo*; who took their image from them, and carried it away to the inquisition; and sent them away, not a little mortified at the disgrace that had befallen their crucifix; which has been ever since a prisoner in the inquisition.—BURNET'S *Tracts*.

#### Note XIX.

*We found a path, even to the marriage-bed.*—P. 84.

An Abbot, who was the Cardinal's predecessor, had an auditor who was much in his favour, that made love to the wife of one of the magistrates of Norcia, which she discovered to her husband. He ordered her to give the auditor an appointment; but provided a good Surgeon, and all other things that were necessary to put the auditor out of all danger of breaking his vow of chastity; for he was a churchman; and the auditor not failing to observe his rendezvous, was caught, and the operation was performed with all possible care: and he was treated very well till he was quite cured, and then he was sent back to his patron. The Abbot was highly offended with this affront that was done him; and it may be easily believed, that the auditor was not well pleased with this forced chastity that was now imposed on him: so they sent an information of the matter to the Rota, and asked their opinion: but the court of the Rota was wiser than to suffer a matter of this nature to become public.

BURNET'S *Tracts*.

#### Note XX.

*In this bright age, monastic tricks are vain.*—P. 86.

At Nimeguen, there was a picture over one of the Popish



altars of a windmill; the Virgin throws Christ into the hopper, and he comes out at the eye of the mill all in wafers, which some priests take up to give to the people. One would think this deception too gross for Laplanders; but a man that can swallow transubstantiation, can swallow this likewise.

BURNET'S *Tracts*.

Note XXI.

*With charms and sulphur by an egg subdued.*—P. 98.

Eubulus has opened my eyes about the extent of <sup>the</sup> virtue and efficacy of sulphur and an egg, which are used in the ceremonies of the Romish Church.

# NOTES

TO

## THE EPITHALAMIUM.

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### Note I.

*O thou, the boast of Hector's mighty line.*—P. 105.

He calls the Gauls Hectoride, after the manner of the Poets, as some of their writers tell that they are descended from a certain Francius or Francio, the son of the Trojan Hector.

### Note II.

*One hundred sceptic bearing martial kings.*—P. 115.

Mary Queen of the Scots was the daughter of James the Vth, the 106th monarch of Scotland from Fergus the I. who was drowned in returning from Ireland, in the twenty-fifth year of his reign, and three hundred and five years before the nativity of Christ; from which accident Carrick-Fergus derives its name.—LESLIE'S *History*.

### Note III.

*The genuine glory of the Scots, who bore,  
Lochaber axes and the huge claymore.*—P. 117.

The ancient Scots, whether they are exercised with the evils of war, or live in profound peace, do not spend their time, as

other nations, in gormandizing, or in libations to Bacchus; but they support the vigour of their bodies with that food which the land yields in abundance; and when beer was scarce, they assuaged their thirst with milk, or with what the fountains or rivulets could supply them.

They only satisfied their hunger in the evening, and then eat very moderately. In the whole of life never having indulged in luxury, they found from experience, that moderate eating is the most conducive to the health of the body, whether in recruiting the valetudinarian, or supporting the most robust and vigorous; and by this mode of life, they escaped disease, and arrived at extreme old age. They are almost always in a state of warfare. In battle, they attack their adversaries with the lance, or with the arrow; they are also accustomed to the two edge sword, long for the foot soldiers, and shorter for horsemen, on both sides amazing sharp, that with one blow can easily cleave a man to the middle. They were armed with coats of mail formed of iron rings; this they wore above a leather coat, not more defensive than elegant, which we call an *acton*. In fine, all their armour was so light, that if forced to fly, they could easily shun the enemy.

In swiftness of foot, on a road impeded with windings, they excelled the swiftest horse, either in pursuing, or being pursued by the foe; and in consequence thereof, when occasion required, they thought it a great merit to have it thus in their power to decline battle. Whoever was pre-eminent in birth and nobility, first attacked the enemy. Animated by his example, they more keenly pressed the foe, and by interposing their own bodies, strove to free their leader from his impending danger. For as we have before remarked, so great a regard they seemed to possess, as if engrained in their nature, for their chieftain, that for his cause they would undertake the most arduous enterprise at the hazard of life itself. Hence they carried on war not at the expence of the king, but fed and supported with victuals they carried from home. By temperance they escaped disease, and prolonged their lives to an extensive period. When they were relieved from the

din of arms, and the flame of war, they did not spend their lives in inglorious ease, in inactivity, or in the conversation of women; but they confirmed the strength of their bodies in wrestling, and in the exercises of the sword; and that fortitude of soul, inbred in early life, rendered them still stronger and fiercer as they advanced in years. They often followed the wild beasts themselves in the chase; and this occasioned the most extraordinary exertions. From all these circumstances, they were not much addicted to sensual gratification.

They first taught their boys to bend the bow, to throw the dart, to train their horses, and to ride at full gallop in the chase; afterwards they carefully accustomed them to the use of arms. They formed their youth by the example of their illustrious heroes, and recommended them to their imitation with warlike rhymes and songs, calculated to inspire them with pleasure, and to instil into their tender minds who were the enemies of their forefathers, that when arrived at manhood they might shine in the field, and avenge the quarrels of their ancestors.—LESLIE'S *History*.

#### Note IV.

*Without high walls, their country to defend.*—P. 118.

The Scots have never placed their confidence in strong holds; because they rush instantaneously to battle against their foes, and make fortified cities of their men. If twenty thousand of their enemies shall enter Scotland at the rising of the sun, twelve hours of the day will scarcely pass until they shall join battle with the foe; for the nearest chieftain collects his clan, and the report of the approach of an enemy being spread abroad, whoever he may be, before the sun has reached his meridian, they appear arrayed in arms, which they have always in readiness. They mount their horses, and approach the situation of their enemies, and either regularly, or tumultuously, they rush against the foe; and thus frequently destroy both themselves and their adversaries; and they count it sufficient if they compel the enemy to retreat; but if they prove victorious, the next chieftain musters another army to encounter the foe. The Scots never artifi-

ally fortify their castles or cities, because they might become places of refuge for their adversaries; they therefore consider walled castles and cities as useless on the borders of their kingdom.—MAJOR'S *History*.

## Note V.

*The shielding fortress and the trench disdain,  
And rush to combat on the open plain.*—P. 118.

Agreeable to the custom of their ancestors, the Scots never defend their cities with walls, but they secure and fortify the borders of their kingdom with prompt and ready courage; and in the field, when placed in sight of their enemies, they do not prolong their time in deliberation, but with a precipitate impetuosity they rush against their foes, and they fight neither by stratagem or cunning, but by courage, and the force of arms; therefore an hostile army is never three days in sight without their offering them battle.—LESLIE'S *History*.

## Note VI.

*The brass and lead that loaded vallies yield.*—P. 119.

Two Spaniards came to Scotland in the reign of king Josina king of the Scots, 161 years before the Christian æra, who being asked their idea of the country, they declared that it was more productive of metals than grain, and richer in its mines <sup>than</sup> on the surface.—LESLIE'S *History*.

## Note VII.

*Here the wild fury of the Goth was quell'd.*—P. 119.

The Goths or Picts, a people of elegant form and fair complexion, and who excelled in bodily strength, were entirely annihilated by Kenneth king of the Scots, after many severe battles, who carried their king Draco captive to Scoon, where he was beheaded. Thus a nation of Scythians, that had existed in Britain more than 800 years, were completely exterminated; after which we hear no more of the kingdom of the Picts, as the Scots took possession of all their lands.—JOANNES MAJOR.

## Note VIII.

*The inroads of the Saxon fierce repell'd.*—P. 119.

In the reign of Eugenius the V. and fifty-sixth king of Scotland, Egfred, depending on the friendship of the Picts, entered Scotland with an army of Saxons, and a most fatal battle was fought near the water of Leith. Egfred their king, with not less than twenty thousand Saxons, were slain; and of the Scots about six thousand.—LESLIE'S *History*.

## Note IX.

*And when the Dane was by the land subdu'd.*—P. 119.

In the reign of Malcom the II. Sweno king of the Danes landed at the Spey, and reduced the castles of Elgin, Forres, and Nairn, and after a severe battle, the wounded king of the Scots was compelled to yield the victory to the Danes. But afterwards at Aberlemmo in Angus, then at Kenmore, and at last at Cruden in Buchan. Camus, the general of the Danes, and Canute the brother of Sweno, were slain: there was so great a slaughter at that time, that Scotland has long been accounted the grave or sepulchre of the Danes. Buchanan says, that at Panbride, when the wind raised up the sand, bones were exposed that far exceeded in size the stature of mankind in the age in which he lived. The Danes afterwards met a severe defeat at Loncarty, owing to the valour of Hay and his two sons, in the reign of Kenneth the III. for which wonderful achievement they received lands as far as a falcon would fly. A stone in the vicinity of Duudee once marked the spot where the falcon alighted. The Danes also invaded Scotland in the reign of Duncan the I. and were entirely routed near Perth, and their fleet was completely destroyed at Kinghorn. After this period 1025, it appears from history, they never again visited Scotland. Bishop Leslie says, monuments of the Danes still remain near Perth and Kinghorn, also inscriptions, engraven on stones, to hand down to posterity the eternal glory of those memorable actions.

## Note X.

*Norwegian blood fair Largs vale imbu'd.*—P. 119.

In August 1263, Acho, king of Norway, approached the town of Air with 160 ships, and twenty thousand men. The cause of the war was, that Bute, Arran, and both the Cumbrays, were not numbered among the Ebude. Acho reduced Bute and Arran; and elated with success, he landed at the Largs, opposite to Bute, where he met a Scots army, under the command of Alexander Stuart, and there he was completely defeated. Sixteen thousand Norwegians, and six thousand Scots, perished in the field of battle; those who escaped on board their ships encountered a dreadful tempest, and very few of their vessels arrived at the Orcades. Acho, grieved at the loss of his army, and of a brave youth his kinsman, whose tomb-stone is still to be seen, died of a broken heart. There is a field at the Largs still called Hurly Burley from this remarkable event.

## Note XI.

*Is still unconquered, not from frightful steeps,  
Nor rapid rivers and devouring deeps.*—P. 120.

Although England excels Scotland in numbers of men, in fertility of soil, in wealth, and in civil policy, yet the Scots, I suppose, can resist the English though they should come against them with one hundred thousand men, nor is this an idle or frivolous opinion, for when the English were in possession of Guienne, Gascony, Anjou, Normandy, Ireland, and Wales, without civil dissensions in Scotland, they have never prevailed against them. The Scots have now possessed their kingdom in Britain one thousand eight hundred and fifty years, and at this hour they are not less powerful, nor less prone to war, than ever, and are ready at every call to expose their lives for the liberty of their native soil, and for that liberty counting it glorious to exchange their lives for another existence. When nations near the Alps, the Pyrenean mountains, and the Rhine, are continually at war, although not divided by an arm of the sea, I do not conceive

how a lasting peace can be brought about betwixt the two nations without a marriage betwixt the families of the Scots and English kings, that may at a future time unite both kingdoms into one, and drown the names of Scotland and England under that of Britain.—MAJOR'S *History*.

#### Note XII.

*When Rome no more could in her camps confide,  
She rear'd a wall, the bound of Roman pride.*—P. 120.

While every lover of his country must rejoice at the rapid improvements in Agriculture, yet in the midst of those attempts to ameliorate the soil, the Antiquary must regret the destruction of many noble remains of antiquity. Within these twenty years, a number of monuments, that filled the mind with astonishment at the wonderful exertion of the Roman legions, have been annihilated. On the new road from Edinburgh to Glasgow, stones were erected, which are now about to disappear, near the new-bridge turn-pike gate, about eight miles from Edinburgh, that marked the termination of a battle betwixt the Romans and the Scots, that was severely contested all the way from the mouth of the water of Cramond to that memorable spot. Upon the same water, a stone still marks the place where Constantine the IV. and Kenneth fell in single combat, in sight of both their armies. A small Roman encampment, on the same road, near Baillieston toll-bar, about five miles from Glasgow, is now become invisible: even the extensive Roman camp at Ardoch, on the road to Crief, is not so perfect as it was twenty-five years ago. The Peel at Kirkintilloch, a small fort on the wall of Severus, was only demolished last year, and the proprietor boasted that he got more for the hewed stones than would pay the expence of all his alterations. Lord Dundas, the proprietor of Castle Cary, another fort upon the same wall, animated with the genuine spirit of an antiquarian, and eager to preserve that distinguishing mark of the heroism of the ancient Scots, has interdicted the tenant from delapidating that piece of antiquity, under the penalty of the forfeiture of his



tack. If the same laudable ideas had inspired other proprietors, the small circular building or temple, called Arthur's oven, by some historians said to have been erected by Julius Cæsar, and that Buchanan supposes to have been the temple of the god Terminus, erected by the Romans on the banks of the Carron, which had escaped the fury of the Goths, and survived the still more cruel rage of Edward the I. never would have been destroyed by a Celtic knight about forty years ago. The wall of Severus can still be traced from Abercorn upon the Forth to Kilpatrick on the Clyde; but if the same progress is continued in the process of destruction, no marks of it will remain in half a century, but the description from the pen of the Historian.

#### Note XIII.

*Built stately walls, with strong defensive moats,  
To curb the axe and quiver bearing Scots.—P. 120.*

Dion writes the Romans lost fifty thousand soldiers before they penetrated to the end of the island. Severus himself, with incredible perseverance, compelled the Scots to come into conditions of peace, and yielded up to them not a small part of their territory. He erected a wall as the bounds of the Roman empire betwixt the estuaries of Forth and Clyde, where Agricola had before determined to terminate the province.—BUCHANAN.

#### Note XIV.

*At Dunipace threw up the earthen mound.—P. 128.*

On the left bank of the Carron, two mounds, evidently the work of man, have been erected. Buchanan calls them *Dunipacis*, and believes they were thrown up by the Romans as hills or emblems of reconciliation or peace. They are now called Dunipace. About two thousand paces below, upon the same river, that small round edifice or temple stood, that was destroyed, as mentioned in Note 11. The construction of which is completely described by Buchanan in his History of Scotland, Book first, Chapter 21st.

## Note XV.

*Hence learn'd instructors of the untaught youth,  
Who taught the maxims of the ancient truth;  
By Charlemagne were to the Celts convey'd,  
Who freedom's paths to Gallia's sons display'd.*—P. 121.

The Scots entered into a league with France, which has always appeared to me to have been approved of by Divine Providence; for France, when attacked, never had, nor never could have, a more robust soldiery than the Scots; nor have they ever held the Scots in any other light than as brothers and sacred observers of the league.

It appears proper to observe, that the French and Scots understood, that this league, which at first was opposed by the nobility, but afterwards approved of by all, has been consecrated by God for the preservation of both nations, which the most perfidious man has not been able to violate, and it has hitherto been religiously preserved during the course of so many ages. This league was entered into in the year 809, betwixt Charlemagne and Achaius king of the Scots, upon the following conditions:

I. That there shall be a friendship betwixt the Scots and French, limited by no time, but to continue to all eternity.

II. When one nation shall be attacked, it shall be considered as an attack upon both.

III. When the French are harassed with the arms of England, the Scots shall furnish a well appointed army, to be conveyed over, and maintained at the expence of France.

IV. When the Scots are opposed to the arms of England, the French are to send assistance at their own expence.

V. If publicly or privately an individual of the Scots or French nation, shall support the English against the one or the other, with advice, money, or arms, among both nations, the aggressor will be brought under the guilt of lese majesty.

VI. The French are not to enter into a league either with or against the English without the consent of the Scots. This

treaty was confirmed in France by William, the brother of king Achaius, Clement, Joannes, Rabau, and Alcuin, who accompanied William into France, and Achaius, that he might evince his remarkable regard to the French, sent four thousand soldiers to Charlemagne, at that time carrying on war with the inveterate enemies of the Christian name.

Raban and Alcuin having performed their legation, returned into Scotland; and when Joannes Scotus and Clemens seriously thought of returning, Charles the Great, effected by solicitation, that they should remain in France, and appointed them to preside over the Academies he had not long before erected, to instruct the youth in letters and discipline. From which it is obvious, and can be illustrated by many other examples, that the polite literature and solid learning, which now flourish in the colleges of France, have flowed from the Scots as from a fountain. In the mean time, William fought strenuously in the cause of Charlemagne, and overthrew many blinded with the errors of Mahomet, and restored Pope Leo the III. who had been deprived of his possessions, to all his former dignity; and the city of Florence, convulsed, and almost annihilated, he re-instated in its ancient liberty. He bore the highest glory of the war. For although all these deeds seem to have been performed by Charles the Great, whose fortune William followed, still many other things are told meritoriously of William, which he performed in the absence of Charles the Great. Even the citizens of Florence, who received their liberty from William, son to the king of the Scots, gratefully acknowledged the benefit, with an everlasting memorial; they ordained a law, to maintain lions at the expence of the city, because the kings of the Scots bore them in their standards.

Those wars being finished, William returned into France, where he was welcomed with the utmost pleasure and the highest presents by Charlemagne, because he had so faithfully fought his battles, both abroad and at home; and in a few days William proceeded to Germany.

Although he had no children, he was enriched by the beneficence of Charlemagne with many lands; and when extreme old

age at length oppressed him, he consecrated himself, and all his goods, to Christ, as his Maker and Saviour, and erected many monasteries for the Benedictines, and endowed them with extensive revenues, both in Germany and in the territories of Italy, and religiously advised, that those monasteries should be inclosed with walls. With great diligence he erected them for promoting virtue and learning. Besides, that the remembrance might survive the lapse of ages, he ordained, that those who were not descended from the Scots, should not be chosen into the order of the monks, nor adorned with the order of Abbot. By his example, and the virtue of our monks, German princes afterwards erected other monasteries for the monks of the same order with our nation; which monasteries are at this day commonly called the monasteries of the Scots, and in our memory they presided over many of them, and as yet they are under no other authority.

Charlemagne, that his league with the Scots might carry an everlasting memorial, and that he might exhibit the bias of his soul towards the Scots nation, and by some means transmit the same to posterity, he ingeniously interwove the arms of the French nation with those of the Scots; he placed the lion in the middle, and two lines wrought with a golden thread, by which he wove the lillies of France transversed, and transposed, and on every side wrapt round the figure of the lion, that same device which is exhibited to us in our own day in the ensigns of the monarchs of Scotland.—*LESLIE'S History.*

F I N I S.



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