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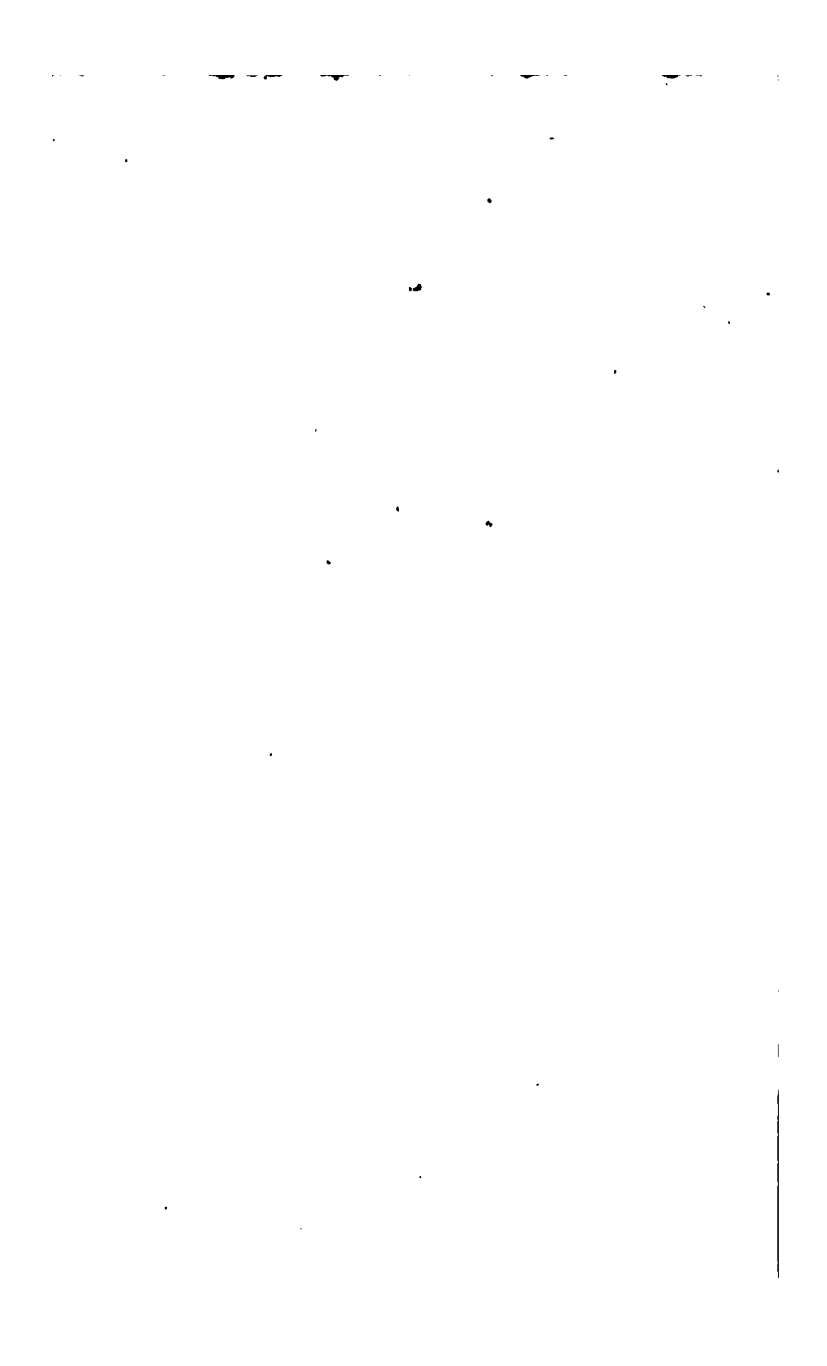


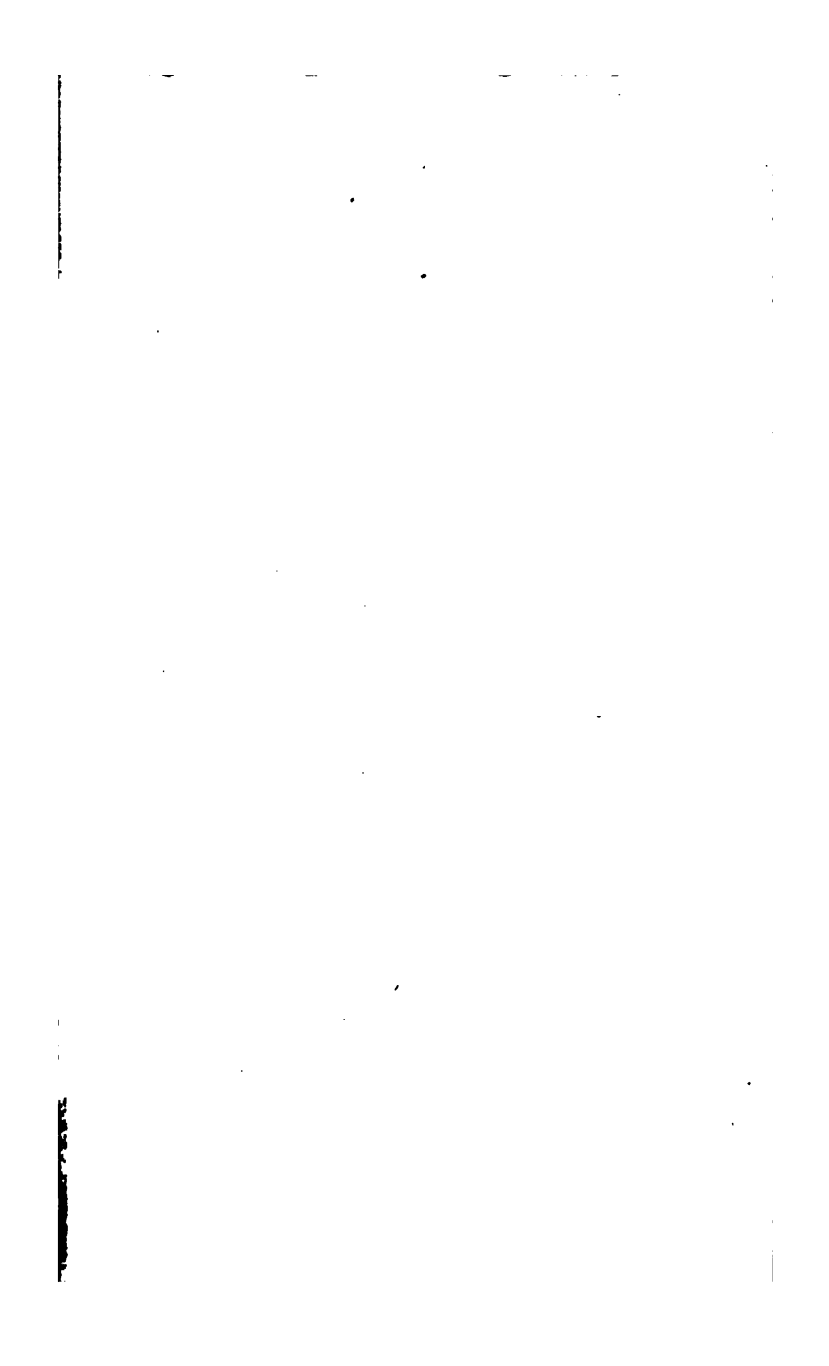
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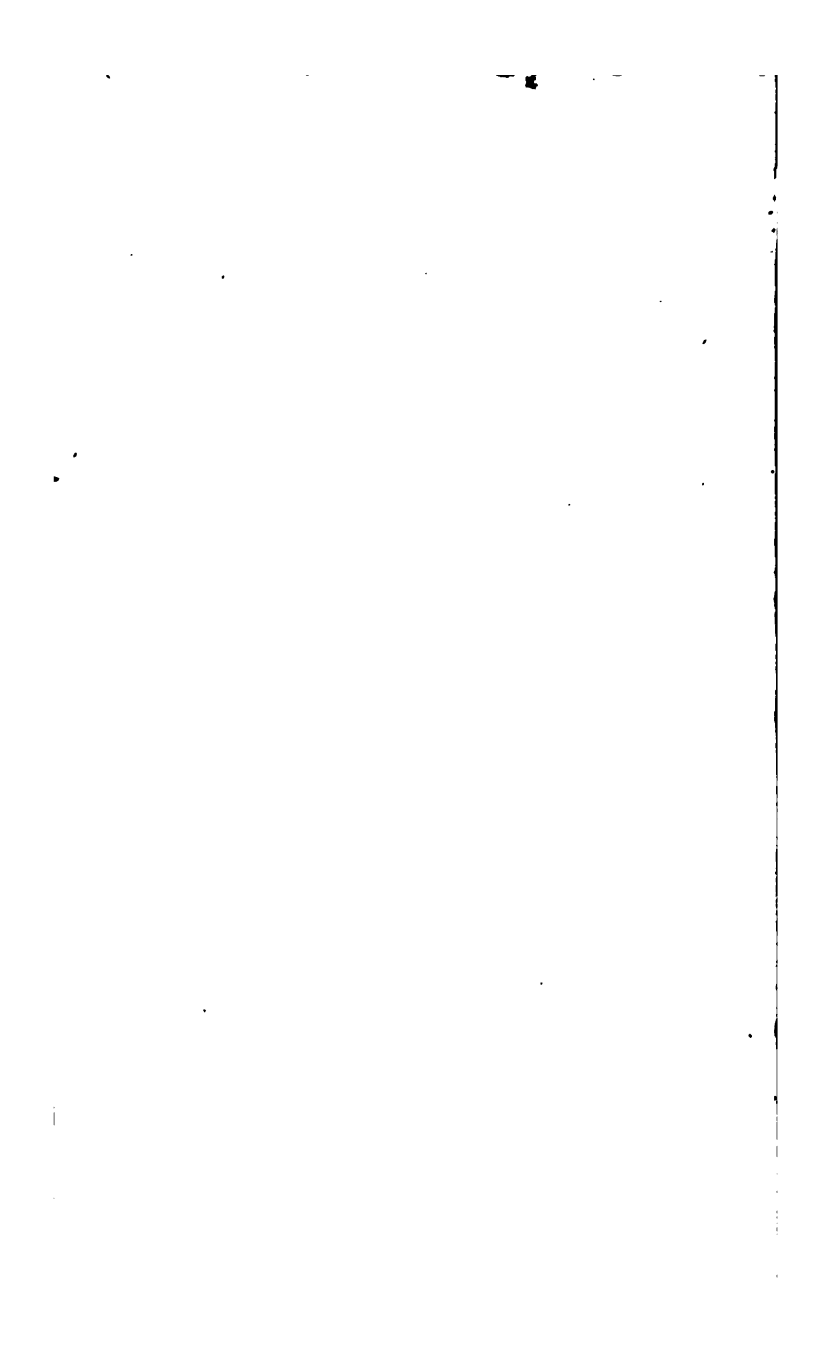


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S.H. 1829

117  
**JOHN HUSS;**

OR,

**THE COUNCIL OF CONSTANCE:**

**A POEM.**

**WITH HISTORICAL AND DESCRIPTIVE NOTES.**



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**LONDON:**

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“ Un rayon de joie parût dans ses yeux : mais tout-à-coup un tourbillon de flamme qui l’enveloppa, étouffa sa voix et le déroba presque à ma vue. Je le voyais encore néanmoins, au travers des flammes, avec un visage aussi serein que s’il eût été couronné de fleurs et couvert de parfums dans la joie d’un festin délicieux, au milieu de tous ses amis.”—*Fenelon. Telem.*

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## P R E F A C E.

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WHILST we bestow the grateful suffrage of our praise and admiration on those who have signalized themselves by their courage in the field, or by their mental superiority in the cabinet: whilst the cherished names of our senators and patriots are held in perpetual veneration, and pointed out as the proudest ornaments of our national monuments, the martyrs of our religion are too frequently consigned to forgetfulness and neglect! *Their* names are excluded from the circles of modern taste, or if breathed in 'ears polite,' they are pronounced with distrust, or heard with fashionable indifference! They were men, nevertheless, who, like the devoted few who

manned the pass of Thermopylæ, stood surety for our Faith in the day of her battles, and, in that cause which they advocated and adorned, have transmitted to us a glowing record of their Christian fervour and heroic fortitude. Whilst the prowess of the heathen warrior has wrested the spear from political tyranny, the firmness of the Christian Martyr has freed us from the still more oppressive grasp of spiritual despotism. It was *his* moral courage that first struck off the fetters of that blind Superstition which had so long shackled the minds, and degraded the altars of his country: and it was *his* sufferings and death which paved the way for that blessed period, from which we date the triumphs of national freedom and the ascendancy of the Protestant faith.

Every step of the *Reformation* was marked with the most stirring examples of fortitude, suffering, and patience on the one hand, and by the most flagrant acts of injustice, cruelty, and oppression

on the other: but in no individual instance were these facts more strikingly illustrated, than in the life and sufferings of JOHN HUSS.

From the alliance which took place in 1381 between the courts of England and Bohemia, the facilities for introducing into that country the doctrines of WICKLIFFE, were greatly increased. To these John Huss, who was then the queen's confessor, and rector of the university of Prague, became an enlightened convert; and finding that they strictly harmonized with his own preconceived opinions, he openly appeared as their zealous advocate and supporter. His high and well-earned reputation for learning; his sanctity of life and conversation; his unwearied zeal in the duties of his office; his mild and persuasive eloquence;—facts to which even the bitterest of his enemies bear reluctant testimony;—were sufficient on the one hand to give weight and credit to the cause which he had espoused, and to draw upon him

from the other, to which he stood directly opposed, the most bigotted and implacable resentment.

Whilst ordinary minds would have sunk under the accumulated weight of that embassy in which he had now embarked, and left behind them only the painful record of a glorious aim frustrated by their deficiency in moral courage, HUSS, with the spirit of an evangelist, with a mind formed to advocate the *truth* in the face of every danger, set his hand fearlessly and faithfully to the task: conducted the cause triumphantly, and left us the best monument of his apostleship in the recorded page of his martyrdom. This illustrious champion was the successor of WICKLIFFE, and the precursor of the immortal LUTHER. By a life of undeviating constancy in the cause of Truth, and a death in support of it, he opened as it were the flood-gates of the Reformation: while his successor, after the interval of a century, received and diverted the stream into a thousand fertilizing

channels. The seed which the *one* had sown in hope, the *other* watered with a watchful eye, till at length it sprang up in a plentiful and refreshing harvest.

The stormy period to which the subject refers, and of which the Poem exhibits but a single feature, was pregnant with those embryo seeds which, matured and brought forth by subsequent events, render it the most momentous epoch in the history of the Church. The annexed pages were chiefly composed within the precincts where the Great COUNCIL presided, and in sight of the spot where JOHN HUSS and JEROME OF PRAGUE expired at the stake. For the subject of the Poem I shall offer no apology: the choice of it originated from the conviction—that the blessings which we now enjoy as *Protestants*, we enjoy as the peaceable fruits of the *Martyrs'* sufferings—blessings, which even he who knows least of their sufferings, or only knows them under the oppro-



bricious stigma of fanaticism—is, nevertheless, constrained to admit as the *spolia opima* of their achievements.

The Notes appended to the text have been drawn from original and authentic sources, and will be found, it is hoped, sufficiently illustrative of the subject, as well as developing some interesting particulars connected with the Council. But should these humble pages be destined to pass the ordeal of criticism—that dreaded ‘Council of Thirty!’—it must be admitted, that it would not be difficult to shew, that the structure of the piece is composed of very ordinary materials, and that the author has evinced more than one symptom of *heresy* in his art. I can only plead the indulgence due to a first offence, and congratulate myself that I appear before a more impartial bar than that of ‘The Council of Constance.’

## ARGUMENT.

The Poem opens with a sketch of the scenery around the Lake of Constance—Ranz-des-Vaches—Evening scenes—Catholic vespers—Reflexions—The Cathedral—Roman deities and *Romish* saints—Times of the Council—The subject of the Poem introduced—Character of JOHN HUSS—Contrasted with military fame—He is cited before the Council—Journey—Character of De Klûm—Approach to Constance—Sketch of the COUNCIL—SIGISMUND—JOHN XXIII—Huss's arrival notified—The safe-conduct is violated!—Huss thrown into prison—The Cell—Power of Religion over the mind—Public audience—Eclipse of the sun—The prisoner before his judges—Violence of his persecutors—Paletz—Huss's address to the Council—Grounds of his Faith—His professions of docility, and readiness to have retracted whatever could be shewn as opposed to the Gospel—This had not been shewn—His charges against the Council—The unchristian spirit with which his trial had been conducted—Denied the aid of counsel—the true *object* of his persecutors—The immutability of his Faith—Foresees the persecutions that will follow upon his death—Foretells the victory that shall ultimately crown the disciples of his persecuted Faith—The building of the Reformed Church—Apostrophizes the Emperor—The coming of LUTHER

#### ARGUMENT.

—His Readiness to suffer for the gospel of CHRIST—His unshaken confidence in the promises of God.

The sentence of death—Ceremony of degradation—The *Anathema*—The Martyr's pious reflexions—Council are struck by his unaccountable composure and self-possession—Their anticipations frustrated—Hardy speech of the Baron de Klûm—Huss is given over to the secular power and conducted to the stake—He is exhorted to recant, but rejects the offer with heroic but christian indignation—Approach to the pile—Portraiture at the place of suffering—True greatness—He is insulted in his last prayer—He is bound to the stake and the fire kindled—The triumphant death of a Christian Martyr!

Scene after the sacrifice—His ashes collected and thrown into the Rhine—Sketch of the place of martyrdom as it now is—Tribute to Huss—Apostrophe to England—Oxford—The blood of the martyrs the seed of the church—Exhortation to preserve our Protestant Church and Throne immaculate. The Poem concludes with an apostrophe to Religion as the surest antidote against the evils and afflictions of this life, and a certain crown of rejoicing in the hour of death.

# JOHN HUSS;

OR,

## THE COUNCIL OF CONSTANCE.

---

I stood on LANGENARGHEV's leafy shore,<sup>1</sup>  
The Schwartzenwald behind me, and before  
The Suabian waters; on whose slumbering breast  
The Rhætian Alps reposed in shadowy rest:  
While faint and far, along the pine-clad height,  
The village church or watch-tower glimmered white,  
And o'er the forest frowned, in snowy swell,  
The proud and peopled cliffs of APPENZELL!

'Twas summer-tide : and Nature's brow serene,  
Breathed gladdening thoughts congenial to the scene :  
Around all beauty—all above sublime—  
Charms to detain the flying steps of Time !  
Frequent along the waters' flowery marge,  
In sail and sunshine, floated Pleasure's barge ;  
And glad from vintage-ground, the *Vignerons*,  
Poured forth the pathos of Helvetian song—  
That 'Song of Liberty,' whose quickening spell  
Can rouse the frozen chase and forest dell—  
And heard on Freedom's hills, what heart but owns  
The more than magic thrilling in its tones !

But who may tell what strong and mystic charm,  
Melts the warm heart, or nerves the warrior's arm,

---

Moulds the young wanderer of these mountains wild,  
In deeds a hero, and in heart a child ?  
But oh ! if bought by foreign bribe he roam,  
Breathe—breathe not in his ear the songs of home !  
For once in foreign camp their rapture poured,  
In vain the palsied exile grasps the sword—  
His heart dissolves in fond domestic dream,  
Such as the Hebrew dreamt by Babel stream.<sup>2</sup>

Oh, there be flowers of soil and flowers of song,  
Whereon the *sensitive* is stampt so strong,  
*Their* bloom will not adorn the stranger's land—  
*Their* voice will not be heard on alien strand !  
Their hues and tones—harmonious with their clime—  
If once transplanted, perish in their prime !

But cherished in their home, the leaf and lyre,  
Fresh blooms the flower, the song retains its fire!

Once more, from solitudes that nurse the storm,<sup>3</sup>  
In clouds where lightnings flash and whirlwinds form—  
Regions which scarce the *chamois*' feet explore,  
'Twas sweet to linger on that lovely shore!  
'Mid flowery pastures where the forest bee,  
Alights with every breeze and banquets free;  
Where summer, in her rich profusion, throws  
Around each step the perfume of the rose!

Gazing on thee, fair CONSTANCE! memory brings<sup>4</sup>  
A painful retrospect upon her wings,  
And wakes the chord of woe in pilgrim's heart—  
Yet else how fair, how beautiful thou art!

---

Lo, the blue Rhine, fresh from his Alpine source,  
Warmed in thy smile, arrests his morning course;  
And round thy walls in living chrystal thrown,  
His glassy arms embrace thee like a zone;  
And smooth their mountain-wave to form for thee  
Thy mirror lake—the beauteous BODENSEE! <sup>5</sup>

Oh, here are scenes which to the spirit bring,  
Impressions worthiest of her treasuring!  
Sweet sympathies of sight and sound: the roar  
Of rushing cataract—sounds that sink and soar—  
Freshen and faint in turn—but still renewed,  
Wake the wild chords of Nature's solitude!  
The silvan stream—the summer day's farewell—  
Are fraught with feelings, thoughts, ineffable;  
That mould the heart with their mysterious power,  
Soothe and attune each passion to the hour!



What beauty flashes from the brow of night—  
How sweet yon summits laved in setting light !  
With feudal fort and clustering hamlet strewn,  
All softly harmonized in hue and tone—  
The white wall rising from the waters' brim,  
And o'er the steep the *chalet* glancing dim  
From clouds that gather on the glaciers' rim !  
The murmuring breeze just stirs the mountain larch,  
Heaven's starry outposts strew the deepening arch,  
And twilight reigns ; but still yon Glacier glows  
In gorgeous lustre, and its burnished snows  
Break forth in blushes, while the sunbeams sleep,  
With lingering fondness, on its rosy steep !<sup>6</sup>

Along the bay, now glimmering and now bright,  
The various lattice gleams in fitful light ;

---

Far up the mountain-ridge, from long ravine,  
Like forest phantoms, flickering lamps are seen—  
The stranger's guide, which, as the shadows close,  
Conduct his steps from pastime to repose ;  
Where Freedom's social home—the *chalet's* hearth—  
Is warmed with mountain pine and native mirth ;  
Whose genial blaze and homely shelter throw,  
A barrier 'twixt the blossom and the snow !<sup>7</sup>

Dews glisten o'er the grass ; the shrinking flower  
Has bathed its buds in Eve's ambrosial shower ;  
The mountain flock is penned ; and from aloft,  
The moonbeam falls all tremulously soft,  
And silvery vapours hovering o'er the vale—  
The day-light passeth like a parting sail !

The scene, the hour, the convent's mellow chime,

Revive the spirit of departed time ;

And fitting round me forms and shadows dim,

With mystic voices swell the vesper hymn !

The Kloster-bell hath pealed abroad, and there<sup>s</sup>

The mingling worshippers have met in prayer.

High, soft, and soothing is their vesper-song,

As through the echoing aisles it floats along ;

And upward soaring, woos the spirit where

Grief cannot come, and sorrows have no share !

    But why yon burning censer?—rite divine,

And clouded incense at a mortal shrine ?

Why burns the lamp, and lowly bends the knee,

Before the shrine of earth's idolatry ?

    Ah CONSTANCE—thy bewildered homage given

To mouldering ashes, mocks the ear of heaven !

---

Those saints so proudly stalled within thy dome,  
Have but replaced the elder gods of Rome !  
Whate'er their names—howe'er in form disguised—  
Those shrines are but the heathen—canonized.<sup>9</sup>

There—listening as we stood, my Suabian guide  
With legendary lore the hour supplied—  
Creeds and traditions, treasured with the lot,  
And rights secured by blood—of *Huguenot* !  
We entered—sought the spot, and paused where stood  
Bohemia's faithful Champion of the Rood<sup>10</sup>  
Before his dark Inquisitors, whose league  
Degraded justice into church-intrigue—  
And traitors to the truth, in deep divan  
Insulted all that bindeth man to man,  
And every human feeling lulled to rest,  
Pain was their sport—their solemn oaths a jest !

Ensnared, betrayed—assailed by charges vague—  
Here shone, and set, the moral Star of Prague!<sup>11</sup>  
And here, the veil that masked the truth undrawn,  
His setting hour was Faith's unclouded dawn!

Within that proud Cathedral's lofty porch,  
Though time hath quenched red Persecution's torch—  
Yet blood hath smeared, and human sacrifice  
Smoked on its altar,—sullyng heaven's pure skies  
With incense most accursed!—Here Christian hands  
On sacred heads have heaped the blazing brands;  
While hardened prelates from their purple stall,  
In triumph watched the murderous carnival.<sup>12</sup>

And say, what had the fated Victim done,  
That thus they strove to blot him from the sun?

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What fearful treason 'gainst the church and state,  
That fire alone could glut their deadly hate?  
What was his crime?—The truth he dared to teach!  
Errors to censure—vices to impeach!  
On darkling souls to shed redeeming light,  
And scare the gloom of error's mental night!  
To drag monastic darkness into day—  
To inculcate virtue, and to lead the way!  
His spirit, spurning Superstition's reign,  
Burst brightly through, and broke her fettering chain;  
And boldly, while a threatening world looked on,  
Stood forth uncompromising and alone!—  
This was the crime the church could not forgive;  
Nor he, the victim, perpetrate—and live!<sup>13</sup>  
A nation's tears o'erflow when patriots fall;  
And well-earned trophies wreath the warrior's pall,

Whose sword hath checked rebellion in its birth—  
Retrieved some spot of territorial earth—  
Or, haply at the price of native gore,  
Hath added to his home some desert shore—  
He reaps the harvest of his ripened fame,  
And welcomes death, to leave a deathless name!

But he, the champion in a holier cause,  
Had higher aim than human tongues' applause:  
No province he with hostile sword o'erran,  
The banner which *he* bore was—*Peace to Man!*  
His passions, not his person, to subdue,  
To espouse the truth and bring the false to view;  
To rouse the thoughtless from profane repose,  
And cleanse the channel where corruption flows—  
The proud to check—the sensual to restrain—  
And feel at length his labour was not vain:

---

Then close, in furtherance of the glorious aim,  
A life of suffering in a death of shame! <sup>14</sup>

Such was the MARTYRS' meed! And dost thou ask,  
What impulse prompted to such fearful task?  
Knowest thou the value of a human soul?  
That love of truth which world's cannot controul?  
Knowest thou a brother's love—the love of Him  
Who, throned amid the songs of Cherubim—  
Yet stooped to earth, and in an earthly guise,  
Sealed with his blood thy passport to the skies?  
Then ask not why, with warmer love than life,  
The martyr launched amid the fearful strife;  
What aim inspired—what strength supplied his zeal?  
The strength was heaven's! The aim—thy spirit's weal!



“ Now,” said the COUNCIL, “ it were meet we hear,  
And judge thy doctrine in the Pontiff’s ear;  
The Truth is bold, if this thy lessons teach,  
Expound those parables thy followers preach !  
If sound and orthodox, thy creed demands  
Immediate promulgation at *thy* hands;  
If wrong, it equally imports that *we*  
Convince, and wean thee from thy heresy.  
Our spirits, moved with love and Christian ruth,  
Long to behold thy footsteps in the Truth ;  
Our hearts, the temple of one common Lord,  
Must yearn until the straggler is restored !”<sup>15</sup>

Thus spoke the COUNCIL ! Words of saintly show,  
And outward seeming, masked the impending blow :

---

Faith, peace, and charity adorned their tongue,  
But rooted in their hearts deep rancour sprung;  
So once, with sweetened but insidious breath,  
The siren-song disguised the rocks of death!

He heard and—armed with apostolic zeal,  
That stedfast purpose which the guiltless feel—  
Obeyed the summons, and rejoiced to plead  
The cause of Truth, and combat for her creed;  
And 'mid that stormy Council to oppose  
The voice of reason to the rage of foes—  
To vindicate his faith, and to disclaim  
The groundless heresies that stained his name!

He went, and, strengthened by the arm that sent,  
Taught Truth's exalted tidings as he went;  
The learned on his words delighted hung,<sup>16</sup>  
The poor upon his path with comfort clung—

Conviction from his lips in flashes broke,  
“ He speaks,” they cry, “ as priest hath never spoke!  
His arguments immortal truths impart,  
Awake the reason while they warm the heart ;  
And plant those seeds of promise which shall bring  
Our spirits’ harvest hopes, life’s second spring,  
When glorious from the darkness of the past,  
The Star of Peace shall gild our home at last !  
Fear not,” they said, “ the Council or the Judge,  
We bear thee witness ! Let no secret grudge  
Sear the cold heart or stop the candid ear,  
There honours wait thee in thy bright career ;  
And soon restored, our Bethle’m shall rejoice<sup>17</sup>  
To greet in thine her Pastor’s welcome voice !  
Our hearts are with thee—prostrate at the shrine,  
The incense of our prayers shall mount with thine !”




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They parted—shared his blessing and adieu—  
And sad and slowly to their homes withdrew ;  
There for their Pastor fervent vows were breathed,  
And flowers of triumph—prematurely wreathed !  
Alas, they little deemed that dreadful shock  
Should strike the shepherd from his cherished flock ;  
That perjured hands, and hearts deformed with guile,  
Should light the faggots round his funeral pile !

The farewell voice and filial vows had ceased,  
He journeyed on—a victim to the Feast !  
One faithful follower soothed and cheered his gloom,  
The generous and the gentle-hearted Klüm !<sup>18</sup>  
He, when the fearful or the faint fell back,  
Evinced that faith which shrinks not from the rack ;

Thro' good, thro' ill, report, unbent, unchanged,  
No danger daunted, and no threats estranged!  
He stood the test, the proof of peril's hour,  
And singly grappled with the oppressors' power,  
But felt 'twas fruitless effort to contend  
Against that wide-mouthed faction for his friend!  
All man might dare, he did; and when he failed,  
Power trampled justice down, and hate prevailed!  
What best becomes the wise, the good, the brave,  
He did—and solaced where he could not save!

Thus linked together, one in hope and heart,  
Whom nought save life's extremity could part—  
In soothing converse passed the fleeting day,  
As on they fared on their devoted way;  
Till Prague's last summits lay in shadows dim,  
Like summer clouds upon the horizon's rim;



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And slowly, as the lessening vale withdrew,  
Loud cataracts roared, dark forests frowned in view;  
The howling tempest, and the smothering wrack  
Of Alpine regions swept their savage track,  
Till, wrapt in freezing folds, the Boëhmer Waldt<sup>10</sup>  
Waved o'er the travellers in their morning halt;  
And lo, the Hercynian chain! where dawning streaks  
With crimson flood their cold and pathless peaks!  
Far 'neath their feet the whirling vapours float;  
And thro' the silvery surge, like pilot-boat,  
The partial precipice with welcome sail  
Starts forth—a land-mark to the distant vale!

In peril they passed the Regen's mountain ridge,  
O'er toppling rocks, ravine, and quivering bridge,  
Where the wild torrent in its maniac wrath,  
Ploughs up with share of foam its furious path,

Yet, drained from fountain of eternal snow,  
Converts to flowers the emerald vale below.

Again the scene was changed, and dim descried,  
A silvery crescent marked the Danube's tide;<sup>20</sup>  
And blent with deeper toll from convent-tower,  
Fresh sounds awoke the stillness of the hour:  
The eddying echoes of the *Jager's* horn,  
That peals its signal thro' the forest bourne—  
The stealthy shot that slays the flying deer,  
The march and tinkling bells of muleteer,  
Alternate met and slowly melted on the ear.

The vale expands upon their winding way,  
Bright forms emerge where morning shadows lay;  
As hopes, long cherished in prospective, rise,  
To ripen life in Faith's expectant eyes,

---

And softly realized to eye and ear  
In essence, Fancy's pictured shapes appear.

The day and journey hastening to their close,  
Helvetia's mountains reared their glacier snows ;  
Around their base waved many a peopled grove,  
And the calm lake a winding mirror wove.  
Autumnal tints had draped the forest bough,  
The river's bank, the mountain's rocky brow ;  
And scenes so sweet, so formed for human bliss,  
Spoke more than music to a heart like his,  
That never throbbed with joyous pulse but when  
The transport felt was shared with fellow men !  
And pausing oft 'mid scenes so passing fair,  
His heart expanded in spontaneous prayer,  
As oft the painful contrast was renewed,  
Of heaven's fair gifts and man's ingratitude !



White from the waters, on their western verge,  
Constance and her cathedral towers emerge ;<sup>21</sup>  
And many a cloister turret reared on high  
Deployed its papal standard to the sky.  
Their steps were by the lake—and tipt with fire,  
The westering sun had gilt each holy spire —  
Called forth in bold relief yon summits bald,  
And tinged with gold the waving Schwartzewald !  
    Sounds multiplied—along the living bay,  
The pilgrim-chaunt, in long responsive lay,  
'Mid harsher sounds that hushed the river's flow,  
Struck fitfully, and floated to and fro.  
The yeoman's tread, the tramp of cuirassier,  
Flung their rude discord on the stranger's ear,  
Conspiring echoes laboured to prolong  
The palmer's dirge, the soldier's wassail-song.

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In every breath the freighted breezes bring  
The motley sacrifice upon their wing—  
The sounds of worship and the shouts of war,  
The cross contrasted with the scimitar—  
Lamps glimmering from each shrine, the rosy air  
Warm with the incense of the evening prayer!

'Twas here the COUNCIL met—and Constance then  
Enclosed the CHURCH'S wisest, holiest men—<sup>22</sup>  
Men who were bound by apostolic vow  
To nurse her vines and lop the straggling bough,  
To prune luxuriant shoots, and wisely shear  
Each wasteful sapling, that the stem might bear.  
A mighty host of evangelic lights,  
All wakeful champions in their church's rights!

Palmer and patriarch—priests of every clime—  
Rich vessels freighted with the truth sublime—  
Who, with unfainting heart, unwearied hands,  
Had nursed the germs of faith on gentile lands,  
And scattering darkness, like the moral sun,  
From east to west their course of light had run!  
And now with hearts of glowing zeal they came,  
To extirpate Heresy's ungodly flame,  
And blot from earth its leader and its name!

In crowds assembling, and assembled, there,  
Monks left their cell—as wolves their mountain lair :  
From each monastic shade and sainted shrine,  
That feeds the votive lamps of Palestine—  
Like stream that swells from solitary rill,  
The tide collects :—From Horeb's holy hill,

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From Jordan's banks and Sinai's sacred steep,  
To where the Bosphorus' stormy billows sweep—  
From Hermon's rocks, and Calvary's palmy breast,  
The dense Crusade came gathering to the west ;  
Threading the Alps by many a stern defile,  
To plant the cross in sight of Lindau's isle ;  
And thence to sally at the Church's word,  
And for the crosier, substitute the sword !  
France, Spain, Hesperia, and each northern shore,  
Like stragglers to the fold, their thousands pour—  
Despatch their Delegates—prince—prelate—priest,  
To swell the pomp of Œcumenic feast !

There, meteor-like, amid that host of stars,<sup>23</sup>  
His papal sword well tried in Moslem wars,

The *Kaiser*—Rome's hereditary king,  
Presided proudly in his courtly ring ;  
While Graf and Margraf, Prince and Palatine,  
Steel barons from each bastion on the Rhine,  
With whetted swords obeyed the church's call,  
And lent their myrmidons to man her wall ;  
That so, when arguments of *truth* should fail,  
The sterner one of *steel* might turn the scale ;  
And with brute force, as need might be, supply  
A prompt resource for royal perfidy !

But shameful, short is triumph where the sword  
Gleams not in sacred keeping with the word !  
Hearts reprobate, recorded deeds encrust  
The traitor's scutcheon with perpetual rust !

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The regal sceptre to the hand may cling,  
And gold may give the glitter of a king ;  
But honour, spotless honour, is the gem  
That sheds the *glory* on his diadem !

There, with usurped tiara, at their head<sup>24</sup>  
The bandit Pope his hooded vassals led,  
Cowl, helm, and mitre, armed and sandalled feet  
A motley crowd, that met in every street ;  
In courts within, in tents beyond the wall,  
Religious licence kept her festival :  
Soldiers in barracks, prelates at the bar,  
Double in dealing, waged a double war !  
Here mass was said, there rival spears were bent,  
Priests talked of power, and knights of tournament ;

Monastic lords, and lordly monks, whose power  
Might well illustrate Rome's meridian hour!  
There—if with sacrilegious pen I dare  
Recal one blot where all was seeming fair!<sup>25</sup>—  
There lute and cithern roused the midnight dance,  
And called to revel rosary and lance.  
Ah, light was Pleasure's step in yon high hall  
Where papal sanction blessed her festival!  
When mitred head and sceptred hand had met,  
And saint and sinner languished in her net!  
There lips that smiled, fair hands that scattered flowers,  
And sparkling in the light of sunnier bowers,  
The lode-star eyes of oriental isles<sup>26</sup>  
Had set their watch of witchery and wiles;  
Nor set in vain—to light their revels up,  
The monk and cloistered maiden pledged the cup!



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And, sweetly o'er the goblet's ruby rim,  
With freshened fervour rose their vesper hymn!

There sate the Siren-queen in crowded court,  
And from the Church's bounty drew support!  
Beneath its fostering eye her fair recruits  
Made market of their smiles, and strung their lutes  
In warbling incense at the shrine of shame,  
But paid the *tribute*—and preserved their fame<sup>27</sup> —  
Spread a rich banquet where luxurious priest  
Might drown his cares in Lupercalian feast!

O CONSTANCE! balm for every sin hadst thou—  
Miraculous shrines that solved unhallowed vow!  
Delusion's blinded dupes, whom Palmer fed  
With mental poison, and pronounced it bread!



For whom the friar his venal rosary strang,  
And capuchin composed his wild harangue.  
All holy men!—versed in all sacred things,  
Whose speech, like stream that flows from hallowed springs,  
On listening ears with dewy freshness fell,  
And spread the power of church *infallible!*

As pastime beckoned each obeyed the call,  
And purchased pleasure at the indulgence-stall;  
Where every sin that sullies human mould  
Had ready sanction for the sinner's gold!  
Where priest, for one small fraction from thy purse,  
Pronounced thy pardon, and annulled thy curse,  
Glossed o'er thy guilty heart, howe'er impure,  
And guaranteed thee Paradise secure!  
Where Papal edict—pander's price to win,  
Summed up the lucre, and absolved the sin!<sup>28</sup>

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Such Constance wast thou—such the motley guests  
That thronged thy gates with helmed and hooded crests!  
Frequent at mass, and fervent in their prayers,  
One seeming, sole, momentous aim was theirs!  
And as they launched into polemic storm,  
The watchword of the Council was—*Reform!*<sup>29</sup>  
“Reform—reform! lop off licentious shoot,  
Pluck up the tree of Error by the root!”

Such, Constance, wast thou when, in fearful hour  
The Martyr passed those gates, and felt thy power:  
The cold deceit and well concerted snare,  
With which thy beagles met their victim there;  
When deaf to Justice, deaf to Nature's call,  
Thy milk of mercy curdled into gall!  
And stamped a curse upon that guilty day,  
Which all thine incense cannot cleanse away!<sup>30</sup>

The Conclave met—her ministers of wrath  
With snaring lips beset the martyr's path :—  
“ So steeped in heresy,” they cried, “ each charge,  
The Church commands we leave not such at large,  
Lest, wiser than their prudent pastors grown,  
The flock decide from reasonings of their own ;  
And, drunk with this new wine, dare to deride  
The precepts taught them as their surest guide ;  
Espouse whate'er this novel creed accords,  
And spurn our Council with rebellious swords !  
Such must not be ! We stand on peril's brink  
If for themselves the flock presume to think ;  
Our holy Church decrees in righteous ire,<sup>31</sup>  
That every rebel branch be purged with fire !  
Whose word shall question her maternal right.  
Impugn her doctrine or impede its light ;

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And we, her delegates, with well-timed power,  
Must crush the noxious plant, to spare the flower!"

This said, the dreariest cell the warder knows  
Immured the passive prisoner and his woes.<sup>36</sup>  
There, torn from all save intercourse with Heaven,  
And from his side consoling friendship driven,  
The Council stopt their ears to his appeal,  
And doled, thro' grated bars, the bitter meal,  
The felon's bread and water ;—breathing where  
Each breath was poison in that baleful air!

There, pent within that dungeon's narrow bourne—  
No shadow brightened in the beam of morn ;  
Nor twilight struggling thro' its lattice grim,  
Disclosed a spot to stretch the languid limb !

No fostering couch received his fainting head—  
The floor of sullen granite formed his bed ;  
While dungeon-drops condensing o'er the cell,  
Cold on the fettered captive's bosom fell !

He pined—but murmured not, nor sought to win  
*External solace—his was from within !*

That mental heaven which earthly succour scorns,  
And smooths to down the Christian's bed of thorns !

Who trusts to man, trusts to a broken reed—

His trust was Heaven, it heard him in his need !

O'er every wound instilled a soothing balm,

And wrapt his spirit in its holy calm !

Serene—he felt the shackles' weak controul,

That galled the flesh, but could not bind the soul

Which, 'mid repeated pangs and racks renewed

And nature's sinking frame, soared unsubdued !.



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Celestial ministrings of viewless mind  
Revived the spirit, while the body pined ;  
The stings of wrong and injured rights suppressed,  
And poured the oil of gladness on his breast !  
He saw a hand that beckoned from the skies—  
That told the morn of his release should rise,  
And, after this long night of suffering, bring  
The Dove of Peace, with healing in her wing !

Seven dreary months, in long protracted pain,  
The patient Captive wore the oppressors' chain ;<sup>31</sup>  
Dragged to their judgment-seat from time to time,  
Mock trials had matured their scheme of crime,  
And in the imposing forms of Justice drest  
Dark Bigotry applied her papal test ;

While monks, in attributes of mercy clothed,  
Called loudly for the blood of him they loathed !  
With impious lips adjuring heaven to mark  
The obdurate bearing of the *Heresiarch* !  
To truth's appeal they lent the serpent's ear  
And shed the crocodile's insidious tear !

Now came the hour when unrelenting wrath  
Arose to sweep the martyr from her path,  
When papal rancour had prepared to shed  
Her treasured vengeance on the sufferer's head !

The night had waned :—but darkness and dismay  
Rose with the dawn, and blotted out the day !<sup>34</sup>  
Deep clouds of omen in their fearful power  
Like midnight shadows veiled the matin-hour !

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And darkest, where meandering Muldau flows,  
On Prague prophetic darkness seemed to close ;  
As if the sun had quenched the torch of time,  
And shrunk to gaze on such inhuman crime,  
Veiled the dark moment from his conscious light,  
And wrapt the coming deed in kindred night !  
The Council's Warder, struck with sudden fear,  
Dropt from his palsied hand the Papal spear,  
While hurrying feet, and wailings to and fro,  
Spread the wild panic of impending woe !  
The monk stood dumb before the darkened shrine,  
The prelates shook as they beheld the sign ;  
With faltering hands they reared the cross on high,  
To wipe such dismal boding from the sky !  
Or, 'mid their hoarded Relics deep retired,  
Poured forth the homage sudden fears inspired !



Not so the Council's Prisoner!—To him  
The shrouded sun made not the day more dim :  
Morning and midnight found his cell the same,  
But o'er his soul untroubled sunshine came !  
A lambent light which darkness could not shroud,  
Nor day bestow, relieved the sombre cloud !

Morn dawned afresh—The second watch was spent—  
And light once more revealed the firmament.  
The hovering cloud of Heaven's displeasure gone,  
The Council met, and LODI led them on ! <sup>35</sup>  
They range the bar, they plant the sentinel,  
And drag the prisoner from his durance cell.

Faint with long watching, worn with fruitless toil,  
He came—each step upon volcanic soil !

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Beneath her ban, and at the Church's bar,  
In lonely brightness—like devoted star  
Whose beam, so baneful to the Church's weal,  
Her hands must quench with prompt and godly zeal!  
Lest deeds, which spread and prosper in the night,  
Should risk exposure from its dreaded light!  
For well each minion knew her sceptre's power,  
Had widest sway in Europe's darkest hour—  
That Superstition's cords must cease to bind,  
Where Reason sheds her lustre on the mind!

The cell and sickness, and the wasting thought,  
Stern changes on the Martyr's form had wrought:  
His locks, that whilom fell in glossy flow,  
Sorrow had thinned and sprinkled o'er with snow!  
His look was wan—familiarized to pain,  
The burning temple and the throbbing vein;—

The long deep watch, the dungeon's noisome air,  
And midnight lamp, had left their traces there!  
His cheek the tear had channelled, and his brow  
Betrayed the furrowy trace of Sorrow's plough!  
And pale as flowery orphans of the sun  
That droop their leaves where spider's web is spun!  
But as some pillar of yon Alpine chain,  
When clouds and darkness wrap the sombre plain,  
And fling their mantle-folds upon its form—  
Sublimely towers above the gathering storm,  
And basks serene amid the smile of Heaven—  
While round its girdle thunder-clouds are driven!  
So he, unshaken on celestial ground,  
Surveyed the sullen storm that brooded round—  
Looked up to Him, whose will man's wrath obeys,  
Who tunes the blustering tempest to his praise!

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True to their trust, the accusers' tongues were sharp,  
Prompt to pervert the truth, and wise to warp :  
The insidious slanderers set them in array,  
Vented their spite, and gave their venom play.  
So, boldly forged, and in its poison strong,  
Each charge was welcome that could work him wrong ;  
While PALETZ raved, the loudest and the last,<sup>36</sup>  
And on his friend the bold aspersion cast !  
Unswayed by aught that generous bosoms feel,  
Betraying friendship with fanatic zeal  
Charge followed charge, in fiery tissue strung,  
Gall in his heart, and wormwood on his tongue !

The asp hath poison, but its sting is slow  
To his—the *friend*—whom malice makes thy foe !

Coiled round the heart, 'tis his with scorpion skill  
To inflict the venom were 'twill soonest kill—  
To watch its workings in the struggling breath,  
The glazing eye, and livid lip of death!

With spirit unappalled, the Martyr heard  
The thousand heresies his foes preferred,  
With truth's calm dignity their rage withstood,  
Repelled each charge in mild and Christian mood:  
So did his powerful arguments confute  
Each dark and groundless charge—the monks were mute!  
Galled with a sense of guilt, they could not brook  
The upbraiding glance in his commanding look;  
A mightier power than that their hands abused,  
Smote on their hearts—abashed and self-accused  
The inward struggle and fermenting brain  
Betrayed their vengeance held with easy rein—

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Their minds' dark current mantling to the face,  
And hatred flashing thro' its fever-trace!  
They murmured deep—till fiercer from the pause,  
With passion armed, strong in perverted laws,  
And chosen scourge of Rome's imputed foes—  
The Council's frantic organ—LODI rose!

“ More wouldst thou urge,” he cried, “ in vague defence?  
Proceed!—The church would joyfully dispense  
Mercy, where meekness and contrition plead,  
But from her vineyard must uproot each weed  
That mars the wholesome growth of heavenly seed!  
Why sentence be delayed, nor judgment done?  
If cause thou canst allege, say on—say on!”

“ FATHERS!” the Martyr answered, “ Well I know  
Speech may protract, but not avert the blow;

That all which truth or candour might allege,  
Would only whet your rancour's keener edge!

“ Deeming your bar the type of that above,  
All filial reverence and fraternal love;  
Each heart devoted to one mighty Cause,  
A living comment on our Master's laws;  
I came your christian counsel to bespeak,  
To learn from holier lips the path I seek,  
And, even my cherished tenets to abjure,  
If ye had proved them, as denounced, impure!  
Thus, brighter prospects opened to my view,  
The truth had flourished where the error grew!  
But blind with rancour—reason's voice subdued,  
Ye spurned the boon, and darker steps pursued :



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Ungrounded prejudice and rankling hate  
Have ruled your counsels, marring cool debate—  
Rights which invest the lowliest of the land,  
Ye wrested from me with a tyrant's hand! <sup>37</sup>  
While venal tongues, suborned for guilty charge,  
And purchased slanders, have been heard at large,  
My creed hath been proscribed—and, crushed unheard,  
In mockery's ear my cause hath been preferred!

“ My Faith is not the dream of fervid youth,  
That fans the passions and perverts the truth:  
No fond delusion, which the lapse of time  
Hath sanctioned once, and strengthened into crime!  
Whate'er the Church inculcates—every source  
Of sacred lore hath led me in my course!



My life's long task to weigh the vast amount  
From sainted fathers to the church's Fount—  
To treasure what they taught, and joy to view  
The cheering light that on my labours grew !  
God's glory, and the good of man, my guide,  
The fortitude thus gathered shall abide  
Wrongs, scoffs, and calumny's impoisoned breath,  
The test of torture, and the stroke of death !

“ Pursuing truth thro' error's wildering path,  
Kindling at every step unseemly wrath,  
Your secret counsel hath not been to save  
The heart that pants for truth, but to enslave—  
To rack your victim till, with recreant breath,  
His strength should falter in the face of death !

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Extort confession from the lips of pain—  
Such was your purpose: Now behold how vain<sup>38</sup>—  
How vain the hope! Your wrath may work its worst,  
But heaven's firm purpose shall survive the first  
Unworthy offering! I shall leave behind,  
While more shall rise, who on their breasts will bind  
The christian buckler, and that cause I leave  
In bud and promise—others shall achieve  
And crown with triumph, ere a century run,  
The work these feeble hands have but begun!<sup>39</sup>

“ Tho' bought with blood, a remnant shall be found  
To plant the gospel on a purer ground,  
No lawless force shall daunt, no fire subdue,  
Nor hirelings crush, for Heaven will guard the few!

Light shall descend, and priests with holier hands  
Surround the shrines of these benighted lands—  
Exalted souls—whose vigour shall not pause,  
Till true Religion vindicate her cause!  
Tho' persecuted, they shall find a place  
To sow the seed, and reap the fruits of grace!  
The blood they shed—the perils they endure—  
For conscience' sake, shall blessed boon secure!  
Tho' bitter tears may mingle with the seed,  
Their sufferings shall transmit a glorious Creed—  
A harvest, which the joyous reaper-band  
Shall gather with unfettered heart and hand!

“ The Moral dawn, as yet a feeble ray,  
Shall strengthen in its course to perfect day.



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Glad tidings shall go forth—the just shall hear  
The joyful steps of gospel messenger!  
Whose voice, like that which thundered from the cloud,  
Shall cheer the faithful, and confound the proud!  
Whose hands shall spread, and heavenly succour guide  
The living streams of Reformation's tide—  
Read their high mission in the ears of all:  
'The just shall live by faith'—the faithless fall!  
And Superstition's soul-enslaving sway,  
Shrink like a vapour in the kindling day.

“Though after me, the block and bloody field  
May thin my scattered flock, their sons shall build  
A Church on high, and sanctify the place  
With holier practice and a happier race;

And, at its root their fathers' ashes laid,  
A tree shall rise, whose leaf shall never fade !  
Where that dread Name, our trembling hearts adore,  
Shrined in the soul, shall dwell for evermore.

“ ‘ Lord of that earthly sceptre—Whose the seal  
That sped me hither for the common weal?—<sup>40</sup>  
Who pledged my safe return?—Whose royal sign  
Stood as the hostage for thy *faith* and mine?—  
Whose passport pent me in a dungeon-cell?  
All—all were thine!—That blush becomes thee well !  
In luckless hour, thy Safeguard was my trust—  
Its words were writ on water, traced in dust !  
I judge thee not—Pray heaven thy servants be  
More faithful in thy cause, than thou to me!’



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“ Betrayed and branded thus—’tis meet your hands  
Inflict the doom vindictive power commands.  
Beheld your victim!—will it soothe your ire  
To blanch these bones in the devouring fire?  
Then cast your passive victim to the pile,  
Surround the sacrifice, and watch the while!  
This feeble flesh may shrink amid the flame,  
And death’s dissolving throes convulse my frame—  
Your hands may gather what the fire shall leave,  
And strew my ashes on the stream at eve;  
Yet that, with which your vengeance cannot strive,  
The voice ye thus would smother, shall survive  
Unsilenced—unsubdued! The God I serve  
Hath spoken to my soul and cannot swerve—  
His promise is my pledge, his word my trust!  
Your wrath can but reduce this dross to dust:

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But from that dust the spirit shall retire  
Like gold, the purer from the purging fire!  
While in your memories wild remorse's fang  
Shall light her fire, and plant a deathless pang!" 41

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He had proceeded—but his voice was hushed  
In sudden clamour; armed satellites rushed  
Through the conflicting crowd, and hireling swords  
Waved o'er him—but less wounding than his words!  
So did his candour touch, his courage thrill,  
The stony heart and sway the stubborn will;  
The Court in fear concentrated their force  
To check the bearing of such bold discourse!  
With which compared, in power and fervour, this—  
A weak and soulless transcript—bears to his

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Such faint proportion as an abstract ray  
Bears to the full and fervid blaze of day !

The storm subsided, and the sentence past—  
Hate blew the trump, Hell echoed to the blast ;  
And as they doomed to death the god-like man,  
A shout of triumph shook the VATICAN !  
And frantic with the sound, fanatic Zeal  
Brandished her torch, and bared her bloody steel !

'Tis done—Arrayed in ignominious guise,  
The sacred stole was rent before his eyes—<sup>42</sup>  
The *tonsure*, mark of holy priesthood, shorn—  
Branded with infamy and bitter scorn—  
A mock tiara on his head they raised,  
Where types of hell and horrid phantoms blazed.



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“ Thus”—cried the Prelates, with exulting breath—<sup>43</sup>  
“ Thus we devote thee to the second death!  
Thus of thy labours wear the accursed crown!  
Reap thy reward in heaven’s eternal frown!  
And hence—the whirlwind of consuming wrath  
Pursue thy spirit on its fiery path!”

“ ’Tis well”—the Martyr cried—“ to suffer this  
For HIM, whose sufferings are the steps to bliss!  
For Him who, thus arrayed in Pilate’s hall,  
Withstood the scoff of the blasphemers’ gall!  
Whose love for sinful man regarded not  
The thorns that crowned him, or the hands that smote—  
’Tis joy to suffer thus—to share the scorn,  
And bear unmurmuring what my God hath borne!”<sup>44</sup>

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“Whence,” communed they, “may such assurance come?  
Doth not thy doom each torpid sense benumb?  
Hard Heretic! Soon shall we see the sting  
Of conscience roused, thy tortured bosom wring!  
Soon shall that feigned composure in thine air  
Be darkened in thy spirit’s wild despair!  
’Tis but a moment—Hardihood in crime  
And stubborn vice have steeled thee for a time.”

They watched in vain!—with longing eye and ear  
Some sign, or sound, of feebleness or fear—  
They watched in vain!—Radiant with hope, his cheek  
Nor flushed, nor blanched, with one betraying streak!  
Surprise nor terror mingled in his look,  
No lineament was changed, no sinew shook;

Strength fitted to the hour had nerved his frame,  
Disarmed the words that doomed him to the flame!  
And harmless on his heart and listening ear  
Scatheless the thunder struck, but could not sear.

But as the Prelate's lips pronounced his doom,  
Forth 'mid the Conclave strode the brave De Klûm.<sup>45</sup>

“ If I had known”—and on the warrior's face  
The indignant flush had stamp'd its fever-trace—

“ If I had known ye thirsted thus for blood—  
That guile so deadly lurked beneath the rood—  
By me your Council—shall I say of men?—  
Had been regarded as the tiger's den,

Where foot that enters fares not forth agen!

“ Though not the first among Bohemia's lords,  
(Albeit I marshal trusty hearts and swords)

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I boast a Baron's hall—home to invite  
The injured sufferer in the cause of right !  
And there, the friendless victim at your bar,  
Had heard unscathed the hurricane of war—  
Nay, if such need had been, a higher power  
Had sent him succour suited to the hour—  
Such power as had defied imperial host—  
But this our overweening trust hath lost !  
That blood your breach of public faith has bought,  
A fearful lesson to the land hath taught !  
Look ye to it—When public faith is gone  
Snapt are the sinews of the church and throne.  
Our ill-placed faith as lieges we deplore,  
And where we trusted once—we trust no more !”

Judged and condemned—the same unhallowed hour  
Consigned the Martyr to the secular power; <sup>46</sup>

Whose ready falchions round their victim gleam,  
Prompt to perform the papal anatheme !  
The noble led—the vulgar lined the way—  
And Court and Conclave cried—“ A Holiday !”<sup>47</sup>

Sullen and slow from yon Cathedral's arch  
The tide flowed forth ; and monks in solemn march,  
Surrounded by their serried spears, led on  
The passive victim to his fiery throne !—  
Beyond the gate was seen the gathering pile,  
Where Malice watched, and Mercy wept the while ;  
And near the palace, 'mid that motley throng,  
A costly fire was blazing fierce and strong :  
Fed by unhallowed hands, the farnace heaves  
Red with the refuse of heretic leaves<sup>48</sup>—

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Where his, with Wickliff's works on vapour driven,  
Rose with the record of their faith to heaven!

Before the flame they bid the prisoner pause,  
And tremble at the forfeits of his cause!  
With well-feigned sympathy they strove to rouse  
Some qualm of staggered conscience, to espouse  
Their papal creed—"Recant, recant!" they cried:<sup>49</sup>  
"Thy faith renounced—thy heresies denied—  
Due penance done—from awful doom reprieved,  
Still may thy tardy grief be well received.  
Recant! Implore the Church's sheltering wing!  
Nor madly to thine own perdition cling—  
Brave with rebellious heart the wrath of heaven  
And rush to hell all hopeless and unshriven!

Consult the welfare of thy soul, nor lose  
The Church's pity"—“Nay—The path I chose  
Unchanging I pursue—in faith rejoice  
To seal with blood my soul's unfaltering choice!  
Your Council's proffered mercy suits not me.  
Existence purchased by apostacy?  
Away!—I welcome what thy words retard—  
That doom which, hastened, hastens my reward!  
Had fear possessed my heart or chilled my brow,  
I had not been where thou behold'st me now!  
To thee—to mock disciples of the Rood—  
Fearful the dream of death by fire or flood:  
But oh, to him, whose home is in the skies,  
It matters naught where, when, or how he dies—  
Welcome alike the means, whate'er the form,  
The mercy that would snatch him from the storm!

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*His* treasure safe, unscathed by fire or block,  
The spirit soars triumphant from the shock!—  
But follow—watch me—Learn from conquered pain  
The creed I taught, was not professed in vain:  
For now the ordeal of its truth is nigh,  
And thou shalt see how *heretics* can die!”

The monk was mute. In front the pyre appeared  
Where Rome her tribunal of torture reared—  
The fiercest engine of her vengeance—all  
That might o’erwhelm his courage, or appal  
The eye of flesh!—But more exalted his  
Therein beheld the threshold of his bliss!  
In his calm look, where heaven’s fair light was shed,  
They saw no fear—no recreant symptom read:



No passing trait of sordid earth had place—  
But in the pale repose that lit his face  
There shone that placid light, those hues that lie  
Like hope entranced on summer's evening sky—  
That softened radiance which the sunset flings  
O'er the fair framework of terrestrial things ;  
And, as it beams its last on mortal eyes,  
Sets—the bright herald of a brighter rise !  
Nor papal curse nor torture could controul  
His mind's deep majesty : Peace on his soul  
Spread forth her shadowless and sunny wing,  
And Faith dispelled death's fearful colouring !

Oh, in this world where man's ambition leads,  
Where lust of fame impels to fearless deeds—

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Where life is lavished for a flattering breath,  
And garlands purchased at the price of death—  
Of all the glorious paths that men pursue  
This—this alone can fix the wondering view,  
The man of lofty and enlightened mind !  
Who—earth's low bribes cast scornfully behind—  
Unswayed by passion, unsubdued by force,  
Knows one sole leader in his earthly course—  
Truth for his bulwark—Conscience for his guide—  
Unawed he meets and stems the raging tide !  
His slender bark the roaring surge may overwhelm  
But cannot shake the pilot at the helm !  
Snares may beset, and sorrows cloud his path,  
And man exhaust the terrors of his wrath,  
Yet, 'mid the thunder's crash, the torrent's swell,  
Unawed, unshrinking, and invincible—

With Virtue's sunshine gladdening all his ways,  
Man's wrath is homage, and his hatred praise!  
A light, a power, that brooks not earth's controul,  
Directs his steps and fortifies his soul!  
Harmless o'er him destruction's wheel is driven,  
He bleeds, and dies—but keeps his faith with heaven!

He knelt—His hands were spread in earnest prayer,<sup>50</sup>  
And words of saintly fervour filled the air;  
His dying lips invoked that worshipped Name  
Whence all his hopes and his redemption came:  
He craved forgiveness—freely he forgave  
The doom, which e'en denied his bones a grave!

His face was toward the east—But ere he rose  
They turned him rudely where the river flows—<sup>51</sup>

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“ ’Twas sin,” they cried, “ such Heretic should see  
The blessed East in his last agony !”

’Twas done—his look now lingered on the west,  
Its glorious sun, the pledge of happy rest,  
Like glowing herald of th’ empyreal dome  
Sent to conduct his parting spirit home !

Encircled round with sword and bristling spear,  
Loud curse and clamour stun the startled ear :  
While monks and hireling bigots light their brands,  
And bind with wetted cords the Martyr’s hands.  
With many a taunting scoff and bitter smile  
They bid him mount his throne—the kindling pile !

With fearless step the mandate is obeyed,  
The torch is lit—the Sacrifice arrayed ! <sup>52</sup>  
Prayer on his lips, his record in the sky,  
His brow serene, hope beaming in his eye :

Such joy diffused on his majestic mien,  
Such dignity amid that fearful scene :  
To him, the pyre was as a victor's car—  
The scene a feast, the torch a nuptial star—  
Like bridegroom, when his heart's betrothed flower  
Is borne in triumph to his bridal-bower !

Fast to the stake his passive breast they bound  
And fierce the ignited faggots' flashed around !  
While forth, like incense from the censer's blaze,  
There flowed the voice of victory and praise.<sup>63</sup>  
Each dying accent of his earthly hymn  
Called forth response from hovering seraphim ;  
Whose charge was to embalm the sainted breath,  
To soothe the pang and blunt the sting of death,



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from its burning shrine—refined, forgiven—  
spirit fled—a sacrifice to heaven!

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'Tis done—The record of the day is sealed,  
And smouldering ashes strew the dismal field.—  
'Tis done!—the gyves are burst—the cords unbound—  
The pang is vanished, and the Martyr crowned!—  
The tabernacle, which so lately shrined  
The mystic essence of a heavenly mind—  
Like the frail remnant of some fearful storm—  
In vain dust—hath left no shadow of its form;  
While every breath that fans the smoking heap,  
Awakes into life the reddening embers' sleep!

Even this—the Martyr's dust—long ere 'twas cold,  
They gathered with rude mattocks from the mould;

Wide to the winds, and on the waters, strewn—  
“ Be this,” they cried, “ thy monumental stone !<sup>54</sup>  
That all who own thy sect, and seek thy grave,  
May sift the wind, and search the Rhenish wave !”

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The scene hath changed— Fresh verdure clothes the field<sup>55</sup>  
And flowers the spot, where Truth her record sealed :  
Mild summer beauty slumbers on the soil  
Where that high spirit burst its earthly coil.  
But hither oft the pilgrim’s steps are led,  
Fresh hopes are treasured, while the tear is shed—  
Oft from Bohemia’s sunny hills they come  
To pause upon that place of martyrdom !  
And send with grateful hearts their song to heaven  
That such a champion in their cause was given—



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Who, fixed in his firm faith, before the world  
The standard of his purer creed unfurled—  
And reckless of its smiles, its power, or wrath,  
Pursued one pure uncompromising path—  
By threats unscared, by papal bribes unbought,  
He ratified in death the truths he taught :  
Shook off thy thralldom, favoured Huguenot !  
And from the grasp of thy oppressors smote  
Those chains that bound thee with their vile controul,  
Enslaved thy body and ensnared thy soul !

ENGLAND ! the light was *thine* with which he glowed !  
*Thy* hallowed shades the source from which it flowed !  
First kindled in thy bowers, the Gospel-beam  
That cheered the *Isis*, gladdened *Muldau's* stream !



Diffused, and fostered there, the glorious ray  
Warmed where it went, and ripened into day!  
For HUSS, the stern disciple of thy SON,  
Pursued the course his prototype had run:—  
In heaven's high cause gave all that man could give  
And died its Martyr—that the Truth might live!

And thou, our land's HIGH ALTAR! quenchless burn  
The halo-light of Wycliffe's plundered urn!<sup>56</sup>  
Thine were the watch-towers of our Faith—thy bowers  
Her beacon-lights in England's darkest hours!  
Still o'er thy shrines unsullied Truth preside—  
That Truth for which thy martyred sons have died!  
'Twas theirs to plant, in pain, the favoured shoot—  
'Tis ours to reap, in peace, the promised fruit!

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By them the bulwark of our Faith was built,  
Our Church cemented by the blood they spilt!  
And are we then but slumberers on her wall?  
Slow sentinels that start not to the call?  
“ Transmit,” she cries, “ unsullied, unimpaired,  
That bright inheritance thy home has shared!  
To latest time the hallowed boon transfer,  
The creed of CRANMER—RIDLEY—LATIMER!<sup>57</sup>  
Couldst thou behold dishonoured by thy side  
That banner which thy fathers bore with pride  
Thro’ field and flood? and for their glorious creed—  
Their country’s bulwark—thought it bliss to bleed?  
No—thine the Patriot and the Christian’s part!  
The firm in purpose and the pure in heart!  
The flood that would assail thee boldly stem,  
And in thy bosom bind the treasured gem!

The patent of unrivalled power is thine,  
The brightest sceptre with the purest shrine!"

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O THOU, whose light when that of life departs,  
The sparkling cynosure of drooping hearts!  
Whose smile can scatter flowers on Nature's tomb,  
And breathe o'er withered hopes eternal bloom—  
O thou that link'st the human with divine,  
That light—RELIGION! and that bloom are thine!  
Sole antidote to earth's severest woes,  
The sparkling fountain of the heart's repose!  
Our trust on earth, our passport to the sky—  
The Christian's shield, the Martyr's panoply!  
That pluck from wounded heart the rankling sting,  
And soothe life's winter with the voice of spring!




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Strong in thy strength, in life's most trying hour,  
Confiding souls have bless'd thy sovereign power ;  
And, torture-proof, poured from expiring lips  
The hopes that triumph over Time's eclipse!  
And, like the desert-symbol raised on high,<sup>58</sup>  
Impart new lustre to the closing eye!

When o'er our head life's storms are lowering dark  
THOU art the helm and anchor to our bark !  
Thou calm'st the tempest—smooth'st the brow of care,  
Dispell'st the shade, and plantest sunshine there :—  
Sure pledge of peace—when Nature's voice is dumb—  
Of warfare ended and rewards to come!  
Thy watchword—" Firmly present ills endure,  
And in the cloudless future seek their cure !"

The clouds that hover o'er the pilgrim's way,  
Are but the harbingers of brighter day—  
Though round his head collecting darkness form,  
He hails the cross that gleams athwart the storm!

When sorrows lower, when health or pleasures fly,  
Thou art the rainbow of our mental sky!  
Our sun and solace, when the heart is wrung—  
Balm to the bosom, when its peace is stung!  
Our lamp in darkness, and our life in death—  
A glory that survives th' arrested breath—  
A living flower the lightning cannot scathe—  
The richest gem upon the robe of Faith!  
A crown of life, from lengthened travail won—  
The guide to glory when our course is run!



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A pharos, in the whelming breaker's roar,  
Lighting the weary to a welcome shore !  
Oh, thou art more than human thought can frame—  
Than worlds can purchase—more than tongue can name !  
Thou light'st thy torch at life's expiring breath,  
And plum'st thy wings upon the bed of death !



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**NOTES.**

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## NOTES.

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### 1.

#### *I stood on Langenarghen's leafy shore.*

Langenarghen, on the Suabian shores of the lake, commands a most sublime and] variegated prospect. Immediately in front are the beautiful shores of Arbon, Rhineck, and Roschack; over these the hills rise in gradation till they merge into the snowy Alps. On the right are the towers of Constance; to the left, and on the extremity of the lake, are seen the beautiful island of [Lindau, the] heights of Breghentz, and, in the back ground, the mountains of the Tyrol; behind are the Black Forest, and part of the territories of Wirtemberg, Baden, and Bavaria.

### 2.

#### *Such as the Hebrew dreamt by Babel stream.*

“ By Babel-stream we sat and wept,  
When Zion we thought on;  
In midst thereof we hung our harps  
The willow-trees upon,” &c.

See Psalm cxxxvii., as it is simply and affectingly rendered in the translation appointed by the kirk of Scotland.—The effect of the *Ranz-des-Vaches* upon the Swiss soldier engaged

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in foreign service is familiar to every one. In the Swiss regiments employed in the French army, this *air* was prohibited, in order to prevent desertions. The Scottish mountaineer is subject to the same sort of *attendrissement*, on listening to the plaintive air of "*Lochaber*." *Nostalgia*, indeed, is an affection which all have felt, more or less acutely, who have been long absent from their native country,—from Ovid in Pontus down to the private in a marching regiment:—

Nescio quâ natale solum dulcedine cunctos

Ducit et immemores non sinit esse sui.

*Bernis* has some beautiful lines on this subject beginning—  
"Amour des nos foyers," &c.

3.

*Once more, from solitudes that nurse the storm.*

The author, having previously passed and repassed the Alps, and been familiar with the sublime horrors which preside over these awful solitudes, felt his mind sensibly awakened to the beauty of the scenery on the lake of Constance; as all who have passed the *SPLUGEN*, and experienced the luxury of exchanging a path of snow for a path of flowers, will readily feel.

4.

*Gazing on thee, fair Constance! memory brings  
A painful retrospect upon her wings.*

Few who spend any time at Constance, but are reminded

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of the circumstance to which the poem refers, in their visits to the Cathedral—the Hall of the Council, which commands a most beautiful view of the lake—and to the field without the western gate, where the subject of the poem, and his disciple, JEROME, suffered martyrdom. In the hall are the chairs occupied by the Pope and the Emperor, with a great variety of relics of the Council and those connected with it; but of which nothing interested me so much as a Bible which had belonged to JOHN HUSS, whose name was discovered only lately on splitting the boards, and which the piety of some early librarian had carefully concealed, but not obliterated.

## 5.

*Thy mirror-lake—the beauteous Bodensee!*

*Bodensee* is the name given by the Germans to the lake of Constance. It is formed by the Rhine which enters it near the beautiful and highly picturesque *bourg* of Rhineck. It is surrounded by rich orchards and hills covered with vineyards. It is about sixteen leagues in length and six in breadth; and, to the traveller in quest of the picturesque, a tour of the lake by way of Arbon, (the *Arbor Felix* of the Romans) Roschach, Rhineck, and so on by Bregbentz to the island of Lindau, cannot fail to realize his highest anticipations, and gratify the most refined taste. As respects *Lindau*, (mentioned at page 25) it may be proper to add, that this island and its town are situated near the eastern extremity of the lake, and connected

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with the land by a bridge three hundred paces long. A remarkable building, erected under the Emp. Constant. Chlorus, and a wall, whose massy and almost imperishable architecture stand as monuments of Roman grandeur, are among the various objects deserving of the traveller's notice.—See Note 21.

6.

————— *still yon Glacier glows*  
*In gorgeous lustre, &c.*

It would be difficult to do justice in any language to the sublime phenomenon here alluded to. See the beautiful description, by Delille, beginning

Prismes éblouissants dont les pans azurés,  
 Défont le soleil dont ils sont colorés, &c. &c.

7.

*A barrier 'twixt the blossom and the snow.*

The *Chalets* of the Swiss Alps resemble the *Shiels* in the pastoral districts of Scotland, and are employed during the summer for carrying on the business of the *dairy*. They are often so situated as to form the line of demarcation between spring and winter—all above is desolate rocks and snowy waste; and all below, green pastures, waving forests, and sparkling streams. In such situations, I have often observed the flower peeping from its wreath of snow, and have gathered on the same spot blossoms with one hand and snow with the other:

## 8.

*The Kloster-bell hath pealed abroad, and there  
The mingling worshippers have met in prayer.*

Several cloisters and convents continue to flourish both within and beyond the walls of the city, along the shores of the lake, and the sounds of whose matin and vesper bells associate well with the place, and carry the mind back to the days of the Council. The *Kloster*, in various parts of Germany, is a designation of the cathedral, in which sense it is here employed.

## 9.

*Those saints so proudly stalled within thy dome,  
Have but replaced the elder gods of Rome, &c.*

For example:—

St. Peter for Mercury or Cardea.

St. Roque or St. Sebastian for the Phrygian Penates.

St. Vitale for Apollo or Æsculapius.

St. Benedict for Jupiter, M. O. and the Twelve Gods.

The Virgin for Cybele, and with the same title *Deipara*, &c.

These are only a few. Those who have visited St. Peter's in Rome will remember the statue of that Apostle, and more particularly the toe which has been sadly mutilated by the fervent kisses of the faithful; many of whom are not aware that,

whosoever the *head* may be, the *foot* is decidedly that of *Jupiter Capitolinus*, on whose shoulders the necessary transformations have been effected by engrafting the head of a saint: but in either sense it is, as Swift has remarked, still the Jew Peter, (Jupiter!)—*Dome* is here applied, *par excellence*, as the Italians apply *il Duomo* to the Cathedral, being its German name.

## 10.

———*Rights secured by blood—of Huguenot!*  
*We entered—sought the spot, and paused where stood*  
*Bohemia's faithful Champion of the Rood*  
*Before his dark Inquisitors.*

The term Huguenot, though of later application, is here employed to designate the early Reformers.—“Donner son sentiment pour la volonté de Dieu, commander de croire *sous peine de la mort du corps, et des tourments éternels de l'ame*, a été le dernier période du despotisme de l'esprit dans quelques hommes:—*Et résister à ces deux menaces*, a été dans d'autres le *dernier effort de l'indépendance.*”—Voltaire, Ess. sur l'Histoire.

In the cathedral the spot where he received sentence is marked with a brass plate, inserted into a square flat stone of extraordinary dimensions. The pulpit is supported by a statue of John Huss, which the Catholics with a pious zeal have mutilated and bedaubed in a manner which shews that they inherit the spirit of the Council, and hold the memory of the heretic in as pious abhorrence as that Council held his life and doctrine.

## 11.

*Here shone and set the moral Star of Prague.*

The virtues and vices of mankind have been often described under the figure of *benign* and *malignant stars*. Luther, if I mistake not, is often characterized by German writers, as—*Der Stern der Reformation*. To render this figure more applicable to *Huss*, we have only to advert to the circumstances of the times—his rise, influence, and unwearied efforts in preparing the human mind for the reception of that spiritual light which was so soon to break in upon it, and we shall see him more clearly as that *Moral Star* which shone forth as the herald of the day of the Reformation.

## 12.

*While hardened prelates from their purple stall,  
In triumph watched the murderous carnival!*

The manner of enjoying this refined pleasure is minutely described by an old author, in his account of the death of George Wishart, who was burnt at St. Andrew's, 1546.—“The fore tower,” says he, “which was opposite to the fire was hung with tapestry, and rich cushions were laid in the windows for the ease of the cardinals and prelates while they beheld the spectacle. . . . The fire was prepared without the gate against the west block-house, where the bishops might lie on the wall-heads and see the sacrifice!”—Lindsay's Hist.



## 13.

*Stood forth uncompromising and alone, &c.*

The following verses of the Roman poet were never more strikingly exemplified than in the uncompromising integrity and the imperturbable self-possession which accompanied Huss through the whole course, and at the close, of his career.

Justum et tenacem propositi virum,  
 Non civium ardor prava jubentium  
 Non vultus instantis tyranni,  
 Mente quatit solidâ....  
 Si fractus illabatur orbis  
 Impavidum ferient ruinæ !

## 14.

*A life of suffering in a death of shame !*

Privations in every form—persecution attended with every horror—were the invariable meed of those who laboured with the greatest zeal and fidelity in the spiritual vineyard and in the diffusion of the true Gospel light. They were branded as *fanatics* in religion, as *visionaries* in politics; as men who opposed their single-headed wisdom to the concentrated learning of the Catholic Church; and whose proceedings were the result rather of obstinacy and hallucination than of sound judgment or intellectual superiority. But, if such were;



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*fanatics*, they achieved, under that opprobrious epithet, consequences which in a more selfish cause would have showered upon them mural crowns and national trophies. If they were *visionaries*, their visions and perceptions, as these respect the moral world, were more clear and defined than all that had preceded them: it was *their* scrutinizing eye and patient research which exposed the glaring vices of the church, purged the pure gold from its accumulated dross, and drew the line of demarcation between the doctrine of CHRIST and the doctrines of *men*. If they opposed their single wisdom to that of concentrated Christendom, they did so triumphantly; for their arguments, grounded on the impregnable basis of *truth* itself, have never been refuted, neither by the bold insinuations of the sceptic, nor by all the combined efforts of political and papal despotism.—*Fuso cruore veram sancivere Fidem—nil veriti trucis ora tyranni!*

## 15.

*Our hearts, the temple of one common Lord,  
Must yearn until the straggler is restored!*

On his being first charged with the crime of *heresy*, Huss was cited to appear before the Court of Rome; but justly apprehending a design against his life, he dispatched *proxies* to answer for him. These were treated with marked indignity and thrown into prison. Huss was then excommunicated, and appealed to the Council then about to assemble. The Emperor wrote to *Wenceslas* to send him, agreeably to that

appeal, to Constance, and Huss, fortified with the *national faith for his personal safety*, repaired with this guarantee to the place, and was betrayed.

The annexed is a literal translation of the **SAFE-CONDUCT** :

“ We, Sigismund, by the grace of God, &c. &c. to all princes, ecclesiastical and secular, and to all other our authorities and subjects, greeting—We recommend with hearty affection to you all in general, and to each of you in particular, the honourable bearer of these presents, JOHN HUSS, bachelor of theology and master of arts, going from Bohemia to the Council of Constance, and whom we have hereby taken under our own special protection, and that of the Empire: desiring that when he shall arrive amongst you, you will receive him kindly, treat him honourably, and furnish him with every necessary for the expedition and security of his journey, as well by water as by land, without taking any thing from him or from those with him, at the different frontiers, or for any dues or customs whatsoever. That you will suffer him to pass securely and without molestation; *to halt, to reside, or return*, and to provide him, if need be, *with good passports*, as being for the honour and credit of his Imperial Majesty. Given at Spires, this 18th of October, 1414, XXX. of our reign of Hungary, and V. of that of the Romans.”

The following **DECREE** of the **COUNCIL** touching the validity of *safe-conducts*, granted by temporal princes to *heretics*, or *persons suspected of heresy*, is of the first importance, and is

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here quoted as the source from which the "KEEP NO FAITH WITH HERETICS," is so often charged against the professors of the Romish faith. It was published *after the death of Huss*, and runs thus—

"The present Synod declare that every safe-conduct granted by the emperor, the king, or other temporal princes to *heretics*, or to persons *charged with heresy*, with the view of ensuring them a safe return, cannot be allowed to prejudice the Catholic faith, or the Church's jurisdiction; nor to prevent such persons being, as they must and ought to be, examined, judged, and punished according as *justice* shall demand, if such heretics refuse to renounce their errors: even although they may have come to the place of judgment *solely on the faith of a safe-conduct*, and would not have appeared but upon this pledge:—And the present Synod moreover declare, That the person who may have pledged his promise for their safety, shall not, in this case, be obliged to keep his promise, by whatever tie he may be engaged to do so, because he has acquitted himself of whatever depended merely on himself."

To the preceding may be added another DECREE, more immediately regarding the safe conduct of Huss, and which is here given verbatim.

"WHEREAS, certain wickedly-intentioned persons calumniate, both in public and in private, not only the *Emperor*, but also the *Holy Council*, saying or insinuating, that the safe-conduct granted to John Huss—a heretic of damnable

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“ memory—has been shamefully violated, against all the rules  
 “ of honour and justice, although the said John Huss obsti-  
 “ nately resisting, as he did, the Catholic faith, rendered him-  
 “ self unworthy of every safe-conduct and every privilege, and  
 “ that according to all law, natural, divine, and human, *no*  
 “ *faith could be observed with him prejudicial to the Catholic*  
 “ *faith.* The Sacred Synod do by these presents declare, that  
 “ the *Emperor* aforesaid hath done in respect to JOHN HUSS all  
 “ that he could, or that he ought to do, touching his safe-  
 “ conduct; and it is hereby strictly prohibited to all the Faithful  
 “ in general, and to each of them in particular, of whatever  
 “ dignity, rank, precedence, condition, estate, or sex, to speak  
 “ evil in any manner whatsoever, either of the COUNCIL or of  
 “ the *Emperor*, touching the late affair of JOHN HUSS, on pain  
 “ of being immediately punished as promoters of heresy in the  
 “ Church, and of high treason against the state and king.”—  
 V. d. Hardt. T. IV. p. 521.

The immediate object of the above *Decrees* was, no doubt,  
 to serve as an *absolution* to the *Emperor*, who had begun to feel  
 some compunction at the treacherous part he had acted.

## 16.

*The learned on his words delighted hung.*

Touching the character of HUSS, I subjoin an Extract from a  
 letter addressed to the COUNCIL, and signed by about sixty  
 Bohemian and Moravian Nobles. They accuse the Council of

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“ having condemned and cruelly put to death as a *heretic*, upon  
 “ false accusations, JOHN HUSS, a man whom they had con-  
 “ victed of no error!” They farther declare, that “ Very far  
 “ from having scandalized any one by a single fault, Huss, on  
 “ the contrary, had always lived as a faithful minister of the  
 “ Gospel, equally irreproachable in his life and in his doctrine;  
 “ expounding the Scriptures according to the received opinion  
 “ of the most approved doctors of the Church; detesting all  
 “ heresy, exhorting others to do the same; and remarkable  
 “ above every thing else for his mildness and Christian charity.”  
 Op. Hus. T. 1. fol. 78.

*Æneas Sylvius* bears this testimony, that “ Huss was a man  
 “ of exalted intellect, great eloquence, sound philosophy, and  
 “ held in high esteem and veneration for his great and exem-  
 “ plary regularity of life.” The Catholic Abbot *Trithem*  
 speaks of him as “ a man greatly distinguished for his in-  
 “ tellectual endowments, his animated address, his eloquence,  
 “ and above all for his thorough knowledge of the Scriptures.”  
 A Bohemian Jesuit, by no means favourable to Huss, has drawn  
 this portrait of him—“ He displayed,” says he, “ more address  
 “ than eloquence; but his unassuming deportment—the severity  
 “ of his morals—the austerity of his life—his irreproachable con-  
 “ duct—his countenance pale and extenuated by long and in-  
 “ tense study—his mildness and affable demeanour towards  
 “ every one, even the humblest—gained him more proselytes  
 “ than his eloquence.”

Such is the testimony even of his enemies !

## 17.

*And soon restored, our Bethle'm shall rejoice.*

It appears from his letters, written during the journey to Constance, that he met with a cordial reception at every halt on the route. At Nuremberg, in particular, at a public conference held in the presence of the magistrates and *doctors of theology*, they declared, "That is was already many years that they themselves had entertained the same opinions, and that if no other charges were preferred against him, he would return from the Council with honour."—*Lenfant*.

## 18.

*The generous and the gentle-hearted Klúm.*

This magnanimous nobleman accompanied John Huss to Constance. He first notified to the Pope his arrival, (*note 30*); and subsequently, on his being treacherously thrown into prison, made a formal appeal to His Holiness against such flagrant injustice, (*note 32*) shewing at the same time his passport (*note 15*): all this proving of no avail, he next wrote to the Emperor; in conjunction with the mass of the Bohemian nobles, but to no effect. As the condemnation of his friend was fast approaching, he presented himself again before the Emperor to intreat his interference—but the boon was denied! He was present at every public audience, and supported and consoled his persecuted friend, equally hazarding in his cause

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the chances of papal and imperial vengeance. The historian states; that, at the conclusion of one of the long *inquisitions*, when nature was ready to sink under the accumulated weight of his mental and bodily suffering, JOHN HUSS paid a heartfelt tribute of gratitude to this *unchanging* friend, and who had accompanied him back to his cell—"Oh," said the injured sufferer, "what a source of consolation has it been to me, that amid all my wrongs and afflictions the kind and generous De Klûm has never hesitated to give his hand to a poor heretic in irons, and now abandoned, as it were, by all the world!" In the same letter he intreats the prayers of his friends, for "the spirit was willing but the flesh was weak."

## 19.

*Till, wrapt in freezing folds, the Böhmer Waldt.*

The *Böhmer-Waldt*, or Forest of Bohemia, is that part of the chain formed by the Erzegebirge, Reisingebirge, and other mountains, which separate Bohemia and Bavaria; and from the summit of which the loftiest parts of the Harzwald (or *Hercynian* in the text) may be seen in the distance, of which the highest peak, called the *Brocken*, is 3,630 feet in height.

## 20.

*A silvery crescent marked the Danube's tide.*

The part of the Danube here alluded to, is that where the *Naub* falls into it above Regensburg, and where the river



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makes a bend towards the south. Apy account of the Danube would, to the majority of readers, appear in these notes out of place, and I shall only briefly state that for width, depth, and length of course, as well as for picturesque scenery, (in which it is second only to the Rhine) the Danube surpasses all the other rivers of Germany. Like the Rhine, its banks, in many parts, abound with baronial and monastic ruins of a most picturesque and imposing aspect; while, at intervals, the hills and vallies are still further animated by numerous herds of cattle, and interspersed with towns and villages.

## 21.

*Constance and her cathedral towers emerge.*

To the traveller who approaches Constance from the east the view is strikingly beautiful: but the picturesque effect has not been heightened by the recent launch of two steam-boats, built by the Government of Wirtemberg, and which now traverse these beautiful waters in all directions. The traveller will not now, as formerly, see a hundred white sails unfurled in the breeze, but he will see that number of barges rotting in the Bay of Roshach! And should he enquire the reason, they will direct his eye to the long streams of smoke which announce the majestic movement of their victorious rival—the *steam-engine*.  
See Note 5.

## 22.

*'Twas here the Council met—and Constance then  
Enclosed the Church's wisest, holiest men.*

The Council of Constance succeeded that of Pisa: at its

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tribunal two popes were deposed, a third abdicated, and a fourth, in the person of Martin V., was promoted to the triple crown. The world had never witnessed an assembly uniting such transcendent attributes of power and splendour—a concentration of all that stood pre-eminent in every department of social and monastic life, and collected from every corner of the Christian world. No kingdom, republic, state, city, or community but had there its deputies and representatives. The Pope and Emperor presided. Among the temporal princes there were present the elector Palatine; the electors of Mayence and Saxony; the Burgrave of Nuremberg, afterwards elector; the Dukes of Bavaria, Austria, Silesia, Lignitz, and Brieg; with a long train of Margraves, Burgraves, Counts, Barons, Ambassadors, Knights, &c. &c. too tedious to enumerate.

According to the contemporary accounts there were present thirty cardinals, four patriarchs, twenty archbishops, one hundred and fifty bishops, upwards of one hundred abbots, forty auditors of the rolls, upwards of one hundred inferior prelates, generals, and priors of their several orders, and above two hundred doctors in theology. Among the English delegates were the bishops of Salisbury, Hereford, Bath, and London;\* the Abbot of Westminster, the prior of Worcester, and the earl of Warwick. Among these personages the first particularly distinguished himself by his zeal for the reformation of church abuses.

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\* Clifford.

## 23.

*There, meteor-like, amid that host of stars.*

SIGISMUND was, in every respect, the hero of the Council, adding to his imperial title that of "*Advocate and Defender the Church!*" To his person Nature had been liberal in her favours; he was of heroic stature, martial port, and noble presence, and was not inferior to any prince of his time, either in personal accomplishments, or in personal courage. Although only in his forty-seventh year, there were few who had experienced so many vicissitudes of fortune. His reverses and imprisonment in Hungary, and his ill success against the Turks, had considerably softened, it is said, his *cruel propensities*. It is related of him that, having one day ennobled a doctor who was ambitious of the distinction, he observed, "That he could bestow title but not talent, and could in one day create a *hundred nobles* but not *one doctor*." It was one of his maxims "that a prince who cannot *dissemble* is unfit to reign" and his *Safe-conduct* granted to Huss, proves how well illustrated it. See Note 15.

## 24.

*There, with usurped tiara, at their head  
The bandit Pope his hooded vassals led.*

On the death of Alexander V., Balthazar Cossa, a Neapolitan, through the interest of Louis of Anjou, ascended the chair

St. Peter under the name of John XXIII. He was a man of most insatiable avarice and unbounded ambition; possessing some talent as a *politician*, but without a single redeeming virtue as an *ecclesiastic*. His flagrant acts of injustice, cruelty, and oppression, added to the most revolting impudicity, would have disgraced a brigand—much more a head of the church. He entered CONSTANCE attended by nine cardinals, several archbishops and other prelates, and was there received with all possible magnificence. The body of the clergy preceded him in solemn procession, bearing the relics of saints, &c. All the orders of the city assembled to do him special honour, and he was escorted in triumph to the episcopal palace by an incredible number of people, as *the vicar of Jesus Christ—the vicergerent of God on earth!*—He is said to have brought with him to the COUNCIL *one million of ducats!* Leonardo Arcino, Gibbon, Planta, &c.

## 25.

*There—if with sacrilegious pen I dare  
Recal one blot where all was seeming fair.*

“Là les prêtres concubinaires!—ici les moines débauchés!—les églises cathedrales devenues des cavernes de brigands!—les monastères des cabarets et des lieux de prostitution!—A l’égard des *Religieuses*.” Clemangis further says, “Qu’il aime mieux tirer le rideau sur les abominations qui se commettent dans leur couvents que d’entrer dans un détail si opposé à la pudeur!” The few words, however, with which this author

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concludes his picture of the times in which he wrote, is sufficiently expressive:—" *Aujourd'hui voiler une fille, c'est la prostituer!*" Vide *Clemangis, Lenfant, &c.*

26.

*The lode-star eyes of oriental isles.*

"La liste que fit Dacher, par ordre de l'Electeur de Saxe, marque qu'il y avait plus de 700 *femmes publiques*: et une autre liste tirée d'un manuscrit de Vienne en marque 1500!"—Vide d. Hardt, 12, 50.—It was in this way that the magistrates of *Berne* shewed their respect for *Sigismund* on his way to the Council. Vide *History of the Helvetic Confederacy*, vol. ii.

27.

*But paid the tribute, and preserved their fame.*

The sale of *Indulgences* was a source of unlimited revenue to the papal See, and was first established about 1320. Lenglet de Fresnoy (a catholic abbé) informs us that LEO X. transmitted an *order* to the archbishop of Mayence, directing him "to publish the *Indulgences* in Germany;" and exhorting him to "employ *zealous* preachers, and to appoint *trustworthy* treasurers to collect the contributions and alms of the faithful."—The preachers assured their hearers that the purchase of these *Indulgences* would ensure *eternal salvation!* But the treasurers grossly abused their trust, and wasted in debauchery and riot the contributions of the pious." (Vol. vi. p. 408.)

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Were they not excusable on the purchase of an *indulgence* to do so?—At this time, says Voltaire, “A deacon, or subdeacon, could obtain a *dispensation* for *murder*, with permission to hold *three* benefices, for twenty crowns!—A bishop, or an abbé, might commit *assassination* for about three hundred livres.”—*Omnia venalia Romæ!* “Every offence had its fixed price, and *dispensations* were obtained not only for sins *past*, but for those also which the purchaser might desire to commit in *future*.”—Of the latter there was found in the archives of Joinville an *Indulgence in advance*, remitting to the cardinal of Lorraine, and twelve persons of his suite, *three sins of whatever nature they might choose!*” Hist. vol. iv. p. 86.

28.

*Where papal edict—pander’s price to win,  
Summed up the lucre, and absolved the sin!*

It appears that the rebuilding of the great temple of St. Peter’s at Rome was at this time contemplated; and for the proper carrying on of this, as well as for promoting various other pious objects, the infallible church did not disdain any means so likely to advance the glory of God and the good of mankind! See note 27.

29.

*The watchword of the Council was Reform!*

In furtherance of this object they burnt two saints and

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canonized one sinner, St<sup>e</sup> Bridgett, whose miraculous feats were attested upon oath before the great altar, by nearly all the higher clergy of Sweden. V. d. Hardt. Tome iv. p. 39, 40.

## 30.

*Which all thine incense cannot cleanse away !*

The arrival of Huss was announced to the Pope (John XXIII.) in person, by the two Bohemian nobles who had accompanied him—Klúm and Latzenboëk. It was stated, that he held in his hands a passport from the Emperor, and they prayed that His Holiness would further vouchsafe them such facilities as would enforce due respect to the said passport, in case of any attempt at personal violence. To which His Holiness emphatically replied, "*Had John Huss taken away the life of my own brother, my utmost authority should be employed that no injustice may be done him so long as he remains at Constance!*" See Histoire du Concile, Tome i. p. 28.

## 31.

*Our holy church decrees in righteous ire,  
That every rebel branch be purged with fire !*

This was by no means the first occasion, on which the number of church holidays was augmented by autos-da-fé. The difference in opinion on the shape of a *monastic robe* was of sufficient weight to justify the *burning* of one party and the *canonization* of the other.

The fourteenth century is justly held in honourable remembrance by all monks—more especially by the order of *Minors*, who obtained a well-earned celebrity in their disputes upon a most momentous question; this was respecting the cut of their cloak or hood, which one party insisted should be worn *shorter, lighter, and of a coarser quality*, while the other with equal pertinacity insisted that it should be *larger, wider, and of superior quality*. The latter and *liberal* party triumphed; and of the other, four illustrious martyrs to the cause perished in the flames at Marseilles!—Dupin, *siècle xiv.* p. 28.

From an harangue delivered at a later period by *Pibrac*, French ambassador at the council of Trent, it appears that *burning* in the cause of religion was not generally liked in the Romish church—“*From what has passed,*” says he, “*in other Councils, we may form some judgment of this, but let all the world know that its mode of proceeding is changed—that every man is now at liberty to dispute, and that it is not in this COUNCIL, that the public faith is to be violated and controversies to be decided by FIRE!*” Dupin, *Nouvelle Bibliotheque*, Tome xv. 211.

## 32.

——— *the dreariest cell the warder knows,  
Immured the passive prisoner and his woes.*

The cardinals having decided upon the expediency of sa-



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crificing *public faith to private pique*—the glaring act of injustice was carried into effect the same evening by the governor of the pope's palace. To the nobleman, above-mentioned, who warmly remonstrated with His Holiness on this gross breach of trust and reminded him of the solemn assurance he had received from his own lips (*see Note 30*) His Holiness answered, "that it was entirely the fault of the cardinals and bishops," and added, "that not even himself was safe in such hands!" *Lenfant, i. 38.*

## 33.

*Seven tedious months, in long-protracted pain,  
The patient captive wore the oppressors' chain.*

He was first immured in a turret of the Dominican convent adjoining the cathedral (now a ruin) where he was taken dangerously ill; but "*the Pope,*" says his biographer, "*fearing lest he should die an ordinary death, sent his own body leeches to attend him.*"—Subsequently he was immured in the loathsome dungeon described in the text; where, from the combined influence of cold and damp—greatly aggravated by a severe winter, and a cell below the level of the lake, on the border of which the latter stood—violent paroxysms of a severe and complicated disorder brought him frequently to the point of death. Yet amongst all his sufferings and in that dreary cell, rays of light emanated from the Martyr's pen, to instruct and fortify his disconsolate flock in Bohemia. *Ibid. i. 41.*

## 34.

*Darkness and dismay**Rose with the dawn, and blotted out the day.*

This eclipse took place on Friday, the 7th of June, in the same year. At Constance, where the Council was assembled, the sun was almost entirely darkened; at Prague it was a total eclipse. A phenomenon like this occurring on such an occasion, and at a period when the belief in miracles was inculcated, and divine interposition considered as an event of daily and visible recurrence, did not fail to produce a powerful sensation, and to give rise to a two-fold interpretation. It is probable that the English monks, at least, had not yet forgotten the earthquake which nearly demolished the monastery some years before, where they had formed themselves into a tribunal for the examination of Wickliffe. Calvisius. Tab. Rud. p. 130.

## 35.

*The Council met, and Lodi led them on.*

A sermon from this prelate (Bishop of Lodi) was the prelude to the sentence of death being pronounced. In the present instance he chose his text from these words of St. Paul—Rom. vi. 6. "*That the body of sin might be destroyed!*" After long and violent comments and a forced interpretation of his text, this "Minister of Peace," pointing to Huss, and addressing

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the Emperor, concluded, " I adjure you to root up and utterly destroy all heresy and error, but especially this obstinate heretic now before you ! " The sermon here alluded to, and also that pronounced at the condemnation of Jerome of Prague, are still extant. Lenfant, p. 270.

## 36.

*While Paletz raved, the loudest and the last.*

Paletz was latterly Professor of Theology at Prague, and along with Causitz, a priest in the same city, had arrived at Constance some time previously to Huss. The former had been the most intimate friend of Huss, but since his instalment in the chair formerly occupied by his friend, had become his bitterest enemy. To give greater currency to his slander he had written a work, entitled "*Anti-Huss*;" and on his arrival at Constance, had used all possible diligence to prejudice the Council, and to fix placards against Huss, whom he represented as " a monster of heresy." These were shown to Huss on his arrival, and upon his applying to the Pope for redress, His Holiness, in his usual evasive manner, merely replied—" What wouldst thou I should do, seeing it is the act of thine own countrymen?" There are in the letters of Huss frequent allusions to the vexations occasioned him by his judges, the insults of Paletz, and the numberless artifices and intrigues employed against him. *Histoire du Concile*, Livre iii. 207. &c.

## 37.

*Rights which invest the lowliest of the land,  
Ye wrested from me with a tyrant's hand.*

Exhausted with bodily pain, and enfeebled with the accumulated misery of his situation, he intreated his judges again and again to be allowed the use of counsel. This they peremptorily refused: because, said they, "according to the laws of the Church, no man is allowed to espouse or to plead, the cause of another who is suspected of heresy!" Agreeably to this jurisprudence, therefore, all kinds of testimony were received against him, and there did not fail to appear from the mass of the Bohemian clergy, great numbers, who had been galled by his preaching and scandalized by his practice. Lenfant. i. 41. op. Hus. fol. vii.

## 38.

*Now behold how vain!  
How vain your hope!*

From the commencement of his persecutions Huss evinced the most heroic constancy. "I would rather," said he, "that a millstone were tied round my neck, and I were cast into the sea, than that any of my friends should be scandalized through me. Having preached the duty of patience and constancy to others, I trust, through God's assistance, to leave behind me an example of them." His fortitude was, nevertheless, totally exempt from that of the Stoic. "Reposing all my confidence,"

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he added, "in my God and Saviour, I am resolved to continue my steadfast adherence to the truth in life and in death." His mildness and docility were no less remarkable than his fortitude. From the first he had uniformly testified his readiness to abjure every or any part of his doctrines, provided the same were proved to be *contrary to the true spirit of the Scriptures*. "Most reverend Fathers," said he, in his last audience, "I came hither of my own free-will; not to maintain any point with obstinacy, but to receive instruction if in any point I had erred. I beseech you then, suffer me to explain my sentiments more fully, for, if I fail to support the same by certain and solid reasoning, I shall cheerfully surrender myself to your decision, censure, and correction: I take God to witness for my sincerity." This was uniformly denied! Lenfant, Liv. iii. 224-5. 232-3.

## 39.

*And crown with triumph, ere a century run,  
The work these feeble hands have but begun.*

In 1415 HUSS is said to have uttered this prediction, and in 1516, a century afterwards, agreeably to that prediction, LUTHER resumed the work of reformation, in openly opposing the Church of Rome, and bringing over to his opinions great numbers of the nobility, clergy, and laity. The ancient author of the Life of HUSS reports the circumstance in these words—  
"You have condemned without having convicted me of any fault!  
But after my death I shall leave in your consciences a sting and a

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worm that shall never die. From your sentence I appeal to the Sovereign Judge of all, and in whose presence ye (the youngest of you) shall answer me one hundred years hence!"—Op. Hus. T. II. fol. 357.

40.

*Lord of that earthly sceptre, &c.*

"After duly weighing both sides of the question," says an impartial historian, "there is but one conclusion to be drawn: that HUSS was the victim not only of the violent hatred of his enemies, but also of the weakness and superstition—not to say *perfidy*—of STÖISMUND." (Lenfant.) The latter, under the idea of intimidating Huss into a blind submission to the COUNCIL, concluded his speech to him in these words. "For ourselves—far from countenancing such perverse and obstinate conduct—sooner will we kindle the fire with our own hands, than suffer thee to go longer unpunished." Whereupon Huss, regarding the Emperor stedfastly, replied—"Sire, (rex sereniss.) I have now the especial honour to return immortal thanks to your clemency, for the *passport* and *safe-conduct* vouchsafed me from your majesty's hands!" Upon this address, it is stated, the Emperor betrayed his feelings by a guilty blush. In reference to this circumstance, it is related of CHARLES V., that, on being eagerly pressed by the Pope's Nuncio, Alexander, to cause an arrest to be issued against LUTHER, in violation of the *safe-conduct* already given him, the magnanimous sovereign replied—"Yes, I know that my predecessor, STÖISMUND, without regard to his

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own and the public faith, delivered up JOHN HUSS to the flames, which the venerable FATHERS of CONSTANCE had kindled for him—but I have no mind to *blush with SIGISMUND.*" Anecd. Germaniques. See also Dissertat. Historia de HUS. p. 99.

## 41.

*While in your memories wild remorse's fang,  
Shall light her fire and plant a deathless pang.*

The historian relates that a descendant of the Elector, here mentioned as having performed for the Emperor the office of executioner, namely, OTTO HENRY, surnamed the *Magnanimous*, finding himself about to die childless, frequently and emphatically remarked to those around him, that it was thus *God punished even to the fourth generation, the crime of his great grandfather, who had conducted John Huss to the stake.*" (See also Note 46.) Historia Palatina. 218. 233.

## 42.

*Arrayed in ignominious guise,  
The sacred stole was rent.*

*See the next Note.*

## 43.

*Thus—cried the prelates with exulting breath—  
Thus we devote thee to the second death!*

The anathema was in these words:—"Animam tuam devovemus Diabolis infernis!" Hist. du Conc. p. 274.

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Similar to the above was the *Ban of the Church* (derived from *bannir*.) One of the earliest examples of this mode of proscription was that launched against the Duke of Suabia. The words were these: "*We declare thy wife a widow! thy children orphans! and discard thee, in the Devil's name, to the four corners of the earth!*" Anecd. Germaniques, 151.

The form, as observed in the *Degradation* of JOHN HUSS, was as follows:—Seven bishops were appointed to the ceremony, and Huss was commanded to put on for the last time the sacerdotal robes, as if about to celebrate mass, and in doing so he said, "So Herod mocked our Saviour, arrayed him in a white robe, and sent him to Pilate\*," making similar reflections on each part of the dress. When thus arrayed, he was exhorted once more to retract; but turning towards the people with great dignity and composure, he replied, "Far be it from me to scandalize and mislead the faithful by such an act of hypocrisy and impiety! Of the crimes laid to my charge by artful and designing men, I here publicly and before God protest my innocence!" The bishops hereupon dismounting him from the steps where he stood, and taking the chalice, addressed him thus: "*O cursed Judas! thou who hast abandoned the counsels of peace, and art entered into that of the Jews, we take from thy apostate hands this blessed cup, wherein is the blood of Christ our Saviour!*" To which Huss answered, that he hoped "to drink of that cup with the redeemed in his father's

\* Luke xxiii. 11.



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kingdom !” They then proceeded to unrobe him one by one, *pronouncing* (as was customary) *a curse upon each part*. But when they came to obliterate the *tonsure*, a violent dispute arose among the prelates, as to whether a razor or scissars should be employed for this purpose ; on observing which, Huss, turning to the Emperor, said, “ Behold, they cannot even agree among themselves as to the best manner of insulting me !” At last, however, the advocates for the scissars carried their point, and the *tonsure*, cut into the shape of the cross, announced the victim ! They next put upon his head a crown of paper, in form of a pyramid, on which were emblazoned the hideous figures of three demons, with various emblems of death and hell, and over these this inscription, *The Prince of Heretics !* and in this state they formally devoted “ his soul to the Devil.” Lenfant, V. d. Hardt. Reichenthal, &c.

## 44.

*'Tis joy to suffer this—to share the scorn,  
And bear unmurmuring what my God hath borne.*

Little moved at the imprecations of the prelates, or the marks of ignominy with which they endeavoured to brand him, he recommended his cause to God, and exclaimed in the hearing of all, “ That he wore the opprobrious crown with joy for the sake of Him who, for his salvation, had worn a crown of thorns !”

## 45.

*Forth 'mid the Conclave strode the brave De Klûm.*

The Cardinal of Cambray, in order to give his accusation an air of *mutiny*, reproached Huss with having said, that "had he not chosen to appear before the Council, neither the King of Bohemia, nor the Emperor himself, could have compelled him." And the Cardinal loudly exclaiming against the impudence of this assertion and its treasonable sense, the Baron de Klûm again stood boldly forward in defence of his friend—"John Huss," said he, "in this has advanced nothing but the truth; for, although one of the least influential among the Bohemian nobles, I could be bold to take upon *myself* the task of defending him for *one full year* against the combined forces both of the Emperor and King: it follows, therefore, that those who are *more powerful* than I, could, and would, have done *more*."—See Note 18. Hist. du Concile, p. 207.

## 46.

*Judged and condemned—the same unhallowed hour  
Consigned the Martyr to the secular power.*

He was delivered by the prelates to the Emperor, as *Advocate and Defender of the Church*, and by the latter again to the Elector Palatine, as Vicar of the Empire, with commands to see the sentence carried into execution. Huss was then given up to the magistrates of the city, and by them again to

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the executioner, "to be burnt forthwith, along with every thing he wore at the time, his girdle, knife, purse," &c. Reichenthal.

47.

*And Court and Conclave cried—"A holiday!"*

The princes followed the procession with an armed force of 800 men, and with such a prodigious multitude of people, that it was deemed advisable to make them halt till the escort with the prisoner had passed, for fear the bridge should give way under the enormous weight and pressure. Reichenthal.

Un doux Inquisiteur, un crucifix en main,  
 Au feu, par charité, fait jeter son prochain!—  
 Tandisque de la grace ardent à se toucher,  
 Le peuple en louant DIEU, dansent autour du bûcher!

Volt. La Loi Nat.

48.

*Fed with unhallowed hands the furnace heaves  
 Red with the refuse of heretic leaves.*

On his way to the place of martyrdom, he was stopt in front of the Episcopal Palace, to witness the burning of his and WICKLIFFE'S books. A proceeding at which he could not but smile, as equally unjust and irregular; for as he had himself been condemned without a hearing, so in like manner, his writings had been committed to the flames without being read. See Lenfant, p. 276.

49.

*Recant, recant! they cried.*

On his way to the stake he declared to the people, "That it was not for any heresy he was condemned, but by the injustice of his enemies; that they had never been able to convict him of any error, although he had so often and so earnestly supplicated them to shew in what he had thought or acted amiss." See Reichenthal, p. 206.

50.

*He knelt—his hands were spread in earnest prayer.*

As soon as he had arrived in front of the pile which was ready to consume him, he fell upon his knees, and repeated with a loud voice portions of the 51st and other penitential psalms, closing every period with these ejaculations: "Lord Jesus have mercy upon me! Into thy hands, O my God, I resign my spirit!" Wishing to address a few words to the people, he was prevented by the Elector Palatine, who gave orders at the same time that the fire should be kindled forthwith. Upon which John Huss prayed aloud in these words: "Lord Jesus! for thy cause, and with all humility, I suffer this cruel death! and implore thee to forgive all my enemies!" Having obtained permission to address the guards, he thanked them for the humane treatment he had received at their hands, and expressed his firm belief that he should reign with Jesus Christ, seeing he suffered for the cause of his Gospel. *Histoire du Concile*, p. 276.

## 51.

*His face was toward the East—but ere he rose  
They turned him rudely where the river flows.*

As at first his face was turned towards the east, loud murmurs arose among the bystanders, who considered the circumstance much too great an indulgence for a heretic. To appease their clamour, therefore, they turned his head to the west! Lenufant, Liv. iii. p. 277.

## 52.

*The torch is lit—the Sacrifice arrayed.*

They tied him, as mentioned in the text, with wet cords to a stake which they had erected expressly for that purpose in the middle of the pile; confining his neck to the same by means of a black and filthy chain, which had been taken from a neighbouring chimney, where it had served as a kitchen utensil. Ibid.

## 53.

*While forth, like incense from the censer's blaze,  
There flowed the voice of victory and praise.*

The Elector retiring, the fire was immediately kindled; from the midst of which the expiring martyr continued to bless the name, and to implore the mercy of God, till his voice was hushed for ever in the intensity of the fire. "They went," says Æneas Sylvius, speaking of John Huss and Jerome of Prague, "up to the stake as if they had been going to a feast! Not a

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word or symptom of weakness escaped their lips! In the midst of the flames, and till their last sigh, the praise of the Redeemer dwelt upon their tongue! Never," he concludes, "did philosopher meet the pangs of natural dissolution, with such fortitude as these delivered their bodies to the flames!" Cap. xxxvi. p. 73.

## 54.

*Wide to the winds, and on the waters strewn—  
"Be this," they cried, "thy monumental stone."*

His ashes were carefully collected and thrown into the Rhine, to prevent his disciples and followers from carrying them into Bohemia and exhibiting them as relics. This precaution, however, says Æneas Sylvius, was ineffectual, as the Hussites raked together the earth where their heroic pastors had expired, and piously conveyed it to Prague, where the memory of Huss and of his disciple JEROME, was held in scarcely less veneration than that of St. Peter and St. Paul. Æn. Sylv. Hist.

## 55.

*The scene hath changed—fresh verdure clothes the field  
And flowers the spot, where Truth her record sealed.*

On visiting the spot I was informed by my guide, that a stone, which formerly marked the spot, and on which were the arms of the city, date and circumstances, &c. had been removed by the authority of the *Maire*; but, removing the long grass, he shewed me a black stake driven into the soil, which continues

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to mark the centre of the pile. From this spot a red clay is procured, of which likenesses of John Huss and Jerome of Prague are modelled in bass-relief, hardened in the fire, set on glass, and with a short notice of these Martyrs engraved on the back are sold to strangers. They are to be had in the Hall of the Council, and, as far as I can judge from a comparison with old prints, bear a striking resemblance to the originals. As *relics* nothing could be better imagined; and the pious *Hussite* who exhibits them to his friends in Bohemia, may be pardoned for believing that the clay which is thus moulded into their resemblance, once formed part of that animated frame which his martyred countryman resigned to the flames.

56.

*And thou, our land's High Altar, quenchless burn,  
The halo-light of Wycliffe's plundered urn.*

The apostrophe is here addressed to the University of OXFORD. By a decree of the COUNCIL OF CONSTANCE, the tomb of WYCLIFFE, in the chancel of Lutterworth, was ransacked in 1428, by order of Martin V., his bones burnt, and the ashes thrown into the river Swift.

57.

*The creeds of Cranmer—Ridley—Latimer.*

THOMAS CRANMER, Archbishop of Canterbury, was born in Nottinghamshire, in 1489, and suffered martyrdom for the Protestant cause in 1556.



NICHOLAS RIDLEY, Bishop of London, was born in Northumberland in 1500, and in 1555 was burnt as a *heretic*.

HUGH LATIMER, Bishop of Worcester, was a native of Leicestershire, and born in 1470. He was a prisoner for six years in the Tower during Henry VIII. reign. Edward VI released him ; but, on bloody MARY's accession he was again committed, and in 1554 perished at the stake.

TANTIS NOMINIBUS NULLUM PAR EULOGIUM !

Were I to illustrate this passage by enumerating those who have shone conspicuous in the cause of civil and religious liberty, I should far exceed the limits to which I have restricted myself on the present occasion, and draw largely upon the patience of my reader. Our national history presents a bright galaxy of Martyrs to the Truth, whose memory is embalmed in every heart, and whose names encircle with an immortal halo, the affecting page of their achievements and sufferings.

58.

*And, like the desert-symbol, raised on high.*

And the LORD said unto Moses, make thee a fiery serpent, and set it upon a pole, and it shall come to pass *that every one that is bitten, when he looketh upon it shall live.*—Numb. xxxi. 8, 9.

59.

*When sorrows lower, when health or pleasure fly,  
Thou art the rainbow of our mental sky.*

The words in which Cicero has complimented friendship



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are still more emphatically applicable to religion, as the only friend whom neither change of seasons nor of circumstances can effect (I quote from memory.. *Solem e mundo videntur tollere qui amicitiam e visa tollunt.*

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*Vignerou*, page 2, the vine-dresser, whose occupation in the vineyard lasts from May till the end of the vintage.

*Jager*, or *Yager*, page 20, the German term for a hunter; and in a military sense, synonymous with the French *Chasseur*, or Ranger with us.

The *Kaiser*, page 26, i. e. *Cæsar*, the title assumed by the Emperors of Germany, as being, at the same time, King of the Romans. The Russians use *Czar* in the same sense.

*Œcumenic*, œcumenical, page 44, applied to Councils where the Church was represented *universally*, as in that of Constance.

*Bethlehem*, page 16, the name of the Chapel in which John Huss was accustomed to preach at Prague.

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