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George Buchanan
The Political Poetry

edited with translation and commentary by
Paul J. McGinnis and Arthur H. Williamson



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Justitiam cole et pietatem, quæ cum magna in parentibus et propinquis, tum in patria maxima est; ea vita via est in cælum et in hunc cœtum eorum, qui jam vixerunt et corpore laxati illum incolunt locum ...

(Love justice and duty, which are indeed strictly due to parents and kinsmen, but most of all to the fatherland. Such a life is the road to the skies, to that gathering of those who have completed their earthly lives and been relieved of the body, and who live in yonder place ...)

Marcus Tullius Cicero, *De Republica*, VI.xvi.
(trsl. by C.W.Keyes, Loeb Classical Library v. 213)

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PREFACE

All discourse carries social meanings, and with a figure as socially engaged as George Buchanan this is prominently the case. Virtually all of his poetry—even his erotic verse—is in a broad sense political. Our collection, like the categories through which it is arranged, seeks to be comprehensive, but at moments will inevitably seem arbitrary. Our awareness of this circumstance is reflected in the two appendices which contain ‘non-political’ poems that nevertheless illuminate aspects of those in the collection and thus aspects of Buchanan’s political attitudes. We are also aware that there may exist a number of relevant poems—and possibly a substantial number—in manuscript collections to which we have not had access. Our compass has been restricted largely to the eighteenth-century *Opera omnia*.

The following is a work of genuine collaboration. Each of us has made significant contributions to the labours of the other. But in the main Arthur Williamson is responsible for the introduction and the notes, and Paul McGinnis for the translation of the poems.

This undertaking has been strengthened from the insight of scholars both here and in Europe. Outstanding among them is Raymond Waddington who first proposed the project and then read through the manuscript. In addition we have profited from the comments and assistance of Kenneth Krabbenhoft and Norman Cantor at New York University, Allan Macinnes at the University of Aberdeen, Roger Mason at the University of St. Andrews, Max Byrd at the University of California, Davis, John O’Neill at the Hispanic Society of America, and the independent scholar Jacques Desplat. We especially thank our colleague Mark Riley for translating Andrew Melville’s Greek epigram to John Johnston.

Like Buchanan, we have benefitted from encountering radical minds. Like Buchanan, we have found learning to be an international undertaking. Unlike Buchanan’s view of the ‘British mountains’, we have not found the California deserts to be ‘inerudita’.

Betty McGinnis helped with the often maddening job of proof-reading. Liz Williamson provided technical assistance with the computer and on at least two occasions saved the manuscript. Their patience, not less than their help, has proven crucial to this project.

PJM
AHW

Sacramento, California
15 May 1997

We also wish to acknowledge Dr. Ulrike Morét's huge labours in preparing our text for the press. This volume simply could not have appeared but for Ulrike, *socia sagax et docta*.

PJM
AHW

Sacramento, California
15 February 2000

ABBREVIATIONS

- | | |
|--------------------------------------|--|
| Aitken, <i>Trial</i> | J.M. Aitken (ed.), <i>The Trial of George Buchanan before the Lisbon Inquisition</i> (Edinburgh, 1939). |
| Brown, <i>Buchanan</i> | P. Hume Brown, <i>George Buchanan, Humanist and Reformer</i> (Edinburgh, 1890). |
| Buchanan, <i>History of Scotland</i> | George Buchanan, <i>History of Scotland</i> , trans. J. Aikman, 2 vols. (Edinburgh, 1829). |
| Durkan, <i>Bibliography</i> | J. Durkan, <i>The Bibliography of George Buchanan</i> (Glasgow, 1994). |
| Ford, <i>Buchanan</i> | P.J. Ford & W.S. Watt, <i>George Buchanan, Prince of Poets</i> (Aberdeen, 1982). |
| Mason, 'Scotching the Brut' | R.A. Mason, 'Scotching the Brut: politics, history and national myth in sixteenth-century Britain', in R.A. Mason (ed.), <i>Scotland and England, 1286-1815</i> (Edinburgh, 1987). |
| McFarlane, <i>Buchanan</i> | I.D. McFarlane, <i>Buchanan</i> (London, 1981). |
| <i>Opera omnia</i> (1715) | George Buchanan, <i>Opera omnia</i> , ed. Thomas Ruddiman, 2 vols. (Edinburgh, 1715). |
| <i>Opera omnia</i> (1725) | George Buchanan, <i>Opera omnia: historia chronologica</i> , 2 vols. (Leiden, 1725). |

- Williamson, 'Buchanan and Knox' A.H. Williamson, 'British Israel and Roman Britain: the Jews and Scottish models of polity from George Buchanan to Samuel Rutherford', in R.H. Popkin *et al.* (eds.), *Jewish Christians and Christian Jews* (Leiden, 1994).
- Williamson, 'Civic virtue and commerce' A.H. Williamson, 'George Buchanan, civic virtue and commerce: European imperialism and its sixteenth-century critics', in *Scottish Historical Review*, lxxv (1996), 20-37.
- Williamson, SNC A.H. Williamson, *Scottish National Consciousness in the Age of James VI: the Apocalypse, the Union, and the Shaping of Scotland's Public Culture* (Edinburgh, 1979).
- Williamson, 'Scots, Indians and empire' A.H. Williamson, 'Scots, Indians and empire: the Scottish politics of civilization, 1519-1609', *Past and Present*, 150 (Feb. 1996), 46-83.
- Williamson, 'Unnatural empire' A.H. Williamson, 'Unnatural empire: George Buchanan, anti-imperialism, and the sixteenth-century syphilis pandemic', in J.E. Force & D.S. Katz (eds.), *Everything Connects: In Conference with Richard H. Popkin* (Leiden, Boston, 1999).

INTRODUCTION

University professor, historian, playwright, political theorist, philologist, linguist, poet, George Buchanan (1506–1582) was regarded universally during his lifetime as one of the greatest scholars of his age. For another century and a half this reputation went unchallenged, and, despite devastating scholarly criticism since the eighteenth century, his extraordinary reputation persists in a number of respects even into our own times. Yet whatever his current reputation, Buchanan's towering, defining influence on the early modern world remains simply unassailable. It is no anomaly that a recent, widely regarded volume of essays about Scottish political culture at the regnal union, *Scots and Britons: Scottish Political Thought and the Union of 1603*, has a special section on Buchanan. The number of Buchanan references in the whole collection only falls short before the references made to James VI and I.¹ 1603, of course, was James's great moment of triumph, when his long, painful efforts to succeed Elizabeth at last saw fruition. By then Buchanan had been dead for more than twenty years—and so he continues to haunt the king's political life no less now than then.

Today most scholarly interest focuses on Buchanan's theories of citizenship and revolution and, to a lesser extent, on the historical basis with which his study of the Scottish past provided these theories. Still, however scandalous (or however useful) his later political writings, his contemporaries did not primarily see him through them. Before everything else, he was a poet. Even those who utterly detested him—as King James certainly did, whose own writings and entire public life aimed at nothing less than refuting every political utterance Buchanan had ever made—all of these people, virtually without exception, nevertheless found themselves admiring him 'as a poet'. Buchanan constantly wrote neo-Latin poetry, and he wrote more of it than of anything else. It was the poetry that thrilled the sixteenth century, engaged the seventeenth century, and challenged the eighteenth century.

¹ Edited by R.A. Mason (New York, 1994).

Conservatives, reactionaries and Scotophobes of all sorts—such as John Dryden, Thomas Ruddiman, or Samuel Johnson—found his poetry, if not his politics, to be altogether irresistible. The first collected edition in 1615 would be dedicated to the Catholic chancellor, Alexander Seton, earl of Dunfermline. Naturally enough, progressives, radicals, revolutionaries, and the propounders of the Atlantic republican tradition found in him their poet as well as their theorist.

Sixteenth-century Scotland was a multi-lingual society, in ways quite unlike France or England. In 1500 there were at least four living languages within the realm, while by mid century French had become virtually a *sine qua non* at court. Buchanan himself, it now seems agreed, was raised in a bilingual world.¹ Even so, 'Scots', the realm's distinctive Anglophone tongue, was by mid century in direct competition with southern forms, while English in any of its forms was a patently provincial language within early modern Europe. Equally importantly, Scotland was also a society whose intellectual elites were unusually cosmopolitan in education and outlook. These circumstances promoted the importation of continental speech and 'civility', and they all actively encouraged Scottish Latinity in ways without analogue elsewhere.² No less a figure than King James observed and applauded the training in the pronunciation of classical languages he had received from Buchanan and regretted that, in this regard, proper instruction was not available south of the border.³ Even if fewer Europeans wrote Latin poetry, all Europe still hugely appreciated it, and none did it better than the great Buchanan.

Poetry lay at the heart of all of Buchanan's writing, his most consistent and widely applauded form. Yet the poems themselves involved much more than remarkable verses, linguistic virtuosity, and formidable classical erudition. Many of them were highly topical, clearly dashed off as commentary on people, events, and government policy. Many addressed the central issues of the age, and often they spoke more directly and powerfully about them than his prose works ever did. They describe the citizen and the requirements of political life, the ideal human association,

¹ Gaelic and Middle Scots. J.H. Burns has recently claimed that Gaelic, not Scots, was his mother-tongue, in *The True Law of Kingship: Concepts of Monarchy in Early Modern Scotland* (Oxford, 1996), 186. As an adult Buchanan had mastered at least five languages (Gaelic, Scots, French, Latin, and Greek), and probably had some familiarity with at least three more (Portuguese, Spanish, and Hebrew). See Ford, *Buchanan*, 87; McFarlane, *Buchanan*, 36, 249; G. Castor & T. Cave, *Neo-Latin and the Vernacular in Renaissance France* (Oxford, 1984), 87.

² The point has been made most recently by R.W. Bushnell, 'George Buchanan, James VI, and neo-classicism', in R.A. Mason (ed.), *Scots and Britons*, 93-4. Cf. L. Bradner, *Musae Anglicanae: A History of Anglo-Latin Poetry 1500-1925* (New York and London, 1940), 123-4.

³ See p. 41 below.

and in so doing amplify our understanding of his political thought. Quite unlike any of his other writings, they also develop a devastating critique of that most momentous post-medieval event, the global expansion of Europe. They reflect upon the structure of the cosmos, they provide the medium for Buchanan's resolute anti-clericalism and iconoclasm, they comment on the European state system, they urge reform in education, politics and religion. They undertake an extraordinary critique of commerce. They comment on a great many political and intellectual figures. They analyse the political experience of the classical world, thereby providing a framework for politics in Renaissance Europe. They offer us insight into his Stoicism and, eventually, the sources of his revolutionary Calvinism.

If read carefully, they will even reveal his spirituality. Buchanan was undoubtedly one of the most distinguished men ever to serve as moderator of the general assembly of the Church of Scotland. Yet, both then and now, he has never been seen as being very religious. His uncompromising hostility to the clergy, combined with his virtually anti-scriptural approach to politics, has prompted moderns to describe him as 'secular' and led contemporaries to call him religious 'for a poet'.¹ Such long-standing popular belief misleads us, for the poems reveal something more: a profound civil piety—not the less religious for its classical inspiration.

In short, poetry was integral to the expression of Buchanan's ideas on religion, nature, and society. It was integral to all aspects of his intellectual life. But, important as it is to Buchanan's thought, influential as it was for some three hundred years, the twentieth century has found his poetry overwhelming rather than revealing.² For all the wide-ranging discussion of Buchanan in that collection of essays devoted to Scottish political culture at the 1603 union, no reference to Buchanan's poetry occurs at any point.³

¹ James Melville of Halhill, *Memoirs of his own Life, 1549-93*, ed. T. Thomson (Bannatyne Club, 1827), 262. Gordon Donaldson has commented in his *Scotland: James V to James VII* (New York, 1965), 114, that Buchanan 'was in truth a humanist rather than a Christian'.

² A striking exception is P.J. Ford's *George Buchanan: Prince of Poets* (Aberdeen 1982) which contains a translation by Ford and W.S. Watt of the *Liber Miscellaneorum*. The concern of that volume, however, is to analyse the place of Buchanan's poems within the styles and forms of sixteenth-century neo-Latin poetry—rather than the political world they construct.

³ The nearest thing is Bushnell's illuminating discussion of Buchanan's dramas in 'George Buchanan, James VI and neo-classicism', esp. 98-103. More than fifty years ago Leicester Bradner wisely observed that 'Buchanan ... achieved fame, not to say notoriety, as a historian and an expounder of political principles, yet these other writings have never overshadowed his importance as a poet' (*Musae Anglicanae*, 135). The truth of Bradner's insight has yet to be adequately appreciated.

Yet it might well be argued that without Buchanan's poetry, there is no Buchanan. This volume sets out to make that poetry fully accessible once again.

Humanist, Heretic, Imperial Apologist

At some point early on in his mature life George Buchanan found himself attracted to prophecy and the Apocalypse. Or so he confessed to the Lisbon Inquisition years later in what must have been an exceedingly dangerous admission. But Buchanan then added immediately that he subsequently came to reject all forms of prophecy.¹ The latter statement—which did not sit altogether well with the inquisitors—is readily borne out in his extant writings. What remained of his (putative) apocalyptic enthusiasms was not any prophetic scheme, but an intense moralism that would be articulated increasingly through a highly classical rather than an eschatological vocabulary.

In keeping with its classical sources, this moralism expressed itself from the beginning as a validation of this world. Buchanan's earliest significant poems, written in Scotland during the 1530s, articulate this commitment through an ever deepening anti-clericalism, and especially anti-monasticism. In the 'Somnium' (1535)² St. Francis confronts Buchanan in a dream and calls upon the poet to 'come over here to my camp, deserting the world'. Although drawing its form and some of its ideas from William Dunbar's vernacular poem, 'How Dumbar wes desyrd to be ane Freir', Buchanan's version breathes a radically different spirit. Dunbar speaks of his many worldly adventures and the saint has simply turned up too late, while Buchanan, in contrast, speaks of his 'birthright to freedom' (*libertas paterna*). Both poets were hostile to monasticism and what they saw as its specious piety, but Buchanan's criticisms are much more thorough-going. Above all, Buchanan stresses the essential validity of the political world: if he were to become a member of the clergy at all, it would need to be as a bishop—and, as such, an individual deeply engaged in civic life. Here would emerge the central and most consistent theme within the entire corpus of Buchanan's works.

Buchanan's anti-clerical poems could be exhilaratingly vulgar. His immediately subsequent 'Palinodia' (c. 1537)³—ostensibly a retraction of the 'Somnium', but actually a re-singing rather than a recantation—explodes the legends of Francis with ribald hilarity. But in the poem Buchanan also speaks with a proto-Protestant voice, claiming: 'Religion for you simply

¹ Aitken, *Trial*, 36-7; cf. Williamson, 'Buchanan and Knox', 103.

² 54/4.

³ 55/4-56/4.

means the habit of doing good;/ Religion for you means following Christ's example by faith and works alike.' In 1538 the huge 'Franciscanus'¹ utterly lambasted the friars' sleazy corruption and greedy exploitation of all levels of society, as well as detailing their order's underlying cynical ethos. It recounts at length several well-known incidents of gross clerical fraud. But the poem also vigorously promotes a scripture-based, Pauline spirituality.

Buchanan's many anti-clerical poems could indeed be splendidly scurrilous:

As a monk was on top of a nun, she groaned out: 'Alas I'm losing my soul in this sporting!' The pious priest consoles her with loving words, covering her loins with his loins, her mouth with his lips. 'I'll close these exits', he said, 'you make sure that no part of your soul gets out by the back door.'²

At the same time they could also prove surprisingly sensitive, even moving, as in 'The Graven Image Speaks to the Pilgrims'.³

For Buchanan an inward-looking Pauline faith enhanced rather than qualified this world and the social morality required by political life. By the mid 1530s Buchanan had returned from the university of Paris to serve as a poet and tutor at the court of James V. At that court Hector Boece and John Bellenden, among others, promoted an abstemious civic virtue derived from specifically Livian and Ciceronian models. Boece's enormously influential *Scotorum Historiae* (Paris, 1527)—a volume translated in Scotland by Bellenden—would organise a vision of the Scottish past within such terms, becoming effectively a species of court ideology. This kind of moralism could only sit uncomfortably with monastic values and medieval clericalism. Buchanan claimed more than once that his poems were encouraged by the king, and we have every reason for taking him at his word. This classically-inspired public morality was the context for Buchanan's poetry, a context which is also exemplified in the appearance of David Lindsay's drama, *Ane Satyre of the Thrie Estaitis*.

James's court, no less than that of his uncle to the south, involved an intricate balance of faction, patronage, ideas. Powerful clerical reactionaries as well as humanist radicals rubbed shoulders in this world—Buchanan's inveterate enemy, Cardinal David Beaton, emerging outstandingly among

¹ 57/4.

² Ford, *Buchanan*, 70. 'Cum monachus monacham premeret gemibunda, "Mihi" inquit/ Vae miserae haec inter ludicra perdo animam."/ Quam pius antistes verbis solatur amicis,/ Inguinaque inguinibus osculaque ore tegens./ "Hoc aditus ego praecludam, tu, ne exeat" inquit,/"Quicquam animae porta posteriore, cave."'

³ 58/4.

the former.¹ That balance became permanently upset in 1538, a moment coinciding with the 'Franciscanus'. Buchanan was jailed, and, possibly with the king's connivance, was lucky enough to escape to England.

In England, as in Scotland, Buchanan again looked to the crown for reform, for protection, for patronage, for the spiritual-political morality which so exercised him. It is hardly surprising that Buchanan admired Thomas Cromwell and enthusiastically supported his reform. Nor is it surprising that he wanted to celebrate Henry VIII as a great reformer and restorer of the faith—or until the Act of the Six Articles and the 1539 reaction caused him to redirect this celebration to Elizabeth some twenty years later.² More remarkable is the one extant poem he did address to Henry. It comprises an elegant and yet also visibly desperate plea on behalf of Cromwell.¹³ Buchanan warns the king about dangerous rumour (*fama*), like a stream originating from an inconspicuous spring that gradually grows in volume to overwhelm everything. Initially it barely whispers, but before long it roars. It is wild-eyed, frightening to behold, ungenerous in disposition, shameless in speech. It exaggerates facts with fancies, mingles lies with truth, speaks of things that have happened as well as things that have not. Perhaps most dangerous of all, it stirs up hostility in the multitudes. If rumour is envious of Henry himself, rightly celebrates him, and can never exaggerate in his case—all a fairly standard trope—the problem remains acute nevertheless. Henry needs to use moderation, not over-react, be quick to set aside bad temper. The great promise of the Henrician Reformation appeared to be failing, and Buchanan, who had arrived in England probably sometime in January, would depart for France by the end of the summer.

Settling at the College of Guyenne, a Latin grammar school near Bordeaux, Buchanan taught Greek, wrote dramas and, as always, produced a continuing flow of poetry—and once again found himself before long in difficulties with the local clerical authorities. The college was led by Portuguese New Christian refugees originating from Beja, long a centre of Marranism (crypto-Judaism). The faculty's orthodoxy was always suspect (not without cause in a number of instances), and, for reasons not altogether clear, Buchanan appears to have got along with them exceedingly well. The Portuguese in Bordeaux almost instinctively looked to royal authority for protection and seem unable to have imagined their lives as other than inextricably linked with it.⁴ Thus, despite forced conversion and horrifying

¹ Cf. M.H.B. Sanderson, *Cardinal of Scotland, David Beaton, c.1494-1546* (Edinburgh, 1986), 87; J.H. Williams, 'David Lyndsay and the making of James V', in J.H. Williams (ed.), *Stewart Style, 1513-1542: Essays on the Court of James V* (East Linton, 1996), 221.

² 28/3; 30/3.

³ 29/3.

⁴ See Y.H. Yerushalmi, *The Lisbon Massacre of 1506 and the Royal Image in the Shebet Yehuda* (Cincinnati, 1976); Y.H. Yerushalmi, 'Prolegomena', in A. Herculano, *History of the Origin*

persecution, these people, like many New Christians, maintained links with the Portuguese crown, on occasion served as its agents, and, as conditions permitted, travelled back and forth to their native kingdom. Buchanan shared their royalism in several respects. Only royal authority might rein in persecution. Only kings might hope to contain clerical power—notably the monastic orders and, outstandingly, the Franciscans at whose hands both Buchanan and the Iberian New Christians had signally suffered. Only such authority offered any hope of reform, or even of a more open world where reform might conceivably be considered.

For these reasons Buchanan's poem welcoming Charles V to the city at the end of the year needs to be taken more seriously than it often has been.¹ Charles is congratulated on his recent North African crusade which captured Tunis, on his success at daunting the 'Scythians' (almost certainly the Ottoman Turks at Vienna), and more generally on the extraordinary range of his vast dominions.² In the wake of the 1535 African campaign, with the prospect of a general crusade, of a Holy League under Habsburg auspices in 1538, with the breath-taking conquests in the New World, the vision of a single world empire became at least briefly plausible. Almost boundless expectations attended Charles's person at this juncture, and much of their highly effective iconography would become associated later with the early British Empire, including the imperialist imagery of Francis Bacon and a surprising range of Anglophone writers. For Buchanan, Charles had reached 'the topmost point of empire' (*imperii apex*). If that title was something less or at least other than being the *dominus mundi*, it was full-throated indeed within the France of Francis I. Yet these words marked only the beginning. His praise for Charles and his extraordinary expectations of the emperor become still more striking further on in the poem. Charles was the world's

... great pledge [*depositum*], the great object of its prayers, and the ground of its hope,
 Ruler of the Iberian nation, lord of Ausonia [the kingdom of Naples], foster son of
 warlike Boreas [the Empire, Germany],
 Conqueror of Libya, terror of Scythia [probably the Ottoman Turks],
 To whom the Western world pays homage, whom Boreas [the North generally] loves,
 Whose power is feared in the farthest East, and by the infidel Moor.

and Establishment of the Inquisition in Portugal, trans. J.C. Branner (New York, 1972); Williamson, 'Buchanan and Knox'. Regarding the (often subversive) 'collèges' that emerged in sixteenth- and seventeenth-century France, see C.G. Nauert, Jr., *Humanism and the Culture of Renaissance Europe* (Cambridge, 1995), 171-2.

¹ Cf. Brown, *Buchanan*, 117; McFarlane, *Buchanan*, 111.

² 71/5.

Buchanan clearly portrayed Charles as heading Christendom against the enemies of the faith, and the poem does come remarkably close to celebrating universal empire. We can hardly wonder that Buchanan appears to have sought Charles's patronage.

Buchanan's imperialism reached its own apex during the years between 1547 and 1550 when he migrated with most of the Guyenne faculty to Portugal, where they would form the core of the arts college at the newly refounded university of Coimbra. For Buchanan Coimbra marked a new beginning. Re-established specifically as a royal institution with only limited church connections, João III's new university seemed to promise the resolutely anti-clerical Buchanan the personal security which had eluded him so consistently in Scotland, England, and France.¹ It is highly misleading therefore to imagine this appointment as merely a matter of teaching Greek to the sons of the Portuguese elite. A royal professor, he was in fact training the future administrators of the realm and its vast—indeed global—empire. Still more, he would be expected to promote and celebrate the realm, its dynasty, and Dom João in particular. Buchanan thus began his encounter with imperialism in the modern sense as its apologist.

As such he wrote prefatory verses to the *Commentarius de rebus a Lusitanis in India apud Dium gestis anno salutis nostrae MDXLVI* (Coimbra, 1548), an account written by his colleague, Diogo de Teive, describing the great Portuguese victory at the coastal Indian fortress of Diu in 1546.² Buchanan's words to the 'invictissimus rex' João III were breath-takingly grand. His empire, stretching from the Tagus to the Ganges, embraced Europe, Asia, and Africa. On it the sun never set (surely a phrase which at that juncture was a good deal fresher than it subsequently became). Moreover, João's global dominions had brought new levels of self-knowledge and, therewith, universal renewal: 'The World overcome by you and restored to itself, rejoices to acknowledge its boundaries and your justice.' Yet there existed one further title, one further conquest: that of death itself. Fully a third of the poem congratulated João on this last and most significant triumph, achieved of course through Teive's *Commentarius*. The greatest laurel then

¹ Regarding the founding of the Colégio Real or, perhaps more formally, Colégio das Artes e Humanidades, see A.H. de Oliveira Marques, *History of Portugal*, 2 vols. (New York, 1972), i, 195. The university must have been a hugely ambitious undertaking, for, according to H.V. Livermore, it had some 1,200 students in 1548, and 1,500 by 1550, the year of Buchanan's arrest: *A New History of Portugal* (Cambridge, 1966), 148. J.I. Israel indicates that Coimbra was also a centre of Marranism—a significant, if also potentially ominous circumstance (*European Jewry in the Age of Mercantilism, 1550-1750* (Oxford, 1989), p. xiv).

² Teive, *Commentarius* ..., trans. R.O.W. Goertz (Lisbon, 1973). As might be expected, Teive's is a detailed account in the earlier humanist tradition, with reconstructed speech summaries emphasising 'the virtue and great spirit of our ancestors' (*majores nostri virtute, animique magnitudine*). See esp. 87, 104, 152.

came not from brave generals but learned professors.¹ In true humanist fashion Buchanan's ultimate praise was self-praise.

Even if Buchanan's promotion of empire was sincere, this circumstance did not imply an unqualified royalism. As his poem to Henry VIII indicated, the king's justifiably laudable reputation promoted by rumour had not come to include moderation and a willingness to loosen traditional authority. Royalism did not mean absolutism or repression but civic responsibility and space for public discourse. Above all, it did not mean the arbitrary power of the clergy. Royal authority held back clericalism, but, as Buchanan was all too conscious, it could also be subverted by it. The 'Franciscanus' had clearly detailed this phenomenon, at one juncture in what may well be a reference to James V's Franciscan confessor:

The rage of war may well have carried off the flock,
But confession is a unique resource that will never fail us.
The skilful use of this weapon has made our order a terror to kings,
And has driven from their ancestral throne those against whom it has pleased us to use
it.²

At the same time, and perhaps even more tellingly, the confessional has enabled the Franciscans to turn otherwise honourable kings against the nobles of their realms.³ By just this means the order has succeeded in disrupting the ties of country and kindred, with depoliticising and dehumanising consequences—disasters that Buchanan describes in language almost suggestive of Aristotle's *Politics*. Still more striking, the clergy generally have been able to stir up *populus* against *proceres*, and thereby yoke the latter to clerical purposes. The 'reins' (*habenæ*) lead to the hand of the sacrilegious

¹ 72/5.

² 'Franciscanus', ll. 303-7, in *Opera omnia* (1715), ii, 6. Historians of the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries have noted Buchanan's witty narration of the pretended exorcism perpetrated at Dysart by William Laing, James V's Franciscan confessor (ll. 832-910). But none have stressed Buchanan's preoccupation with the political power that the confessional gave such individuals. See especially G. Neilson, 'The Franciscan: some footnotes', in *George Buchanan—Glasgow Quatercentenary Studies—1906* (Glasgow, 1907), 312-20.

³ In this way the Franciscans had stirred up popular violence on the one hand and created royal tyranny on the other. 'Namque ubi cunctorum sensus, secretaque mentis/ Noveris, in promptu est tibi conjurata fovere/ Pectora consiliis, timidumque in foedera vulgus/ Cogere, ut ignotas possint expendere vires,/ Vel proceres merito de te bene proderere regi.' ('For when you know the sentiments of everyone and the secrets of every mind, you may readily foster with your counsels the conspiring breast, and drive the ignoble mob into leagues, so that they may expend their unknown strength, or betray his nobles to a king who has earned your favour.') (L. 309-313, in *Opera omnia* (1715), ii, 6.)

papal Judas, who has betrayed at once political life and piety, and whom none can resist.¹

Outstandingly, clerical power had led to the subversion of the law, to the inversion of order, to the corruption of public morality. The two-part Palinode comprised after all a species of 'trial', but a peremptory one that sought to foreclose truth. With remarkable courage Buchanan later told the inquisitors at his all-too-real trial in Lisbon that the 'Somnium' arose from his criticism of procedures at heresy trials which permitted anonymous accusers and accepted evidence from individuals whose motivations were manifestly compromised.²

The theme of clerical subversion of the law and just authority recurs in Buchanan's complex tragedy, *Baptistes*. Written for the students at the College of Guyenne sometime between 1540 and 1543, this story of John the Baptist actually presents a great many themes, some of arresting sophistication, but this one is altogether direct and unmistakable: a threatened clergy will prompt magistrates to tyranny. The loss of restraint, something the drama portrays in several ways, leads to corruption and injustice.³

The most striking and in some ways the most odd indication of the significance of law occurs in Buchanan's prefatory poem to Martim de Azpilcueta's collection of canon law, *Relectio c. novit. non minus sublimus, quam celebris de iudiciis ...*, published at Coimbra in 1548. In it he baldly claimed: 'Untamed ambitions you bring under control by reasoning based on principle./ The priests in purple [the curia, presumably including the pope], the Lord of Ausonia [Charles V],/ And kings as well—you teach them all by a sure method to know the limits of the law.'⁴ These verses appeared in the same year as his celebration of João III's global empire, just as earlier the *Baptistes* had coexisted with his celebration of Charles V. Neither of the latter should be dismissed as simply the empty fabrications

¹ 57/4, ll. 261-7 (cf. Aristode, *Politics*, 1253.a.9-10), 708-26.

² Aitken, *Trial*, 2-4.

³ See Williamson, 'Buchanan and Knox'.

⁴ 73/5. Apparently de Azpilcueta was much taken with Buchanan's poem, retaining it even after Buchanan's entire oeuvre had been placed on the Index (although some editions occasionally omitted Buchanan's name). De Azpilcueta's enthusiasm even extended to using the poem to preface still other writings. He had close relations with all of the new faculty from Guyenne and was virtually alone in making any effort at all to save the three arrested by the Inquisition in 1550. (See McFarlane, *Buchanan*, 135, 139, 152.) The popularity of Buchanan's poetry in Portugal even after his repeated condemnations in *absentia* is very evident. The poem to Teive's *Commentarius* was not dropped in subsequent editions (although the one published at Rome would omit his name). For further indications that Buchanan's poetry continued to be read in Portugal despite ever more fierce repression, see J.R.C. Martyn, 'New poems by Buchanan, from Portugal', in I.D. McFarlane (ed.), *Acta Conventus Neo-Latini Sanctandreami* (Binghamton, N.Y., 1986), 79-83.

required by court ceremony. Buchanan the imperialist was also Buchanan the legist. And, if rightly read, the law could even be that of the canonists.

Republican, Calvinist, Critic of Imperialism

Richard Tuck once commented that the ideal of the Ciceronian republic or at least something like it 'took an extraordinary hold on the imagination of many men at the beginning of the sixteenth century'. More than simply an abstraction, it became widely believed that the republic might truly be reconstructed in modern Europe. That optimism faded during the course of the century. The prospect of republican politics and a civic world where individuals acquired their personalities through their passionate pursuit of the public good increasingly seemed little more than a fantasy. Tacitus, Guicciardini, and a sceptical disengagement from politics supplanted Cicero, Machiavelli, and the classical citizen.¹

Few personalities of the period illustrate Tuck's transition more fully than do George Buchanan and his sometime pupil, Michel de Montaigne. Buchanan the revolutionary Calvinist developed a proto-republican vision of Scotland where rigorously independent aristocrats freely debated and formulated public policy. Montaigne the Counter-Reformation sceptic found significance only in private life, embraced Pyrrhonist doubt to support traditional Catholic piety, and looked to monarchical authority to uphold order against the havoc he perceived as unleashed by incendiary Calvinism.² In a way Tuck's observation will also characterise the transition from Buchanan to his final significant pupil, James VI. James was by definition a public figure and by upbringing a Protestant, but his distaste for what he perceived to be the incendiary aspects of Calvinism ran nearly as deep as Montaigne's. Further, his quest for an underlying order that precluded every aspect of Buchanan's politics, his explicitly Tacitean reading of Machiavelli, and his 'absolutist' search for authority and stability, all fully parallel the concerns of the great essayist.³

Livy loomed large at the Scottish court in the 1520s and 1530s, as he had as well for Machiavelli almost exactly a decade earlier. Nevertheless there

¹ R. Tuck, *Hobbes* (Oxford, 1989), 6-7.

² R.H. Popkin, *The History of Scepticism from Erasmus to Spinoza* (Berkeley, 1979), 42-86; Popkin, 'Skepticism and the Counter-Reformation in France', in *Archiv für Reformationsgeschichte* lxi (1960), 58-86. Cf. Q. Skinner, *The Foundations of Modern Political Thought* (Cambridge, 1978), ii, 275-84.

³ Williamson, *SNC*, esp. 48-63, 162-3. Tuck makes the point that Machiavelli, 'though himself in many ways an authentic Ciceronian, was reread by a new audience in the last decades of the sixteenth century as a kind of Tacitist' (*Hobbes*, 7).

exists considerable irony in Buchanan's being attracted by the experience of the Roman republic. Most of his career was spent in active (and often highly successful) pursuit of royal patronage: James V, Henry VIII, João III, Henry II, Mary Stewart, James VI, and probably Charles V and Marguerite of Navarre. Yet kings and republics could be less antithetical in the sixteenth century than people today instinctively expect. Monarchs might be imagined as moral exemplars, godly princes, classical legislators, or even prophets. The tension arose somewhere else. It was one thing for a patriotic culture to bask under the protection of a latter-day Ghibelline reformer, quite another for there to be a free-floating, morally autonomous civil polity. Buchanan's move from the one to the other began, it seems, in the wake of his disastrous experience in Portugal. He had narrowly managed to escape David Beaton; he had fled Stephen Gardiner and then Charles de Grammont, archbishop of Bordeaux; but only the Inquisition finally succeeded in catching him. In 1550 he, along with two colleagues, was arrested on a range of religious charges by the Lisbon Inquisition, and he was extremely lucky to obtain his release, possibly achieved through the intervention of Dom João himself, two years later.

Once out of jail and out of Portugal—and in the relative security afforded by the French monarchy, the House of Guise, and eventually by Charles de Cossé, the Marshal of France—Buchanan launched into one of the most thorough-going attacks on the emerging notion of empire ever to be undertaken in the sixteenth century. His implacable (if newly found) hostility to the globalisation of Europe provided much of the impetus for his proto-republicanism. Only civic life could realise human potential, and the great Iberian empires, grotesque multi-named congeries, altogether precluded just that. Instead, these distended structures were rooted in clericalism and commerce, both utterly incompatible with the pursuit of the public good.

Commerce derived from private interest rather than military and political virtue. It found itself drawn to 'the least glimmer of gain', but was at the same time inherently unstable and subject to fortune. For 'if the raging madness of war or the surging sea shuts down the pepper shop', then the great Dom João will have at best a reputation based on credit. 'He'll have to take out a loan or starve.'¹ Buchanan was completely correct when he identified pepper as the empire's most consistently lucrative commodity, and his poems may well have contributed later to João's utterly unwelcome sobriquet, 'the grocer king'.² That João, the Portuguese military aristocracy

¹ 11/2.

² C.R. Boxer, *The Portuguese Seaborne Empire, 1415-1825* (New York, 1969), 59-60. Also see C.R. Boxer, 'Portugal's *Drang nach Osten*', *American Historical Review*, lxxv (1970), 1691. Buchanan would surely have appreciated Garrett Mattingly's comment that by 1560 the Portuguese monarchy had become in effect the proprietor of 'a bankrupt wholesale grocery business' (cited by S.G. Payne, *A History of Spain and Portugal* (Madison, 1973),

and the Inquisition, for that matter, fully shared Buchanan's contempt for commerce—though not, of course, his blistering hostility to the great Empire—only made his attacks all the more devastating. The whole structure was fundamentally wrong, motivated by the most corrupt impulses.

For how did these huge Spanish and Portuguese empires actually arise? Buchanan had no doubt. As he explained at one point in his long poem on the cosmos, *De Sphæra*, they sprang from ever-growing greed.

All the barriers of this great globe of the world
Are thrust aside now by the Iberian ships; and secrets of things
Unknown in the long course of ages are at last discovered.
For Orcus has sent forth the insatiable monster Avarice,
Sister to the Harpies, from its Stygian caves.¹

Avarice had insinuated herself into the hearts of the inhabitants of barren and impoverished Portugal with visions of great wealth abroad. With avarice (and corruption) pointing the way, the Portuguese would 'leave their native land, and marriage bed, and home, their aged fathers and children weeping at the door'. First to Africa, to Guinea and the Congo, then 'after avarice and gain grew apace' the vast riches of India supplanted the African 'spoils'—which were no longer 'good enough'. The Portuguese thereupon took to the open sea, but in time even India appeared insufficient as the lure of China beckoned. Now 'their avid hearts are sufficed neither by India or China', and the entire globe apparently lay open. The driving force which led the Portuguese to 'track through the trackless parts of the world' was 'the accursed love of gold', and the entire enterprise, for Buchanan, was thus blighted at its root. Written for the instruction of his sometime pupil, Charles de Cossé's son Timoléon,

239). Buchanan's anti-commercialism followed well-established humanist attitudes. Poggio Bracciolini had made the point as well as any in his *De nobilitate*: 'I certainly cannot see what kind of nobility can be acquired by trade, for trade is judged by wise men to be vile and base, and nothing that can be regarded as base and contemptible can be related to nobility in any way.' The work occurs in *Oratoris et philosophi opera* (Basel, 1538), cited by Q. Skinner, 'Sir Thomas More's *Utopia* and the language of Renaissance humanism', in A. Pagden (ed.), *The Languages of Political Theory in Early Modern Europe* (Cambridge, 1987), 136-7. His anti-commercialism of course was shared by any number of Iberian critics as well. The Spanish poet Luis Ponce de Leon later denounced avarice as the motive for the Portuguese Empire in language surprisingly similar to Buchanan's: 'Portugal's ships in vain/ Plough the wide seas; for not Molucca's spice/ Nor gold of the Persian main/ Can with false lure entice/ Whom sweet content without riches doth suffice.' ('De la Avaricia' (1565?), in A.F.G. Bell (ed. and trans.), *Lyrics of Luis de Leon* (London, 1928; repr. Westport, CT, 1978), 26-9). Nevertheless, the Spanish monk spoke with the voice of Christian traditionalism; Buchanan's was the conflicting voice of civic humanism.

¹ 12/2.

the *De Sphaera* urged the young aristocrat to pursue both learning and military virtue—things 'not vulnerable to financial losses or the anxiety of greed'.¹

The great empires of antiquity, Buchanan stressed in contemporaneous poems, had been similarly motivated. Alexander the Great was 'the world's most famous robber,/ Living for the destruction of the world', while in utter contrast 'the heroic soul of Brutus' used 'holy daggers' on behalf of his country. Brutus thereby had performed an act of *pietas* at once political and spiritual, at once classical and Christian. These verses about him prefaced Marc-Antoine Muret's 1552 Latin drama, *Julius Caesar*. If the drama actually presented a vastly more ambivalent portrait of the assassination than this liminary poem would suggest, Buchanan's recommended reading was altogether unmistakable. The theme would occur more than once. Jacques Grévin's 1561 vernacular drama *César*, Buchanan declared, was Gaul's revenge on Caesar, one that dressed him in his 'own spoils' and showed him for what he was. The antique exemplar was Codrus, the semi-mythical king of Athens who willingly gave his life to preserve the *polis*—and who was also the anti-type to Caesar who overthrew the civic order for personal advancement. All of these poems eventually fed into what later would be his fullest verse statement about the classical experience, the 1566 'Genethliacon' for the newly born James. Accordingly, the *De Sphaera* itself also paused to denounce 'the barbaric pride of Xerxes, the weapons of awful Caesar, and the crimes of the Emathian Tyrant [Alexander]'.² All three were prompted by unbounded greed, all three undertook the destruction of the *polis*, all three were the great criminals of the ancient world. Their lessons must not be lost on modernity.

As we might expect, Buchanan's next poem to an '*invictissimus rex*'—this time Henry II of France, exactly a decade after his celebration of João—adopted a vigorously anti-imperial perspective. France had resisted Charles V's universal empire and now curbed the 'puffed-up' ambitions of his son Philip. Henry's general, François de Guise, and presumably thereby France generally, had been entrusted by God with 'a special role to crush the proud', and overthrow such grandiose designs. For the governor of the universe 'grants sovereignty to restrained moderation'.³

The French role as the protector of the world against universal monarchy featured as a central theme in much of Buchanan's writing during the 1550s—as he indicated with remarkable directness in 1553 when he

¹ Buchanan was of course quite correct when he observed that poverty was the driving force behind much of the emigration from Portugal. See Boxer, *Portuguese Seaborne Empire*, 90.

² 17/2, 18/2, 21/2, 22/2, 19/2, 20/2; 49/3; *De Sphaera* 5.106-8 (*Opera omnia* (Edinburgh, 1715), ii, 163). Philip of Macedonia fares no better: 'If the strength of the tongue of Demosthenes had been sufficient,/ The Mars of Macedonia would not have wasted the wealth of Greece' (23/2).

³ 16/2.

congratulated Henry II on one of the truly extraordinary victories of his reign, the relief of Metz. In 1552 Henry had seized Metz along with a number of imperial strongholds west of the Rhine and during the following winter held off a massive counter-attack led personally by the emperor. In stopping the Hapsburgs Henry had beaten back 'a prodigy more multi-form than the many headed Hydra, more pernicious than Medusa'. That world dominion of which Charles had madly dreamed, and for which he brought forth such huge forces, now discovered limits and boundaries. France alone had stood firm against this universal aggression.

Calling on support from the West and the North, together with the army of Austria,
Charles ravaged cities like the floods in winter.

And for shame!

The strength of the Germans gave way as the half-Moorish Charles pressed onwards.
Italian liberty, unaccustomed to a tyrant's yoke, muttered and grumbled.

Hope, that soothing servant of restless ambition [*cupido*], had spread his promises to
the whole world,

And pride, an uncertain prophet, was dreaming of world empire.

But you the good leader of war-like France have put a stop to the arrogance of this
endeavour.

You have coiled a noose around this unmastered madness.¹

It is easy to imagine how all of these poems could have driven the courts at Madrid and Lisbon apoplectic, and it will not surprise us that within Buchanan's lifetime his entire corpus would be banned in Portugal, more than a decade before being placed on the papal Index.²

Only unrestrained greed could have launched men into the open waters of the great oceans, an act otherwise almost against nature. In his ferocious condemnation of Portuguese Brazil (and world empire generally), Buchanan declared that, prompted by reckless greed, Europeans had now succeeded in penetrating the hitherto unbroken partitions of the globe: 'Through iron and fire and a sea of shipwrecks/ We have broken down the secret bar of things.'³ Buchanan spoke in a similar way again in his much later *Rerum Scotticanum Historia* (1582), when he described the decline of shipping, in part through shipwreck, under Alexander III in the thirteenth century. Scottish

¹ 15/2.

² The Coimbra poem does not feature in subsequent collections of Buchanan's poetry, though Thomas Ruddiman added it to the eighteenth-century *Opera omnia*. Buchanan was condemned by the Lisbon inquisition and his works totally banned in 1581. His writings again were condemned by Pope Sixtus V in 1590 and yet again by Pope Clement VIII in 1596 (Martyn, 'New poems', 79). The Portuguese nevertheless continued to like Buchanan's poem, and the edition of Teive's *Commentarius* published at Rome in 1602 simply omitted the poet's name from its title.

³ 10/2, l. 8.

sailors, he suggested, may have been 'tempted through avarice to venture too rashly to sea'. Buchanan appears to have shared the classical view of Horace and Claudian that the oceans were natural boundaries and that long sea journeys were therefore contrary to nature. As Horace had put it long before: 'In vain God in his wisdom/ divided the lands with Ocean if impious/ vessels scurry across/ waters meant to stay untouched./ Bold for any experience,/ humanity races wherever forbidden.'¹ Buchanan appears to have seriously endorsed Alexander's (alleged) policy of restricting Scottish traders to the local retail markets.²

If avarice had created an utterly monstrous empire sustained through contemptible commerce, just such corrupt impulses had also brought Buchanan before the Inquisition. Buchanan believed, with some reason, that a junior colleague, one Belchior Beleago or Beliagoa was the informer ('quadruplator')³ who had betrayed him to the inquisitors. In a furious cycle of poems Buchanan denounced Beleago as a 'monstrous animal' (a 'belua'—perhaps involving a play on his name) who tramples learning at the university. Beleago is incapable of working out a syllogism; he leaves the books of the university unused. Instead, he promotes every conceivable kind of trade: from foodstuffs to household goods, to broken-down horses, to sick slaves. There is no deal he is not in on, no corrupt practice nor demeaning occupation in which he does not engage. He is a monopolist in every sordid art ('inter artes sordidas monopolium'). There is nothing he will not try to sell: and, if Laverna, the divinity protecting thieves and impostors, would allow it, he would probably seize control of the water supply and of the sewers as well. Pay privies, perhaps? He may pretend to be a professor, but the one thing he really does know, the only thing he really can teach, is an avaricious deceitfulness. In the fullest possible sense Beleago had 'sold out' the College of Arts and outstandingly his senior professor, Buchanan himself. Beleago was in every way a tradesman, one who completely embodied the ethos of commerce.

Buchanan's anti-commercial attitudes also become manifest with his highly peculiar anti-Judaism. At the College of Guyenne and then at the

¹ *Odes* 1.3, l. 21–6: 'nequiquam deus abscedit/ prudens Oceano dissociabili/ terras, si tamen impiae/ non tangenda rates transiliunt vada./ Audax omnia perpeti/ gens humana ruit per vetitum nefas.' We have adopted David Mulroy's translation, *Horace's Odes and Epodes* (Ann Arbor, Mich., 1994), 56. However, we believe 'God in his wisdom' rather than 'the prudent god' for 'deus prudens' more closely approaches a sixteenth-century reading of the poem.

² Buchanan, *History of Scotland*, i, 391–2; cf. A. Pagden, *Lords of All the World: Ideologies of Empire in Spain, Britain and France, c.1500–1800* (New Haven, CT, 1995), 60–1.

³ The use of this classical term—an informer who would receive a quarter of the penalty—neatly links Buchanan's two charges against Beleago: avarice and betrayal. See 5/1, and 1/1–8/1 generally. For a fuller discussion of these themes, see Williamson, 'Civic virtue and commerce', 20–37.

university of Coimbra, Buchanan inhabited a world which was unmistakably crypto-Jewish, but in no way philo-Semitic. Moreover, at his terrifying trial before the Lisbon inquisition, Buchanan faced, among others, the charge of Judaizing—a 'scandal' which would echo down through Catholic polemic into the eighteenth century, becoming visible enough even to receive notice in Pierre Bayle's philosophical dictionary.¹ Buchanan's traducer, Beleago, as a Portuguese, was actually far more vulnerable to the charge of being Jewish, and Buchanan passed up no opportunity to exploit this circumstance. If the poems of the Beleago cycle are thoroughly nasty, exuberantly vulgar, scurrilously witty, and normally sanitised in English translation,² unfortunately several of them are also poisonously anti-Judaic (to moderns, they will even be suggestive at moments of Ezra Pound's viciousness). And yet within the stultifying, truly McCarthyite world of sixteenth-century Iberia—obsessed as it was with blood and race, hysterically concerned to deny (or hide) the stain of Jewish ancestry—Buchanan's anti-Jewish postures are commonplace rather than notably blood-thirsty. They are probably most striking by being almost entirely secular, and, seemingly, they are unique to the Buchanan oeuvre. The anti-Judaism in the poems, though certainly real, appears to serve the larger anti-mercantile purpose.

At the heart of the matter for Buchanan is large-scale trade and the commercial enterprise itself rather than any Jewish rapacity. There is no plea for the good trader being squeezed out by sharp practices. For all the hostility expressed in these poems to the 'solus arbiter' and to 'monopolium', we do not encounter the slightest hint of economic liberalism or any vindication of the virtues of free trade. Trade itself appears unworthy, demeaning, contemptible. It is relevant to Buchanan's political order only because it threatens to subvert that order.³

Moreover, this anti-commercialism contrasts dramatically with the late medieval anti-Judaism of Buchanan's sometime professor, the theologian and scholastic John Mair. Mair had nothing at all to say about commerce, but a great deal indeed to say about the corrupting influence of Jews within Christian society. With Mair we enter an altogether different world, one possessed of a vastly more virulent Judaphobia. Mair enthusiastically endorsed the 1290 expulsion of the Jews from England—an event unnoticed by Buchanan—and his terms are truly blood-curdling. Yet England merely

¹ Cf. Williamson, 'Buchanan and Knox', 100. Cf. Pierre Bayle, *Dictionnaire Historique et Critique* ... 2 vols. (Rotterdam, 1697), i, 688; cf. Bayle, *A General Dictionary, Historical and Critical* ... 10 vols. (London, 1735), iii, 656.

² Consider for example 2/1.

³ Cf. Williamson, 'Civic virtue and commerce'.

provided a model. All princes, Mair insisted, ought to rid themselves of their Jewish populations, and there simply can be no doubt but that he applauded the contemporaneous expulsion of the Jewish communities from Iberia (1492–98). Mair spoke with a late medieval voice in still further ways when he recounted the Jewish blood libel and the tale of 'little' Hugh of Lincoln (1255) in his *History of Greater Britain*.¹ Such preoccupations are completely alien to Buchanan's writings and to the entire tenor of his thought with its severe hostility to 'vana superstitio'. We can never know what Buchanan meant precisely when he termed Mair a great liar, one fully comparable to the proverbial Cretans of antiquity, but he surely intended far more than merely the misconceived questions of scholastic reasoning.² It cannot surprise us that Mair sat on the infamous Paris commission that in 1514 condemned Johannes Reuchlin, the humanist pioneer of Jewish studies for Christians.³ It probably will not surprise us that, in contrast, Buchanan studied with New Christians and crypto-Jews whom he regarded as a kind of family ('inter propinquos et familiares'). Buchanan was especially close to the Guyenne principal André Gouvea who, whatever his beliefs, secured from Henry II the charter which formally recognised the Portuguese New Christian community—and effectively founded French Sephardic Jewry. Mair called loudly for the extirpation of all the Jews in Christendom, while Buchanan's *Baptistes* comprises an unmistakable plea for openness in a world where things are not always as they seem.⁴ The two men manifestly occupied different worlds, and the latter's, humanist and ultimately Calvinist, pointed to better things.⁵

In claiming that commerce (rather than specifically the Jews) underwrote empire and precluded a truly public order, Buchanan had described a locus of debate that would echo in British political discourse for at least another two centuries. But the problem of commerce was only part of the catastrophe of empire. Still more devastating to human purposes was the corrupting clericalism inherent in this extraordinary undertaking. Priests had promoted the great empires, and these empires in turn had promoted clerical power. Portuguese Brazil provided the exemplar. Settlement there had become a central concern to João during Buchanan's residence in Portugal, and

¹ *Historia Majoris Britanniae tam Angliae quam Scotiae* (Paris, 1521), discussed in Williamson, 'Civic virtue and commerce', 23–4. Anthony Pagden refers to Mair as a Dominican, but this assertion seems to defy corroboration: Pagden, 'Dispossessing the barbarian: the language of Spanish Thomism and the debate over the property rights of the American Indians', in A. Pagden (ed.), *The Languages of Political Theory in Early-Modern Europe* (Cambridge, 1987), 85.

² 70/4.

³ B.P. Copenhaver, *Renaissance Philosophy* (New York, 1992), 97.

⁴ Williamson, 'Buchanan and Knox'.

⁵ Calvin's unusually positive view of the Jews is briefly described by Israel in *European Jewry*, 13.

Buchanan's subsequent comments on royal policy were devastating. The king had abandoned his true realm with its frontiers in Morocco for the development of trans-oceanic Brazil—with disastrous politico-moral consequences. Military virtue had declined, fortresses were abandoned, soldiers starved, while 'obscene settlers' ('obscœni coloni') governed by 'perverse' clerics ('cinædi') had poured into the new, far-off territories.¹ Brazil was not characterised exclusively, or perhaps primarily, by trade but by priestcraft. Even more the latter involved the corruption of civic virtue and of all morality which for Buchanan were inextricably associated. Commerce could be sexual as well as economic, and Buchanan's comments on the clergy's latter-day Brazilian 'Gomorrhah' are truly extraordinary:

Africa is deserted, the needy soldier begs;
 Without struggle the Moor, prone to flight, holds safe the towns.
 Dark Brazil takes on the obscene settlers.
 And he [i.e., the clergy] who formerly defiled the boys, digs the fields,
 And he [i.e., João] who takes away land [in Morocco] from his own soldiers, gives it
 [in Brazil] to the perverts:
 Nothing goes well in war when right is on the other side.²

The reference to the clergy as 'perverts', who literally dig both the boys and the fields, is enormously telling. The 'nefarious sin' of sodomy or anal intercourse, whether with a human being or with an animal, constituted the equivalent in the natural order to heresy: as heresy defied God's truth revealed in his Church, so the 'pecado nefando' defied God's order revealed in nature. The inquisition was empowered to deal with the full range of such crimes.³ Much more gender-specific than witchcraft, indeed understood as an exclusively male crime, and vastly more often lethal to those so accused, the 'nefarious sin', along with recalcitrant heresy and apostasy, carried the ultimate penalty, that of being burned alive. The close association of heresy with the great sin ensured that both Calvin and Luther were constantly denounced as sodomites within Counter-Reformed literature.⁴ Mary

¹ 9/2. The fortresses ('oppida') Buchanan has in mind are most notably Alcácer and Arzila, abandoned by the government in 1549 and 1550 respectively in favour of consolidation in Brazil. See Williamson, 'Unnatural empire'; Livermore, *Portugal*, 146, 149, 153; Marques, *Portugal*, i, 308, 311-21.

² 9/2.

³ M.E. Perry, 'The "nefarious sin" in early modern Seville', in K. Gerard & G. Hekma (eds.), *The Pursuit of Sodomy: Male Homosexuality in Renaissance and Enlightenment Europe* (Binghamton, NY, 1989), 68, and more generally 67-89; Boxer, *Portuguese Seaborne Empire*, 267. For a discussion of the association of witchcraft with 'unnatural' crimes (specifically treason and 'tyranny'), see Williamson, *SNC*, ch. 2. I am grateful to Raymond Waddington for drawing my attention to Perry's article.

⁴ Its reception within Ireland is noted by N.P. Canny, 'The formation of the Irish mind:

Elizabeth Perry has observed that Muslims, too, were traditionally associated with homosexuality in Spain and doubtless within Iberia generally.¹

All of this became immediately relevant to Buchanan because at some point the charge of sodomy was brought against the Coimbra professors in what was patently an effort to bolster the Inquisition's case.² 'Unnatural' professors could be presumed to be heretical professors. Although Buchanan himself does not seem formally to have confronted the charge (it may have been no more than an insinuation), his anger is easily imagined. For here were the clergy—always concerned to protect themselves from being charged with the great sin, as Perry indicates, and as the militantly anti-clerical Buchanan surely knew³—accusing laymen of their own crimes.

It is within this context that we need to read his spectacular condemnation of the Brazilian enterprise, 'In colonias brasilienses, vel sodomitas a Lusitanis missos in Brasiliam' (To the Brazilian colonists, or the Sodomites from Portugal sent into Brazil). The sexual perversity of the Portuguese who settled in Brazil—both the clergy and the unsavoury 'degradados' (transported convicts)⁴ over whom they ruled—had made the land, quite literally, a latter-day Sodom and Gomorrah. Buchanan's words are altogether uncompromising:

religion, politics, and Gaelic literature, 1580-1750', *Past and Present*, 95 (May 1982), 91-116. Perry observes that female homosexuality prompted little comment from Spanish clerics and little concerned them. Moreover, although women obviously might participate in a sodomitic act with a male, Iberian women, apparently, were never prosecuted. 'It seems likely that heterosexual sodomy was not considered as serious a crime against nature as was homosexual intercourse.' In her study of Seville between 1567 and 1616, Perry could find only one male charged with sodomising a woman, and he escaped effectively with a reprimand. The woman was not charged at all. Here was a male crime, one that was perceived as a threat to the Tridentine emphasis on Christian marriage—as we, or Senator Helms, might say, family values. See Perry, 70-1, 79. Perry also observes the functional analogue between sodomy and the crime of witchcraft in other parts of Europe. As with witchcraft, sodomy executions provided a kind of 'morality play'; as with witchcraft, it was closely associated with the 'unnatural'; as with witchcraft, the increasing incidence of the crime was associated with the latter days of the world. The real differences lie in: (1) The virtually total gender exclusivity, (2) the higher levels of conviction, (3) the specific and close association with heresy, (4) the greater cruelty of punishment (witches were normally strangled before being burned). See Perry, 68, 75-6; Williamson, *SNC*, ch. 2.

¹ Perry, 'The "nefarious sin"', 76.

² Marques, *History of Portugal*, 299. Marques has described the charges as 'pretexts', as in some sense they surely were.

³ Perry, 'The "nefarious sin"', 74: 'Inquisition records reflect a desire to protect the reputation of the Church, as well as to purify the faith. For this reason, accounts of clerics accused of improper behaviour in the confessional refer only obliquely to homosexual behaviour.'

⁴ Part of the purpose of the 1549 reorganisation was 'reforming the morals of the colonists', many of whom were 'degradados'. At Bahia they comprised 400 of the original 1,000 settlers. For Buchanan they were degenerates, the secular counterparts of the clergy. See Boxer, *Portuguese Seaborne Empire*, 87, 90.

Come down from the sky in flaming whirlwind,
 Armed, Angel, with avenging anger,
 Long since known as the scourge of lust
 In the destruction of Sodom the wicked city.

May it perish once more at thy hands.
 The progeny of the Syrians calls up a sacrificial offering
 To rival Gomorrah; and it renews an arena
 For accursed and unspeakable filthiness.¹

The Portuguese, and potentially all of Europe, had broken down the natural boundaries of the oceans ('the secret bar of things'). It had proven costly ('a sea of shipwrecks'), but now the entire world lay open to European corruption—'so that no place will be free of the unspeakable lust/ Perpetrated by the filthy perverts'. Buchanan was emphatic that Portuguese penetration of the New World had brought to a mild region 'a shameful servitude under the rule of these disgusting settlers'. It had brought unspeakable corruption to 'that part of the world which a gentle and temperate exuberance/ Has consecrated as its own seat and proper place'. No practice of the native Brazilians, however primitive—not even cannibalism itself, that ultimate mark of barbarism—could compare with what had been visited upon them by the unnatural Portuguese sodomites. As with the essay later written by Michel de Montaigne about the cannibals of Brazil,² Buchanan did not idealise the societies of the New World. But they certainly might appear Edenic when compared with what the *cinædi* had now brought to their shores.

When Buchanan thought of the 'degredados', he visualised poverty and corruption.

He burns with abominable passions
 Made lean by the surging sea, by poverty, by hunger,
 Redolent of the poisonous odour
 Of his subsistence on acorns and radishes.

The lines anticipate Shakespeare's 'full-acorned boar' whose sexuality involves no more than grunt and mount. Such individuals would only realise their worst impulses when unleashed into the gentler Brazilian world.

But when he thought of the clergy, he saw something vastly worse. For here—in the fullest possible sense—was the perversion of the Christian faith itself.

¹ 10/2 (verses 1-2).

² *Of Cannibals*, published 1580.

O shame of the Christian name!
 O shameful decline and sign of the times,
 O vile cause of villainous men,
 Both the outcome and the prize of their labours.

With all of his talk about sodomy (along with latter-day Sodom and Gomorrah), about 'accursed and unspeakable filthiness', defilement, unbridled lust, 'filthy perverts' ('impuri cinædi'), and his great emphasis on clerical homosexuality, one might almost think that European decadence had issued in the syphilis pandemic. We encounter a potential pun, typical of his poetry, in the word *labes* ('falling off') and *tabes* ('plague', 'pestilence') appearing at the second line: 'O shameful decline [plague?] and sign of the times.' The intensely sexual character of the 'turpes coloni' links almost inescapably with the great medical crisis which had arisen at the end of the fifteenth century and which had immediately been identified as deriving through contact with the New World.

Winfried Schleiner has shown how early English medical histories portrayed the new affliction as deriving from Spain and as the ironic, if tragic, consequence of its empire in America. The Spaniards set out for conquest, only to return with sickness. Thus for the physician Philip Barrough writing in the 1580s, the 'Morbus Gallicus' offered immediate political implications for Protestant England.

First, the Spaniards borrowed it [syphilis] of the Indians, and brought it home instead of their gold, and afterwards *Charles* the fift Emperour of Rome, who was a man of great power, and delighted in shedding bloud, spared neither men, woman, nor child, insomuch that he spoiled a great part of Italy ... and at the last came to Rome and Naples, with his whole hoast, spoyling all as he went with great cruelty: and for his hire, this disease began first to shew itself plentifully among his people, and specially because his soldiers were much given to venery. ... the first finding of this grievous sicknesse, was brought into Spaine, by *Columbus* at his comming home, so that all Christendome may curse the Emperour and *Columbus*.¹

But more interesting than Barrough's association of disease—rather than triumph—with world empire and Catholic power, is its linkage with exchange and commerce, and finally deception.

Then *Columbus* trauelled againe, and brought with him little gold, but all his men were infected with this grieffe: insomuch that the phisitions in those daies did not knowe what to make of the grieffe ... before the siege of Naples the Spaniards for friendship they bare to the Frenchmen, sent to them of their curtizans infected with

² Philip Barrough, *The Method of Phisick, containing the causes, signes, and cures of inward diseases in mans body from the head to the foote* (London, 1590), 361, quoted by Schleiner, 'Moral attitudes toward syphilis and its prevention in the Renaissance', *Bulletin of the History of Medicine*, lxxviii (1994), 391–3; Schleiner, *Medical Ethics in the Renaissance* (Washington, D.C., 1995), 162–3. The first edition of the *Method of Phisick* appeared in 1583 and, according to Barrough, omitted the section of syphilis through a printer's error. I am grateful to Raymond Waddington for drawing my attention to Schleiner's article.

this griefe, minding to let them have some of their iewels, which they brought out of the Indian country. The Frenchmen (not knowing their kind hearts) fell in loue with them ... to their great cost and trouble to this day.¹

The 'Franciscanus' had spoken of 'commercia Veneris', but the frame of reference has now widened. Commerce, at once economic and sexual, occurs between Indian and Spaniard, between Spaniard and Frenchman, between men and women. These associations need to be seen as interconnected features of Buchanan's violent anti-commercialism. Commerce led to moral corruption—as it undermined civic and military virtue. It led to physical corruption—bringing infection rather than abstemious health. It arose with distended empire—supplanting political life within the *respublica*. All of these phenomena, all of these relationships, whether with conquistadors or courtesans, were underwritten by avarice. Buchanan's intense moralism led directly to his Stoicism, his revolutionary Calvinism, his proto-republicanism, his abiding anti-imperialism.

It also led to his anti-clericalism. Barrough adopted the common view in finding the origins of syphilis with the Amerindians. Buchanan's sometime pupil, King James VI, agreed when he denounced 'the pockie Indian slaues' as tobacco-smoking degenerates.² But in his ode to the 'colonias brasilienses' Buchanan clearly implied otherwise. Corruption derived from degenerate settlers, not degenerate Amerindians. In so saying, Buchanan had gone Barrough one better: the great Catholic empires did not import the disease, they created the disease. For Barrough, James, and probably most Europeans, syphilis arose from commerce with the Americans; Buchanan appears to say that it arose from clerical perversity—commerce with the choir boys.

We can hardly imagine a more thorough-going, devastating or more multi-layered repudiation of Europe's new imperialism. The role of France as its prime opponent therefore possessed global significance. France was the land of civilisation, the land of hope. Buchanan's enthusiasm on his return to France from the barren hills of Portugal was obviously heart-felt, and it involved much more than the country's beauty, its agriculture or even its poetry.³ Buchanan of course never used that characteristically eighteenth-century term, 'humanity', when he described French aspirations. Yet his campaign for public life is curiously evocative of it, and his thought anticipates

¹ Barrough, *Method of Physick*, 362; Schleiner, 'Moral attitudes', 391; Schleiner, *Medical Ethics*, 162.

² James VI and I, *A Counterblaste to Tobacco* (London, 1604), in *The Workes of the Most High and Mighty Prince James*, ed. J. Montague (London, 1616), 214–5, 220. See Williamson, 'Scots, Indians, and empire', 63.

³ 14/2.

the Enlightenment in significant ways. At the same time and largely unlike the eighteenth century, the French cause for Buchanan was equally a struggle against impiety.

It is in this context that his highly successful celebration of the capture of Calais in 1558 needs to be understood.¹ Far more is at issue for Buchanan than a notable French victory against England. The poem makes it very clear that England has become in effect one of the Hapsburg dominions, and the heart of the matter, the true meaning of the contest, lay in the imperial designs of Charles and his son—and, literally, their impiety. God gave 'the sceptre to temperate governance,/ And the reins of restraint to impetuous arrogance'. Precisely these qualities of boundary and moderation informed French rule, and Buchanan looked to France and the Guise family as leading to a more open and more tolerant world, in marked contrast to that being created by Mary Tudor and her husband. The policies of the Scottish regent, Mary of Lorraine, made such optimistic expectations far from implausible in the 1550s, and the house of Guise would begin to earn its blood-thirsty reputation only toward the end of the decade. Even in France, for all the horrors perpetrated by Henry II, some sort of broad-gauged Gallican reconciliation did not become absolutely precluded until the Colloquy of Poissy in 1562, a year after Mary Stewart and also Buchanan had departed for Scotland.

Seen this way, the marriage of Mary Stewart to the future Francis II could only be positive and potentially even liberating. To join Scotland—and perhaps England too—in a union with the bastion of civilisation and the stronghold against universal tyranny could hardly be greeted with other than enthusiasm. The real danger, as no less a political figure than Michel de L'Hôpital knew full well, would be a reactionary Spanish marriage. The real challenge, as L'Hôpital again immediately recognised, was to convince France about this expensive Scottish union. Saving Scotland from the English invasion that Henry VIII had launched in 1544 and that Somerset subsequently pursued with formidable effectiveness, had proven enormously costly. By 1550 the English at last had been turned back, but with what would France now be joined?—a remote, northern, and perhaps barbarous realm. Like L'Hôpital's 'In Francisci illustrissimi Franciæ Delphini et Mariæ serenissimæ Scotorum reginæ nuptias', Buchanan's 'Epithalamium' on the marriage also undertook, seemingly before anything else, to promote it to the French.² 'And if a long line of distinguished ancestry is sought,/ Hers can enumerate one hundred royal descendants from one stock.' Drawing on the traditions developed by Boece and Bellenden, Buchanan stressed the ancient alliance with France, developed the figure of the remarkably hardy

¹ 16/2. Two editions of it appeared in Paris that year.

² 46/3.

'redshank', and spoke of Scottish sacrifice in their common cause. 'Take it from me that the warlike spirit of the Scots is a dowry in itself.'

Still, far more was necessary in Renaissance Europe than merely ancient military virtue and long-standing ties of kinship and friendship. It was desperately important that Scotland also be seen as cultured. In a voice that finds an echo quite recently in that of Thomas Cahill, Buchanan declared:

...when Mars and barbarian armies were shaking the Roman world to pieces,
This land alone was hospitable to the Muses who were all but driven out elsewhere.
The teachings of Greek and Roman wisdom, the good offices of teachers and tutors,
instructors for the young,
Charlemagne brought [from Scotland] to the Celts [i.e., the Gauls, the French].¹

Here lay a matter about which Buchanan and many of his countrymen were deeply uneasy.² Even if Scotland alone had stopped the Roman advance, even if Scotland alone among the nations of Europe had always preserved its 'ancestral laws', the taint of primitiveness and cold stupidity still exercised him (along with most Scots), and all his assertions of dignity were clearly intended to proclaim Scottish worthiness to the French. Only incidentally did they also underwrite Scotland's parity. Buchanan looked to a 'common rule' and to the prospect of the two realms becoming 'bound together into one people'. This is no idle phrase, for he had obtained letters of naturalisation in the previous year, and during the summer the government undertook to extend French naturalisation to all Scots. Perhaps there is no better measure of Buchanan's unionist preoccupations than his concern that Mary should obey her husband: '... though the Dauphin ... should yield to you the sceptre of royalty, and declare you with tender conscience his [co-equal] lady, / Yet acknowledge your station in life as a woman, and accustom yourself to your husband's authority.' If Mary were expected to represent Scottish interests—the 'Epithalamium' quite unrealistically speaks of her missing Scotland—this would only be achieved through 'little kisses'. Buchanan strongly upheld Scottish dignity, but had little to say about Scottish autonomy. He expressed none of the apprehension now deepening in Scotland that, as the earl of Argyll put it, the realm was about to become another Brittany.

¹ Ll. 205–8. Cf. Cahill, *How the Irish Saved Civilisation: The Untold Story of Ireland's Heroic Role from the Fall of Rome to the Rise of Europe* (New York, 1995). Only in his *History* does Buchanan seem to suggest that the Scots, Irish, and Britons, as well as the Gauls, might be deemed 'Celts'. Part of the problem for Buchanan was that the civilisation preserved by the 'Scoti' was by no means a culture of interest to the Renaissance.

² Cf. 35/3, 50/3, 57/4 (ll. 825–8), Appendix B.7, and Williamson, 'Scots, Indians, and empire.'

Yet scholars like J.E. Phillips have rightly recognised that Buchanan's agenda was not that of the French government and its publicists. Henry II differed decisively from Charles V and Philip II, Buchanan insisted, because he, unlike the Hapsburgs, did not try to rival 'the powers above', would freely acknowledge his 'guilt', and seek divine forgiveness. He did not share their grand designs. However, French writing about the marriage—from verses in learned Latin by the chancellor to popular vernacular squibs—made it entirely explicit that France did indeed aim at creating a universal empire.

The hour will come when a refulgent race
Of gallant boys our royal halls shall grace:
To each a separate throne assign'd shall be –
Gaul to the first, the second to Lombardy
...
And this shall Scotland, that Britannia guide:
While other sceptres other sons shall bear –
So that one house the world's vast empire share.¹

Whether or not Buchanan was actually aware of the secret treaty with the teenaged Mary annexing the Scottish crown to the Valois dynasty, French intentions could hardly be more unmistakable. Valois aspirations manifestly extended well beyond the British Isles and beyond Italy. Henry, a new Charlemagne uniting both the French and the Germans, would create nothing else but a new empire from the Merovingian lands of France, the Low Countries, and the Rhine.² French vision was also transoceanic. In 1550, while Buchanan was en route to a Portuguese jail, the monarchy staged a spectacular pageant at Rouen which constructed a fanciful and beguiling vision of Brazil—an event that at once popularised and promoted the prospect of global expansion. During the latter half of the decade Nicolas

¹ A description of French aspiration and this nineteenth-century translation of L'Hôpital's verses appear in J.E. Phillips, *Images of a Queen: Mary Stewart in Sixteenth-Century Literature* (Berkeley and Los Angeles, 1964), 14–15. See also M.H. Merriman, 'Mary, queen of France', in M. Lynch (ed.), *Mary Stewart: Queen in Three Kingdoms* (Oxford, 1988). L'Hôpital's original verses are as follows: 'Tempus erit, quum laeta domus se regia tollet/ Natorum numero et divinae stirpis honore./ Quot dabit illa viros, tot erunt tribuenda viritim/ Regna superstitibus. Continget Gallian primo;/ Proximus Insubrum populos omnemque tenebit/ Italiam, Alpinis a montibus usque Tarentum./ Hic Scotis et jura dabit; reget ille Britannos;/ Accipient alias alii mox ordine sedes./ Sic totum natis genitor dispertiet orbem.' (Michel de L'Hôpital, *Œuvres complètes*, ed. P.J.S. Dufey, 5 vols. (Paris, 1824–6; repr. Geneva, 1968), iii, 336.) If anything, the free-wheeling, though elderly translation understates L'Hôpital's hopes for a French world order. As we might expect, French iconography became increasingly imperial during Henry's reign. See P.J. Knecht, *French Renaissance Monarchy: Francis I and Henry II*, (2nd edn., New York, 1996), 75, 82. Cf. Niccolò della Casa's engraving of Henry II as a Roman emperor (1547), reprinted in E.F. Rice & A. Grafton, *The Foundations of Early Modern Europe, 1460–1559*, (2nd edn., New York, 1994), 140.

² Baumgartner, *Henry II*, 148.

de Villegaignon set about realising these expectations and established French settlements in Brazil.¹

The great anti-empire, the protector of European liberty, thus could well turn out to be nothing of the sort. The struggle of the 1550s might emerge as no more than competition between structures that were fundamentally the same, dynastic rivalry within a common framework and with like, if conflicting, purposes. Buchanan never commented on 'Antarctic France'. But the gulf between Buchanan's hopes and French intentions became explicitly articulated as political authority in France crumbled first with Henry's untimely death in 1559 and then with that of his son some fourteen months later—disasters bringing with them the unspeakable horror of religious civil war. In 'The Deplorable State of the French Commonwealth', Buchanan spoke of calamities visited upon a France of 'arrogance and swollen hopes' and exceeding 'in its spirit the bounds of moderation'.² Still more tellingly, he spoke of the decline of the public spirit. The aristocracy, for Buchanan always the true citizens of any republic, had turned 'to private ambitions' and ceased 'to consider the public good'. There can be no greater sign of Buchanan's sense of desperation than his closing exhortation for a crusade against the Turks, virtually always the appeal from the insoluble.

If the golden age seemingly promised by the marriage of Francis and Mary had turned to brass, hope powerfully revived nevertheless in revolutionary and reformed Scotland—where Buchanan joined the young queen probably soon after her arrival in August 1561. Buchanan allowed himself to imagine a new Britain, reformed in every sense, and at last truly a blessed and golden age under the leadership of the two 'goddesses', Mary and Elizabeth.³ Just how the British kingdoms might be linked remained unclear—an ambiguity perhaps inherent in government by goddess—yet the two realms visibly had begun to embrace a common agenda and, one might almost say, a common culture. Hope reached still further, as the situation in England and Scotland now promised unprecedented opportunities. Reformed faith and reformed politics now seemed possible within Buchanan's Britain as they never had previously in France even at the most

¹ The problem of empire presumably remained even if the French settlements were populated largely by Protestants (with Calvin's blessing and Henry's tacit acquiescence) rather than priestly and criminal sodomites. Regarding the Rouen pageant, see M. Wintroub, 'Civilising the savage and making a king: the royal entry festival of Henri II (Rouen 1550)', *Sixteenth-Century Journal*, xxix (1998), 465-94, esp. 489. Wintroub suggests that, not unlike the Scots, the French, too, found themselves variously exercised about what it meant to be civilised—and whether they qualified as such.

² 47/3.

³ 50/3.

optimistic moments. While almost certainly it would be wrong to read any notion of national election or prophetic destiny into his verses, many British Protestants may well have read them that way.

Buchanan himself did embrace Protestantism with manifest enthusiasm—denouncing the mass (and thereby priestly power) violently and yet, as always, also with irony and wit.¹ Clerics and citizens could only coexist uncomfortably, as Buchanan had variously perceived for a great many years. The appeal of Calvinism was not its revolutionary ideology or a 'theory of resistance', *pace* Montaigne and James VI—it had none to offer²—but its powerful validation of the civic spirit. As Gordon Donaldson pointed out long ago, the Protestant service was legitimate and could only be legitimate because it comprised a public act.³ Communion, marriage, baptism, all required the community, while the debate between Catholic and Protestant, and later between puritan and conservative, was in large measure a dispute about private and public space. The more radical one's faith, the larger the latter grew, and in the end piety emerged as public life. The soteriological became at once the civic. George Buchanan's thought locates comfortably within such a world. His outlook requires no recourse to such blunt terms as 'laicisation' or 'secularisation', and, after a point, even 'anti-clericalism' becomes misleading. Buchanan evinces an authentically Protestant spirituality. Yet, within this moral perspective, we will not encounter anything in the least individualistic or proto-capitalist. Within this world of the classical citizen, Beleagoan commerce need not intrude.

The Protestant service not only took place in the face of the congregation, it also entailed at its heart the collective remembrance of time past. Unlike the Catholic mass which constantly replicated the presence of Christ exactly as it had been more than fifteen hundred years before, the Protestant communion undertook no sacrifice but only recalled one, locating the Word in its moment and thus in context. The process paralleled, in fact grew out of, the humanist enterprise, both phenomena comprising the beginnings of a vast temporalisation of European culture that had a long future ahead of it. The time-soaked world of reform linked easily with the equally time-soaked world of linguistic criticism. The restoration of a lost faith could merge almost imperceptibly with the reconstruction of a lost civilisation. Buchanan's rich notion of 'pietas', interweaving both political and religious assumptions, might make them nearly coterminous.

Similarly the imposition of 'discipline' could be civic no less than Christian, find its sources in Cato no less than in Calvin. The impulse to

¹ 48/3.

² Cf. Q. Skinner, 'The origins of the Calvinist theory of revolution', in B. Malament (ed.), *After the Reformation: Essays in Honour of J.H. Hexter* (Manchester, 1980).

³ G. Donaldson, *The Scottish Reformation* (London, 1960), 82-3, 180.

political asceticism, and with it the redefinition of priorities and the reallocation of resources, found Scottish roots with Boece and Bellenden at the court of James V no less than with John Knox. The year 1560 is much less a watershed for the cultural transformation it enjoined than for the opportunities it suddenly made possible.

Subsequently the range of the possible rapidly expanded once again when at mid-decade revolt, reaction, and revolution opened the way to dramatic reform and radical re-imagining of Scottish politics. At the heart of the process was the birth of Mary's son, within two years crowned as King James VI. For Mary Stewart the birth of James, 19 June 1566, following on the defeat of the rising under the Protestant leaders Moray and Argyll, had provided an opportunity to develop the cult of monarchy and in time secure a Catholic restoration.¹ Mary's pageantry and iconography were modelled directly on contemporaneous Valois celebrations, which, like hers, sought to bolster the monarchy and reintegrate the country on a Catholic basis. The Scottish ceremonies intimated that James was another Charlemagne, who, dominating realms past and present, historic and mythic, would lead the world to a golden era of harmony, peace, and fecundity.

Buchanan responded to the event in writing totally at odds with the queen's intentions. His 'Genethliacon' for the newly-born James pointed to altogether different political and religious directions and comprises a key work in the ideological struggle for Scotland.² Buchanan's James, too, would achieve the golden age, at least within Britain, but he would do so by being a vastly more modest figure—and thereby a vastly more significant one. His power would derive not from the armies he commanded but from the exemplar he provided. By means of his character, through his 'pietas', he would become a mirror for citizens. As such he exalts the law more by observing it than by imposing it. In a voice anticipated so many years earlier when he addressed Henry VIII, Buchanan would have James 'keep the reins loose'. The people themselves would 'strive to keep them tight', for they 'will vie with him in their zeal for [public] service'. Here lay true majesty, 'majesty supported by the power of unarmed law'. For true law needed to be self-imposed law.

The anti-type of such exemplary kingship was evident enough both in the historic past and in the immediate present. James must never be like

¹ M. Lynch analyses the iconographical structure which undergirded Mary's counter-reforming initiative in 'Queen Mary's triumph: the baptismal celebrations at Stirling in December 1566', *Scottish Historical Review*, lxix (1990), 1-21, and in the 'Introduction' to Lynch (ed.), *Mary Stewart*, esp. 14-5 and n.69.

² 51/3.

Alexander of Macedonia, 'the conqueror who made his way to the riches of India'. He must never be like 'those kings whose arrogant imperium prevailed in Ausonia', the emperors of classical Rome. 'They died by the sword, they died by poison, and their blood paid for the blood they had shed.'¹ Empire was wrong then, it was wrong now.

And if he could truly be king of himself and king of his own people,
He would think his kingdom more extensive by far than it would be
If it stretched from the Indies to the shores of Hesperia [Iberia].

Here is the direct counterpoint to the poem he penned at Coimbra in 1548 and, effectively, a retraction: James, not João; Scottish commonwealth, not Portuguese Empire. The civic polity—self-bounded and self-ruled, virtuous and 'pious'—provided the model for Scotland. Scots would resist the temptation offered by the riches of both Indies. There would be no Western Shore, no Brazil, no Antarctic France, no Italian campaigns, no unnatural empire. There would be neither the corruption of the New World nor the corruption introduced from it. Nor would there be the bloody catastrophe of France, brought on, Buchanan insisted, by the house of Guise with its 'imperial scheme of illimitable magnitude'—ambitions that extended from France, to Germany, to Britain, to Sicily, to Jerusalem, to the papal tiara itself.² Scotland would avoid all such horrors. Still more important, Scotland would become a society populated with citizens whose guiding passion was only the public good. In this way, and only in this way, Scots would achieve the highest form of human association and the true fulfilment of human potential. A severe and selfless morality would then characterise human relations, constantly informing public discourse. Civic action became at once spiritual and political, efficacious and redeeming.

In 1567 the Marian government collapsed before what would be Scotland's second successful (if also highly precarious) political revolution within a decade. A Scottish commonwealth now loomed as a distinct possibility as perhaps never before, and during that year Buchanan drafted his famous *De jure regni apud Scotos: dialogus* in its defense. Neither the 'Genethliacon' nor any previous writing anticipates the formal theory developed in that work. But the *Dialogus* breathes the civic ideal in its

¹ Later in the same poem, Buchanan outlined his view of the emperors and rulers like them: 'Thus did cruel Nero, thus did the last of the Flavians,/ And those who cruelly held sway in the Sicilian cities,/ Daring to disgrace the likeness of God with their execrable crimes./ Thus did they [and their name] perish root and branch from the face of the earth./ Thus did they splatter themselves with the blood of Servius the Just,/ And the nefarious Catiline who with fire and sword attacked the legitimate rulers of his country./ Thus did they, driven to madness, yield up their lives at long last in wretchedness and ruin,/ And stain their kindred for all time to come with an everlasting mark of infamy.'

² 26/2. Like the Portuguese, Charles of Lorraine is also 'unnatural'. In addition, he was responsible for corrupting Mary Stewart (39/3-41/3).

discussion of the crown and of the 'mutual pact', in its treatment of the ways by which decisions about policy are taken, in its reflection about discourse in the courts and from that to discourse in public space, and even in its defense of tyrannicide by individual citizens acting in the spirit of Brutus. That ideal is something he had been reflecting upon and developing for a long time indeed. Both would have a long history ahead of them, the dialogue frequently finding translation in places like revolutionary London and revolutionary Philadelphia.

The Scottish Legacy

Nearly thirty years after the 'Genethliacon', the birth of another Scottish prince occasioned yet another major poem of political hope, written by yet another enormously influential Scottish intellectual. Andrew Melville (1545–1622) celebrated the birth of James VI's first child, Henry, in February 1594 with his no less revealing 'Principis Scoti-Britannorum natalia'. Melville had been a friend of Buchanan's and endorsed his ideas about political resistance. As Leicester Bradner noticed long ago, Melville was also a court poet, effectively Buchanan's successor, and, of course, Melville participated still more notably in the general assembly of the Scottish church.¹ Moreover, as one of the leading Presbyterian theorists in Britain, Melville was anti-imperial in the sense that he severely separated the 'two jurisdictions' of civil and ecclesiastical government. He consequently rejected the model of the late Roman empire which had 'mixed' these jurisdictions and thereby corrupted the church by intruding the civil hierarchy into it. It will not surprise us then that in some ways Melville's 'Natalia' adopts attitudes recognisably like Buchanan's. The poem describes the prince as being 'dear to heaven and dear to his fellow citizens'. Looking to the destruction of the Spanish empire in terms reminiscent of Buchanan's celebration of France in the 1550s, it speaks of 'rejoicing to have buried the insolent spirit of empire in its tomb'.²

Nevertheless, the 'Natalia' is also radically different from the 'Genethliacon'. Melville anticipated a huge British-led crusade against the papal Antichrist taking place in what he clearly saw as the latter days of the world. No 'little Scotlander' (or 'little Britisher'), Prince Henry—the future Henry IX, it was hoped—would precipitate concluding acts within the

¹ Bradner, *Musae Anglicanae*, 152. Although significant intellectual differences separated them, Melville's connection with Buchanan extended from theories of political resistance to Latin poetry. See McFarlane, *Buchanan*, 255–6.

² Appendix C.1.

sacred drama. Here indeed was the ultimate labour of Hercules, as the prince led forth in battle the 'Scoto-Britannic champions'

Until with the Iberian pride everywhere subdued,
 Glorious by triumph over slippery Geryon,
 You press under your foot the triple crown of the papacy
 Worn by the Roman Cerberus, who with his dismal torch
 Redoubles the Tartarean thunderclaps from the Tarpeian rock.

...

What the holy zeal of Christians can do
 In their struggle against the legions of Antichrist,
 This farthest land of the world makes known ...

'Yahweh's living power arms his [Henry's] right hand', and 'the thrice cursed pope' along with the fierce Iberian will be driven headlong into hell. Citizen Henry might lay empire (or at least the Spanish Empire) in its tomb, but his Scoto-Britannic Majesty clearly headed more than simply an anti-empire or a confederation of anti-imperial (and Protestant) states. In distinctly Virgilian tones Melville also wondered where the new British state might lead: 'To what great heights will Scoto-Britannic glory now rise with no limits set by space and time?' It is almost impossible to imagine Buchanan ever making such a statement.

Appropriate to such Virgilian aspiration, Melville undertook a Scottish national epic sometime between 1594 and 1603. Ostensibly we might expect to encounter well-worn tradition with such a project, but in fact Melville introduces something radically new by adopting these seemingly familiar forms. No epic or anything even remotely like it ever occurs among all the poems that comprise Buchanan's oeuvre. Buchanan wrote *satyræ*, *sermones*, *silvæ*, elegies, epigrams, along with still other kinds of verse. He celebrated military virtue, but not conquest. He celebrated heroism, but not national destiny. Buchanan certainly wrote some huge poems, but only in scale were they 'epic': the *De Sphæra* numbers nearly 2500 lines; it would have run well over 4000 lines had he completed it. Yet its entire point was to deflate the new global empires and to minimise the significance of these conquests—conquests that might at first appear even more spectacular than anything ever to have occurred in classical antiquity, or even anything in Homer or Gilgamesh. Patricia Seed has proposed that the Portuguese formalised their possession of the newly discovered worlds by identifying their latitude and the stars through which they were located.¹ If she is correct, then the *De Sphæra* did nothing less than subvert Portugal's symbolic language of imperial legitimation.

¹ P. Seed, *Ceremonies of Possession: Europe's Conquest of the New World, 1492-1640* (Cambridge, 1995), ch. 4.

The contrast with Melville could hardly be greater. The ancient Scottish dynasty, reaching back to Fergus I in 330 BCE, culminated in Prince Henry and the British destiny of universal reform. Melville maintained that the stone of Scone, the traditional coronation seat of Scotland's kings, *rightly* belonged in Westminster (where Edward I had taken it through pillage in the thirteenth century), for there James VI would migrate to create a British union. Henry would reap that harvest, and in its aftermath a new world might emerge.

... accustom yourself to read about and admire the great deeds of your ancestors,
Emulous as you will be of ancient fame and ancestral virtue.
Now England calls your father by right to his kingdom.
Soon it will willingly give itself to you both.
Then you too will do battle against the degenerate Iberians and the triple monster by
the Tiber's waters.¹

Scottish destiny meant British triumph. That triumph involved nothing less than the historical redemption.

A substantial fragment from Melville's poem, probably intended as the first book, prefaced John Johnston's *Inscriptiones historicae rerum Scotorum* (Amsterdam, 1602)²: a volume containing Latin verse summaries of the careers of Scotland's many kings, derived from Buchanan though in essence yet another redaction of Boece—and on this occasion fleshed out with portraits. The fragment relates the centuries-old, medieval legend of the origins of the Scottish people. Gathelus, son of the Athenian king Cecrops, possessed such an aggressive disposition that he and his aristocratic associates were obliged to leave Greece. Finding service with the Egyptian pharaoh, Gathelus successfully overcame the Nubians, conquering the exotic city of Meroe. The pharaoh rewarded Gathelus with the hand of his daughter Scota. All, presumably, would have been well but for the succeeding pharaoh's persecution of the Israelites: the resulting plagues sent the Jews to the East, while Gathelus and his Graeco-Egyptian followers departed for the west. Settling in what subsequently became Galicia, Gathelus founded a powerful kingdom based eventually at the city of Brigantium. Somewhat later Gathelus's sons Hiber and Hemecus discovered Ireland and established a second Scottish kingdom there under Hemecus, while the elder Hiber returned to succeed his father in Iberia.

Here, visibly, was the Scottish counterpart to the *Aeneid*, and specifically to the English addendum to it that located British origins with Brutus of

¹ Appendix C.3.

² Sig. *4^r-*5^v; Appendix C.4. Melville surely failed to complete the poem, although we cannot know for certain as his papers were scattered at his detention in London.

Troy. English fabulous history asserted Anglo-British suzerainty over Scotland, Scottish fabulous history utterly denied it—and had long served the Scots well as a result. By the later sixteenth century, however, nearly all Scottish intellectuals rejected the story (along with its competitor) as myth, Buchanan notably among them.¹ Melville doubtless agreed, and the fragment (and perhaps much else in his projected epic) was archetypal rather than historical, capturing a spirit based on the possible rather than recounting the literal—the story providing what Sir Philip Sidney had recently called an ‘imaginative groundplot’.² The fragment thus describes the character and the underlying meaning of the Scottish experience that follows in Johnston’s verse summaries.

As we would expect, the fragment contains elements of vintage Buchanan. Gathelus is installed with the symbols of kingship by the people, ‘and he exerts himself in handling the shared reins of governance’. Also like Buchanan and so many Scottish intellectuals of the period, Melville was much exercised to stress the learning of the ancient Scots—whether acquired ‘in Greek letters or in Egyptian hieroglyphs’. Yet, quite unlike Buchanan or anyone else, Melville in his poem goes on to portray Gathelus’s two sons as being of completely contrasting character. The elder Hiber, ruler of the Iberian Scots, is ruthlessly aggressive and blood-thirsty, striving ‘to extend his fame and his father’s kingdom by whatever force, by whatever power’. He sweeps through the Iberian peninsula. Believing himself exalted through divine favour, he seeks ‘to mount up to the high heavens’. In contrast Hemecus exercises restraint and modesty, defending the descendants of Gathelus, promoting his father’s laws and virtue. Hiber the exalted, Hemecus the good, two conflicting fountains, two conflicting spirits: this is uniquely Melville; nothing at all like this aspect of the story is to be found in any previous tradition. It sounds like Buchanan in the sense that Hiber’s spirit will issue eventually in the gigantic Spanish Empire, while Hemecus’s spirit will be realised in the virtuous Scottish commonwealth. Yet, in the same instant, it is utterly unlike Buchanan in that the brothers anticipate British and Spanish destiny, and the climactic struggle that lies just ahead. Hiber and Hemecus emerge clearly as the western counterparts to Ishmael and Isaac, the children of an Abramic Gathelus. Buchanan’s *History of Scotland* illustrated political principles underlying the Scottish polity and, for that matter, underlying all Europe. For Melville history comprised much more: the working out of Scotland’s British mission and the realising of human purpose.

¹ See Williamson, *SNC*, chs. 5–6; Mason, ‘Scotching the Brut’; A.H. Williamson, ‘A patriot nobility? Calvinism, kin-ties, and civic humanism’, *Scottish Historical Review*, lxxii (1993), 16–18; Buchanan, *History of Scotland*, i, 73–9.

² ‘An Apology for Poetry’, in G.G. Smith (ed.), *Elizabethan Critical Essays* (Oxford, 1904), 185.

Scottish experience embodied the prophetic, looking to a future pregnant with promise. If Melville described no battles and celebrated no conquests—and instead strenuously decried them—he nevertheless projected the most spectacular of conflicts into the future: nothing less than Armageddon.¹

Melville's hopes in fact share much with those of such thorough-going imperialists as Sir William Alexander who looked to Henry and the 1603 union as initiating latter-day British glory—and an overseas empire. The prince himself fully accepted the apocalyptic British vision, the overseas empire, Sir Walter Raleigh, and even the prospect of settlement in Brazil.² Moreover, Alexander could reject the individual emperor Constantine as an ideal on perfectly good Melvillian grounds and still seek a British Empire modelled on imperial Rome.³ It would be simplistic to imagine an emerging Presbyterian imperialism, but the appeal of an apocalyptic Britain was unmistakably shifting the foundations of Scottish thought away from the central assumptions of George Buchanan. Nor were these attitudes simply effusive court enthusiasms, travelling south with the crown in 1603.⁴ The idea of a crusading Britain captured the imagination of the Scottish public, enjoying wide-spread currency in the north long after such expectations

¹ In his *History and Warfare in Renaissance Epic* (Chicago, 1994), Michael Murrin offers the arresting contention that the 'gunpowder revolution' of the early sixteenth century transformed both war and literature. Warfare lost its heroic character as personal valour became increasingly irrelevant before gun and pike. As a result, the epic and the romance, genres associated with the individualised drama of medieval cavalry warfare, declined and became transformed in most of Europe. One consequence may be that battles were no longer described (or celebrated) but deferred into an apocalyptic future.

² See J.W. Williamson, *The Myth of the Conqueror Prince Henry: A Study of 17th-Century Personification* (New York, 1978), esp. chs. 1 and 3; L.B. Wright, 'Colonial developments in the reign of James I', in A.G.R. Smith (ed.), *The Reign of James VI and I* (London, 1973), 126-7.

³ See A.H. Williamson, 'Scotland, Antichrist, and the invention of Great Britain', in J. Dwyer et al. (eds.), *New Perspectives on the Politics and Culture of Early Modern Scotland* (Edinburgh, 1982). Although Melville does not appear to have considered the prospects of an overseas empire in his poetry, at one point during his detention in London he did contemplate emigrating to the New World, presumably to newly-founded Virginia. See Thomas McCrie, *Life of Andrew Melville*, 2 vols. (Edinburgh and London, 1824), ii, 212-13.

⁴ For a discussion of empire and presbyterianism, see A.H. Williamson, review of Paul Christianson, *Reformers and Babylon: English Apocalyptic Visions from the Reformation to the Eve of the Civil War*, in *Journal of Modern History* 1 (1979), 148-51. Roger Mason's claim, that British imperial ideology was a London court phenomenon detached from Scotland, simply will not do. See Mason, 'The Reformation and Anglo-British imperialism', in Mason (ed.), *Scots and Britons*, 184.

had ceased to be fashionable at Whitehall—as the citizens of Dumfries pointedly reminded James on his return visit to Scotland in 1617.¹

A more direct successor can be found in the lay Presbyterian intellectual, David Hume of Godscroft (1558-1630?). Specifically seen within Scotland as Buchanan's intellectual heir, the young Godscroft's Latin poetry had won Buchanan's praise, and he was long closely associated with Melville and the Presbyterian leadership. Yet another Livy-inspired historian of Scotland, Godscroft was, if anything, an even more thorough-going supporter of the aristocratic republic.² No less vehement in promoting civic values and the classical citizen, he was one of the earliest to introduce the neologism, 'patriot', into the vernacular. We encounter authentic Buchanan, no less in his Latinity than in his political sentiments, when Hume declared:

Surely there has never hovered over the commonwealth a disease more dangerous than this error of judgement and weakness of will that leads men to praise or choose a course of action personally convenient for themselves which is deleterious to the general good. I could wish that one of the old Romans might present himself to us or that we might fasten our eyes on his exemplar whenever we embark on debates of this kind—that we might, I say, gaze on his integrity, his good sense, and his good judgment, whereby they saw the general good and preferred it to private interests. At the very least, they took greater care to make sure that their state might grow to that greatness that won the admiration of the world.

Yet this statement appeared in a tract promoting the union of Scotland and England under James VI.³ Quite unlike Buchanan, Hume consistently sought

¹ Τὰ τῶν Μουσῶν εἰσῶδια : The Muses Welcome, ed. J. Adamson (Edinburgh, 1618), 288: 'wee would wish your course more meridionall, even trans-Alpine, that Romish Idol, the whore of Babel resent [i.e. repent] of her too presumptuous sitting in the Kirk of God in God's owne chaire, aboue the Crowne of kings. Let her feel the furie of your sword, let her know the sharpnes of your pik, as well as your pen ...'

² For Buchanan the house of Douglas in the fifteenth century were overmighty gangsters whom the crown rightly destroyed. For Hume of Godscroft they were Scottish patriots, the victims of Stewart corruption and tyranny. Godscroft's harsh words about Buchanan in an elegy, written for his teacher Andrew Simson, probably speak to this point of contention—rather than any personal irritability: 'Huc tua spes, Buchananani ergo huc praesagia magni/ (Magni, audire licet liuor, et ira crepens ...)' (With this poem your hopes, and thereby the prophecy of the great Buchanan/ (Great, it is fair to say, in malice and croaking anger) ... [will be realised]). (*Lusus Poetici, in tres partes distincti* (London, 1605), reprinted in James Hume of Godscroft (ed.), *Poemata omnia* (Paris, 1639), first part, 16.) See also Williamson, 'Scots, Indians, and Empire', 72-3; A.H. Williamson, *Scotland and the European Social Imagination: the Rise of Social Theory—from Radical Nominalism to Political Economy*, ch. 5, forthcoming.

³ *De unione insulae Britanniae. Tractatus 1* (London, 1605), 3: 'Certe nulla umquam pestis rebus publicis perniciosior incubuit quam iudiciorum hic error, ac voluntatum imbecillitas, cum laudant, aut eligunt aliquid homines tanquam sibi priuatim utile, quod publice noxium sit. Vellem adesset priscorum illorum Romanorum aliquis: saltem in eorum exemplar oculos defigeremus, quotquot de hoc sermones inimus; in magnam, inquam, illam, et praeclaram indolem, sive ingenium et limpidissimum iudicium, quo et videre publica momenta, et privatis praetelere. Saltem curarere curiosius, quo factum, ut in illam quam miratur est orbis magnitudinem, excreverit illa civitas.' (Punctuation

a fully integrated Britain, a Britain visualised as a marriage of equals. There would be no mere federation, no Achaean League. However, almost as consistently, he did not see the new Britain as launching an apocalyptic crusade or as in any way destined to create a great or last world empire. James VI might intend the new monarchy for 'advancing his dominions (if he list sett himself that way)' or he might not, but either way the prospects of success required a Presbyterian church government and a realm populated with aristocratic patriots.¹

Although highly respected during his lifetime, Hume of Godscroft found himself urging ideas that were rapidly going out of favour and promoting a world that was rapidly disappearing. His patron, the eighth earl of Angus, died at an early age in 1588. Godscroft would not find another. A good deal of his writing in the early seventeenth century focused perforce on epistemological criticism of the emerging imperial and hierarchical British order. Precisely this unpropitious context has caused most of it now to be lost.

Buchanan's huge influence in Scotland and his considerable following in England as well owes much to a rare and momentary hiatus within British politics. Something immediately comparable, if infinitely more bloody, occurred simultaneously in contemporary France, and these circumstances likewise provided an opening for Buchanan's radicalism. The grand designs of Henry Tudor and Henry of Valois and of their sickly sons ultimately floundered, and after 1560 imperialism in all of its senses went into temporary eclipse in every one of the three kingdoms. Each monarchy was varyingly

modernised.) It is curiously appropriate that Lord Ellesmere excoriated Buchanan's memory in the 1608 Post-Nati case. The court's severely regal definition of nationality was truly incompatible with Buchanan's civic ideals—and palpably precluded by the notion of monarchy proposed in both the 'Genethliacon' and the *Dialogus*. Buchanan might well have welcomed a radical, anti-imperial Britain, but neither politics nor Scottish interests at the union of crowns encouraged this line of thought. See L.A. Knafla, *Law and Politics in Jacobean England* (Cambridge, 1977), 221, 245.

¹ David Calderwood, *History of the Kirk of Scotland*, 8 vols., eds. T. Thomson & D. Laing (Wodrow Society, 1842-9), vi, 731. During the heady years surrounding 1603, Hume momentarily adopted a Melvillian perspective, but, as with Buchanan, the prophetic never featured significantly in his thinking, and this enthusiasm proved brief. See Williamson, 'A patriot nobility?'; Williamson, 'Patterns of British identity: "Britain" and its rivals in the 16th and 17th centuries', in G. Burgess (ed.), *The New British History: Founding a Modern State, 1603-1707* (London, 1999). Andrew Melville's high regard for Godscroft's poetry appears in the letters prefaced to the *Lusus Poeticus*; Melville's praise for Godscroft's genuinely remarkable defense of Scottish Presbyterianism is reproduced in McCrie, *Andrew Melville*, ii, 297.

destabilised, a circumstance greatly compounded by the fortuitous emergence of female governance.

It is sometimes forgotten today just how grand the Edwardian vision actually was, or that the expectations associated with the young king were every bit as far-reaching as those promoting Francis II—or, in addition, that there had been a Scottish role in formulating them.¹ Edward's commissions to his bishops, for example, stated flatly that the office was only held during the royal pleasure. His successors' commissions did not, and Elizabeth, however angry, could do no more than suspend Archbishop Grindal. More generally, her power over her own hierarchy was often less than now usually imagined.² Supreme governor hardly equalled supreme head: the three kingdoms might find themselves perhaps with 'goddesses', but, as emperors, female rulers met with much less immediate plausibility. Precisely these circumstances gave Buchanan's civic ideal *its* plausibility, a plausibility it could never otherwise have had. But imperial assumptions had reached deeply into British consciousness and found their poets almost immediately in figures like Patrick Adamson. In addition, memory of the Edwardian experience and its literature proved enormously evocative for all Scottish reflection about union from the late 1550s onwards.³ By the 1590s all three kingdoms had once again fully recovered their imperial voice. Yet by then they had become far more than simply imperial; they were also commercial. Commerce converged with Constantine; trade was civilising and possibly even saving. Their Britannic and Gallic majesties found themselves altogether untroubled by the kind of jibe through which Buchanan had avenged himself on Dom João. The three kingdoms did not share the religious and racialised social distinctions that so exercised the Iberian public imagination.⁴

If Buchanan's commonwealth failed to emerge during his lifetime, something approaching what he had in mind came into existence in 1641 and perhaps briefly again, though more problematically, in 1649. Buchanan's

¹ See D. Hoak, 'The iconography of the crown imperial', in D. Hoak (ed.), *Tudor Political Culture* (Cambridge, 1995); Williamson, 'Scotland, Antichrist, and the invention of Great Britain', and also Williamson, *SNC*, *passim*.

² P. Collinson, *The Religion of Protestants: the Church in English Society, 1559-1625* (Oxford, 1982), 21.

³ See Williamson, 'Pattern of British identity', esp. 146. John Knox, Robert Pont, Thomas Craig, and David Hume of Godscroft looked to the Edwardian moment and specifically to writing appearing under the name of Edward Seymour, duke of Somerset, in their reflection about Anglo-Scottish union.

⁴ British writers like Edmund Spenser, John Knox, George Buchanan, and Andrew Melville lambasted the Iberian blood obsession by maintaining that the Iberians turned out to be precisely what they were desperately concerned not to be—Jews, Moors, and of 'impure' blood. Most remarkably, Spenser, if he is the author of *A View of the Present State of Ireland*, went on to suggest that there was nothing in the least dishonourable in having mixed ancestry. See Williamson, 'Patterns of British identity', esp. 160-1.

political ideas once more became fashionable during the period, but radical Scotland at mid century was far more biblicist, prophetic, and mercantile than it had been at any point previously.¹ Now for the first time Scots had also created a sacralised vision of the full course of Scottish history, a prophetic companion to Buchanan's and perhaps even a potential competitor.²

The most drastic challenge to the Buchanan tradition came of course with the 1660 counter-revolution. Yet prior to the eighteenth century no royalist vision of the past ever succeeded in supplanting his history; it had become all but impossible to construct one. Even so, Buchanan would resurface in the 1689-91 upheaval and again during the debates leading up to the 1707 incorporation with England.

Buchanan's critique of European expansion and global empire found a direct and vociferous echo in Andrew Fletcher of Saltoun. Fletcher applauded the achievements of the Renaissance and especially the technical triumphs that made global navigation possible. But they all had brought with them unintended consequences: 'a passage [was] opened by sea to the East-Indies, and a new World discovered'. Europe thereby encountered the 'Luxury of Asia and America'. As a result 'all ages and all countries concurred to sink into an Abyss of pleasures'. 'Men imagined themselves to be gainers in all points by changing from their frugal and military way of living.' Doubtless Buchanan would have found Fletcher's concern to promote Scottish trade difficult to comprehend and impossible to approve, but the prominent civic foundations that underwrote it would be immediately recognisable, and Fletcher's vision of a Europe composed of small, autonomous commonwealths could hardly find better inspiration than in the 'Genethliacon'.³ If, like Buchanan, Fletcher appealed to the ancient Scottish

¹ Probably no individual of the period more completely embodied the synthesis of prophecy and commercial improvement, of the historical redemption with trade, than did Sir James Hope of Hopetoun—a figure of moment in both governments. See A.H. Williamson, 'Union with England traditional, union with England radical: Sir James Hope and the mid seventeenth-century British state', *English Historical Review*, cx (1995), 303-22.

² See David Buchanan's introduction to *Knox's History of the Reformation of the Church of Scotland* (Edinburgh and London, 1644).

³ *A Discourse of Government with Relation to Militias* (Edinburgh, 1698), 12. Cf. 9/2-12/2, 14/2, and 51/3. Fletcher refers to Buchanan not by name but simply as 'the great historian' (22). See M. Goldie, 'Divergence and union: Scotland and England, 1660-1707', in B. Bradshaw & J. Morrill (eds.), *The British Problem, c. 1534-1707: State Formation in the Atlantic Archipelago* (London, 1996), 238-40; D. Armitage, 'The New World and British historical thought, from Richard Hakluyt to William Robertson', in K.O. Kupperman (ed.), *America in European Consciousness* (Chapel Hill, N.C., 1995), 62-3; D. Armitage, 'The Scottish vision of empire: the intellectual origins of the Darien venture', in J. Robertson (ed.), *A Union for Empire: Political Thought and the Union of 1707* (Cambridge, 1995), esp. 114-16; J. Robertson, *The Scottish Enlightenment and the Militia Issue* (Edinburgh, 1985), 22-59.

virtue and feared degeneration from it, nevertheless, and again like Buchanan, he did not find an unqualified standard in it.¹ Their central project remained consistently the same: the creation of the political citizen. Moralism not constitutionalism, attitudes not institutions, discourse not juridical procedure, led to their republicanism.

All of these radical moments, however dramatic, however attractive today, ultimately figured only on the margins of Scottish experience. No coherent republican or revolutionary tradition eventually emerged in Scotland. None exists today anywhere within the Atlantic archipelago.² The truly enduring Scottish legacy lay elsewhere, and would prove to be both more pervasive if also more diffuse—rather underwriting the Enlightenment than being subverted by it.³ The civic ideal, always seen within a European horizon, had penetrated the tissues of Scottish life through Calvinist humanism, and at the heart of that process lay, perhaps more than anything else, the grand poetry of George Buchanan.

George Buchanan: A Latin Bard?

It is now generally agreed that Buchanan was fluent in Gaelic, perhaps even as his first language. This conclusion has not proven an easy one. His linguistic ability only emerges from contemporary comment and, by inference, from his remarkable discussion of the Celtic languages in the *Historia*.⁴ Yet, so far as we know, he never wrote a line in Gaelic. The reason is hardly surprising, for he regarded Gaelic contemptuously as the badge of northern barbarism. Its literature offered no historical insight, and he looked forward to its being supplanted by 'the softer and more harmonious tones of Latin'—for him pre-eminently the language of rational discourse.⁵ Like so many Scots of virtually all political and religious persuasions, he sought the importation of 'civility', and for Buchanan that meant the politicising 'pietas' of the Reformation.

Yet as his last significant student, James VI, later made clear, there was a crucial orality to Buchanan's poetry. Latin and Greek were not languages to

¹ *A Discourse of Government*, 13, 21. For Buchanan's ambivalent attitude toward the ancient Scots, see Williamson, 'Scots, Indians, and empire.' It is painfully anachronistic and highly misleading to speak of 'the ancient Scottish constitution' or the 'Buchananite constitution'. Cf. H.R. Trevor-Roper, *George Buchanan and the Ancient Scottish Constitution* (London, 1966); C. Kidd, *Subverting Scotland's Past* (Cambridge, 1993).

² Despite its tricolour, counter-reformed Eire does not derive from the Atlantic republican tradition, and in a profound sense is no republic at all.

³ See D. Allan, *Virtue, Learning and the Scottish Enlightenment* (Edinburgh, 1993).

⁴ See Williamson, *SNC*, 122-26.

⁵ Williamson, 'Scots, Indians, and empire', 70-2; Burns, *True Law of Kingship*, 186.

be read in silence but to be declaimed aloud. The proper dramatic effect—and with highly inflected languages involving intricate rules of prosody, even adequate comprehension—required appropriate pronunciation and phrasing. James claimed to follow the pronunciation of his master and regretted that ‘my people of England do not do the like; for certainly their pronunciation utterly fails to grace these two learned languages’.¹ The king’s dispute did not concern the Erasmian pronunciation of Greek, a battle won in England more than a generation earlier.² Rather it involved simple emphasis and diction, as the following lines from the ‘Franciscanus’ will illustrate.

Dum bello externis vir debacchatus in oris,
 Interea vacuos *valido tu marte* penates
 Oppugna, ... (543-5)
 (While her husband is off carousing on foreign shores,
 Take advantage and lay siege to the unguarded fort.)

Literally, the young monks, armed with a ‘warlike spirit’ (i.e., passion), are enjoined to take the household (i.e., the lady) unprotected by its local divinities (i.e., her husband). The imperative ‘you’ is actually surrounded in the line by the warlike spirit (*valido marte*), making in turn a linguistic breach in the unprotected fort/lady’s virtue (*vacuos penates*). The phrase within the phrase (in italics) requires emphasis and dramatic flourish well beyond the meter of the verse. Similarly and more simply, poems like the first ‘Palinode’ contain several voices that manifestly require different tones and attitudes in order to achieve their intended dramatic effect and irony—poems which often are even more compellingly performative than his formal dramas. Like his Calvinist faith, Buchanan’s verses call for public proclamation, not private reflection.

Ben Jonson may possibly have referred to just this distinction in his well-known criticism of Buchanan. As William Drummond of Hawthornden recorded it, Jonson complained to the king that ‘his master, Mr. George Buchanan, had corrupted his ear when young and learnt him to sing verses, when he should have read them’.³ Although we cannot know whether or not Jonson intended silent reading, nevertheless there clearly is a vocal

¹ T. Crauford, *History of the University of Edinburgh from 1580 to 1646* (Edinburgh, 1808), 86-7. Cf. Brown, *Buchanan*, 255-6; Ford, *Buchanan*, 119 n.2; T.C. Smout, *A History of the Scottish People, 1560-1830* (London, 1969), 185. James made the statement following an academic disputation at Stirling on 29 July 1617.

² Nauert, *Humanism and the Culture of the Renaissance*, 187-8.

³ D. Masson, *Drummond of Hawthornden: The Story of his Life and Writings* (London, 1873; repr. New York, 1969), 95; C.H. Herford & P. Simpson (eds.), *Ben Jonson*, 11 vols. (Oxford, 1925-52), i, 148.

dimension, and seemingly a highly traditional one, alien to the assumptions and aesthetic of the English playwright.

It is hard to avoid the conclusion that recited verse was important to Buchanan in ways unshared in the south and, presumably, elsewhere. Buchanan showed remarkably little interest in having his poems published, despite great encouragement from friends in England and on the continent.¹ While he surely carried with him a large manuscript volume on his many travels, much of his poetry may well have been written down long after it was composed. This circumstance may account in part for the seemingly intractable problems in dating many of his works, like the *Beleago* cycle. This circumstance may also have saved him in Lisbon. In the end Buchanan may turn out to have been more of a Highlander than we might have expected.

A note on the translations

The translations that follow do not seek to be English poems, but, unlike most modern renderings, they do seek to convey Buchanan's emphases, his varying voices, his dramatic intention, and even something of his rhythms. We believe that translations structured like these are not only more accurate but also easier to read and simply more fun. We therefore invite the readers of this volume to be more than merely readers. The poetry in it was intended to be heard, and if these translations (even if not the Latin) are read aloud, we believe one will truly encounter the voice of George Buchanan.

¹ This circumstance has long been noticed. See for example I.D. McFarlane, 'George Buchanan's Latin poems from script to print: a preliminary survey', *The Library*, xxiv (1969), 277-332, at 278.

GEORGE BUCHANAN'S
POLITICAL POETRY

1. THE BELEAGO CYCLE

The Beleago Cycle consists of eight poems, all directed against a junior colleague at the University of Coimbra, one Belchior Beleago (or Beliago), who Buchanan believed had informed against him to the Inquisition. It seems Beleago did indeed spread rumors about heresy at Coimbra to the religious court, but apparently contributed nothing negative during Buchanan's formal trial. There exists no obvious sequence to the poems, and they are likely to have been written—or at least committed to writing—after his release from prison and return to France in 1552. 'De Beleagone' (7/1) is an unpublished fragment.

1/1. To Beleago

The poem is less significant for its anti-Judaism than for its concern to turn back Beleago's malice. In the poisoned world of the Spanish blood laws, where racial anti-Judaism reached deeply into public consciousness, this kind of charge and counter-charge became almost inevitable. A sense of the period emerges from Philip II's insistence in 1556 that 'All the heresies in Germany, France, and Spain have been sown by the descendants of Jews.' More telling is the poem's anti-commercialism.¹

Two peoples,² Beleago, contend for your origin,
And each strives hard to prove its own case.
Because there is nothing trustworthy in your words,
The Moor thinks this characteristic is evidence of Libyan blood.³
The Jew believes your sharp dealing to be a proof of kinship with him,
And also that you have such a raging passion for money.
You yourself boast of the blood of the Portuguese nation;
But you don't prove this other than by your own testimony.
O would that you might prove it by reliable evidence or by another
witness:
Or that there were credibility in any testimony you might offer!
But if you'll take my word for it, you can be a useful witness in your
own behalf:
It's by the following method:
What you want to be accepted as fictions, say that they're not made up.
And what you want to be taken for truths, say that they are not truths
at all.

1/1. In Beleagonem

Gens duplex,² Beleago, tuo de stemmate certat,
 Nititur et caussam quæque probare suam.
 Nulla tuis dictis quod sit constantia, Maurus
 Indicium Libyci sanguinis³ esse putat.
 5 Signa sui generis credit Judæus acumen,
 Quodquæ tibi est lucri tam furiosus amor.
 Tu Lusitano genitum te sanguine jactas;
 Nec tamen hoc aliter, te nisi teste, probas.
 O utinam indiciiis, aliove id teste probares:
 10 Aut te certa foret testificante fides!
 Sed mihi si credas, testis potes esse tibi ipsi
 Utilis: hac una sed ratione potes:
 Quæ tibi pro fictis vis credi, ficta negato:
 Et quæ vera cupis credi, ea vera nega.

2/1. To Beleago

This is the only anti-Jewish poem in the Beleago cycle that does not make reference to commerce. The severe ethnic associations with trade within the Iberian cultures probably made the connection implicit. See the notes to poem 6/1.

Jewish, Beleago, that's what you say you're not,
 And you wish to prove that by great testimonies.¹
 You're wrong; the matter is not proved
 (As I think you know) by testimonies² but by the prick.

3/1. To Beleago

You wish, Beleago, to skin him alive—the man whom you should have honored as though he were your father.¹ It's something you wouldn't do to a she-goat unless it were dead. Everybody was well aware that you're a butcher. It's no long step from that to being an executioner.² You don't want to pass up any opportunity for gain. Still, I could wish that you would carry out the functions of your business otherwise. Would you like me to tell you how you can do it best? how, even if you don't do it very well, you will nevertheless do ill in no way whatsoever: Go hang yourself! And if you have done it badly, everyone will agree that it was done in the best way possible.³

2/1. In Beleagonem

Judæum, Beleago, quod negas te,
 Et vis testibus¹ id probare magnis:
 Erras, testibus² ista non probatur
 Res, (ut scis, puto) mentula probatur.

3/1. In Beleagonem

Huic, quem parentis¹ colere debueras loco,
 Beleago, vivo spolia detrahere cupis,
 Quod tu capellæ non facis, nisi mortuæ:
 Lanium sciebant esse te cuncti, gradum,
 5 Ut carnifex² sis, inde paullatim facis:
 Ne quæstus ullus non ferat lucrum tibi.
 Ut carnifex sis, artis auspiciam tuæ
 Aliunde malim feceris. Visne ut tibi
 Dicam unde possis optime? ut si etiam parum
 10 Ex arte facias, nil tamen peccaveris:
 Suspende teipsum: et si inepte id feceris,
 Omnes probabunt ceu foret factum optime.³

4/1. To the Same Individual

In Iberian society anti-commercialism carried with it severe and highly articulated ethnic and racial implications. Buchanan speaks in the common vocabulary of the region and in fact is not notably anti-Judaic. Quite the contrary. He was long closely associated with conversos and crypto-Jews. In this respect he differs dramatically with his sometime mentor the scholastic theologian John Mair (who also had significant Iberian connections).¹

Beleago, as he himself is witness, if (notwithstanding) anything is true which he as witness has sworn to be true, carries no mark² of the people of Judah.³

The same man sells and resells books, beds, linens, stools, benches, bedspreads, and rugs. Why he even sells trash gathered from the garbage after he cleans it up. Milk, eggs, chickens, garlic, squash, peppers, cucumbers, cabbage, lettuce—by agents stationed in every village—he buys it up and takes it home to sell it at a higher price. He monopolises the market—cattle, fish, vegetables, sweets. He supervises every deal. The fisherman, the produce man, the butcher, the poulterer, the cook—carry on no business whatsoever without him. They can't even sell the broken down horses and mules without cutting him in on the sale. Wherever there's money to be made, there you'll find him—sales, resales, cornering the market—whatever.

There's no tradesman, no buyer, no seller, no business, no commerce, no line of work from which comes the delicate odour of gain—that he can't sense, track down, seize upon, and devour. Or, if he is denied, he nibbles away a little at a time, the wheeler and dealer who does it all: the trump card in the money game. If an individual handles so many sordid trades, by this he's descended from the heavens, he's not Jewish by birth; Beleago, I say, plies these sordid trades; therefore he's descended from the heavens; he's not Jewish by birth.

4/1. In Eundem

Beleago, ut ipse testis est, si quid tamen
 Firmum est, quod ille testis affirmaverit,
 De gente nullam contrahit Judæ³ notam.²
 Idem libellos, lectulos, et lintea,
 5 Scabella, scamna, stragula, et tapetia
 Vendit, revendit, quin et e medio luto
 Collecta scruta vendit, atque interpolat.
 Lac, ova, pullos, allia, et cucurbitas,
 Pepones, cucumeres, brassicam, lactuculas,
 10 Positis ad omnes viculos custodiis,
 Domi ut revendat carius, præoccupat.
 Forique solus arbiter boarii est:
 Forique solus arbiter piscarii est:
 Forique solus arbiter olitorii est:
 15 Forique solus arbiter cupedinis:
 Forumque cunctis publicum magis foris
 Res contrahentum conspicit semper domi.
 Piscator, olitor, lanius, auceps, et coquus
 Illo absque nullum contrahunt commercium,
 20 Nec mula senio fracta, nec mulus tripes,
 Nec asinus æger, nec caballus morbidus
 Venum sine illo poterit ire interprete.
 Cuncta unde possit confici pecunia
 Vendit, revendit, præstinat, habet quæstui.
 25 Nec ullus opifex, emtor est, aut venditor,
 Merx, ars, negotium, unde levis odor lucri
 Spirat, quod ille non sagax præsentiat,
 Non antevortat, occupetque et devoret:
 Aut si id negatur, portiunculam tamen
 30 Praerodat aliquam, solus et magnarius
 Mercator, idem solus et scrutarius.
 Si quis tot artes tractat unus sordidas,
 Hoc axe natus, gente nec Judæus est;
 Beleago, dicam, has tractat artes sordidas,
 35 Hoc axe natus, gente nec Judæus est.

5/1. To the Same Individual

This extraordinary portrayal of commerce as corruption (and of Beleago as the ultimate commercial agent) illustrates the deeply aristocratic assumptions of Buchanan's political vision. These attitudes informed both his idea of civic capacity as well as his critique of Europe's imperial expansion. Ironically, he shared this anti-commercialism with the Iberian clerical elites he so despised. His poetry after 1552 must have been singularly devastating to the Portuguese court as a result.¹

a.

Beleago has developed a unique mastery in all disciplines,
 Except for the one which he teaches.
 He handles all these disciplines with great facility,
 Except for the one which he teaches.

b.

There is no money-lender more learned than he,
 Nor any huckster who talks up his wares more convincingly,
 Nor any horsetrader or slavedealer more skillful in selling off
 Broken down horses and sick slaves,
 Nor any butcher in the meat market
 Who ascertains weights with more precision,
 Nor any who cheats his customers more skillfully by
 increasing the weight with broken bones.
 Nor any one more astute at securing a commission in the sale
 of a tavern.
 Nor any money-man in the neighbourhood
 With a sharper eye for a dishonest dollar.
 He is a monopolist in every sordid art
 (For I praise that as a man of letters);²
 He is the one seller of second-hand stuff,
 And the one dealer in trash,
 And he is the businessman par excellence.
 And if Laverna³ would grant it,
 Unless I am deceived, he would want a monopoly in the
 water supply,
 And in the sewers as well:
 Profiteer, bill-collector, informer⁴, peddler,
 Weaver, painter, and cook.
 He treats these disciplines with no little facility,
 Has assuredly learned them and holds them.

5/1. In Eundem

a.

Beleago cunctas novit artes unice,
 Has præter unas quas docet.
 Beleago cunctas tractat artes commode,
 Has præter unas, quas docet.

b.

5 Nec fœnerator alter illo doctior,
 Nec caupo quisquam argutior:
 Mango nec ullus morbidos peritius
 Servos equosque adulterat:
 10 Nec in macello ponderum minutias
 Sic lanius ullus exigit,
 Lancem dolosam deprimitve cautius
 Fractis adaugens ossibus:
 Sepasianæ nec tabernæ lucrio
 Interpolare astutior:
 15 Nec publicanus e propinquis quispiam
 Ad omne lucrum acutior.
 Et inter artes sordidas monopolium
 (Nam id laudo quod librarius²)
 20 Exercet, unus et veteramentarius,
 Et unus est scrutarius,
 Negotiator unus est magnarius,
 Et, si Laverna³ faverit,
 Ni fallor, unus esse volet aquarius,
 Unusque latrinarius:
 25 Sector, coactor, quadruplator,⁴ institor,
 Textorque, pictorque, et coquus.
 Has tractat artes ille non incommode,
 Has nempe didicit, et tenet:

c.

Those which he claims to hold, he does not hold;
Nor does he handle these disciplines,
Nor does he teach them,
Nor does he undertake to know them.
But just as he imposes on his guests
By pretending to give them mutton when all they're getting
is goatmeat,
Or crows instead of capons,
And just as he substitutes dead magpies
In a cage for pheasants,
So he believes that he can easily impose on his poor audience;
And thus adulterate the dogmas of the old Sophists with new
mendacity.⁵
When he's stuck in the intricacies of a syllogism,
He shakes his head, sweats, and says nothing.
Then as if everything is made right by the shameless
confession
That he sins in ignorance,
He laughs, and is a laughing-stock for others.
Why therefore does he teach what he does not know?
Why does he not teach what he knows how to teach?
Deceitfulness!
Which becomes for him the principal discipline.
And so like the postulates of his discipline,
Lest he sin by inconstancy,
Whatever he doesn't know, he claims openly that he does
know;
He denies that he knows what he really knows.

c.

30 Quas est professus se tenere, non tenet,
 Nec tractat artes, nec docet,
 Nec scit docere, scire nec penitus studet.
 Sed olida convictoribus
 Ut ponit hirci latera pro vervecibus,
 Corvosque pro caponibus,
 35 Picasque caveæ mortuas in carcere
 Pro phasianis suggerit:
 Sic ille misero credit auditorio
 Se facile posse imponere;
 40 Veterum Sophorum sic novis mendaciis
 Adulterare dogmata.⁵
 Cum syllogismi implicitus hæret retibus,
 Nutatque, sudatque, et stupet.
 Dein ceu solutum sit probe impudentia,
 Quod peccat ignorantia,
 45 Et ridet ipse, et cæteris est risui.
 Cur ergo quæ nescit, docet?
 Quæ scit docere, non docet? mendacium,
 Quod prima ei sit artium.
 Adversus artis ejus ut θεωρήματα
 50 Ne peccet imprudentia,
 Quæ nescit, illa scire profitetur palam
 Se: scire, quæ scit, pernegat.

6/1. To Murça¹, the Rector of the Coimbra School

Buchanan doubtless wrote this warning to the rector sometime after the death of the principal of the College of Arts, André Gouvea, on 9 June 1548. But it is uncertain whether any of the Beleago poems were written prior to the Lisbon trials or prior to Buchanan's leaving Portugal. Martyn has proposed the possibility that they may have circulated in manuscript and could have been smuggled out of the country by Buchanan's brother Patrick, but it seems at least as plausible that they were never committed to paper.² Neither the poems nor negative evidence from Beleago surfaced at the trial.

O Lord Rector, king of the Coimbra School,
 We are, all of us here, admirers of thy eminence.
 Of what little note is this monstrous animal³ Beleago within thy
 kingdom,
 That there is nothing which he doesn't trample under his feet,
 Nothing which he doesn't pollute with his greedy hands? Goats,
 pigs, cattle—
 He slaughters whole herds and sends them to market;
 He sells the birds of the air and the fish of the sea—
 Whatever the currents they swim in.
 Peppers, cucumbers, plums, pears, and nuts
 Which grow in the Cosellian⁴ gardens,
 Coriander, onions, garlic, capers,
 Which come forth from the ground in the Samaritan⁵ farms.
 O Lord Rector, king of the Coimbra School,
 We call herein⁶ upon thy prudence.⁷

7/1. Concerning Beleago

The theme of the executioner-butcher who pretends to be a philosopher-professor recurs in this unpublished fragment.

Beleago sees all the secrets of things in the entrails of a goat,
 The Tapes¹ of our times.
 And he goes forth as a modern philosopher from the [butcher's]
 chopping block,
 As if going forth from Zeno's portico.
 He did not want the books nor the writings of the ancient sages,
 Dusty as they are from long disuse.
 'As the goat is all tied up [and ready for slaughter],' he says,
 'So will you bind your adversary in the bonds of a syllogism.'

6/1. Ad Rectorem Scholæ Conimbricæ Mursam¹

O Domine Rector, Rex Scholæ Conimbricæ,
 Miramur omnes hic tuam potentiam.
 Beleago regni quantula est belua³ tui,
 Ut nil sub ejus subditum non sit pedes?
 5 Nil ille manibus non avaris inquinet?
 Capros, et hircos, suculas, oves, boves,
 Et universa pecora mactat, venditat:
 Volucresque cœli vendit, et pisces maris
 Quicumque ponti semitas perambulant:
 10 Pepones, cucumeres, pruna, porros, et nuces
 Cosellianos⁴ quæ per hortos germinant,
 Coriandra, cepas, allium, nasturtium,
 Samarcianos⁵ quæ per hortos pullulant.
 O Domine Rector, Rex Scholæ Conimbricæ,
 15 Desideramus hic⁶ tuam prudentiam.⁷

7/1. De Beleagone

Occulta rerum cuncta caprinis videt
 Beleago in extis temporis nostri Tages.¹
 Et e macello philosophus prodit nouus,
 Zenonis atsi prodeat de portico.
 5 Non ille libros, et ueternoso situ
 Voluit sophorum scripta ueterum squalida.
 Ut colligatur capra, ita aduersarium
 Inquit ligabis syllogismi vinculis.

8/1. To Beleago

Beleago, informer (quadruplator) to the Inquisition, has not only betrayed his colleague, Buchanan, but at the same time has spread falsehoods about him. Anti-commercialism does not occur in the poem, but Buchanan's constant association of avarice (and trade) with deceit links this poem more closely with the others in the cycle than might at first seem to be the case.

Beleago—the source and progenitor of deceit—
From whose countenance truth flees full of fear and trembling,
Secretly whispers I know not what sort of mischief.
But hearsay does not whisper when it speaks of him:
One and all¹ affirm that he is the source and progenitor of deceit,
From whose countenance truth flees full of fear and trembling.
Let the impartial arbiter determine therefore
Whether one and all¹ are liars or whether
Beleago is the source and progenitor of deceit,
From whose countenance truth flees full of fear and trembling.

8/1. In Beleagonem

Beleago fomes et parens mendacii,
Ab ore cuius pavidam veritatem fugit,
Mali susurrat nescio quid clanculum:
At fama de illo non susurrat, sed palam
5 Hoc universus populus¹ affirmat, quod est
Beleago fomes et parens mendacii,
Ab ore cuius pavidam veritatem fugit.
Hoc igitur æquus æstimator iudicet,
An mentiatur populus universus,¹ an
10 Beleago fomes et parens mendacii,
Ab ore cuius pavidam veritatem fugit.

2. THE ANTI-IMPERIAL POEMS

9/2. Brazil

This deeply anti-clerical poem inherently condemns the entire imperial enterprise in the New World. During Buchanan's years in Portugal João had abandoned his 'natural' realm with its frontiers in Morocco for the development of transoceanic Brazil. Portuguese Brazil became an increasingly clericalised settlement—in part as a response to the behaviour of the settlers, a large proportion of whom were 'degredados' (transported convicts).¹

Africa is deserted, the needy soldier begs;
Without struggle the Moor, prone to flight, holds safe the towns.²
Dark Brazil takes on the obscene settlers.
And he [i.e., the clergy] who formerly defiled the boys, digs the fields,
And he [i.e., João] who takes away land [in Morocco] from his own
soldiers, gives it [in Brazil] to the perverts:³
Nothing goes well in war when right is on the other side.

10/2. To the Brazilian Colonists, or the Sodomites from Portugal sent into Brazil

1.

Come down from the sky in flaming whirlwind,
Armed, Angel, with avenging anger,
Long since known as the scourge of lust
In the destruction of Sodom the wicked city.

2.

May it perish once more at thy hands.
The progeny of the Syrians calls up a sacrificial offering
To rival Gomorrah; and it renews an arena
For accursed and unspeakable filthiness.

9/2. Brasilia

5 Africa deseritur, miles mendicat egenus,
 Vi sine tuta fugax oppida² Maurus habet.
 Accipit obscœnos Brasilia fusca colonos,
 Quique prius pueros fœderat, arva fodit,
 Qui sua militibus tollit, dat rura cinædis³,
 Jure sub adverso nil bene Marte gerit.

10/2. In colonias brasilienses, vel sodomitas a Lusitanis
missos in Brasiliam

1.

Descende cœlo turbine flammeo
 Armatus iras, Angele, vindices,
 Libidinum jam notus ultor
 Exitio Sodomæ impudicæ.

2.

En rursus armis quod pereat tuis
 Lustrum Gomorrhæ suscitât æmulum
 Syrûm propago et exsecrandæ
 Spurcitæ renovat palæstram.

3.

That part of the world which a gentle and temperate exuberance
 Has consecrated as its own seat and proper place,
 Suffers a shameful servitude
 Under the rule of these disgusting settlers.

4.

He burns with abominable passions
 Made lean by the surging sea, by poverty, by hunger,
 Redolent of the poisonous odour
 Of his subsistence on acorns and radishes.¹

5.

What limit to wickedness will be found
 To a loose unbridled lust,
 Unwonted to suffer the enticements
 Of a more humane way of living under a better sky?²

6.

O shame of the Christian name!
 O shameful decline³ and sign of the times,
 O vile cause of villainous men,
 Both the outcome and the prize of their labours.⁴

7.

We swept unknown waters with our prows;
 We went after peaceful peoples
 With the terror of war, and we stirred
 Misery and tumult into the peace of the world.

8.

Through iron and fire and a sea of shipwrecks,
 We have broken down the secret bar of things,⁵
 So that no place will be free of the unspeakable lust
 Perpetrated by the filthy perverts.

3.

Pars ista mundi, quam sibi propriam
 Sedem dicavit mollis amœnitas
 Luxusque, sub fœdis colonis
 Servitium tolerat pudendum.

4.

Abominandis arsit amoribus
 Strigosus æstu, pauperie et fame,
 Glandis vorator, virulentum
 E raphanis redolens odorem.¹

5.

Quem, rere, ponet nequitiaẽ modum
 Frenis libido libera? et insolens
 Humanioris ferre victus
 Illecebras meliore cœlo?²

6.

O Christiani infamia nominis!
 O fœda labes³ et nota temporum!
 O turpium turpisque caussa, et
 Exitus, et pretium laborum!⁴

7.

Ignota rostris verrimus æquora,
 Gentes quietas sollicitavimus
 Terrore belli, orbisque pacem
 Miscuimus misero tumultu.

8.

Per ferrum et ignes et mare naufragum
 Secreta rerum claustra refregimus,⁵
 Ne deesset impuris cinædis
 Prostibulum Veneris nefandæ.

9.

Those people⁶ hospitable to no guests,
 And shores⁷ accustomed to an unspeakable diet,⁸
 Have looked upon sights more disgraceful
 Than the bloody feasts of the Cyclops.

10.

Now, Scylla, unleash your savage hounds;
 And now, Charybdis, roll the waves
 In your foamy whirlpool, and swallow up
 Keels laden with outrageous wickedness.⁹

11.

Or gape, earth, lay wide your caves,
 And o ye heavens above, destroy with relentless flames
 The infamous settlers,
 The shame and disgrace of Christendom.

11/2. To the Many-Named

This uncompromising assault on the Portuguese empire was written shortly after his departure from Iberia in 1552. The poem contrasts dramatically with his earlier celebration of the empire in 1548 (71/5). At the heart of the poem's anti-imperialism is its resolute anti-commercialism. Ironically, these were attitudes basically shared by the crown, the Inquisition, and the clerical elites whom Buchanan so detested. For precisely this reason, the poem must have been devastating to the Portuguese court. It doubtless contributed to João III's subsequent and most unwelcome sobriquet: the grocer king. Still, its claims against global empire necessarily bore a universal application.

You are Lusitanicus on one side of the sea
 And Algarbicus on the other—one man with so many proud titles.
 Indicus, Arabicus, Persicus, Guineus, and Africanus,
 Conqueror of the Congo, Manicongo, and Zalophus¹—
 Nor is he missing from your titles: the Ethiopian burnt black by the
 merciless heat of the sun,
 Nor Oceanus parent of all the waters flowing around the tripartite
 world.

9.

Gens illa⁶ nullos mitis in hospites,
 Et ora⁷ victu⁸ assueta nefario,
 Portenta conspexit Cyclopum
 Sanguineâ dape fœdiora.

10.

Nunc Scylla, sævos exsere nunc canes,
 Nunc nunc, Charybdis, vortice spumeo
 Convolv fluctus, et carinas
 Flagitiis gravidas resorbe.⁹

11.

Aut hisce tellus in patulos specus,
 Ætherve flammis perde sequacibus
 Turpes colonos, Christianæ
 Dedecus opprobriumque terræ.

11/2. In Polyonymum

Lusitanicus unus es mare ultra et
 Citra Algarbicus Indicusque Arabsque,
 Persicus Guineusque et Africanus
 Congusque et Manicongus et Zalophus¹;
 Nec tuis titulis abest superbis
 Æthiops nimio perustus æstu,
 Nec circum triplicem refusus orbem
 Cunctarum Oceanus parens aquarum;

There is neither port, nor trade, nor island where the air glows with the
 least glimmer of gain,
 From which you do not desire one more title.²
 And since you have so many names therefore,
 Shall I not rightly call you the great king of many names?
 But if the raging madness of war or the surging sea shuts down the pepper
 shop,
 He will have to keep on munching fodder that he can't pay for³—
 He'll have to take out a loan or starve.

12/2. About the Spheres

Dedicated to his pupil Timoléon de Cossé-Brissac (son of Charles, the Marshal of France), Buchanan's great astronomical poem appears to have been written to a considerable extent in France during the 1550s. Its important digression about avarice and the rise of the Iberian empires (ll.181-254), which appears here, seems to have been written at that time and needs to be seen as a piece with such poems as 'Brasilia', 'In colonias brasilienses', and 'In Polyonymum'. The poem also makes passing criticism of the great empires of antiquity, specifically the deeds of Xerxes, Julius Caesar, and Alexander the Great.¹ The highly traditional cosmology coexists quite comfortably with Buchanan's proto-republicanism for perfectly good Ciceronian reasons. Seen from the spheres, the earth becomes but a tiny speck and the great empires upon it become even less significant. True achievement comes not from bloated conquests or distended authority, but by the exercise of civic virtue.²

But why do I pursue this point with a long train of arguments,
 And try to bring light to matters which are well known already?³
 Just consider that there is nothing new that stands in the way of greed:
 Not the steaming vapour that gives their colour to the dusky Indians,
 Nor the sun so hot that it burns the fields of the Ethiopians,
 Nor the unlovable cold of Boreas the north wind.
 All the barriers⁴ of this great globe of the world
 Are thrust aside now by the Iberian ships; and secrets of things
 Unknown in the long course of ages are at last discovered.
 For Orcus has sent forth the insatiable monster Avarice,
 Sister to the Harpies, from its Stygian caves—
 Misshapen, melancholy, mouth agape, with furrowed brow,
 Ugly and wrinkled, pale with hunger, careworn, drooping, and distressingly
 thin.
 Poison stains her tongue, prompt to perjuries, and restless nights torment
 her restless mind.
 There's no soothing sleep for the watchful eyes of Avarice.

10 Nec portus neque merx neque insula ulla est,
 Lucelli unde levis refulget aura,
 Quæ te non titulo augeat.² Tot ergo
 Cui sunt nomina, nonne jure Regem
 Multis nominibus vocabo magnum?
 15 Sed Rex nominibus tot ille magnus,
 Si belli furor aut mare æstuosum
 Occludat piperariam tabernam,
 [Faenum fenore pransitabit emptum]³
 Versuram faciet vel esuribit.

12/2. De Sphæra

Sed quid ego hæc longis rationum ambagibus usque
 Prosequor, et claris conor lucem addere rebus?³
 Cum neque qui fuscus calidus vapor inficit Indos
 Obstet avaritiæ, nec Sol violentior arva
 185 Æthiopum torrens, Boreæque inamabile frigus:
 Omnia jam vasti ratibus panduntur Iberis
 Claustra⁴ orbis, rerum longis incognita seclis
 Jam secreta patent: namque insatiabile monstrum
 Orcus Avaritiam Stygiis emisit ab antris
 190 Germanam Harpyis: facies inculta, situque
 Tristis, hiant rictus, tetricis frons aspera rugis,
 Ora fame pallent, corpus miserabile curæ
 Attenuant, virus promptam ad perjuriam linguam
 Inficit, et trepidam exercent insomnia mentem,
 195 In vigiles ne blanda quies irrepat ocellos.

She swooped down one time on Portugal, unfertile soil,
 Where a hardy race of men reap scanty harvests from the bare hillsides,
 And spurred them on heart and soul, and represented to them
 Their hard labour and their long struggle in the unproductive sand,
 And their meager diet, and their bitter life under the roof of poverty,
 And while they slept she deluded their sleep with deceitful dreams.
 First she pictures the Ethiopian groves
 Where wool seems to grow on trees, and where birds sing all day;
 And then, under another sky, she shows them
 The rich Chinese gathering up the spoils of the forest;
 Now the dark Indian stores up ginger and pepper; now the rich Arab
 Harvests his cinnamon. Now from the fruitful wound of Mother Earth,
 Myrrh and incense flow, and in regions where the plow is unknown,
 The industrious ant gathers gold in secret caverns.
 Deluded by these marvellous visions and with hard poverty weighing
 them down,
 And with hope promising a great reward for great labour,
 They leave their country, their marriage-bed, their hearth and home,
 Their fathers and grandfathers, their children weeping at the door,
 And, poor souls, they plunge head first into clear and present peril
 With Avarice pointing the way.
 They were all driven by an identical disease,
 But at least for a time their fear of the unknown ocean
 Compelled them to stay close to the shore,
 And to trust themselves very sparingly to the open sea.
 But it wasn't long before their profits made them bolder,
 And they set sail over the deep ocean and left the dear land far behind them,
 Their foamy prows furrowing the waves.⁵
 Now the spoils of the Ethiopians seem worthless and Zalophus⁶ poor,
 And the Guinea coast, and the Congo roasting under the merciless sun,
 And whatever Africa had accumulated over long centuries,
 Or had considered to be of no value because not yet
 Were they undermined by our poisonous example.⁷
 India alone sends them into raptures, only India seems able
 With its wealth to satisfy the deep craving of their appetite,
 And set a limit to their prayers.⁸
 Wherever the inclining zodiac divides the year into equal seasons,
 Tempering both heat and cold in equal measure,
 Their insatiable quest for gain has taken hold.
 Neither the Chinese nor the Indians suffice their greedy souls,

Illa olim lustrans sicco vix fertile sparto
 Lysiadum littus, rarasque in collibus herbas
 Qui legerent genus acre virum, se in pectora sensim
 Insinuans dedit, et stimulis præcordia cæcis
 200 Impulit, et resides animos, durumque laborem,
 Et male cum grata longum luctamen arena,
 Et tenuem victum, et tecto sub paupere tristem
 Objicit ante oculos vitam, et sub nocte sopora
 Mentibus illudit varias mentita figuras.
 205 Nunc nemora Æthiopum mollique aviaria lana
 Induit, et dites alio sub sidere monstrat
 Silvarum exuviis Seras: nunc decolor Indus
 Zinziber et piper accumulât, nunc cinnama dives
 Cogit Arabs: nunc fœcundo de vulnere matris
 210 Thus et myrrha fluunt, perque inscia vomeris arva
 Congerit in cæcas aurum formica cavernas.
 His animum illusi formis, duraque premente
 Pauperie, et magnum magni spondente laboris
 Spe pretium, linquunt patriamque thorumque laremque,
 215 Grandævosque patres, flentesque in limine natos,
 Præcipitantque animas in aperta pericula viles
 Auspice avaritia. Et quanquam furor omnibus idem,
 Paullatim tamen ignoti formido coëgit
 Oceani littus legere, et confidere ponto
 220 Parcius: at postquam cum lucro audacia crevit,
 Alta petunt, caraque procul tellure relicta
 Velivolas verrunt rostris spumantibus undas.⁵
 Jam sordent spolia Æthiopum, pauperque Zalophus,⁶
 Guineaque, et nimio Congus sub sole recoctus,
 225 Et quicquid longis cumulaverat Africa seclis,
 Aut nondum nostris mentem labefacta venenis
 Spreverat⁷: una animos rapit India, sola profundam
 India dives opum ingluviem expletura videtur,⁸
 230 Et votis factura modum: qua signifer annum
 Circulus obliquans vicibus discriminat æquis,
 Frigoribusque pares alternos temperat æstus,
 Lucri dira fames penetrat: non Seres et Indi,

Nor anyone, warmed by the tropical eastern breeze, whoever he may be,
Who plucks from the shimmering trees the soft veils of silk,
Nor that land far off where men gazed on Bacchus,
Wearied by conquest, driving his tiger-drawn chariot covered with vine
leaves,

Nor that land where Hercules looked on the end of his labours,
Not even that land farthest off where the lances of Alexander, king of Pella,
prevailed.

Even where the world is spread out under Notos, the South Wind,
Extending into the distance beyond the edge of the Herculean turning point
To cold Canopus and where the high heavens of the southern hemisphere
shine,

Even there they broke the unknown waters with their bold seamanship
And whatever long ignorance had covered over in hidden darkness,
Where hatred had drawn neither the Romans nor the barbarians to combat,
Nor where the madness of war, nor spendthrift glory,
Nor headlong boldness, nor wandering error had ever gone,
Where poetic license, inventing monsters, had never dared to set foot,
There the accursed desire for gold broke in.

Seeking a way through the trackless regions of the world,
Fearing nothing hidden, nothing unventured,
Avarice showed to men's eyes what reason had done its best
To hammer out over the long course of centuries:⁹

This is the fact that earth, sea, and air taken together,
And the turning temple in the bosom of the heavens
Which embraces everything—that they have a spherical shape;
And that the earth, hanging and balanced by its own weight,
Is the veritable image, in each and every part, of the universal whole,
The midpoint situated in the midst of the macrocosm.

Et quisquis primis tepefactus flatibus Euri
 Mollia laniferis carpit velamina silvis,
 235 Non quæ vincendo fessum terra ultima Bacchum
 Vidit pampineos moderantem tigride currus,
 Quæque laboriferi finem dedit Herculis actis,
 Et quæ Pellæas sensit postrema sarissas,
 Sufficiunt avidis animis: qua panditur orbis
 240 Sub Noton Herculeæ fugiens compendia metæ,
 Donec ad algentem trans Ægocerota Canopum
 Ardua devexi niteant fastigia cœli,
 Fregere ignotas remis audacibus undas.
 Et quicquid tenebris longa ignorantia cæcis
 245 Obruerat, qua nec Romana aut Barbara traxit
 Arma odium, bellive furor, non prodiga vitæ
 Gloria, non præceps audacia, non vagus error,
 Quo neque monstrorum fœcunda licentia vatum
 Ausa inferre pedem est, auri scelerata cupido
 250 Irrupit: quærensque viam per devia mundi,
 Dum nihil occultum, dum nil sibi linquit inausum,
 Quod ratio longis nisa est extundere seclis,⁹
 Illa oculis hominum ostendit, terramque fretumque
 255 Aeraque et gremio cœli versatile templum
 Cætera complexum tumidos se cogere in orbis:
 Et mundi effigiem per singula membra rotundam,
 Pendentemque suo et libratam pondere terram
 In media mediam mundi regione locatam:
 Et circumfusos cunctis e partibus orbis
 260 Ætheris, in medium toto procumbere nisu,
 Inque globum cogi nitendo, in seque volutos
 Nectere perpetuis redeuntia secula seclis.

13/2. *Chrysalus*¹

Avarice had led to the great and perverse Iberian empires. In the following poem Buchanan caricatures avarice and the miser, an individual impoverished in every way. Humorous and not in itself political, the poem nevertheless considers the moral foundations of contemporary corruption.

Rich in resources, a pauper in spirit, Chrysalus

Has more gold than the *Hermus* carries in its murky waters.

But he keeps it locked up in the shadows of a secret vault,

Not far off, as I think, from the tenebrous depths of Hell.

And ten times an hour, or more, he inspects his hoard,

And wears it out while he counts his money.

And that's not all; the entrance is secured

By a hundred iron doors and by as many iron locks.

There are watchdogs, and there's a shaggy armed guard

Stationed all night long outside the entry way.

The wretch doesn't dare trust his wife or his children;

He doesn't even trust the gods depicted on his frigid fireplace.²

He's afraid if a worm comes forth from the ground, a mouse from its hole,

If *Progne*³ builds her muddy nest under his eaves.

If a spider hangs its web from the rafters,

He suspects that it's a snare set to catch pennies.

If the sun or the moon penetrates cracks in the window frames

And the light comes unexpectedly inside,

He covers them with caulk as soon as he can,

Fearful of course that the glistening might disclose his gold.

He fears the dim darkness as much as he fears the bright light,

And the hiding places where every crime imaginable lies in wait.

He stalks his own shadow, as if it were a burglar—

His heart takes fright when he sees his own chalky hands.

To this his suffering, to this his mad prayers are directed.

And always the shivering fears of the beating heart.

So that after the cares and the long tedium of an impoverished life,

He will have gone rich down to the river *Styx*.

Summing it up—as if to bribe greedy Death—

He lived poor so that he wouldn't die poor.

13/2. *Chrysalus*¹

Dives opum, pauperque animi, plus possidet auri
 Chrysalus, in fulva quam vehit Hermus aqua.
 Possidet inclusum sed cæci carceris umbris:
 Nec procul infernis, ut reor, a tenebris.
 5 Et decies una, vel sæpius, inspicit hora,
 Et numerans miseras usque fatigat opes.
 Nec satis hoc: centum ferratis limina portis
 Addita, centenis ferrea claustra seris.
 Custodesque canes, atque horridus ære satelles
 10 Excubat ad clausas pervigilatque fores.
 Non miser uxori, non audet credere natis:
 Frigida non pictis quos habet ara² Deis.
 Formidat, si vermis humo, mus exeat antro,
 Si luteum Progne³ sub trabe figat opus:
 15 Si trabibus laxum suspendit aranea cassem,
 Esse putat nummis retia tensa suis.
 Si sol rimosas penetret vel luna fenestras,
 Et tenuem fudit lux inopina diem:
 Oblinit extemplo rimas, nec scilicet auro
 20 Inficiat radios ille vel illa suos,
 Nec minus obscuras formidat luce tenebras,
 Et latebras promptas ad scelus omne duces.
 Ipse suam, veluti furem, luctatur in umbram:
 Gypsatas metuunt credula corda manus.
 25 Huc labor, huc miseri spectat vesania voti,
 Et trepidi semper corde micante metus.
 Post inopis curas et inania tædia vitæ,
 Dives ut ad Stygias isse feratur aquas:
 Atque opibus mortem ceu placaturus avaram,
 30 Semper inops vivit, ne moriatur inops.

14/2. Welcome to France

Dom João reportedly asked Buchanan to stay on at Coimbra after he was released by the Inquisition in 1552. Given his anger, it is hardly surprising that he did not. But Buchanan's repeated stress on Portuguese poverty is more than simple hostility. Poverty had given rise to avarice, and avarice had manifested itself in the great empire—for Buchanan a moral disaster. See his extensive comments in *De Sphæra* (12/2) and also 'In colonias brasilienses...' (10/2.4). France contrasts with Portugal not only in its rich culture and abundant resources, but also in its role as the great counter-weight to the Habsburg universal empire. See 'Ad invictissimum Franciæ Regem Henricum II...' (16/2).

You starving wastelands of wretched Portugal,
 And farmlands where the only crop is poverty,
 Good-bye once and for all!¹ And prosperous France,
 Greetings! The doting mother of civilized life!
 The climate healthful, the ground fertile,
 The vineyards thriving on shady hills,
 Cattle grazing in the pasture, the valleys abounding with streams and
 springs,
 The fields and meadows covered with flowers.
 The sailboat's afloat on the long course of the waterways,
 With fishing in the ponds, the lakes, the streams, and the sea
 And here and there the ports welcoming the world as a guest
 And willing to share great wealth with the world.
 Your towns are beautiful, safe with walls and proud towers,
 The houses and rooftops a splendid sight to see,
 And the people too, well-dressed and well-fed,
 Not unmannerly, but friendly and well-spoken.
 France the common fatherland of all nations²,
 Worthy of trust, flourishing in peace, smiling, affable,
 But fierce and valorous in war, unconquered,
 Not arrogant when things go well,
 Nor wavering in resolution when things go badly,
 Faithful in the rites of divine worship, not falling away to foreign
 innovations³:
 The gentle summer knows not torrid heat,
 And winter abates its harsh rigors at the fireside.⁴
 Autumn temperate with gentle breezes does not grow pale by the
 pestilent East wind.
 Spring does not flood the fields when the icy bonds of the rivers are
 loosened, washing away men's labours.
 If I do not love you with patriotic affection and cherish you while I live,
 Then I won't refuse to see again the starving wastelands of Portugal,⁵
 And the farmlands whose only crop is poverty.

14/2. *Adventus in Galliam*

Jejuna miseræ tesqua Lusitaniæ,
 Glebæque tantum fertiles penuriæ,
 Valetè longum.¹ At tu beata Gallia
 Salve, bonarum blanda nutrix artium,
 5 Cælo salubri, fertili frugum solo,
 Umbrosa colles pampini molli coma,
 Pecorosa saltus, rigua valles fontibus,
 Prati virentis picta campos floribus,
 Velifera longis amnium decursibus,
 10 Piscosa stagnis, rivulis, lacubus, mari;
 Et hinc et illinc portuoso littore
 Orbem receptans hospitem, atque orbi tuas
 Opes vicissim non avara impertiens;
 Amœna villis, tuta muris, turribus
 15 Superba, tectis lauta, cultu splendida,
 Victu modesta, moribus non aspera,
 Sermone comis, patria gentium omnium
 Communis,² animi fida, pace florida,
 Jucunda, facilis, Marte terrifico minax,
 20 Invicta, rebus non secundis insolens,
 Nec sorte dubia fracta, cultrix numinis
 Sincera, ritum in exterum non degener³:
 Nescit calores lenis æstas torridos,
 25 Frangit rigores bruma flammis asperos,⁴
 Non pestilentis pallet Austri spiritu
 Autumnus æquis temperatus flatibus,
 Non ver solutis amnium repagulis
 Inundat agros, et labores eluit.
 Ni patrio te amore diligam, et colam
 30 Dum vivo, rursus non recuso visere
 Jejuna miseræ tesqua Lusitaniæ,⁵
 Glebasque tantum fertiles penuriæ.

15/2. To Henry II, king of France, on the Relief of Metz

In 1552, and in alliance with the German Lutheran princes, Henry II invaded the Rhineland occupying a number of cities with little resistance and successfully besieging Metz. Charles V, then in southern Germany, fled to Innsbruck. Later that year the emperor personally led the counter-attack against Metz with an enormous army. The French commander, Francis of Guise, successfully broke the siege in January 1553, forcing Charles to retire to Brussels. Henry had portrayed himself as the protector of German liberties (though not of Protestantism), and the ruin of Charles V undoubtedly lay at the core of his policies throughout his reign. Whether Henry actually saw himself as the protector of European liberty against world empire, as Buchanan wished to imagine him, is much more problematic.

Greece and Rome promoted Hercules to the heavens,
 Marvelling at the deadly strength by which he overcame so many monsters,
 And Perseus who vanquished Medusa shines refulgent among the stars.
 But, if courage, pure and simple, demands recognition by an unbiased
 judge,
 Both indefatigable Hercules and Perseus soaring high on wings will rightly
 concede a prior claim to you.
 For you have put down a prodigy more multiform than the many-headed
 Hydra, more pernicious than Medusa,¹
 And you have beaten back a monster's futile aggression.
 Calling on support from the West and the North, together with the army
 of Austria,²
 Charles ravaged cities like the floods in winter.
 And for shame!
 The strength of the Germans gave way³ as the half-Moorish Charles pressed
 onwards.⁴
 Italian liberty, unaccustomed to a tyrant's yoke, muttered and grumbled.⁵
 Hope, the soothing servant of restless ambition, had spread his promises
 to the whole world,
 And pride, an uncertain prophet, was dreaming of universal empire.⁶
 But you the good leader of warlike France put a stop to the arrogance of this
 endeavour.
 You have coiled a noose around this unmastered madness.
 What was his expression, what sorrow burnt in his heart,
 When his raging spirit turned to gaze
 On the fortresses of the Moselle⁷ and the fearless multitude of soldiers?
 Thus do the waves beat against the rocky shoreline,
 Thus does the fire glow in the furnace.
 Thus does the Hyrcanian⁸ tiger bite on its chains with bloody teeth:

15/2. *Ad Henricum II Franciæ Regem
de soluta urbis Mediomatricum obsidione*

- Cælo vetustas intulit Herculem,
Mirata monstris letiferam manum,
 Flammisque stellatus refulget
 Saxificæ domitor Medusæ.
5 Si poscat æquo nuda sub arbitro
Virtus honores, impiger Hercules,
 Henrice, concedet priores
 Jure tibi volucerque Perseus.
10 Nam multiformi tu numerosius
Hydra, Medusa¹ pestiferum magis,
 Monstrum repressisti impetusque
 Prodigii retudisti inanes.
Occasum et Arcton jam comitem trahens,
15 Et arma Eoæ Carolus Austriæ,²
 Torrentis hiberni petebat
 More furens populator urbes.
Sub semimauro Cæsare,⁴ pro pudor!
Germana virtus cesserat,³ Italum
 Indocta libertas tyranni
20 Ferre jugum tacite fremebat.⁵
Spes inquietæ blanda cupidinis
Nutrix in orbem vota tetenderat,
 Rerumque fastus somniabat
 Imperium,⁶ male certus augur.
25 Tu bellicosæ dux bone Galliæ
Sperare promptam cuncta superbiam
 Compescuisti, tu dedisti
 Indomito laqueos furori.
30 Quis vultus illi, qui dolor intimis
Arsit medullis, spiritus impotens
 Cum claustra spectaret Mosellæ⁷
 Et juvenum intrepidam coronam?
Sic unda rupes sævit in obvias,
35 Clausus caminis ignis inæstuat,
 Hyrcana⁸ sic tigris cruento
 Dente suas furit in catenas.

But when Biron⁹ blazed forth,
 His strong right arm well known to Mars, his valour disdainng safety,
 And the battlefield shook under the trampling hooves of the horses,
 Then Charles gave way, just as wild dogs do.
 They go out and prey upon sheep, but when the lion appears,
 They retreat in fear to their hiding places.¹⁰
 Thus, he, in fancy imagining the whole world his,
 Scarcely dared look upon the armed might of France.
 Then, barely safe, he went back to his usual devious ways.

16/2. To the most invincible King Henry II, king of France, after the capture of Calais

At Henry's insistence, Francis of Guise led a daring mid-winter attack on Calais, and took the English stronghold in January 1558. It would be one of the major victories of the reign. Although inevitably the poem vaunts French success against their long-standing English rivals (especially at lines 89-92), its central purpose is clearly something else: the celebration of France and the house of Guise as the defenders of liberty against Habsburg tyranny and empire. For Buchanan, French moderation, sense of boundary and limitation, commitment to both justice and mercy, stood out against the vast designs and militant intolerance of Philip and Mary. If Henry's determined bigotry might make the poet's verses seem breath-takingly wishful, France certainly could promote Protestant interests in Germany and England—though not at home. Mary of Guise's rule in Scotland was at moments notably conciliatory, and in the 1550s the family enjoyed a reputation quite different from that of the following decade.

It is not Fate, the goddess who knows the future,
 Nor the slippery wheel of Fortune, which knows not to stand still,
 Nor is it the passage of the stars—it is rather
 The creator of all things who rules the world.

It is He who commands the unmoving earth to stand in place,
 And the sea to roll shoreward its everlasting waves,
 And the heavens above to vary light with darkness,
 And darkness with light.¹

It is He who gives the sceptre to temperate governance
 And the reins of restraint to impetuous arrogance.
 It is He who saddens triumphs with tears
 And gladdens tears with triumphs.²

Sed nota Marti dextra Bironii⁹
 Murisque virtus impatiens tegi
 Ut fulsit, et pulsi procella
 40 Cornipedum tremuere campi,
 Ceu nocte suetæ degeneres feræ
 Vexare caulas, in timidum pecus
 Fortes, ad aspectum leonem
 In latebras pavidæ recurrunt,¹⁰
 45 Sic ille, nuper spe insatiabili
 Complexus orbem, robora Galliæ
 Spectare vix ausus recurrit
 Ad solitas male cautus artes.

**16/2. Ad invictissimum Franciæ Regem Henricum II
post victos Caletes**

Non Parca fati conscia, lubricæ
 Non sortis axis sistere nescius,
 Non siderum lapsus, sed unus
 4 Rerum opifex moderatur orbem,

Qui terram inertem stare loco jubet,
 Æquor perennes volvere vertices,
 Cælumque nunc lucem tenebris
 8 Nunc tenebras variare luce,¹

Qui temperatæ scepra modestiæ
 Dat et protervæ frena superbiæ,
 Qui lacrimis fœdat triumphos,
 12 Et lacrimas hilarat triumphis.²

I need not look for examples from the distant past.
Lo and behold! Here lies broken and hopeless
One whom Fortune dandled on her lap just now
And carried, swollen with pride, wherever it pleased him to go.³

Nor were you, Henry, whom virtue conveyed
Over the seas of good fortune with a favorable breeze,
Unacquainted with the boisterous buffetings
Of wind and rain.

But the unyielding arrogance of Charles still drags him down
And drives him to ruin, and afflicts with equal disaster,
As one swollen with equal overconfidence,
His offspring Philip.

By contrast, you conduct yourself without aspiring
To rivalry with the powers above, and you wash away with tears
The guilt which you freely acknowledge, and in consequence
Our merciful Father is pleased to hear your prayers,⁴

And He bestows upon you His customary benevolence.
Nor does He offer you obscure signs of restoration
To His good graces.⁵ It was wintertime, and the long night
Was covering the earth with unbroken darkness,

Snow was falling, and the winter winds were blowing.
Ice had formed on the rivers
And wracks of clouds were hovering low
Over lands abandoned by those who tilled them.

But when Francis of Guise led the standards forth from his camp,
Francis the commander of the French army,
The weather changed for the better,
And the winter's chill gave way to warmer air.

The icicles melted, and the bitter cold
Tempered its rigor. The heavens shone serene,
The clouds disappeared; it stopped raining –
The wet fields began to dry out.

16 Exempla longe ne repetam, en jacet,
 Fractusque et exspes, quem gremio suo
 Fortuna fotum nuper omnes
 Per populos tumidum ferebat.³

20 Nec tu, secundo flamine quem super
 Felicitatis vexerat æquora,
 Henrice, virtus, nesciisti
 Imbriferæ fremitum procellæ.

24 Sed pertinax hunc fastus adhuc premit
 Urgetque pressum, et progeniem sui
 Fiducia pari tumentem
 Clade pari exagitat Philippum.

28 Te, qui minorem te superis geris
 Culpamque fletu diluis agnitam,
 Mitis parens placatus audit
 Et solitum cumulat favorem,⁴

32 Redintegratæ nec tibi gratiæ
 Obscura promit signa.⁵ Sub algido
 Nox Capricorno longa terras
 Perpetuis tenebris premebat;

36 Rigebat auris bruma nivalibus,
 Amnes acuto constiterant gelu,
 Deformis horror incubabat
 Jugeribus viduis colono:

40 At signa castris Francus ut extulit
 Ductorque Franci Guisius agminis,
 Arrisit argenti sub Arcto
 Temperies melioris auræ.

44 Hiems retuso languida spiculo
 Vim mitigavit frigoris asperi;
 Siccis per hibernum serenum
 Nube cava stetit imber arvis.

Neptune calmed the sea,
Aeolus hid the winds in his cave—
All of them except the right ones
That might help the French fleet.

Over the fields which were up till now neglected,
And almost warm because of the fires set by the English soldiers,
Luxuriant Plenty poured forth abundant stores
From its fruitful horn.

But as soon as Francis took his soldiers
And marched them back inside the towns,
The winter armed itself once more with storms
And renewed the angry power which it had put aside.

The rivers were all but standing still,
And the fields lay hidden under their snowy cover.
The sea whipped up by the wings of the north wind
Gave way to unrelenting rage.

So the walls protected by deep marshes
Could not hold off the powers of France,
Nor could the marshes protected by fortifications
Resist their determined onrush.

Prince of Lorraine,
You are successful by God's special favour.
God has given you the special work
Of putting down the proud by your strong right hand.⁶

Scarcely will men believe in times to come
That in the course of one short year
You gained the laurel crown for so many victories,
Not even if you were borne aloft on the wings of Pegasus.

The snowy road over the Alps
Gave passage to your army
When our father in Rome sought your help
To save him from impending disaster.⁷

48 Stravit quietis æquora fluctibus
 Neptunus, antris condidit Æolus
 Ventos, nisi Francas secundo
 Flamine qui veherent carinas.

52 Per arva nuper squalida, et ignibus
 Adhuc Britannis pæne calentia,
 Cornu benigno commeatus
 Copia luxurians profudit.

56 Idem ut reductas abdidit oppidis
 Francus cohortes, mitis hiems modo
 Se rursus armavit procellis
 Et positas renovavit iras.

60 Stant lenta pigro flumina marmore
 Canisque campi sub nivibus latent,
 Diverberatum sævit æquor
 Horriferis Aquilonis alis.

64 Ergo nec altis tuta paludibus
 Tulere vires mœnia Gallicas,
 Nec arcibus tutæ paludes
 Præcipitem tenuere cursum.

68 Loræne princeps, præcipuo Dei
 Favore felix, præcipuas Deus
 Cui tradidit partes, superbos
 Ut premeres domitrice dextra,⁶

72 Unius anni curriculo sequens
 Vix credet ætas promeritas tibi
 Tot laureas, nec si per auras
 Pegasea veherere penna.

76 Cessere saltus ninguidi et Alpium
 Inserta cælo culmina, cum pater
 Romanus oraret propinquæ ut
 Subiceres humeros ruinæ.⁷

Rome was defended, Valenza captured,
And Naples forced to sue for peace.
And Lyons, by your renown, was liberated
From the barbarian's fiery fury.⁸

The sea by its storms, the land by its marshes,
The Englishman by his arms, the walls impregnable
For many long years—all these conspired
To prop up the insolent spirit of Calais.

The courage of Francis, accustomed to find
An untraveled way through intractable difficulties,
Unvanquished and indomitable,
Surpassed his former reputation by winning new renown.

The fierce Englishman, always threatening the French
Up till now with one disastrous incursion after another,
Scarcely thinks himself safe
Though separated from his enemy by the waves of the ocean.

The Queen, who thinks peace unendurable,
Now regrets that the treaties were broken,
Now fears the imminent wrath of God
And the scourge of an avenging Fury.⁹

She hates and fears alike
Both her subjects and her enemies.
To both she becomes equally a leech,
Insatiably thirsty for the blood of both.

By day the terror of war resounds in her ears
And by night the guilty recollection of dreadful crimes.
Dark shadows disturb her restless sleep
With terrifying dreams.¹⁰

Thus does Justice, suffering injury, seek revenge,
Thus does Nemesis overwhelm the sins of the proud,
Thus does a merciful and just God
Lend power to those who are merciful and just.¹¹

- 80 Defensa Roma et capta Valentia,
 Coacta pacem Parthenope pati,
 Fama tui Segusianus
 Barbarica face liberatus.⁸
- 84 Æquor procellis, terra paludibus,
 Armis Britannus, mœnia sæculis
 Invicta longis, insolentes
 Munierant animos Caletum.
- 88 Loræna virtus, sueta per invia
 Non usitatum carpere tramitem,
 Invicta devincendo, famam
 Laude nova veterem refellit.
- 92 Ferox Britannus, viribus antehac
 Gallisque semper cladibus imminens,
 Vix se putat securum ab hoste
 Fluctibus Oceani diremptus.
- 96 Regina, pacem nescia perpeti,
 Jam spreta mæret fœdera, jam Dei
 Iram timet sibi imminentem,
 Vindicis et furiaë flagellum.⁹
- 100 Cives et hostes jam pariter suos
 Odit pavetque, et civium et hostium
 Hirudo communis, cruorem
 Æque avide sitiens utrumque.
- 104 Huic luce terror Martius assonat
 Diræque cædis mens sibi conscia,
 Umbræque nocturnæ quietem
 Terrificis agitant figuris.¹⁰
- 108 Sic læsa pœnas Justitia expetit,
 Fastus superbos sic Nemesis premit,
 Sic mitibus justisque præbet
 Mitis opem Deus atque justus.¹¹

17/2. Alexander of Macedonia

Buchanan's hostility to global empires extended beyond the huge Iberian conquests of his own day to world empires of antiquity. Alexander therefore emerges as a man whose blood-thirsty passions were basically akin to gluttony and similar excesses. A severe Stoic moralism, Buchanan insisted, should inform both political and personal life. A similarly close linkage between excess in food and political corruption featured prominently in Hector Boece's enormously influential *Scotorum historiae a prima gentis origine* (Paris, 1527), translated by John Bellenden for James V in 1531, and eventually printed in Scotland under the title *Heir Beginnis the Hystory and Cronikles of Scotland* (Edinburgh, 1540?). Buchanan is the most prominent of Boece's successors.

An unrelenting appetite for fame, and a raging thirst for blood,
O Macedonian king, were the tortures of thy life;
These passions could not be more justly put out,
Thirst by drinking and appetite by eating.

18/2. To the Same Individual

Although Alexander appeared among the medieval heroes known as the 'Nine Worthies', sixteenth-century Scots like John Mair and Sir David Lindsay found nothing admirable about him.¹ Buchanan shared and developed this hostility.

Alexander the Great, the world's most famous robber,
Living for the destruction of the globe,
Dying in dishonour.² Him whom Mars could not vanquish,
Bacchus weaponless overcame—wine unmixed
Mingled with the waters of the Styx.
A fierce appetite for fame, a grim thirst for gore,
Ought to end in just this fashion.

19/2. Concerning Codrus¹ and Caesar

On his country's behalf Codrus hurls himself on the foe's drawn swords,
Against his country's peace Caesar brought flames and the weapons of
war.

Codrus strengthened his country's laws by shedding his own blood.
Caesar made himself rich by spilling the blood of his countrymen.
Today there's not a king who vaunts himself in the name of Codrus.
One and all want to be called Caesar.

What's the reason? The common wisdom of those who hold the
sceptre,
Is to hate the acts of Codrus, and to approve the acts of Caesar.²

17/2. Alexander Macedo

Famæ dira fames, sitis et vesana cruoris,
 Rex Macedo, vitæ carnificina tuæ:
 Non fine exstingui potuerunt justius ullo,
 Quam potando sitis, quam comedendo fames.

18/2. Idem

Magnus Alexander, prædo clarissimus, orbis
 Exitio vivens, ludibrio moriens.²
 Perdere quem nequii Mars armis, Bacchus inermis
 Perdidit, immisto cum Stygis amne mero.
 5 Famæ dira fames exstingui hoc fine, cruoris
 Hoc fine exstingui debuit atra sitis.

19/2. De Codro¹ et Cæsare

Pro patria in strictos Codrus ruit impiger enses:
 In patriam flammæ Cæsar et arma tulit.
 Ille suo patrias firmavit sanguine leges:
 At patriæ peperit sanguine Cæsar opes.
 5 Nemo tamen Regum jactat se nomine Codri:
 Cæsareum nemo non sibi nomen avet.
 Quæ ratio? in promptu est, nam qui nunc sceptrâ tuentur,
 Illius oderunt, istius acta probant.²

20/2. To Codrus

Codrus was the last king to rule in Attica,¹
 Caesar was the first king to rule in Italy.
 The tyranny of the latter of course inspired a legion of imitators:
 The patriotism of the former is rarely seen.

21/2. To the Tragedy, 'Julius Caesar', by Marc-Antoine de Muret¹

Buchanan's justification of tyrannicide by the individual citizen in his *De jure regni apud Scotos: Dialogus* scandalised a great many of his contemporaries. It continues to astonish even today. These verses suggest that he probably had Brutus as his model. In this way Buchanan becomes firmly located within the Renaissance republican tradition—and possibly less frightening as a result.

Such great virtue as there was deep-seated in the heroic soul of Brutus,
 When the pious² daggers were given him on behalf of his country,
 A virtue, equalling his, inspired your lofty voice, Muret,
 When you sang his pious deeds.
 And even though Fortune, oftentimes envious of bright beginnings,
 Scattered his bones on Philippi's field,
 He comes to life again, greater after death, by you.
 And his honour restored grows again by your artistry,
 And rejoices more enshrined in the glorious monument [of your drama]
 Than if the labour of the pyramids were covering his bones.

22/2. George Buchanan, a Scot,
to Jacques Grévin's tragedy 'Caesar'

Jacques Grévin (1538-1570), Huguenot, physician and playwright, derived his play *César* in large part from Muret's Latin *Julius Caesar*. Both plays give a fair hearing to Brutus and the republican cause. Some modern critics have even seen Grévin's as promoting republican government—although others have interpreted it as quite the reverse.¹ Clearly Buchanan's reading rendered them unambiguously republican.

Lest you take too much pleasure, Caesar, from your Gallic spoils²
 Lo! Gaul vanquished now has its avenger.
 Grévin, leading the triumphal march out of Latium³ to the temples of
 his native land,

20/2. In Codrum

Ultimus Actæa¹ Codrus regnavit in aula:
 Rex Italo primus Cæsar in orbe fuit.
 Nempe imitatores invenit dira tyrannis:
 Æmulus in patriam rarus amoris erat.

21/2. In *Julium Cæsarem, Tragœdiam M. Antonii Mureti*¹

Quanta in magnanimi consedit pectore Bruti,
 Pro patria virtus cum pia² tela daret,
 Tanta animo, Murete, tuo sese intulit, ore
 Altiloquo Bruti dum pia facta canis.
 5 Ergo licet claris raro non invida cœptis
 Fortuna Æmathio sparserit ossa solo,
 Ille iterum surgit per te post funera major,
 Crescitque ingenio laus rediviva tuo,
 Et magis illustri gaudet decorata tropæo,
 10 Quam si Pyramidum contegat ossa labor.

22/2. *Georgius Buchananus Scotus*
in *Jacobi Grevini Cæsarem Tragœdiam*

Ne nimium spoliis placeas Cæsar tibi Gallis,
 En habet ultorem Gallia victa suum.²
 De Latio³ ducens ad patria templa triumphum

Wearing the ivy of Bacchus and the laurel of Apollo,
 Has set up a trophy for Phoebus and the Muses,
 Which posterity can never overturn,
 And in order that his bright victory [i.e. the play] may more securely
 stand as a monument,
 You, Caesar, are dressed in your own spoils.⁴

23/2. From the Greek

This Latin rendering of a Greek poem is clearly of a piece with his denunciations of Alexander, the Macedonian 'plunderer'—and more generally the imperial destroyers of the Greek republics and political life. See 17/2 and 18/2.

If the strength of the tongue of Demosthenes¹ had been sufficient,
 The Mars of Macedonia² would not have wasted the wealth of Greece.

24/2. Dido

It is a truism that a debate about literature can often become a debate about politics. Buchanan's brief 'emblem' of Dido does just that. More than simply attacking imperial Rome, Buchanan's Dido assails its most important apologist, and almost certainly the most influential poet from classical antiquity. Earlier writers had defended Dido's chastity (notably Tertullian and Petrarch), but the traditional distinction between the historical and the literary Dido here carries significant political implications. In effect Buchanan's discrediting of Virgil comprises the literary counterpart to his vindication of Brutus, the defender of the republic.

I lived my life chaste, noble, and generous of spirit,
 A life that heroes could hardly hope to emulate,¹
 But you, Virgil, in trying to disgrace my reputation,
 Could hardly help but disgrace your own.

5

Bacchi hedera, lauro clarus Apollinea,
 Grevinus statuit Phœbo Musisque trophæum,
 Quod nulla eversum posteritate ruat,
 Utque magis constet victoria clara trophæum,
 Indultus spoliis Cæsar es ipse tuis.⁴

23/2. E Græco

Robora si linguæ Demosthenis¹ æqua fuissent,
 Non Macedum Grajas Mars² populasset opes.

24/2. Dido

Casta, decens, generosa animi, Phœnissa peregi
 Fœmina, magnanimis vix imitanda viris.¹
 At tu sacratam, Maro, labe adspargere famam
 Conaris, famæ non sine labe tuæ.

25/2. Sophonisba¹

After the loss of my home,² my father,³ and my country,⁴
 I shall not live on as slave to the lords of Ausonia.⁵
 Let me be freed by death—I would have done so more happily
 Before being won over to a second marriage.

26/2. Against Sulla

L. Cornelius Sulla Felix (c.138-79 BCE) represents for Buchanan one of the great subverters of the Roman republic—if not a Caesar, still a general who rebels against the public good for personal gain. There is no doubt but that Sulla's extraordinarily bloody seizure of power, shocking even by the standards of classical antiquity, materially hastened the decline of the republic and its ideals. But whether Sulla's enemies, specifically Marius and his followers—republican heroes for Buchanan¹—were notable promoters of civic values is less clear. Buchanan's point here is that Sulla's lengthy dictatorship did not lead to a renewal of republican virtue. It only led to bloodshed.

No crosses without dead bodies on them, no field without a cross,
 There are mangled faces everywhere you look.
 The dreadful sound of chains and shackles fills the prisons.
 The ground is covered with human bones.
 Do you wish, Sulla, by these displays to be called severe,²
 By these [deeds] that you may be called the father of your country?
 By the same token, let the doctor advertise his skill
 By his patients' mortality rate.
 Let Automedon³ be praised for the broken yoke,
 And the sailor praised for his shipwrecks.
 Let it be to the credit of the outstanding general to squander
 The lives of his fellow citizens in a savage war.
 It is the glory of a good ruler not to squander his people—
 True glory is for the king to die for his people's sake.⁴

25/2. Sophonisba¹

Vivere post victam patriam,⁴ patremque,³ domumque,²
 Non potero dominis mancipium Ausoniis.⁵
 Morte manumittar: poteram felicius ante
 Non iterum tædis conciliata novis.

26/2. In Syllam

Nulla cadaveribus quod crux vacet, aut cruce campus,
 Quod lacera in portis omnibus ora patent:
 Quod sonat attrita feralis compede carcer,
 4 Squalet et humanis ossibus albet ager:
 Artibus his Regem dici te, Sylla, severum,²
 Et patriæ affectas ut videre pater.
 Sic mihi se medicus doctum per funera jactet:
 8 Sic fracto laudes Automedonta³ jugo:
 Navita naufragiis celebretur: perdere cives
 Sit laus egregii sæva per arma ducis.
 Perdere non populum generosi est gloria Regis:
 12 Pro populo Regem est gloria vera mori.⁴

27/2. Satire against Charles, Cardinal of Lorraine

One of the three Grand Inquisitors to be appointed to the clerical court proposed for France in 1557 and at the end of the decade an ultramontane promoter of the Spanish alliance and of the Habsburgs, Charles of Guise (1524-1574) was instrumental to the extraordinary brutality of the Counter-Reformation in France. He was seen by contemporaries as emblematic of it. Buchanan's 'Satyra', really a polemic, assumes particular importance less for its account of the Cardinal's crimes or of the horrors of the Counter-Reformation than for its critique of the imperial aspirations of the house of Guise and of the dangers of universal monarchy. Buchanan develops the themes he had initiated in the 1550s, but with a recasting of the participants. The poem was obviously written after 156³, and McFarlane and Ford see it as a response to the 1572 St. Bartholomew massacre.¹ Nothing in the 'Satyra', however, appears to link specifically with the events of 1572, and Buchanan's 1565 journey to Paris (when he would have witnessed the war's devastation at first hand) may have occasioned the poem.

a.

There is indeed a God who rules the world with just laws, taking care of the
suffering victims of war,
And putting down their mighty overlords, and this is a truth
That the sons of Guise² have learned, with divine judgement as their
teacher!
They, the heads of a huge army which dared to wage war on the heavens
above, exerted their utmost
To drive true religion from this world and give free rein to wickedness.
Now with just a few stragglers left, they strive to find safety in flight and
hiding places,
And they themselves repudiate waging an unlucky war.
And instead of the many triumphs they had foolishly hoped for,
They count a multitude of calamitous defeats.
And this one a dire frenzy carried off, deep grief another!
That one, retreating, believes he will have won enough
If he should somehow escape from the advancing enemy.

b.

But Francis, the pillar of their stock, deceitfully tracing his ancestry back to
Charlemagne,
He who was wont to flatter himself with sweet dreams, he who embraced
in vain
An imperial scheme of illimitable magnitude,
Who claimed to rule Jerusalem and Sicily by title,³
Who had visions of ruling the Gauls and the Germans, of ruling Scotland
and England—

27/2. *Satyra in Carolum Lotharingum Cardinalem*

a.

5 Esse Deum tandem, qui justis temperet orbem
 Legibus, oppressos vi qui respectet egenos,
 Et premat elatos, pœna didicere magistra
 Guisiadæ²: numerosa cohors, quæ brachia cœlo
 10 Intentare ausa est, pietatem expellere mundo
 Conata est, scelerique suas permittere habenas:
 Ad paucos contracta fugam, latebrasque saluti
 Respicit et damnat sumta infeliciter arma:
 15 Proque tot insana quos credulitate triumphis
 Sperarat, numerat clades. Hunc dira phrenesis
 Abstulit, hunc mœror; fugiendo dimicat ille,
 Et vicisse putat, si visum evaserit hostem.

b.

15 At columen generis, Magni de semine Carli
 Ementitus avos, dulci qui plaudere somno
 Ipse sibi assuetus, voto complexus inani est
 Imperii ingentes incerto limite fines,
 Qui titulo Solymos, titulo Trinacria rura,³
 Spe Gallos, spe Germanos, spe vate Britannos
 Spondebat, jacuit violatæ victima paci,

Francis was justly killed by Poltrot,⁴ a sacrificial offering for the violation
of the civil order.

He met his end, leaving behind him a land infected by his wickedness,
As death brought closure to his ambitious designs.

c.

But you, Charles, [who are] so far uninjured by Fortune's stroke,
Twin to your brother in wicked zeal, a glorious pillar of the Curia,
Do not believe that you are the favourite of Fortune
Just because the executioner's axe has not yet severed the head from your
neck.

Nemesis reserves you for the derision and amusement of the world,
And she keeps you for heavier chastisement
Than you might imagine—as if, instructed by your example,
She might pour on you, when you are dragged forth
From the dark stench of the dungeon, your own hated blood,
With all the people looking on and applauding,
Or torture your body in the heat of the slow burning embers.⁵
Death is the end of life equally for all,

And not a punishment but a departure from this to another life,⁶
And not only a desirable refuge for the just, but also for you perhaps.

For although you would dwell in the depths of Tartarus,
Although you would behold the punishment of thirsty Tantalus,
And the Titan's liver, and the rolling stone of Sisyphus,
And all the punishments invented by the poets,
Nevertheless, you would suffer easier torment at the hands of the Furies
Than that with which you are punished by the guilty shudders
And secret stings of an unquiet conscience.

O madman! Turn your eyes wheresoever you will,
Where do you not see reminders of your wicked deeds?

What ground bears no print of your perfidy?
Lift your drooping gaze, Alastor,⁷ to the heavens above, and believe that
there really is a God!

Acknowledge Him Whom you were wont to repudiate,
Him to Whom you pay lip-service, Him Whose reality you recognise by
your losses!

And if you had not repudiated Him, you would not have taken a few days
of life from your father,

Depriving him while he still lived of his murderous spoils.⁸

20 Et scelere infectas, Poltroto vindice,⁴ terras
Deseruit moriens, et spes finivit avaras.

c.

At tu, qui nullo fortunæ vulnere restas
Læsus adhuc, cum germano impietate gemello,
Carole, Romanique decus columnenque senatus,
25 Ne tibi concessum fortunæ crede faventis
Munere, quod justa nondum secuere securi
Carnifices tibi colla manus: te servat in orbis
Ludibrium Nemesis, pœna et graviore coërcet,
Quam si producto tetra de carceris umbra
30 Funderet invisum, populo plaudente, cruorem,
Aut coqueret lentæ corpus fervore favillæ,⁵
Exemplo prædocta tuo. Mors terminus ævi est
Omnibus ex æquo, nec pœna, sed exitus hinc ad
Vitam aliam,⁶ solis nec tantum optabile justis
35 Perfugium, sed forte tibi. Nam Tartara quamvis
Incoleres, quamvis media sitientis in unda
Aspiceres pœnam Phrygii senis, et sua semper
Excrescens in damna jecur, revolubile saxum,
Et quicquid sceleri invenit solertia vatium;
40 Supplicio levioere tamen sub verberè sævæ
Te quaterent Furiæ, quam te nunc conscius horror
Exagitat vesani animi, cæcisque recurrens
Exercet stimulis. Oculos circumfer, et omnem
Aspecta intentus qua sese exporrigit orbem,
45 Quæ regio non te scelerum, vesane, tuorum
Admoneat? quæ terra tuæ vestigia nescit
Perfidia? Primum marcentia lumina Alastor⁷
Attolle in cœlum, et quem quondam mente negabas,
Ore fatebaris, damnis intelligis esse,
50 Crede Deum tandem: quem tu nisi mente negasses,
Non meritis patrem, patrum tibi sanguine cunctis
Exutum spoliis,⁸ extremo in limite vitæ
Festinare coëgisses, paucosque senectæ

Nor would your incestuous lust have broken into the bedrooms of
 kindred,⁹
 Your perjury disturb the peace with fraud, pollute the laws of war with
 poisons,¹⁰
 Nor would your deceitful spirit believe great gain to be great art.

d.

Now stricken by unremitting pangs of conscience, and unable, however
 much you may wish,
 To conceal your sins from God's judgement,
 Unable to love Him Whom you contemn, unable to flee from Him,
 Nor escape from fear of punishment for the wrongs you have done,
 Does it not seem to you a certainty that Heaven's weapons are directly
 aimed at you
 Whenever rolling thunder splits the dark clouds,
 And lightning flames down from the firmament?
 But if stupor has overwhelmed your senses to such an extent
 That, though conscious of your crimes, you are unmoved by the universal
 uproar,
 And the noise resonating in your ears has no effect whatsoever on your
 stony heart,
 Take a look at the poor cities of France,
 The towns on fire or smouldering in ruins,¹¹
 The fields where no farmers till the soil!
 Behold all the widows, the children bereft of parents,
 The poor people begging their way from one village to the next
 Midst the smoking farm houses and the fields drenched in the blood of the
 innocent,
 The unburied bones everywhere, the mangled bodies, the disfigured faces,
 All memorials to your perfidy, feasts set out for crows,
 A bloody banquet for dogs—and yourself the host!

e.

These are truly terrible things to see,
 However much you have hardened your savage spirit.
 For I shall not believe, nor does nature allow,
 That one who sees well enough to be attracted to harlots,
 Whose eyes are glazed over by golden bribes and the lure of the purple,¹²

55 Præcipitare dies:⁸ non post incestibus aulam
 Fœdatam in thalamos scelerata libido propinquos
 Irrueret;⁹ pacem turbaret fraude, venenis
 Pollueret belli leges perjuriam;¹⁰ magnam
 Crederet esse artem magnum mendacia quæstum.

d.

60 Hæc tibi perpetuo cum conscia pectora turbent,
 Nec possis, utcunque velis, humana tuentem
 Dissimulare Deum, nec, quem contemnis, amare,
 Nec fugere, aut scelerum non formidare tuorum
 Supplicium; non tu, quoties micat ignibus æther,
 65 Atque atras scindunt rutilantia fulgura nubes,
 In te missa putes cœlestia tela necesse est,
 Et conjurato flammam descendere mundo?
 Aut tibi si sensus animi stupor obruit omnes,
 Conscius ut scelerum tibi non moveare tumultu
 Orbis, et attonitam tibi qui fragor excitat aurem
 70 Saxea non pulset trepido præcordia motu,
 Aspice vexatas, qua Gallia panditur, urbes,
 Aut flammis fœdata aut deformata ruinis
 Oppida,¹¹ disjectis tot rura inculta colonis;
 Aspice tot viduas, puerosque parentibus orbos,
 75 Sedibus ejectæ tot mendicabula plebis,
 Inter fumantes villas, taboque natantes
 Sanguinis innocui campos, inhumataque passim
 Ossa virum, laceros artus, deformiaque ora,
 Perfidia monumenta tuæ, convivia corvis
 80 Exposita, et canibus cœnam, te dante, cruentam.

e.

85 Hæc tibi, quantumvis animum firmaris atrocem,
 Terrificant oculos spectacula: nam neque credam,
 Nec natura sinit, quæ fœdis lumina scortis
 Succumbunt, quæ flexanimo viscantur ab auro,
 Purpura¹² quæ capiat, quæ nudi cernere ferri

Who shrinks from the sight of a naked weapon gleaming in the sunlight—
 That he can behold, without shuddering, such widespread carnage.
 And yet here is a greater monster, a wild animal in human form,
 Unshakable by tears of grief, one that refrains from no wrongdoing,
 One that utterly repudiates the compacts of law,
 A greater one than Scylla, than the Centaurs,
 Than the snake-footed offspring of the earth who dared to assault Olympus.

f.

Without the least sign of sorrow he looks on burials and starvation,
 And he strives with all his strength to banish right and justice from the
 world.
 How can I think him to be a human being, or to be anything like the birds
 and the beasts,
 Even if there should be monsters of the deep surpassing the ferocity of wild
 animals?
 Truly, here is something in the shape of a man more cruel than the Furies
 themselves,
 Something created in the depths of Phlegethon.¹³
 Dry-eyed, he looks on disasters which Megaera¹⁴ would shed tears to see.
 Why the Furies themselves grow weary of inflicting punishments,
 And it is even reported that Tisiphone¹⁵ gives respite to her snakes.
 But if you have not yet sated your bloodlust with slaughter,
 Let your eyes feed on the misery, the tears, the sighs, the grief
 Of the living, and the cruelly dismembered limbs of the dead scattered
 everywhere.
 And if you don't tire of looking, why don't you just go ahead,
 And make yourself a thoroughfare of vice,
 Eat the dead bodies, and crunch their bones between your teeth, then die
 of indigestion?
 And if that is not enough, start on yourself,
 And don't stop till you have eaten your fill.
 Thus you may take possession of a sepulchre worthy of your life,
 A death worthy of your deeds, and a feast fit for your palate.
 Only by this means can you cheat the crows of a corpse,
 The priests of a funeral, and the hangman of his spoils,
 Taking down to the underworld the consolation of a remarkable death,
 And boasting to Megaera that among so many execrable deeds,

Fulgorem metuunt, cumulas cæde nefanda
 Ut spectent miseras horrore immunia terras.
 Majus enim monstrum est, hominis sub imagine tectum
 Esse animal lacrymis luctuque immobile, nullum
 90 Quod scelus effugiat, quod legum fœdera temnat,
 Quam Scyllas, quam Centauros, quam pignora terræ
 Ausa colubriferis pedibus succedere Olympo.

f.

Hunc ego qui gemitu spectet sine funera vulgi,
 Pallentemque famem, jus fasque expellere mundo
 95 Qui cupiat, non esse hominem, non esse putabo
 Quadrupedum volucrumque genus, vel si qua ferarum
 Sævitiem exsuperent tumido sata monstra profundo:
 Sed tectum exuviis hominis crudelius ipsis
 100 Esse aliquid Furiis, imo Phlegethonte¹³ creatum:
 Quippe oculis siccis toties quod talia cernat,
 Quæ sævæ possent lacrymas excire Megæræ.¹⁴
 Quin etiam lassant Furias miseranda nocentum
 Supplicia, et fessis quondam cessare colubris
 105 Fama est Tisiphonem.¹⁵ At tu si cæde cruentum
 Non poteris satiare animum, tua lumina pascant
 Viventum sordes, lacrymæ, suspiria, luctus,
 Passim extincorum laceri crudeliter artus.
 Aut si carnifices oculos lassare tuendo
 Non poteris, pars ulla tui ne sit scelerum expers,
 110 Semianimes artus et adhuc spirantia membra
 Ore vora, crepitentque avidis sub dentibus ossa:
 Atque epulis tandem satur immoriare petitis.
 Aut explere tibi si nulla cadavera possunt
 Sanguinis ingluviem insanam, tua dente cruento
 115 Ipse tibi lania membra, in tua viscera conde
 Viscera: sic digno vita potiere sepulchro,
 Exitio factis, dape conveniente palato.
 Hac poteris tantum ratione, cadavere corvos,
 Funere presbyteros, spoliis fraudare supremis
 120 Carnifices, ferre ad manes solatia raræ
 Mortis, apud sævam vere jactare Megæram,

You have committed one crime worthy of praise
By cannibalising yourself with your own bloody teeth.

g.

Nor do customary punishments suffice for so great an accumulation of crimes,
Nor was it fitting that you should end your days as human beings ordinarily do,
Since after all you have exceeded every precedent for wickedness,
And have surpassed in savagery the rage of wild animals,
Since you have taken away from the times to come any hope of outdoing your wickedness,
Nor would anyone else ever live on earth who might outrank you in hell—
In hell where all the monsters of loathsome Avernus¹⁶ are marshalling their powers,
Where all the jailers are devising new methods of restraint for you,
For you in particular, so that if there should be a respite in your torments,
You should not be able, as you have done on earth,
To begin a civil war in the underworld.

h.

O France! Thou hast all but died in these unspeakable times,
And will die if the torch of discord perish not.
But from this time forward, France, rejoice!
For as soon as Charles shall depart this earth for hell,
With the Furies whipping him on his way,
Golden peace will once more dwell in this untilled country.

Quod qui te fieret ne quisquam nequior alter
 Certaris, tamen unum inter tot sæva patraris
 Dignum laude nefas, quod te consumseris ipse
 Dente tuo: ...

125

g.

... neque enim consueta piacula tanto
 Sufficiunt scelerum cumulo, nec more decebat
 Humano finire dies, cum viceris omnem
 Flagitiis famam, rabiem feritate ferarum,
 Et spem, qua possit, venturo demseris ævo,
 Nequitiam superare tuam, neu fœdior alter
 Viveret in terris qui te demitteret Orco:
 Orco, qui tetri jamdudum exercet Averni¹⁶
 Omnia monstra, tuis qui cuncta ergastula pœnis
 Invigilare facit, scelerum ut portenta novorum
 Suppliciis frenare novis queat: ut breve tempus
 Si tibi sit vacuum tormentis, qui modo terras
 Miscueris tanta cum seditione tumultu,
 Cogere ne posses bella ad civilia manes.

125

130

135

h.

At tu dissidiis jam pene extincta nefandis,
 Ni fax dissidii pereat, dehinc Gallia gaude;
 Nam simul ac terris, tetrum demissus in Orcum,
 Carolus adscedet, Furiarum agitante flagello,
 Incolet incultas iterum pax aurea terras.

140

3. THE REFORMING POEMS

28/3. To Thomas Cromwell, an Englishman

O Cromwell, thou art haven and safe harbour in these trying times,
And the reliever of misery in this part of the world.
Thou art the protector by whom the revived religion of our ancestors
flourishes,
And their holy faith in its pristine simplicity.¹
Accept with good grace these little gifts²
From one who desires with all his heart to be thy follower,³
A poor wandering exile tossed about on land and sea
Through all the manifold evils the deceitful world holds,
While [in Scotland] on one side the wild henchmen of an old enemy
bare their teeth,⁴
While a royal court thunders forth awful threats,⁵
While the mountainous heights are snow-covered and impassable,
While the streams in the valleys are swollen with floods.
Worn out after so many misfortunes like one prostrate before the
Athenian altars,⁶
As a suppliant kneeling at thy feet, I offer gifts,
Sheaves from the scanty harvest of my sterile inspiration,
The fruits of a field not entirely deficient, but not properly tilled.
If they are pleasing, accept the book; if not, the good will of the author.
If both, it will be more than I could have wished for.

28/3. Ad Thomam Cromelium Anglum

Portus et afflictis statio tutissima rebus
 Et nostro miseris sola sub axe salus,
 Vindice quo floret pietas rediviva parentum
 Sanctaque cum nivea¹ simplicitate fides,
 Illius haud duro munuscula suscipe vultu²
 Mente tuus tota qui cupit esse cliens;³
 Qui vagus exul inops terra jactatur et unda
 Per mala quæ fallax omnia mundus habet,
 Dum ferus hinc sævit veterani exercitus hostis,⁴
 Dum tonat horrificas Principis aula minas,⁵
 Dum nivibus canent impervia culmina montes,
 Dum valles nimis impediuntur aquis.
 Post mala tot fessus velut Athhida stratus ad aram⁶
 Ante tuos supplex offero dona pedes,
 Ingenii sterilis tenui de messe maniplos,
 Quos dat non fallax, sed male cultus, ager.
 Si placeant, librum, si non, amplectere mentem;
 Maius erit voto, si sit utrumque, meo.

29/3. To Henry VIII, king of England

With its description of insidious rumour ('fama') leading to false and exaggerated reports—with its celebration of Henry's moderation, his even-handedness, and his setting aside of bad temper—it is difficult not to read this poem as a plea on behalf of Thomas Cromwell. Buchanan clearly endorsed Cromwell's reform (28/3), and during his months in England (from January into the summer of 1539) the poet witnessed the new religious conservatism and Cromwell's unstable and increasingly vulnerable position. For this reason the subsequent poem (30/3), originally intended as a celebration of Henry as the great reformer, eventually came to be addressed instead to Elizabeth.

If we can trust the poets,
 Fleeting rumour though humbly born grows little by little,
 Until with head held high she touches the topmost point of the heavens.
 For just as a stream originating in the flow of an inconspicuous spring,
 Pursues its winding course through silent valleys,
 And farther off from its origins gradually gathers volume,
 Adding rainfall and running water from lakes and wetlands,
 Until with forests on either side the powerful current
 Bursts forth foaming to merge with the ocean:
 So rumour, wavering and fearful at first, just barely whispers.
 Soon she winds her way into popular favour,
 But then with growing boldness—
 Wild-eyed, frightening to behold, shameless of speech—
 She exaggerates facts with fancies and mingles lies with truths.
 And yet this goddess, so lavish to all and sundry,
 Speaking of things done and undone,
 Seems envious, if I may say so, when she speaks of you,
 Sparing of herself and possessed of an ungenerous disposition.
 For granted that she poured forth advertisements on your behalf,
 And in expectation of your arrival filled both ears and minds to the brim,
 She is to the same degree inadequate in praising your capacity and your
 talents,
 As she is wont to be in setting herself higher than the truth warrants
 And in shining out with deceitful splendour.
 Indeed she did truthfully celebrate your strength of mind,
 Your great abilities, your inclination from early childhood to the studies
 of Athena.
 Nor did she fail to speak of your devotion to goodness and justice,
 Your generosity to those in need, your punishment of the wicked,
 Your even-handed settlement of disputes.
 These are great things—I do not deny it—but not the grand total.
 It should be added that you acknowledge the importance of moderation¹

29/3. *Ad Henricum VIII, Angliæ Regem*

Fama levis (si certa fides adhibenda poetis)
 Ex humili enascens paullatim assurgit et alto
 Vertice cæruleo sese inserit ardua cælo.
 Quippe velut tenui nascens de fomite rivus
 5 Per tacitas primum nullo cum murmure valles
 Serpit et, ut patrii se sensim e margine fontis
 Largius effudit, pluvios modo colligit imbres,
 Nunc lacubus sese pigrisque paludibus auget;
 At postquam spatio vires accepit et undas,
 10 Spumeus effractis prorumpit in æquora silvis:
 Sic primo summissa metu vaga fama susurrat;
 Mox vulgo insinuat se; postquam audacia crevit,
 Torva oculos vultuque minax atque ore procaci
 Certa auget dubiis, miscet mendacia veris.
 15 Illa sed in cunctos nimium Dea prodiga, facti
 Infectique loquax, in te tamen invida laudis,
 Parca sui, studioque animi deprensa maligno est.
 Nam licet ingenti præconia fuderit ore
 Speque tui adventus animos implerit at aures,
 20 Laudibus inferior tanto est virtute tuique
 Dotibus ingenii quanto se attollere vero
 Altius et vano solita est splendescere fuco.
 Illa quidem haud falso mentis celebravit acumen
 Ingeniumque capax et primis semper ab annis
 25 Pectora Cecropiæ studiis addicta Minervæ;
 Nec tacuit recti memorem sanctæque tenacem
 Justitiæ mentem, miserisque in rebus egenis
 Præsidium, pœnamque malis, nulloque favore
 Ancipites inter corda inclinantia lites.
 30 Magna (nec infitior) sunt hæc, sed summa tuarum
 Non ibi consistit laudum nec terminus hæret.

In the great splendour of your good fortune,
 That by as much as you surpass all men in the powers of your office,
 By so much do you conduct yourself in all things with a view to the mean
 between extremes²—

Not overly stern but not descending to frivolity,
 Not proud of countenance, not ill-humoured, threatening or grim looking,
 But friendly and kindly to the good, quick to put aside bad temper,
 One who by his own choice will loosen the reins of authority
 Without detriment to the dignity of his office.³
 This quality of yours makes you equal to the immortal gods
 And raises you above the level of ordinary men.

30/3. To Elizabeth, the most serene Queen of England

Originally addressed to Henry VIII, the poem quickly became inappropriate in face of the religious reaction during 1539–40.¹ Redirected to Elizabeth the poem unexpectedly celebrates less Elizabeth's dynasty or her political achievements than her role as reformer and defender of the faith. In the process Buchanan's consistent and determined anti-clericalism is never far off.

Albeit, O Queen, descended as you are from splendid ancestors,
 Among rulers in the world the best of rulers,
 Wherever the sun guides his flaming steeds,
 Albeit you have overcome in fierce warfare
 Rebellious enemies, and moderated the wild passions of the populace
 And their insane disorders—
 Without bloodshed victorious—
 Among so many triumphs of your virtue,
 And so many everlasting claims to praise,
 There shines brightly true religion
 Rescued from the jaws of hungry robbers.
 Now we bestow no kisses upon stones,
 And no longer do we venerate relics, dead bodies dragged from their graves
 And decked with precious stones, deceptions foisted on the superstitious
 people.²
 The lying throng of rapacious monks singing their idle songs,
 No longer do we see them wandering about
 Laying traps for the modesty of women.

Scilicet in tanto sortis splendore secundæ
 Nosse¹ modum, quantoque supra virtutibus omnes
 Omnibus emineas, tanto submissius æquo²
 35 Te gerere in cunctis, tetrico nec honore severum
 Nec fracta gravitate levem, non ore superbum,
 Non tristem aspectu vultusque horrore minacem;
 Sed comem placidumque bonis, placabilis iræ,
 40 Quique magistratus largissima frena remittas
 Sponte tua, salva quoad majestate liceret.³
 Hæc tua te virtus diis immortalibus æquum
 Efficit atque hominum supra fastigia tollit.

30/3. Ad Elizabetham Serenissimam Angliæ Reginam

Quamvis vetusto stemmate splendeas,
 Regina, Princeps optima Principum,
 Quacunq̄ue magnum sol per orbem
 5 Flammiferos agitât jugales:
 Quamvis feroci Marte subegeris
 Hostes rebelles, et populi feros
 Motus, et insanos tumultus
 Lenieris, sine cæde, victrix:
 10 Virtutis inter tot titulos tuæ,
 Et sempiternas fulget adoras,
 De fauce avarorum latronum
 Relligio pia vindicata.
 Jam nulla saxis figimus oscula,
 15 Nulla e sepulchris tracta cadavera
 Gemmis refulgent, fascinantque
 Indociles animos popelli.²
 Non otiosæ dedita nœniæ
 Mendica fratrum turba rapacium
 20 Passim vagatur, collocatque
 Fœmineo insidias pudori.

But under your rule, O prince, it will be granted to profess Christ freely,
To refute error, and to disclose the mystery of truth hidden under layers of
artifice.³

Therefore, anxious for your safety,
The watchful powers of heaven rouse themselves
And defeat the aspirations of the wicked, and disclose their treachery.
Walk bravely over the dragons;
Tame the savage ferocity of the lions;
Wander safe among the snakes, and through the lands where the Libyan
basilisk⁴ breathes.
The favour of heaven, your piety,
The continuous prayers of supplicants, whom you have rescued from
the plundering monks,
Will bring you back safely.

**31/3. To Elizabeth, Queen of England, in the month of
January, 1568: Buchanan converses with Janus.**

Buchanan

Father Janus, since you have the power to look in both directions,
Backwards and forwards, you see all there is to see on this earth.
Look forward, and tell me what gift I may think worth sending,
This New Year's Day, to Elizabeth, Queen of England.

Janus

You know, I think, that I am poor, not one of the rich gods,
And my rustic simplicity is such that I really can't help you.
Go ask the other gods: Saturn's daughter for wealth, the beauteous Venus
For beauty, and the yellow-haired Minerva for breadth of mind.

Buchanan

But the goddess for whom my gift is intended has no need of these:
A Juno in wealth, a Pallas in studies, and a Venus in countenance.

Janus

Go ask your Muses: there are things the Muses may give,
Little things, I admit, but not displeasing to the great gods.

Sub te licebit Principe libere
 Christum fateri, ficta refellere,
 Mysteriumque veritatis
 Seposito reserare fuco³.
 25 Ergo salutis sollicitum tuæ
 Cæleste numen pervigil excubat,
 Et impiorum inauspicata
 Vota facit, retegitque fraudes.
 30 Super dracones fortis inambula,
 Sævam leonum frange ferociam:
 Per aspides erra, et per oras
 Quas Libycus basiliscus⁴ afflat.
 Cæli favor te, te pietas tua,
 35 Te supplicantum continuæ preces
 (Prædonibus quos ex avaris
 Eripis) incolumem reducent.

**31/3. Ad Elizabetham Angliæ Reginam Kal. Jan. anno MDLXVIII.
 Buchananus Janum alloquitur.**

Buchananus

4 Jane pater, solus partes qui versus in omnes
 Quicquid habet tellus ante retroque vides:
 Prospice quæ possim non dedignanda Kalendis
 Saxonidum dominæ mittere dona tuis.

Janus

8 Me, puto, scis inopem, de Dis non ditibus unum,
 Et veteri tantum simplicitate rudem:
 Posce Deos alios: dat opes Saturnia, formam
 Pulchra Venus, cultum flava Minerva animi.

Buchananus

At Dea nil istis eget hæc cui dona parantur;
 Juno opibus, studiis Pallas, et ore Venus.

Janus

12 Posce tuas Musas: sunt et sua dona Camœnis,
 Parva licet, magnis non male grata Deis.

Buchanan

Words aplenty are the only things the poor Pierides have to offer.¹
No sane person wants to be given words.

Janus

Go visit Peace then: for Peace, the richest of the gods,
Offers advantages that both Croesus and Irus² may long for.

Buchanan

Yes, but Peace has already provided these advantages for England's
Queen,
And in her kingdom Peace makes law and justice prevail.

Janus

Well, at least you have a generous supply of good wishes for her:
Even if you are poor otherwise, you're as rich as Midas in these.

Buchanan

You're making poverty and riches the same thing. I just can't think how
To show good will when there's hardly any room for good wishes.
So what shall I wish for her, on whom Fortune and Virtue
And Nature have generously bestowed their gifts?

Janus

Granted this abundance of gifts, even for the rich,
There's still one thing you may wish for: that they will last.

Buchanan

That's it! From my good wishes—all I have to offer,
Such is my lot in life—I will find a present and a prophecy.
May that spirit, o Queen, which is yours now be with you always,
And everything else no worse than your spirit.

Janus gave his nod, and he smiled at me with both faces,
And he commanded my words to have his guarantee.

Buchananus

Quæ dent Pierides¹ tenues modo verba supersunt:
Nemo, reör, sanus vult sibi verba dari.

Janus

16

Pacem adeas igitur: nam Pax, ditissima Divum,
Commoda quæ cupiant Cræsus et Irus,² habet.

Buchananus

Hæc quoque Saxonidæ jam Pax dedit Heroïnæ,
Atque omne in regno jus dat habere suo.

Janus

20

At tibi res quamvis desit, puto, vota supersunt:
His opibus diti par potes esse Midæ.

Buchananus

24

Dicis opes inopes: sed et hinc vix munera spero,
Cum videam votis vix superesse locum.
Ecquid enim huic optem, cui sors virtusque benigne
Et natura suas accumularit opes?

Janus

Cuncta licet superent, superest quod ditibus optes,
Perpetuus vitæ perstet ut iste tenor.

Buchananus

28

Hac sequar: a votis, quibus unis esse benigno
Sors mihi dat, xenium auspiciūque petam.
Sit tibi qui nunc est animus, Regina, perennis,
Cæteraque haud animo deteriora tuo.

32

Annuit et Janus mihi vultu arrisit utroque,
Et mea dicta ratam jussit habere fidem.

32/3. To Elizabeth, Queen of England

Despite Buchanan's strong feelings about female rulers, here and in the following 'emblem', he pays Elizabeth the elegant compliment of being at once masculine in power yet feminine in character, a divine combination.

Of what goddess is this the image, in whom there shines
 In a singular countenance a mixture of Juno, Minerva, and Venus?
 She is a goddess—why hesitate?—in whom there breathes a union
 Of masculine power, smiling grace, and celestial honour.
 Or if she is not a goddess, she is the power presiding in England,
 In genius, countenance, and character, an equal to the gods.

33/3. To the same (Elizabeth)

What artificer's hand so confounds three distinctions
 That grace, majesty, and beauty shine in one countenance?
 This was the heart's art, not the painter's art, whence
 An image of the divine mind flows onto the canvas.

34/3. Elegy for John Calvin

As we would expect, Buchanan's elegy for Calvin at his death in 1564 speaks with a voice of spiritual transcendence—relatively rare within his poetry. His reference to a 'second death' and, it seems, to the biblical Revelation is especially notable. More typical is his repudiation of 'vana superstitio', visibly a central theme of his writings for some thirty years (e.g., the 'Franciscanus' (57/4), l. 346).

If anyone thinks that our souls do not survive after death—
 Or thinking perchance that they do so, lives in such a way
 That he looks forward to eternal punishment in hell,¹
 Let him justifiably bewail his fate, deplore his death
 While he still lives, and transmit his grief to his friends.
 But it is a thing forbidden to weep for you, Calvin,
 Although you were taken away from us before your time.
 And even though death envied your great efforts,
 It would be wrong to mark your passing with pointless ceremonies, with
 pitiful lamentations.

32/3. In Elizabetham Angliæ Reginam

Cujus imago Deæ, facie cui lucet in una,
 Temperie mixta, Juno, Minerva, Venus?
 Est Dea: quid dubitem? cui sic conspirat amice
 Mascula vis, hilaris gratia, celsus honos:
 5 Aut Dea si non est, Diva est quæ præsidet Anglis,
 Ingenio, vultu, moribus æqua Deis.

33/3. In Eandem

Quæ manus artificis tria sic confundit, ut uno
 Gratia, majestas, et decor ore micent?
 Non pictoris opus fuit hoc, sed pectoris, unde
 Divinæ in tabulam mentis imago fluit.

34/3. Joannis Calvini epicedium

Si quis erit nullos superesse a funere manes
 Qui putet, aut si forte putet, sic vivit ut Orcum
 Speret et æternas Stygio sub gurgite¹ pœnas,
 Is merito sua fata fleat, sua funera ploret
 5 Vivus, et ad caros luctum transmittat amicos.
 At nos, invitis quamquam sis raptus amicis
 Ante diem, magnis quamvis inviderit ausis
 Mors, te flere nefas, Calvine, et funera vanæ
 Ludibrio pompæ et miseris onerare querelis.

For you are freed from cares, from the heavy weight of the earth.
 You dwell in heaven, and you enjoy a personal closeness to God,
 Him whom you worshipped on earth, Him whom you see as a pure light
 in the midst of pure light,²
 And drinking your fill of His divine power, you set out with your mind at
 peace on everlasting life—
 Not downcast by grief, nor uplifted in hope made drunk with empty
 pleasure, nor distraught by fears,
 And by diseases which the body spreads over the soul.
 Let me call the dawn that rescued you from grievous cares
 Your true birthday, on which carried off to the stars
 You return, after the hardships of long exile, to your homeland.
 Your mind now free from fear of a second death³ and superior now
 To the rule of Fortune, you take your first steps on the road of eternal life.
 For just as the soul supplies its vigour to the living body,
 And when it departs the body dies,
 And there is nothing left but the decaying matter from which it is made,
 So God is the soul of the soul. Lacking God, the soul is buried
 In darkness. It is deceived by an illusion of reality,
 And it embraces false impressions of goodness and justice.
 But when it has received its fill of divine power,
 The darkness dissipates and the empty semblances disappear,
 And Truth stands bare in the bright light of eternity,
 Brightness everlasting, which never gives way to evening shadows and
 gloomy night.
 And granted that you enjoy the peace that passeth understanding,
 It is certainly not true that envious death could entirely remove your
 influence from this world.
 The monuments of your genius remain, and when the flickering flame of
 envy has gradually died down,
 Your flame will flourish wherever pure religion shines.
 Not long since, it was Clement who feared you,
 By no means as merciful as his name implies,
 As did the two Pauls, twins in wickedness and deceit,
 And the mad dog Julius, and Pius who was notable
 Only for his fraternal impiety.⁴
 This was in your lifetime, but even after your death in times to come,
 Hollow superstition will fear the shadow of your fame
 And the impress of your genius.
 And whoever holds power in the papal chair,
 In the seat of Romulus, grim and angry, brandishing fire and sword,

10 Liber enim curis, terrenæ et pondere molis,
 Astra tenes, propiusque Deo, quem mente colebas,
 Nunc frueris, puroque vides in lumine purum
 Lumen,² et infusi satiatus numinis haustum
 Exigis æternam sine sollicitudine vitam;
 15 Quam neque deiciunt luctus nec tollit inani
 Ebria lætitia spes exanimantve timores,
 Quæque animo offundit morbi contagia corpus.
 Hanc ego, quæ curis te lux exemit acerbis,
 Natalem jure appellem, qua raptus in astra
 20 In patriam remeas, et post fastidia duri
 Exilii, mortis jam mens segura secundæ,³
 Fortunæ imperio major, primordia longæ
 Ingreditur vitæ. Nam ceu per corporis artus
 Cum subiit animus, pigræ vegetatque movetque
 25 Molis onus, funditque agilem per membra vigorem;
 Cum fugit, exanimum jacet immotumque cadaver,
 Nec quicquam est luteæ nisi putris fabrica massæ:
 Sic animi Deus est animus, quo si caret, atris
 Obruitor tenebris, specieque illusor inani
 30 Fallaces rectique bonique amplectitur umbras.
 Ast ubi divini concepit numinis haustum,
 Diffugiunt tenebræ simulacraque vana facessunt,
 Nudaque se veri facies in luce videndam
 Exhibet æterna, quam nullo vespere claudit
 35 Sæpta caput furvis nox importuna tenebris.
 Hunc ergo in portum cælo plaudente receptus
 Tu licet in placida tranquillitas pace quiescas,
 Non tamen omnino potuit mors invida totum
 Tollere Calvinum terris: æterna manebunt
 40 Ingenii monumenta tui, et livoris iniqui
 Languida paullatim cum flamma resederit, omnes,
 Religio qua pura nitet, se fundet in oras
 Fama tui. Ut nuper falso te nomine Clemens,
 Te Pauli duo, flagitiis et fraude gemelli,
 45 Te Juli timuit rabies, te nobilis una
 Fraternal impietate Pius⁴: sic nominis umbram
 Ingeniique tui effigiem post fata timebit
 Vana superstitio, quique olim in sede Quirini
 Triste furens flammaque minax ferroque tyrannus

Taking on all the functions of the underworld—
 A Pluto in power, a Harpy in shameless thievery,
 A Fury in fiery persecutions,
 A Charon in the sale of safe passage,⁵
 A Cerberus by virtue of the triple crown⁶—
 Now struck dumb by the light of truth set free,
 And cast down by the terrifying thunder of your tongue,
 He will bring on himself after death the pains of hell,
 Thirsting in the river, rolling the stone of Sisyphus,
 His liver devoured by vultures, trying in vain
 To fill the jars of the Danaids, racked on Ixion's wheel.⁷

35/3. To Theodore Beza

Calvin's successor at Geneva, Theodore Beza or de Bèze (1519-1605) was a distinguished Latin poet and playwright, as well as being a theologian and one of the leaders of the French Reformation. Buchanan's friendship with Beza dated from the 1540s and lasted throughout his life. This poem is undated but has been traditionally associated with the 1560s and with such reforming poems as 30/3 and 33/3.

My dear friend, you profess the Christian faith
 In worship, in daily life, and even in your art.
 I send you these poems of mine, not steeped, I fear,
 In the virtuosity of Rome and Greece,
 But born [i.e., composed] in the British mountains,
 Under the shaggy bear in a climate and time unlearned.¹
 But if they should be worthy by your approval
 To be referred to the most exacting class of critics,²
 I shall not fear the censure of envy, nor postpone
 The day of reckoning before the arbiters of taste and the doctors of
 grammar.
 To my way of thinking, Beza's opinion is the only one that counts—
 He is judge, critic, and public for me.

50 Transtulit inferni cuncta in se munia regni,
 Imperio Pluto, fœdis Harpyia rapinis,
 Eumenis igne, Charon⁵ naulo, triplicique corona
 Cerberus,⁶ immissi stupefactus lumine veri,
 55 Terrificoque tuæ deiectus fulmine linguæ,
 Transferet infernas in se post funera pœnas:
 Inter aquas sitiens, referens revolubile saxum,
 Vulturibus iecur exesus, cava dolia lymphis
 Frustra implens, Ixioneum distentus in orbem.⁷

35/3. Ad Theodorum Bezam

 Præsul optime, sacra Christiana
 Qui caste colis et facis, canisque,
 Ad te carmina mitto, nec Latino
 Nec Grajo sale tincta, sed Britannis
 5 Nata in montibus horrida sub Arcto,
 Nec cœlo neque seculo erudito.¹
 Quæ si iudicio tuo probentur,
 Ut classis modo in ultimæ referri
 Possint centurias,² nihil timebo
 10 Censuram invidiæ, nihil morabor
 Senatus critici severitatem,
 Nihil grammaticas tribus: mihi unus
 Beza est curia, censor et Quirites.

36/3. To Marguerite of Valois, Queen of Navarre¹

If there is any reason to trust what we hear,
 Juno holds the golden sceptre equally with magnanimous Jove in the
 region above the stars.
 Cyllenius² thrives by his wit, Minerva by her skill,
 Peitho³ is pleasing for speech, Venus for beauty.
 Themis⁴ supplies the laws, the Muses are vigilant for their music.
 This one rules the land, that one the sea.
 Antiquity did not dare assign everything to one power,
 Nor think Jove could be equal to all things.
 But since you undertake such great endeavours of governing,
 And the outset of time⁵ yields to your design,⁶
 You strive with the Muses in song, with Minerva in skill.
 It is undetermined who takes the prize in eloquence and wit.
 The wide earth submits to your rule,
 Fears your authority,⁷ honours your justice.
 By right you stand before mankind in the ruler's office,⁸
 Since you excel in all respects as scarcely could
 The great gods do in their special attributes.

37/3. To the Queen of Navarre, Marguerite of Bourbon

Written between 1539 and 1547, Buchanan's poem appears to offer Marguerite simply a courtly compliment. But the closing lines about justice, righteousness and piety carry reforming implications.

Pandora was made famous by the Muses of Mount Helicon,
 And she was a famous work of Vulcan's art.
 Charm and modesty made her countenance shine;
 There was a virginal blush in her cheeks.

Winged Mercury gave her keenness of mind,
 Outstanding skills were Minerva's gift.
 Joyful Venus breathed her joyful distinction on Pandora's head,
 And Persuasion added sweetness to her voice.

36/3. Ad Margaritam Valesiam Navarræ Reginam¹

Si qua fides famæ, super aurea sidera Juno
 Magnanimo pariter cum Jove scepra tenet.
 Ingenio pollet Cyllenius,² arte Minerva,
 Eloquio Peitho³ est grata, decora Venus.
 5 Jura Themis⁴ præbet, vigilant ad plectra Camœnæ,
 Temperat hic terras, temperat alter aquas.
 Omnia non ausa est uni tribuisse vetustas,
 Omnibus esse parem nec rata posse Jovem.
 At tu cum regni molimina tanta gubernes,
 10 Et cedant formæ⁶ tempora prisca⁵ tuæ,
 Carmine contendis Musis, atque arte Minervæ,
 Eloquio dubium est, ingenione prior:
 Quæquæ tuis paret tellus latissima sceptris,
 Formidat fasces,⁷ justitiamque colit.
 15 Jure igitur præstas homines, quando omnia præstas,⁸
 Singula quæ magni vix potuere Dei.

37/3. Ad Reginam Navarræ, Margaritam Borboniam

Nobilis Ascræis facta est Pandora Camœnis,
 Nobile Lemniacæ scilicet artis opus.
 Et decor et nitidos finxit reverentia vultus,
 4 Blandaque virgineus pinxerat ora pudor:

 Addidit ingenii volucer Tegeæus acumen,
 Egregias artes scire Minerva dedit:
 Læta Venus lætum capiti aspiravit honorem,
 8 Adjecit lepidos mellea Suada sonos.

And except that Envy spurns the goodness that lives close by,
 And Honour is slow to praise the present age,
 No less than hers, Marguerite, is your grace of speech,
 No less does her beauty shine in your features,

Nor was he born of Maia, nor Pallas, more friendly to her,
 Than to you, nor Peitho, nor Venus more just.
 All these gifts the kind gods have given to you both—
 But in one way they gave you more than an equal share:

She brought in new troubles for mortal men,
 But your attendants are justice, righteousness and piety.

38/3. Marguerite, Queen of Navarre

I seem to other people to be happy—my father being a king,¹ and
 my husband,² and my son³—
 And being descended from sceptre-bearing ancestors.
 But I judge myself to be happy—if I am⁴—
 Because the Lord of the universe⁵ wants me to be His servant.

39/3. Mary, Queen of England¹

I am Mary, unloved by my father, unloved by my husband:²
 Hateful to heaven, a terrible plague³ to my country.
 No mark of infamy⁴ was absent:
 Except that my embittered disposition served as a trusty shield to
 my chastity.⁵

12 At bona ni spernat præsentia livor iniquus,
 Et sua vix laudet secula lentus honos;
 Non minor est doctæ tibi, Margari, gratia linguæ,
 Nec minor eximio fulgurat ore decor:

16 Nec genitus Maja, nec Pallas amicior illi,
 Quam tibi, nec Pitho, nec magis æqua Venus.
 Cætera Di pariter vobis tribuere benigni,
 Plus tamen hoc æqua parte dedere tibi:

Illa novas pestes mortalibus intulit ægris,
 At tibi jus fasque est cum pietate comes.

38/3. Margarita Regina Navarræ

Esse aliis videor felix patre¹ Rege, viroque,²
 Et nato,³ et proavis edita sceptrigeris.
 Ast ego felicem, si sum,⁴ me iudice, rerum⁵
 Quod Dominus famulam me velit esse suam.

39/3. Maria Regina Angliæ¹

Sum Marie, male grata patri, male grata marito:²
 Cælo invisæ, meæ pestis atrox³ patriæ.
 Nulla aberat labes:⁴ nisi quod fuit addita custos
 Fida pudicitia forma maligna meæ.⁵

40/3. Mary, Queen of Scotland, the Little Girl

Art depicted Mary just as Nature fashioned her.
 Both the original and the image are rare and wonderful works.
 But in the course of forming her mind and character,
 She herself surpassed both Nature and Art by so much
 That the one seemed crude and the other unskilful.

41/3. The same Mary, as an Adult

If my uncle¹ had not been so dangerous to me and so dishonourable,
 I, Mary, should have been the leading lady of the age.
 But he disgraced both his own repute and mine as well²
 By those wrongs which turn whole kingdoms upside down.³

42/3. Charles, Cardinal of Lorraine

Now human furor puts the three Furies to shame—
 Their snakes grow torpid, and their torches sputter.¹
 When a power hostile to goodness produced you, Charles,
 You were one who could take the place of three.

43/3. Lorenzo Valla¹

Why, O warlike Rome, do you admire so much the old
 leaders, the Mariuses,² the Curiuses,³ and brave Camillus?⁴
 Valla has accomplished a greater triumph than all of these,
 from which your honour will live on for all time to come.

40/3. Maria Regina Scotiæ puella

Ut Mariam finxit natura, ars pinxit: utrumque
 Rarum et solertis summum opus artificis.
 Ipsa animum sibi dum pingit, sic vicit utrumque,
 Ut natura rudis, ars videatur iners.

41/3. Eadem adulta

Ni mihi tam fœdus, tam dirus avunculus¹ esset,
 Secli hujus Marie fœmina prima forem.
 Sed vitiis, quibus evertit regna omnia,³ famam
 Polluit ille suam, polluit ille meam.²

42/3. Carolus Lotharingius Cardinalis

Jam furor humanus Furias lassarat, inermes
 Torpuerant angues, torpuerantque faces¹:
 Cum te vis inimica bonis, Carle, edidit, unus
 Pro Furiis possis qui satis esse tribus.

43/3. Laurentius Valla¹

Quid celebras Marios,² Curios,³ fortemque Camillum,⁴
 Miratrix veterum, Martia Roma, ducum?
 Omnibus iis egit potioem Valla triumphum:
 Unde tuus cuncta in secula vivet honos.

44/3. To the Same Individual

The wise men¹ conquered the monsters of the spirit.
 They conquered with Herculean arm all that Orcus and the earth
 brought forth.
 Valla rescued Latin speech from monstrosities,
 Expelling barbarism² with an unconquered heart.

45/3. To Antonio de Gouvea¹

Buchanan 'begrudges' his separation from two educational reformers: one in France, one in Portugal. Being with one inherently precludes being with the other. Both were of suspect religious views.

If it were right for me to begrudge anything to you Gouvea, or to Teive,²
 I should begrudge you to our Teive, and I should begrudge Teive to you.
 But since it is not right for me to begrudge anything
 Either to you, Gouvea, or to you, Teive,
 If it is right that love and regret constrain me,
 Then I call down curses upon you and shall continue to call down curses
 upon you,
 That either one of you pays the penalty of this crooked evil:
 That Teive should be able to begrudge you to me,
 That you should begrudge Teive to me.
 If it be granted to me to enjoy the friendship of both,
 I shall not begrudge the gods their living in heaven,
 But the gods shall begrudge the good fortune given to me.

44/3. *Idem*

Monstra animi domuere sophi¹: quæ terra vel Orcus
 Protulit, Herculeæ sunt superata manu.
 Portentis Latium sermonem Valla levavit,
 Invicto expugnans pectore barbariem.²

45/3. *Ad Antonium Goveanum*¹

Si quicquam, Goveane,¹ fas mihi esset
 Invidere tibi, Teviovæ,²
 Et te nostro ego Tevio inviderem,
 Et nostrum tibi Tevium inviderem.
 5 Sed cum me nihil invidere sit fas,
 Vel tibi, Goveane, Teviovæ,
 Si fas est quod amor dolorque cogit,
 Vobis imprecor usque et imprecabor,
 Uterque ut mihi sed cito rependat
 10 Hoc pravum ob facinus malumque pœnas:
 Te mi Tevius invidere possit,
 Tu possis mihi Tevium invidere.
 Ambobus mihi si frui licebit,
 Cœlum Diis ego non suum invidebo,
 Sed sortem mihi Dii meam invidebunt.

**46/3. Epithalamium for Francis of Valois and Mary Stewart,
of the Kingdom of France and of Scotland**

Buchanan greeted the marriage of Francis and Mary, 24 April 1558, with genuine enthusiasm, in part because he saw the Valois dynasty as saving the world from the universal aspirations of the Habsburgs. His insistence on the dignity (and thus parity) of the Scottish realm is inherently qualified by his distrust of female rule. It is unlikely that he was aware of the secret treaty to extend French sovereignty into the British kingdoms.

a.

Whence comes this sudden inspiration?
 Why does my heart, unstirred for so long,
 Experience the overwhelming presence of Apollo?
 Why do the Muses come forth from the hidden hollows
 In the long silent shadow of Parnassus to sing again their songs of praise?
 Just before now, I remember, the laurel was sere and withered,
 The lyre silent, Apollo melancholy,
 And [also] Arcas inventor of the cithara,
 And I was praying in vain to the nine sisters who all seemed deaf.
 Now the shrines of Apollo are opened, the Delphic rock revealed,
 And the prophetic voice resounds from the sacred cave.
 Now come the sacred sisters wearing their new crowns of laurel.
 The Aonian waters flow freely, refreshing the countryside, and the Pierian
 forest is green again.
 Am I deceived? Or is it really true, Francis,
 That the Muses are adorning themselves for you?
 Wearing garlands for you? Decorating the temples with fresh greenery for
 you?
 Joyfully celebrating song and dance on Mount Helicon, long silent in fear
 of Mars?¹
 There is certainly no one else more worthy to garner the fruits of the
 Aonian grove,
 Whether it suits him perchance to count over his ancestors' triumphs or
 the hours devoted to the Muses.
 That's the truth!
 On this occasion every corner resounds with loud applause,
 License loosed from the restraints of the laws goes on holiday.
 Hymen, Hymenæus, is present.
 The dawn long desired by seemly prayers has come at last,
 The golden dawn has come.

46/3. Francisci Valesi et Mariæ Stuartæ,
Regum Franciæ et Scotiæ, Epithalamium

a.

Unde repentino fremuerunt viscera motu?
Cur Phœbum desueta pati præcordia anhelus
Fervor agit, mutæque diu Parnassidos umbræ
5 Turba iterum arcanis renovat Pæana sub antris?
Nuper enim, memini squalebat marcida laurus,
Muta chelys, tristis Phœbus, citharæque repertor
Arcas, et ad surdas fundebam vota sorores.
Nunc Phœbi delubra patent, nunc Delphica rupes
10 Panditur, et sacro cortina remugit ab antro.
Nunc lauro meliore comas innexa sororum
Turba venit, nunc Aoniæ non invida lymphæ
Irrigat æternos Pimplei ruris honores,
Lætaque Pieriæ revirescit gloria silvæ.
15 Fallimur? an nitidæ tibi se, Francisce, Camœnæ
Exornant? tibi sarta parant, tibi flore recenti
Templa novant? mutumque diu formidine Martis¹
Gaudent insolitis celebrare Heliconæ choreis?
Scilicet haud alius nemoris decerpere fructus
20 Dignior Aonii, seu quem numerare triumphos
Forte juvat patrios, seu consecrata Camœnis
Otia: sic certe est. Hinc læto compita plausu
Cuncta fremunt: legumque exuta licentia frenos
Ludit: Hymen, Hymenæus adest: lux illa pudicis
Exoptata diu votis, lux aurea venit:

What you have long wished for, O prince glorious in your descent from
 Hector's line,²
 You have at last. So stop complaining!
 Stop complaining about deferred hopes and long delays—
 The procession of the year through the zodiac, while Cynthia prolongs the
 sluggish months.
 You're gaining the grand prize of delay,
 Which if ancient times had gained,
 Menelaus would not have wept for his stolen wife,
 And Venus would have paid to the son of Priam the reward of her
 approved beauty without violence, without slaughter of the Trojans,
 A form worthy indeed for Paris to carry on shipboard across the surging
 seas,
 Or for the Greeks in alliance demanding to have back again.
 Nor do you have less courage than the Trojan or the Greek leader,
 If the safety of your wife required you to defend her by force of arms.
 But Venus was gentler to you, and so too the indulgence of her tender
 child,
 Who gave you a princess right here at home.³
 From your earliest years this love grew up with you:
 So much did the flame add to the strength of youth, by insinuating itself
 more strongly did it keep nourishing your tender love.
 You were not concerned, as many kings have been, about the hazards of
 wooing from afar.
 Nor afraid that rumour, as reporter of the truth, should bring reports going
 beyond the truth.
 While it makes light of [the beauties who lived in] ancient times,
 It gives a present beauty the honour of foremost place.
 Nor did you commit your sighs to silent pages,
 With fear growing pale [in] the vague shadow of rumour.
 You yourself discovered and approved her beauty,
 And you were a witness of her good character.
 Nor was the reason for your love a lustfulness
 That disdains the tender rule of right conduct,
 Nor was it the emboldened passion of youthful years.
 Rather it was virtue greater than her sex, prudence greater than her years,
 And comely behaviour suiting to her beauty, and modesty joined to royal
 authority,
 And ideal gracefulness uniting all these qualities in a secret bond.

- 25 Venit. Habes tandem toties quod mente petisti,
 O decus Hectoridum juvenis²: jam pone querelas,
 Desine spes nimium lentas, jam desine longas
 Incusare moras, dum tardum signifer annum
 Torqueat, ignavos peragat dum Cynthia menses.
- 30 Grande moræ pretium fers: quod si prisca tulissent
 Secula, non raptos flessset Menelaus amores,
 Et sine vi, sine cæde Phrygum Cytherea probatæ
 Solvere Priamidæ potuisset præmia formæ.
 Digna quidem facies, quam vel trans æquoris æstus
- 35 Classe Paris rapiat, vel conjurata reposcat
 Græcia: nec minus est animi tibi, nec minor ardor
 Quam Phrygio Grajove duci, si postulet arma
 Conjugii tutela tui. Sed mitior in te
 Et Venus, et teneri fuit indulgentia nati,
- 40 Qui quod ames tribuere domi:³ puerilibus annis
 Cœptus amor tecum crevit: quantumque juventæ
 Viribus accessit, tanto se flamma per artus
 Acrius insinuans tenerum pascebat amorem.
 Non tibi cura fuit, quæ sæpius anxia Regum
- 45 Pectora sollicitat, longinquæ obnoxia flammæ:
 Nec metus is torsit, veri prænuntia fama
 Ne vero majora ferat, dum secula prisca
 Elevat, et primum formæ tibi spondet honorem:
 Cera nec in varias docilis transire figuras
- 50 Suspendit trepidam dubia formidine mentem:
 Nec tua commisti tacitis suspiria chartis,
 Rumorisque vagam timuisti pallidus umbram.
 Ipse tibi explorator eras, formæque probator,
 Et morum testis. Nec conciliavit amorem
- 55 Hunc tibi luxuries legum indignata teneri
 Imperio, aut primis temerarius ardor ab annis:
 Sed sexu virtus, annis prudentia major,
 Et decori pudor, et conjuncta modestia sceptris,
 Atque hæc cuncta ligans arcano gratia nexu.

Away with all lingering concerns and doubtful hopes!
You have the answer to your prayers before your very eyes,
And you harvest the fruits you hoped for with no worries whatsoever,
And there is no likelihood that you'll lie awake at night
Complaining in vain that you were tricked by the image of a delusive
dream.
Now Hymen, whose coming you've waited for, will at last join your
hands in marriage.
Soon it will be time for you to embrace, to exchange kisses, and not just
kisses either,
But do what you will, be moderate, share the happy day with us,
You will have to yourself all the joys of night.
But in fact you won't have them all to yourself:
It's right that we too should share joyfully in the joys belonging to you.
We have shared the same wishes, offered sacrifice at the same altars.
We have mingled our prayers together,
Experienced your hopes, your fears, and your affections.
And just like you we have queasily drunk our fill of the long drawn-out
process that's finally come to an end.
Now that the kind gods are restoring the fullness of joy,
The sense of gladness has come to us all.
The feeling of satisfaction takes hold and just keeps growing,
And our hearts are now beating faster.
Just as when fiery Phoebus has reared his head from the Indian waters,
And the clear heaven has brought forth the golden day,
The smiling fields reflect his light,
And the sparkling waves scatter his brightness in their endless motion.
The mild breezes blow and the sky is bright blue.
But if Aeolus should drive forth the south winds
And spread the rainy clouds between the earth below and the heavens
above,
The world shudders in fear and trembling, the farmlands turn grey as if in
mourning,
The waters rise, and heavy air hangs over the fields.
The sky is covered with pitch-dark mists.
In a similar way the people of your kingdom take from you their cues for
joy and grief;
Rosy youth, those near to you in age, indulge their happiness,
And give themselves over to sports and games suitable to their years.

- 60 Spes igitur dubiæ, lentæque facessite curæ,
 Ipse tuis oculis tua vota tuere, probasque:
 Speratosque leges sine sollicitudine fructus,
 Nullaque fallacis delusus imagine somni
 Irrita mendaci facies convicia nocti.
- 65 Exspectatus Hymen jam junget fœdere dextras,
 Mox etiam amplecti, mox et geminare licebit
 Basia, mox etiam non tantum basia: sed tu,
 Quamlibet appropere, animo moderare: beatum
 Nobiscum partire diem, tu gaudia noctis
- 70 Solus tota feres: quanquam neque gaudia noctis
 Solus tota feres: et nos communiter æquum est
 Lætitiâ gaudere tuam: communia vota
 Fecimus, et sacras pariter placavimus aras,
 Miscuimusque preces, et spesque metusque tuosque
- 75 Sensimus affectus: ægre tecum hausimus una
 Tædia longa moræ. Superi nunc plena secundi
 Gaudia cum referant, sensus pervenit ad omnes
 Lætitiæ, mentemque ciens renovata voluptas
 Crescit, et exsultant trepidis præcordia fibris.
- 80 Qualis ubi Eois Phœbus caput extulit undis
 Purus, et auratum non turbidus extulit axem,
 Cuspide jucundæ lucis percussa renident
 Arva, micat tremulo crispatus lumine pontus,
 Lenibus aspirat flabris innubilis aër,
- 85 Blanda serenati ridet clementia cœli:
 At si nubiferos effuderit Æolus Austros,
 Et pluviis gravidam cœlo subtexit umbram,
 Mœsta horret rerum facies, deformia lugent
 Arva, tument fluctus, campis gravis incubat aër,
- 90 Torpet et obductum picea caligine cælum:
 Sic ex te populus suspensus, gaudia, curas,
 Mæroresque trahit: rosea nec sola juvena
 Florida, nec spatiis quæ te propioribus ætas
 Insequitur, genio indulgent, vultuque soluto
- 95 Lusibus exhilarant aptos juvenilibus annos;

The older people too, putting aside their gravity of countenance, rejoice
to celebrate the happy day,
The day the grandmothers asked for out loud, and the young ladies prayed
for in silence.

b.

Let's say again that everyone is happy.
And nature too, renewed in every aspect, exalts just as we do,
And adds its share to your honours.
Behold the sun illuminating the earth with its inexhaustible rays,
See how it shines, see how it tempers its fiery powers,
How in rising to gaze on your special day its mild countenance goes forth,
How in setting its chariot sinks in the western ocean,
How seeking the icy north with its fires coming nearer the earth,
It shortens the summer's darkness with a narrow sliver of light.
The earth renews itself with a vesture of green,
And contemplates the vineyards spread over the hillsides,
And dapples the fields with crops and the gardens with flowers.
Nor do the wild places cease to grow tame with tender fruits,
The bramble bushes with their thorny branches,⁴
The trees where the birds sing bending by the weight of the apples they
bear.
The horn of plenty spreads its goodness into all the forms of fruit,
And generously blesses the year which brings all things to fruition,
Promising a happy marriage by this prognostication.

c.

Fortunate you are, both of you, born in a happy time,
And joined in marriage, the concord of the world⁵ fosters your hope,
favourites your wishes, inclines to your honour;
And I would hope that this union might continue on
To white-haired years, untouched by disaffections of any kind.
And if I am not deceived by vain prophecy,
No day will ever disjoin that love which a common stock and which a
long train of kindred ancestors has joined,
Which a long-established compact of friendship⁶ has sealed over time,
Sanctioned and ratified by law and custom.⁷

Hunc posita vultus gravitate severior ætas
 Lætatur celebrare diem, matresque verendæ
 Non tacito hunc, tacitoque optat virguncula voto.

b.

100 Quid loquar humanas admittere gaudia mentes?
 Ipsa parens rerum totos renovata per artus
 Gestit, et in vestros penitus conspirat honores.
 Aspice jam primum radiati luminis orbem
 Semper inexhausta lustrantem lampade terras,
 105 Ut niteat, blanda ut flagrantes mitiget ignes
 Temperie, ut cupidos spectacula vestra tueri
 Purpureo vultus maturior exserat ortu,
 Serius occiduas currus demittat in undas,
 Ut gelidos repetens flamma propiore triones
 110 Contrahat æstivas angusta luce tenebras.
 Ipsa etiam tellus virides renovatur amictus,
 Et modo pampineas meditatatur collibus umbras,
 Et modo messe agros, modo pingit floribus hortos:
 Horrida nec tenero cessant mansuescere fœtu
 115 Tesqua, nec armati spina sua brachia vepres,⁴
 Nec curvare feros pomis aviaria ramos:
 Inque omnes frugum facies bona copia cornu
 Solvit, et omniferum beat indulgentior annum,
 Pignoris hoc spondens felices omine tædas.

c.

120 Fortunati ambo, et felici tempore nati,
 Et thalamis juncti! vestram concordia mundi⁵
 Spem fovet, aspirat votis, indulget honori:
 Atque utinam nullis unquam labefacta querelis
 Conjugium hoc canos concordia servet in annos.
 Et (mihi ni vano fallax præcordia Phœbus
 125 Impulit augurio) quem jungit sanguinis ortus,
 Et commune genus proavum, serieque perenni
 Fœdus amicitæ⁶ solidum, quem more vetusto
 Sancta verendarum committunt fœdera legum,⁷
 Nulla dies unquam vestrum divellet amorem.

Proceed then, you whose wedding torches light the way with happy
 omens,
 Where inclination, where popular good wishes, where the prayers and
 hopes of the whole kingdom call you.
 You, you first, Francis, by no means deceived in your royal birth,
 O Prince descended from Hector's line,⁸ embrace with all your mind
 The wife whom the law has given you,
 The sister⁹ whom nature has given you,
 Whom her sex has given you as one obedient to your command,
 Whom her free choice has given you as your lady,
 Whom her parents have given you as your companion in life,
 And kinship, and virtue, and youthful years (an age suitable for marriage),
 And promised loyalty, and love as a bond which more securely
 interweaves so many bonds.
 If the goddesses approve your marriage by common agreement,
 Those whom Paris saw on shady Mount Ida,
 And allow you to choose a wife for yourself,
 What more—granted the wish is improper—might you ask for?
 Does the charm of outstanding beauty delight you?
 Behold her lofty brow, the sweetness of her dimpled cheeks,
 The gentle light shining from her eyes,
 How a serious demeanour beyond her years conjoins in friendly union
 with tender youth,
 A smooth attractiveness with high majesty:
 Nor does her mind, busy in the concerns of Pallas, yield to her beauty,
 But schooled by the Muses, fosters tranquility under the guidance of
 wisdom.

d.

And if a long line and distinguished ancestry is sought,
 Hers can enumerate one hundred royal descendants from one stock,
 Hers alone is a royal line which includes twice ten centuries in its
 records and registers,
 A race so often attacked by neighbouring enemies, [yet]
 Remaining independent of foreign dominion.
 And whatever fame or fable relates of other peoples in olden times,
 Trust to the historical record,

- 130 Vos quoque felici lucent quibus omine tædæ,
 Quo studium, populique favor, quo publica regni
 Vota precesque vocant, alacres accedite: tuque
 Tu prior O Reges non ementite parentes,
 Hectoride⁸ juvenis, tota complectere mente
 135 Quam dedit uxorem tibi lex, natura sororem,⁹
 Parentem imperio sexus, dominamque voluntas,
 Quam sociam vitæ tibi conjunxere parentes,
 Et genus, et virtus, et forma, et nubilus ætas,
 Et promissa fides, et qui tot vincula nectens
 140 Firmius arctat amor totidem per vincula nexus.
 Si tibi communi assensu connubia Divæ
 Annuerent, Paris umbrosa quas vidit in Ida,
 Permittantque tuo socias tibi jungere tædas
 Arbitrio, quid jam, voti licet improbus, optes
 145 Amplius? Eximiæ delectat gratia formæ?
 Aspice quantus honos frontis, quæ gratia blandis
 Interfusa genis, quam mitis flamma decoris
 Fulguret ex oculis, quam conspirarit amico
 Fœdere cum tenera gravitas matura juvenita,
 150 Lenis et augusta cum majestate venustas.
 Pectora nec formæ cedunt exercita curis
 Palladiis, et Pierias exulta per artes
 Tranquillant placidos Sophia sub præside mores.

d.

- 155 Si series generis longusque propaginis ordo
 Quæritur: hæc una centum de stirpe nepotes
 Sceptriferos numerare potest, hæc regia sola est,
 Quæ bis dena suis includat secula fastis;
 Unica vicinis toties pulsata procellis,
 Externi immunis domini: quodcunque vetustum
 160 Gentibus in reliquis vel narrat fama, vel audet
 Fabula, longævus vel credunt secula fastis,

Compare it with this—this is right now today.¹⁰
 If you are concerned with a generous dowry,
 Take it from me that the warlike spirit of the Scots is a dowry in itself.¹¹
 I won't mention acres and acres of fertile soil, or pastures, or waters
 brimming with fish,
 Or diggings where copper and lead are found,
 Or mountains shining with gold¹² or stiff with iron,
 Or rivers flowing from veins bearing metals.
 These common advantages which make other peoples happy,
 These are admired by the vulgar, by those who have contempt for
 everything except wealth,
 And whose hearts greedy with the keen appetite for gain
 Pollute [everything] with pestilential poison.¹³
 That glory which belongs to the quivered Scots is to go hunting, to
 swim deep rivers,
 To endure hunger, to dismiss heat and cold¹⁴—
 Not to guard their fatherland by trenches and ramparts, but by battle,
 And to defend their honour even at the cost of their lives,
 To keep faith in the things promised, to revere the holy power of
 friendship,
 To befriend a man for his character, not for his function.
 By these qualities, when wars raged over the whole world,
 And there was no country that did not change its constitution,
 Its ancestral laws, under the sway of foreign rule,
 Here stood one people in possession of its ancient liberty.¹⁵
 Here the fury of the Pict¹⁶ reached its limits, here too the inroads of the
 Saxon,
 Here the Dane after the Saxons were conquered, and Normandy when
 the fierce Dane was overcome.¹⁷
 And if it is not too much trouble to read over the annals of early times,
 Here the Roman conquest's irresistible march stood still;
 What the south wind failed to repulse,
 And Parthia withering amid its untilled fields,
 What the Nile did not slow down, nor the Rhine with its chill, nor the
 Elbe,
 Scotland put a stop to—[ending] this Roman advance.

- Huc compone, novum est.¹⁰ Ampla si dote moveris,
 Accipe dotales Mavortia pectora Scotos.¹¹
 Nec tibi frugiferæ memorabo hic jugera glebæ,
 165 Aut saltus pecore, aut fœcundas piscibus undas,
 Aut æris gravidos et plumbi pondere sulcos,
 Et nitidos auro montes,¹² ferroque rigentes,
 Deque metalliferis manantia flumina venis,
 Quæque beant alias communia commoda gentes.
 170 Hæc vulgus miretur iners, quique omnia spernunt
 Præter opes, quibus assidue sitis acris habendi-
 Tabifico oblimat præcordia crassa veneno.¹³
 Illa pharetratis est propria gloria Scotis,
 Cingere venatu saltus, superare natando
 175 Flumina, ferre famem, contemnere frigora et æstus;¹⁴
 Nec fossa et muris patriam, sed Marte tueri,
 Et spreta incolumem vita defendere famam;
 Polliciti servare fidem, sanctumque vereri
 Numen amicitia, mores, non munus amare.
 180 Artibus his, totum fremerent cum bella per orbem,
 Nullaque non leges tellus mutaret avitas
 Externo subjecta iugo, gens una vetustis
 Sedibus antiqua sub libertate resedit.¹⁵
 Substitit hic Gothi¹⁶ furor, hic gravis impetus hæsit
 185 Saxonis, hic Cimber superato Saxone, et acri
 Perdomito Neuster Cimbro.¹⁷ Si volvere priscos
 Non piget annales, hic et victoria fixit
 Præcipitem Romana gradum: quem non gravis Auster
 Reppulit, incultis non squalens Parthia campis,
 190 Non æstu Meroë, non frigore Rhenus et Albis
 Tardavit, Latium remorata est Scotia cursum:

This is the only country against which Rome fortified its boundaries, not
by high mountains,

Not by the banks of a swift-flowing river, not by the thrusting-forth of a
forest, not by the extent of a desert,

But by walls and trenches. When it drove other peoples by force of arms
from the homes of their ancestors,

Or reduced them to vile slavery,

Here Rome was satisfied to defend its frontiers, and put up walls to keep
out the axe-wielding Scots.

Here with the hope of further advance put aside,

The god Terminus symbolises the turning aside of Roman power at
Caron's river.

And so that you may not think

That hearts inured to warlike pursuits and the service of Mars

Are immune to the enticements of the arts,

It should be said that when Mars and barbarian armies were shaking the
Roman world to pieces,

This land alone was hospitable to the Muses who were all but driven out
elsewhere.

The teachings of Greek and Roman wisdom,

The good offices of teachers and tutors, instructors for the young,

Charlemagne brought [from Scotland] to the Celts [i.e., the Gauls, the
French].¹⁸

It was he who transferred Roman authority to the Franks,

And the robe of Romulus to France.

And he made a treaty of alliance with the Scots,

A treaty which neither Mars may break by the sword,

Nor disorder and sedition may think to unravel,

Nor the passage of time, nor any other power known to man, and now a
treaty made by a [still] closer bond.

And though you might count over French triumphs from that distant time
[to the present],

And [at times when] the whole world conjoined in war to work the
destruction of French power,

Never did victory shine on the French camps without the assistance of
Scottish soldiers.

And never did a terrible disaster overtake the descendants of Hector when
the Scots did not shed their blood too.

This nation alone endured in common with the French people all the
vagaries of Fortune.

Often it turned swords threatening France against itself.

- 195 Solaque gens mundi est, cum qua non culmine montis,
 Non rapidi ripis amnis, non objice silvæ,
 Non vasti spatii campi Romana potestas,
 Sed muris fossaque sui confinia regni
 Munivit: gentesque alias cum pelleret armis
 Sedibus, aut victas vilem servaret in usum
 Servitii, hic contenta suos defendere fines
 200 Roma securigeris prætendit mœnia Scotis:
 Hic spe progressus posita, Carronis ad undam
 Terminus Ausonii signat divortia regni.
 Neve putes duri studiis assueta Gradivi
 Pectora mansuetas non emollescere ad artes,
 205 Hæc quoque, cum Latium quateret Mars barbarus orbem,
 Sola prope expulsis fuit hospita terra Camœnis.
 Hinc Sophiæ Grajæ, Sophiæ decreta Latinæ,
 Doctoresque rudis formatoresque juventæ
 Carolus ad Celtas traduxit¹⁸: Carolus idem
 210 Qui Francis Latios fasces, trabeamque Quirini
 Ferre dedit Francis, conjunxit fœdere Scotos:
 Fœdere, quod neque Mars ferro, nec turbida possit
 Solvere seditio, aut dominandi insana cupido,
 Nec series ævi, nec vis ulla altera, præter
 Sanctius et vinclis fœdus propioribus arctans.
 215 Tu licet ex illa numeres ætate triumphos,
 Et conjuratum cunctis e partibus orbem
 Nominis ad Franci exitium, sine milite Scoto
 Nulla unquam Francis fulsit victoria castris,
 Nulla unquam Hectoridas sine Scoto sanguine clades
 220 Sævior oppressit: tulit hæc communiter omnes
 Fortunæ gens una vices: Francisque minantes
 Sæpe in se vertit gladios. Scit belliger Anglus,

The warlike English, the fierce Batavians, acknowledge the truth of this.¹⁹
 Phaeton's water testifies to this, and [also] Naples attacked so often by
 unlucky arms.²⁰

Your wife brings you this dowry, a nation faithful to France over so many
 centuries,

Conjoined with your people by a treaty of alliance,

A happy augury of a happy marriage,

A people unconquered in warfare though often put to the test,

A happy augury for war and victories to come.

e.

But you, fair maiden, most entitled to a splendid marriage,

Though Juno and Minerva (awesome in waging war),

And Venus, and the Graces (generous with their gifts),

Beautify you to your heart's desire,

And though the Dauphin, the chosen successor, the next hope and
 director of French governance,²¹

And lesser than his father alone, should yield to you the sceptre of royalty,
 and declare you with tender countenance his [co-equal] lady,²²

Yet acknowledge your station in life as a woman, and accustom yourself to
 your husband's authority,

Putting your royal authority aside to this extent.²³

Learn to bear the [marital] yoke, but together with a beloved husband,

Learn to be subject to your husband's direction,

The victor in times to come by being so.

Behold the ocean, how it rages sending its waves against the rocks, and
 how it smashes the cliffs with swelling anger.

It beats on the headlands, and undermines the foundations of the world
 with its incessant storms,

Wearing away the eroded boulders [by its ineluctable force].

But when the land surrenders to the sea, and invites the god to the sweet
 hospitality of a sandy beach,

See how he abates his powers, and, lesser than himself,

Peacefully rejoices to approach, as it were, the marriage bed, not
 disturbed and not with a raging countenance,

Not threatening with foam and fury, but with a serene demeanour,

Scit ferus hoc Batavus,¹⁹ testis Phaëthontias unda,
 Nec semel infaustis repetita Neapolis armis.²⁰
 225 Hanc tibi dat conjux dotem, tot secula fidam
 Conjunctamque tuis sociali fœdere gentem,
 Auspicium felix thalamis concordibus, armis
 Indomitos populos per tot discrimina, felix
 Auspicium bellis, venturæque omina palmæ.

e.

230 At tu conjugio, Nymphæ, dignata superbo,
 Te licet et Juno, et bellis metuenda virago,
 Et Venus, et Charitum larga indulgentia certet
 Muneribus decorare suis, licet ille secundus
 Spe votisque hominum Francæ moderator habenæ²¹
 235 Et solo genitore minor, tibi Regia sceptrâ
 Submittat, blando et dominam²² te prædicet ore,
 Sexum agnosce tamen, dominæque immunis habenæ²³
 Hactenus imperio jam nunc assuesce jugali:
 Disce jugum, sed cum dilecto conjuge, ferre:
 240 Disce pati imperium, victrix patiendo futura.
 Aspicias Oceanum saxa indignatus ut undis
 Verberet, et cautes tumida circumfremat ira:
 Rupibus incursat, demoliturque procellis
 Fundamenta terens, scopulisque assultat adesis:
 245 Ast ubi se tellus molli substravit arena,
 Hospitioque Deum blande invitavit amœno,
 Ipse domat vires, placidusque et se minor ire
 In thalamos gaudet non torvo turbidus ore,
 Non spumis fremituque minax, sed fronte serena

Laps the unobstructed shore, and, as it were, stealing little kisses,
 The little waves slipping backwards and forwards in their unceasing
 movement,
 The water playfully takes possession of the land.
 Behold! The ivy with tender leaves grows to a lofty height,
 and little by little insinuating itself, circles the oak in a spiral embrace,
 And though a clinging vine stands out thereby, and likewise advances its
 head amidst the stars.
 A stern and commanding presence is mollified by means of obedience,
 And love is acquired and kept by means of obedience.
 And don't let the loss of your homeland left behind be a cause of sorrow to
 you,
 And the longing for your mother.²⁴
 This country is also your homeland. Here from the stock of a neighbouring
 people,
 Here [in France] is a great part of your own ancestry²⁵
 And a long succession of fortunate kings, from which you trace your line,
 has directed the governance of things.
 Wherever you turn your eyes, or direct your footsteps,
 No place is empty of your relations, and [everywhere] you find friends
 who, like you, are natives of Scotland.
 And everywhere you go, you see monuments famous in the history of
 your countrymen.²⁶
 Not to prolong my discourse, here this handsomest by far of the
 descendants of Hector awaits you,
 He who singly excels in worthiness all the others, almost your brother, as
 it were, by virtue of a common ancestry,
 Soon to be by love that which surpasses a brother,
 And a mother, and whatever the law makes worthy of honour by way of
 kinship,
 And stronger than any obligations issuing from the law,
 A reverence inspiring the deepest feelings ingrained in us by nature.
 Here also, if the powers above stand not opposed to our righteous prayers,
 And unless credulity inspires a vain and empty hope, a son resembling his
 father and a daughter her mother
 Shall strengthen the bonds of mutual love,
 And by their sweetness of countenance, and their expression of childlike
 affection, disperse the clouds of care.

- 250 Littus inoffensum lambit, sensimque relabens
 Arrepiat facilis cerni, et, ceu mollia captet
 Oscula, ludentes in littore lubricat undas.
 Cernis ut infirmis hedera enitatur in altum
 Frondibus, et molli serpens in robora flexu
- 255 Paullatim insinuet sese, et complexibus hærens
 Emicet, et mediis pariter caput inserat astris.
 Flectitur obsequio rigor, obsequioque paratur,
 Et retinetur amor. Neu te jactura relictæ
 Sollicitet patriæ, desideriumque parentis²⁴:
- 260 Hæc quoque terra tibi patria est, hic stirpe propinqui,
 Hic generis pars magna tui,²⁵ multosque per annos
 Fortunatorum series longissima Regum,
 Unde genus ducis, rerum moderatur habenas.
 Quoquo oculos vertes, quoquo vestigia flectes,
- 265 Cognatis pars nulla vacat, locus exhibet omnis
 Aut generis socios, aut fastis inclyta gentis
 Ostentat monumenta tuæ.²⁶ Jam ut cætera mittam,
 Hic te, qui cunctis merito præponderat unus,
 Exspectat longe pulcherrimus Hectoridarum,
- 270 Pene tibi stirpis communis origine frater:
 Mox etiam fratrem quod vincat amore futurus,
 Et matrem, et quicquid consanguinitate verendum
 Lex facit, et legum quam jussa valentior ulla,
 Naturæ arcanos pulsans reverentia sensus.
- 275 Hic quoque (ni justis obsistent numina votis,
 Falsaque credulitas frustra spem nutrit inanem)
 Filius ore patrem referens, et filia matrem
 Sanguine communi vinclum communis amoris
 Firmabunt, brevibusque amplexi colla lacertis
- 280 Discutient blando curarum nubila risu.

f.

May the fates allow me a life long enough
 To see France and Scotland, joined for so many centuries by loyalty, by
 treaties, and by legal ties,
 Henceforth sharing a common rule,
 Come together as one in the spirit of brotherhood,
 And those whom the sea divides by its waters, the earth and sky by the vast
 spaces over which they extend,
 Bound together into one people by Concord, an equal in age with the
 everlasting stars of heaven.

47/3. The Deplorable State of the French Commonweal, following the death of King Francis the Second

Francis II's brief reign ended with his premature death on 5 December 1560, and France subsequently disintegrated into religious civil war. His widow Mary Stewart would return to Scotland in the following year—as would George Buchanan.

The poem indicates many of the dimensions of this catastrophe, which Buchanan casts within a highly classical vocabulary. French designs were perhaps too great, extending beyond the inherent limits to things. In its determined efforts to contain the global aspirations of the Habsburgs (see poems 15/2 and 16/2 above), had France also in fact reached too far? Had its designs (if not accomplishments) extended beyond natural limits? The problem was not reform or even radicalism—in Scotland Buchanan would become one of the great apologists for revolution—but unbounded ambition. A successful society, for him, required aristocratic citizens and a rigorously selfless public spirit, something drastically lacking in the France of 1560 (ll. 25–6). 'Discordia' (l. 21) carries with it the implication of 'faction'.

O goddess,¹ thou who art envious of success that goes too far,
 Who dost bear down on arrogance and swollen hopes,
 If France in prosperous times has exceeded in spirit the bounds of moderation,
 If she has done injury to thy majesty by boastfulness, by the impropriety of her
 action,
 Put a limit to thy anger, and resolve on things more nearly good for the sorry
 state of this country.
 Whatever punishment our faults, our wrong-doing, has deserved,
 We have done penance by our disasters.
 What rivers have we not made to run red with blood?
 The sea is covered with shipwrecks, the fields with bones:

f.

285

Hunc vitæ mihi fata modum concedite, donec
 Juncta Caledoniæ tot seclis Gallia genti
 Officiis, pactisque, et legum compede, fratrum
 Subdita dehinc sceptris animo coalescat: et undis
 Quos mare, quos vastis cœlum spatiisque solumque
 Dividit, hos populum concordia nectat in unum,
 Æquæva æternis cœli concordia flammis.

**47/3. Deploratio status rei Gallicæ,
 sub mortem Francisci Secundi Regis**

5

O Dea,¹ quæ nimis successibus invida fastus
 Spesque premis tumidas, si Gallia forte secundis
 Non moderata animum rebus, si prodiga linguæ,
 Improba si voti tua numina læserit, iræ
 Pone modum, et fessis propius bona consule rebus.
 Quicquid enim pœnæ meruit vel noxa, vel error,
 Cladibus eluimus: quos non infecimus amnes
 Sanguine? naufragiis mare teximus, ossibus agros:

How many towns are sacked! How many farms abandoned by the tillers of the soil,

Now neglected and overgrown with weeds and briars!

A peace has descended upon us more savage than war, her countenance smeared with poison.²

While we burn incense, and rejoicing offer honours to the powers on high,
The ruler himself, an offering to fortune, falls before his time, and all our joy is turned to grief.

Everything totters and comes tumbling down.

With the year ending, scarcely had we ceased to mourn our loss,³

Now new tears have returned: one death after another is reported, one calamity after another.

The scab is almost healed over only to be opened up again by a new wound.

Discord herself, streaming with venom, plotting even worse things,

Calls on the infernal sisters from the home of the shades,

And pouring the evil seeds of hatred and anger into their spirits,

And turning the minds of noblemen to private ambitions, forbids them to consider the common good.

What examples of dishonour, of misfortune, yet lie ahead?

What have we not suffered through, what do we not fear for the future?

Even our enemies say that we have suffered enough,

Envy herself acknowledges that we have paid our penalties.

Let these expiations of our wrong-doing, our faults, be sufficient.

Accept these, ye powers—give aid to a people broken and afflicted by a series of continuing evils.

And turn the wild calamities of war against the Turks.⁴

48/3. *Go, the Mass Is Done.*¹

It is granted to go: The mass is sent hence back where it ought to go—
Namely to the Tartarean pope² across the Phlegethon.³

10 Oppida quot spoliata! suis viduata colonis
Rura quot incultis horrent squalentia dumis!

Pax quoque non fido vultum fucata veneno
Sævior incubuit bello.² Dum thura litamus
Ignibus, et superis læti instauramus honores,
Ipse gubernator fortunæ victima ad aram
15 Immatura suo turbavit gaudia luctu,
Concussitque una pariter labefacta ruina
Omnia: finito vix tandem eluximus anno:³
Jam lacrymæ rediere novæ: cumulata feruntur
Funera funeribus, et clades clade: novoque
20 Vulnere crudescit prope jam coitura cicatrix.
Ipsa etiam tetro Discordia fœta veneno
His majus meditata nefas, de sede silentum
Evocat infernas supera ad convexa sorores,
Inque animos odii fundens mala semina et iræ,
25 Et procerum mentes privata ad commoda torquens
In commune vetat socias extendere curas.
Quæ jam dedecoris, quæ damni exempla supersunt?
Quæ non pertulimus, vel mox ventura timemus?
Cladibus infestos etiam satiavimus hostes,
30 Invidiæ arbitrio pœnas expendimus: ista
Sint satis erroris culpæve piacula nostræ.
Accipite hæc superi: fractæ serieque malorum
Assidua afflictæ faciles succurrite genti,
Inque feros belli clades convertite Turcas.⁴

48/3. Ite, Missa est.¹

Ire licet: missa hinc quo debuit ire remissa est.
Nempe ad Tartareum² trans Phlegetonta³ Patrem.

49/3. To Thomas Randolph, an Englishman¹

Evidently written in the earlier 1560s, Buchanan's relatively traditional mirror for magistrates nevertheless presents a civic dimension. Really addressed to Queen Elizabeth with its elegant compliment at the conclusion, the poem could not easily develop a normally masculine celebration of political virtue.

You often ask me, Randolph, to depict for you
 My notion of such a king as I should wish for
 If God would grant my prayers. Here you are!
 Let him be first and foremost a lover of true religion.²
 Let him regard himself as the image of almighty God.
 Let him love peace, but if circumstances require,
 Let him be ready for war. Against the vanquished
 Let him doff both arms and hatred at the same time.
 I would wish him to be neither stingy nor overly generous.
 Either is an equally fatal infection for his kingdom.
 Let him think that he is not chosen for himself but for his people,
 And that he is the common father of his fellow citizens.
 Let him punish reluctantly when the case compels him to be severe.
 He will be lenient when the public good requires leniency.
 Let him live as an example for the people to follow.
 Let his countenance be a terror to the wicked,
 And an attraction for the good, and let him take care
 For the cultivation of his mind,
 Being mindful of moderation in respect to his body.
 Let luxury be reined in by reason, and a sense of decency.³
 Now I hear you saying to yourself, 'You're trying to trick me,
 By this painting, as it were, of our own dear lady.'

49/3. Ad Thomam Randolphum Anglum¹

- Sæpe tibi, Randolphe, jubes me pingere Regem,
 Qualem optem, tribuat si mihi vota Deus.
 Accipe. SIT primum veræ pietatis amator:²
 4 Effigiem summi se putet esse Dei.
 Pacem amet: et, si res poscat, sit ad arma paratus:
 Exuat in victos arma, odiumque simul.
 Nolo nimis parcus, nimium sit nolo benignus:
 8 Utraque regno æque est exitiosa lues.
 Non sibi sed populo sese putet esse creatum,
 Et se communem civibus esse patrem.
 Puniat invitus, cum res jubet esse severum:
 12 Publica cum poscent commoda, lenis erit.
 Vivat, ut exemplar populo sit recta sequendi:
 Sit vultus pravis terror, amorque bonis.
 Excolat impense ingenium, corpusque modeste:
 16 Luxuriam frenet cum ratione pudor.³
 Jam tacitus tecum, Tentas me fallere, tanquam
 In tabula nostram qui mihi pingis heram.

**50/3. For Lord Walter Haddon, Master of the Court of Requests¹
of the Most Serene Queen of England**

This is a remarkable poem, no less for its optimistic British orientation than for its enthusiasm for female governance—in the form of the 'goddesses' Mary Stewart and Elizabeth Tudor. For all of his anti-imperialism, Buchanan clearly envisions a reformed and British golden age.

In vain, dear Haddon, do you call forth a man of my years
to the joyful pastimes of youth.
In vain do you invite to the playgrounds of yesteryear the unpracticed
Muses from their long silence.
Even when an age more apt for singing endowed me with strength,
an age more suited to love songs,
Scarcely and rarely did they pay me heed, born as I was in the British
mountains, in a rude age, among a rude people;²
Scarcely and rarely did the divine guardians of the sacred well visit me.
Now when advancing years have taken their toll,
and the hair on my temples is turning grey,
When my sixtieth year is almost knocking at my door,³
and my soul's fortitude begins to be weary,
I am constrained to say that Phoebus denies my petition,
and the Muses disregard my prayers.
Nor does it please me to prefer Phyllis with the flaxen hair
to the curly charms of Bacchus,
Nor to take up arms against Neaera's faithless pride,
with savage iambic and an angry pen,
Not even if the spur,⁴ added to the inspiration in years gone by,
was summoning forth a wearied spirit.
But since age demands its proper discharge from service,
and ill health requires it,
I give up quietly, and I yield to the harsher laws
of a less enjoyable time of life.
But I applaud you, which is all I can do,
on whom Fortune has liberally bestowed
Wealth, honours, and time to study,
to whom Nature has given
A mind divinely endowed in⁵ a body still strong,
as you stride in masterly fashion,
To the high summits of Mount Parnassus in a happy time of life
with godlike strength of heart.

50/3. D. Gualtero Haddono Magistro libellorum supplicum¹
Serenissimæ Angliæ Reginae

Frustra senectam, Haddone, provocas meam
 Læta ad juventæ munia,
 Musasque longo desides silentio
 Arenam in antiquam vocas.
 5 Ætas choreis cum vigebat aptior,
 Et lusibus decentior,
 Vix me in Britannis montibus natum, et solo
 Inerudito et seculo,²
 Raræ audiebant, raræ adibant fontium
 10 Deæ sacrorum præsides:
 Nunc, cum capillis sparserit canentibus
 Declivis ætas tempora,
 Cum pulset annus pene sexagesimus,³
 Animique langueat vigor,
 15 Surdus roganti Phœbus aurem denegat,
 Musæ vocantem negligunt.
 Nec Phyllidis me nunc juvat flavam comam
 Præferre Bacchi crinibus,
 Nec in Neæræ perfidam superbiam
 20 Sævos Iambos stringere.
 Nec si quis olim stimulus⁴ ingenio additus
 Animum excitabat languidum.
 Sed, missionem cum senecta flagitet
 Justam, valetudo imperet,
 25 Libens quiesco, et acquiesco legibus
 Pejoris ævi aheneis:
 Tibique, cui sors liberali dextera
 Opes, honores, otium,
 Natura mentem vegeto adhuc⁵ in corpore
 30 Diviniorem indulserit,
 Applaudo, solum quod queo, magno gradu
 Parnassi ad alta culmina
 Feliciore ætate eunti et alite,
 Et enthea vi pectoris.

For if a mind long since played out now boldly pours forth
anything more happily inspired,
I owe it to the Goddess⁶ to whom my Muse is dedicated,
not to my own creative powers.
But she is our Thalia, both the mistress and judge of our
plectrum,⁷ of such art as I have.
She alone sings songs worthy of Phoebus, and she is well worth
the lyre of a grey-haired Phoebus,
Or another,⁸ as we understand, if she equals the lyre of our
goddess, equalling as its does the lyre of Phoebus.
And if the friendly power of harmony on both sides
couples the minds of the Goddesses,⁹
I who could scarcely creep on the ground with prosy speech
composing these meagre verses,
Shall make my voice resound in the deep silence
of the Delphic shrine,
Shake the tripod, dusty from long disuse,
And I shall speak forth in manly sound¹⁰
the joyful time of peace.
I shall speak of Mars restrained in manacles, and
of injustice coerced
To pay homage to the reins of the law,
of violence repressed
And the blessed advantages of the Golden Age,¹¹
And if my voice will give forth anything
worthy to be heard,
It will redound to the praise of the Goddesses¹²
By whose power peace dwells in the fields of Britain,
Faith in the cities, equity in the courts,
piety in the temples,
As ungodly error is sent hence, far off from these shores.¹³

- 35 Nam si quid olim effœta mens felicius
 Nunc temere fundat, id Deæ,⁶
 Cui nostra Musa dedicata est, debeo,
 Non viribus mei ingeni.
 Hæc est Thalia nostra, nostri pectinis⁷
- 40 Hæc est magistra et arbitra,
 Quæ sola Phœbo digna cantat, et cani
 Est digna Phœbi barbitō,
 Aut alia,⁸ si qua barbitō Phœbi parem
 Nostræ Deæ æquat barbitōn.
- 45 Quod si Dearum⁹ utrinque mentes copulet
 Amica vis concordiæ,
 Sermone qui nunc vix pedestri repo humi,
 Plebeia fingens carmina,
 Arcana rupis Delphicæ silentia,
- 50 Situque longo squalidos
 Tripodas movebo, et masculino dicam sono¹⁰
 Jucunda pacis otia:
 Dicam Gradivum vinculis coërcitum,
 Legum coactam injuriam
- 55 Parere frenis, vim repressam et aurei
 Beata secli¹¹ commoda.
 Et nostra si quid audiendum vox dabit,
 Laudi Dearum¹² serviet,
 Virtute quarum pax agros Britannicæ,
- 60 Urbes fides, fora æquitas,
 Et templa pietas, impiis erroribus
 Procul¹³ relegatis, colet.

51/3. A Celebration of the Birth of James VI, King of Scots

One of Buchanan's most important poems, the 'Genethliacon' sets out his concept of legitimate kingship, his civic ideals, and his anti-imperialism in compelling detail. The poem runs directly counter to the cult of kingship that Mary intended to promote at the birth of her heir.

Thrive, boy, born in happy times to be your country's prince,
 To whom the oracles of the early prophets¹
 Promise a golden age and the end of warfare.
 And you likewise, Britannia, so often beset by whirlwinds from offshore,
 So often destroyed by your own iron [i.e., by civil war, one's own sword],
 Lift your head and be joyful, bind your brows with the leaves of the
 peaceful olive,
 Repair the buildings desecrated by fire, tottering on their foundations,²
 And take care of the humble dwelling of the cotter driven from his field.
 Put your fears aside; the stars promise you everlasting peace.
 Henceforth will the Saxons leave the Scots alone, nor will the Scot harry
 the Saxon.
 Neither will stain his sword with the blood of kinsmen,³
 And neither will enrich himself by sacking defenseless towns.
 From here on they will take pen in hand to sign peace treaties,
 In those very hands with which they directed the weapons of savage wars.
 You also, father and mother, happy in the happiness of parenthood,
 Accustom the tender child from his young years
 To the idea of justice, and let him imbibe the sacred love of virtue⁴
 With his mother's milk; let piety⁵ be attendant on his cradle,
 And let it be the formative influence in his spirit and grow equally with his
 body.
 As the course of the ship is changed by the movement of the rudder,
 So do the people found their behaviour on the character of the prince.
 Imprisonment, punishment, and the executioner's axe,
 Do not so animate the soul's trembling fear of the law
 As does the reputation for genuine virtue, the character of a good king,
 The glory and respect owing to blameless rule,
 Convert the souls of subjects to an honourable way of life.

51/3. *Genethliacon Jacobi Sexti Regis Scotorum*

Cresce puer patriæ auspiciis felicibus orte,
 Expectate puer, cui vatam oracla¹ priorum
 Aurea compositis promittunt secula bellis:
 Tuque peregrinis toties pulsata procellis,
 5 Pene tuo toties excisa Britannia ferro,
 Exsere læta caput, cohibe pacalis olivæ
 Fronde comam, repara flammis fœdata, ruinis
 Convulsa,² et pulso cole squalida tecta colono:
 10 Pone metum, æternam spondent tibi sidera pacem.
 Jam neque Saxonidæ Scotos, nec Saxona Scotus
 Infestus premet, et cognato³ sanguine ferrum
 Polluet, et miseram prædando exhauriet urbes.
 Sed quibus ante feri tractabant arma Gradivi,
 15 Jam dehinc pacatis conjungent fœdera dextris.
 Vos quoque felices felici prole parentes,
 Jam tenerum teneris puerum consuescite ab annis
 Justitiæ, sanctumque bibat virtutis⁴ amorem
 Cum lacte; et primis pietas⁵ comes addita cunis
 Conformatque animum, et pariter cum corpore crescat.
 20 Non ita conversi puppis moderamine clavi
 Flectitur, ut populi pendent a Principe mores.
 Non carcer, legumque minæ, torvæque secures
 Sic animos terrent trepidos formidine pœnæ,
 Ut veræ virtutis honos, moresque modesti
 25 Regis, et innocui decus et reverentia sceptri
 Convertunt mentes ad honesta exempla sequaces.

2.

Thus when the phoenix rising from his father's funeral pyre
Returns to the people of the East, he brings with him his original abode.
And the funeral ashes of his father he likewise brings with him on his
glorious shoulders.

And wherever he flies on swift pinions,
The local birds escort him and sing his praises in choral accompaniment.
The rare appearance of the phoenix with his spectacular plumage
Does not impress them as much as his piety does,
Piety perceived even by the understanding of birds.

To this extent does the nature of right diffuse its living seeds through all
the regions of the world.

Thus do the people fasten their gaze on the king,
And they love him, and they model their lives on his;
They strive to fashion themselves and their characters from the mirror, as it
were, which he holds up for them.⁶

That which the awesome force of bloody iron fails to effect,
Accompanied by legions of soldiers with their shining armour,
[A civilised way of life,] will arise from the people's affection for their
king.⁷

Subjects will vie with him in their zeal for [public] service,
And they will love him because they know that he loves them,
And they will serve him as lord because there is no compulsion to serve
him.

When the prince keeps the reins loose, the people strive to keep them
tight.

The people ask for the yoke which, with force and fear compelling them,
they would reject.

In fact, too indulgent perhaps, he takes burdens from his subjects,
And undergoes them himself, and he is the first to obey the orders which
he himself issues,

And he makes hard laws soft by his own example of obedience,
And he spares the faults of others which he would never spare in
himself.

2.

Sic ubi de patrio redivivus funere phœnix
 Auroræ ad populos redit, et cunabula secum
 Ipse sua, et cineres patris inferiasque decoris
 30 Fert humeris, quacunquē citis adremigat alis,
 Indigenæ comitantur aves, celebrantque canoro
 Agmine: non illas species incognita tantum,
 Aut picturatæ capiunt spectacula pennæ,
 35 Quam pietas, pietas etiam intellecta volucrum
 Sensibus: usque adeo recti natura per omnes
 Diffudit rerum vivacia semina partes.
 Sic in Regem oculos populus defigit, et unum
 Admirantur, amant, imitantur, seque suosque
 40 Ex hoc ceu speculo⁶ tentant effingere mores.⁷
 Quod non sanguinei metuenda potentia ferri
 Exprimet, et nitido florentes ære phalanges,
 Hoc præstabit amor: certat cum Principe vulgus
 Officiis, et amat cum se deprendit amari,
 45 Et domino servit, quia non servire necesse est:
 Quasque bonus Princeps laxat sponte, arctat habenas,
 Deposcitque jugum quod vi cogente metuque
 Rejecturus erat: contra indulgentior ille
 Rexque paterque suis adimit, subit ipse labores,
 50 Quæque jubet primus præit, et legum aspera jussa
 Mollia parendo facit, erratisque suorum
 Parcere non durus, sibi inexorabilis uni.

He does not go beyond the limit which nature places on food and drink,
 on dress, and on shelter;⁸
 Nor does he plunge into venereal pleasures in the manner of animals,
 But within the boundaries of decency,
 He pays heed to the chaste and sacred laws of the marriage bed.
 Which one of his subjects would dare to disgrace manly fashions with silk,
 If his royal majesty wears the proper garb of his native country?
 Who would complain about the laws of marriage as if they were hard to
 obey,
 When the prince upholds them? To whom is drunkenness not
 disgraceful,
 When the prince sets an abstemious example?
 Who would dare to violate the standards of his country, and corrupt his
 soul with shameful debauchery,
 When the prince himself keeps wayward pleasures in check, and restrains
 the exuberant weeds of wickedness?

3.

The descendants of Romulus saw Numa offering sacrifice, fostering
 peace and tranquility,
 The palms of the Euphrates saw mighty Solomon.
 Neither the deadly sword nor the snorting warhorse strengthened their
 kingdoms,
 Nor did the two-edged axe, nor the legions in densely packed columns,
 But love of piety and virtue injurious to no one,
 And majesty supported by the power of unarmed law.
 But the conqueror who made his way to the riches of India,
 The Macedonian general,⁹ and those kings whose arrogant imperium
 prevailed in Ausonia,¹⁰
 They died by the sword, they died by poison, and their blood paid for the
 blood they had shed.
 In contrast, nature has never given a more generous gift to the human
 race,
 Nor will she bestow a greater boon, than a well-governed prince,¹¹
 In whom shines the true and living image of God.

Ille nec in cultu superet mensaque domoque
 Quem posuit natura modum,⁸ nec more ferarum
 In Venerem præceps, sed certo fine pudoris
 55 Casta colat sancti genialia fœdera lecti.
 Quis bombyce ausit cultus fœdare viriles,
 Si ferat indigenam majestas regia vestem?
 Quis de lege tori, tanquam sit dura, queratur,
 Cum teneat Regem? cui non temulentia turpis
 60 Principe sub sicco? patrios quis frangere mores
 Audeat, ignavoque animum corrumpere luxu,
 Ipse voluptatum cum Princeps frena coërcet,
 Et nimium lætam vitiorum comprimit herbam?

3.

Talem Romulidæ tranquilla pace fruentem
 65 Sacrificum videre Numam, Solomonta potentem
 Palmifer Euphrates: non illis lethifer ensis,
 Non bellator equus firmavit regna, nec axis
 Falcifer, aut densis legio conferta manipulis,
 Sed pietatis amor, sed nulli noxia virtus,
 70 Fretaque præsidio majestas juris inermi.
 At qui gemmiferos victor penetravit ad Indos
 Dux Macedum,⁹ quique Ausoniam tenuere superbo
 Imperio Reges,¹⁰ aut ferro aut tabe veneni
 Effudere animas, et cædem cæde piarunt.
 75 Scilicet humano generi natura benigni
 Nil dedit, aut tribuet moderato Principe majus,¹¹
 In quo vera Dei vivensque elucet imago.

But if the king should contaminate this image by shameful vices,
 Or if some person should desecrate it by force or fraud,
 God Himself will exact a bloody punishment for such a sacrilege,
 Nor will He leave unavenged an insult to His image.¹²
 Thus did cruel Nero, thus did the last of the Flavians,
 And those who cruelly held sway in the Sicilian cities,¹³
 Daring to disgrace the likeness of God with their execrable crimes.
 Thus did they [and their name] perish root and branch from the face of the
 earth.¹⁴
 Thus also did they who polluted themselves with the blood of Servius the
 Just,¹⁵
 And the nefarious Catiline who attacked with fire and sword the
 legitimate rulers of his country.¹⁶
 Thus did they, driven to madness, yield up their lives at long last in
 wretchedness and ruin,
 And stain their kindred for all time to come with an everlasting mark of
 infamy.¹⁷

Let him learn these things in youth and put them to use in maturity.
 And if he could truly be king of himself and king of his own people,
 He would think his kingdom more extensive by far than it would be
 If it stretched from the Indies to the shores of Hesperia.¹⁸

4.

And until the passage of years confirms his vigor of body and mind,
 The Graces will sweetly watch over him as he learns how to talk,
 And then give him to the Muses for the cultivation of his inward being.
 Next he will learn the alphabet and how to write letters,
 Sharing his joys and sorrows with dear ones who are absent.
 He will also study the true tests that distinguish between valid and invalid
 reasoning.
 He will study eloquence that exerts a calming influence on anger,
 That stirs up passions in the souls of the sluggish.
 He will study the force that rules the heavenly bodies,
 And whether or not nature directs their course by an impulse of its own.

Hanc seu Rex vitis contaminet ipse pudendis,
 Sive alius ferro violet vel fraude, severas
 80 Sacrilego Deus ipse petet de sanguine pœnas,
 Contemtumque sui simulacri haud linquet inultum.¹²
 Sic Nero crudelis, sic Flavius ultimus, et qui
 Imperio Siculas urbes tenuere cruento,¹³
 85 Effigiem fœdare Dei exitialibus ausi
 Flagitiis, ipsa periere a stirpe recisi.¹⁴
 Sic qui se justī macularunt sanguine Servi,¹⁵
 Et qui legitimos ferro flammaque petivit
 Rectores patriæ Catilina nefarius,¹⁶ acti
 In furias misero vix tandem funere vitam
 90 Invisam posuere, ignominiaque perenni
 Fœdaverē suam ventura in secula gentem.¹⁷

Hæc tenero addiscat, maturo exercent ævo,
 Et regnare putet multo se latius, oræ
 95 Hesperiaë fuscōs quam si conjunxerit Indos,¹⁸
 Si poterit rex esse sui. ...

4.

... Dum firmior artus

Vis reget atque animum, puerilia murmura dulces
 Interea Charites atque eluctantia verba
 Component, Musisque dabunt rude pectus alendum:
 100 Inde notas discet, per quas absentibus absens
 Quid juvet aut doleat caris exponat amicis:
 Quæ dirimant verum a falso discrimina certa:
 Quæ quibus aut pugnent, aut non invita sequantur:
 Quod genus eloquii flammatas leniat iras,
 Quod resides acuat: quæ vis regat ætheris orbes:
 105 An sponte æternos volvat natura meatus.

Then he will begin to know himself by the study of Greek philosophy,
 If indeed it can really be said to lay bare the truth in this regard.
 And finally when the time is ripe, he will form himself by the help of the
 heavenly Muses,
 Apt to understand the difference between the sacred and the profane.
 He will learn from them self-control,
 And from the holy fountains [of Greek and Roman literature],
 He will learn the true art of ruling a kingdom in peace and war.
 If he will sedulously measure all that he does by this standard,
 He will successfully undertake the rule of his kingdom.

52/3. For James Stuart, Regent of the Scots

James Stewart—earl of Moray, regent of Scotland, and the leader of the revolutionary government that had deposed Mary Stewart—was murdered by James Hamilton of Bothwellhaugh on 23 January 1570. Buchanan, an official apologist for the revolution and a great admirer of Moray, rightly saw the assassination as a conspiracy of the Hamilton clan. Moray's death was a major disaster to the government and a source of undisguised jubilation to Mary's supporters. It helped to ensure that the country disintegrated into what proved to be a three-year civil war.

Though it be a thing forbidden to mourn for you, James,
 Now that you are welcomed into Heaven,
 Never was one death so great a sorrow to so many people.
 In no breast did such great virtue implant itself,
 Nor did virtue ever show her presence by such clear signs.
 In no death ever did irreligion take such cynical pleasure;
 Nor did the wrong done seem more righteous to its perpetrators.¹
 Though our country is struck by so great a grief,
 She rejoices as much that he lived as she grieves that he is dead.

110

Tum de Socraticis sese cognoscere chartis
 Incipiet, si Socraticæ modo pandere chartæ
 Vera queant: mox cœligenis se firmior ætas
 Conformet Musis, dignoscere sacra profanis
 Apta quid intersint: sumet præcepta rebelles
 Hinc domitura animos; et bello et pace regendi
 Imperii veram sacris de fontibus artem
 Discet. Ad hanc omnes normam si sedulus actus
 Finxerit, in patrias felix succedet habenas.

52/3. Jacobo Stuardo Scotorum Proregi

5

Quamvis flere nefas te cœlo, Jacobe, receptum,
 Tot populis nunquam mors fuit una dolor:
 Nullo unquam tantam se ingressit pectore virtus,
 Signa nec ostendit tam manifesta sui.
 Nullo unquam impietas gavisa est funere tantum,
 Nec sibi plus juris credidit esse nefas.¹
 Icta licet tanto genitrix sit Scotia luctu,
 Tam genitum gaudet, quam periisse dolet.

53/3. Morning Hymn to Christ

Specifically religious poems are very rare within Buchanan's oeuvre and, in keeping with his predilections, the imagery of this simple hymn appears to eschew any developed theological doctrine. It contrasts with Franciscan nature mysticism (cf. 55/4). Conceivably it celebrates the coming of the Reformation.

a.

Child of thy father in heaven,
And equal to thy Father's greatness,
True light born of true light—
Verily God the son of God!

b.

Lo, the night gives way, now comes
The Dawn, thy light leading the way,
Disclosing the rosy light of the sky, the sun,
And all things hitherto hidden in darkness.

c.

But still the mist of ignorance
Darkens our understanding,
And we all but surrender,
Beset by clouds of error.¹

d.

Rise up, thou purest sun,
And give the world its daylight.
Illumining this night of ours,
Dispel the shadow of error.¹

e.

Relieve us of the wintry cold.
By the warmth of thy lamp,
Purge of its noxious humour²
The ground of our understanding.

53/3. Hymnus Matutinus ad Christum

a.

4 Proles parentis optimi,
Et par parenti maximo,
De luce vera vera lux,
Verusque de Deo Deus:

b.

8 En nox recessit, jam nitet
Aurora luce prævia,
Cælum solumque purpurans,
Et clausa tenebris detegens.

c.

12 Sed fuscatur ignorantia
Caligo nostra pectora,
Et nubilis erroribus¹
Mens pene cedit obruta.

d.

16 Exsurge sol purissime,
Diemque da mundo suum:
Nostramque noctem illuminans
Erroris¹ umbram discute.

e.

20 Dissolve frigus horridum;
Arvumque nostri pectoris,
Calore lampadis tuæ,
Humore purga noxio:²

f.

Let it be watered
By the blessed dew of heaven,
And bring forth its heavenly seed
In a hundredfold harvest.

f.

Ut irrigetur cœlitus
Roris beati nectare,
Et centuplo cum fœnore
Cœleste semen proferat.

4. THE ANTI-CLERICAL POEMS

54/4. The Dream

Written in 1535 but not published until 1566, the poem derives from William Dunbar's 'How Dunbar wes desyrd to be ane Freir'. But if the 'Somnium' adopts significant ideas and structure from Dunbar, it is nevertheless far from being a simple translation, contrary to Buchanan's later statements to the Lisbon Inquisition. The poem offers sharper criticism of monasticism and a broader validation of life in this world than does Dunbar's Scottish original. The poem, he bravely claimed in Portugal, had followed an acrimonious dispute with a Franciscan about the legitimacy of procedures in heresy trials, where the defendant was prevented from knowing his accuser and the words of enemies were admitted uncritically into evidence.

Early one morning, just before daybreak,
When the nearness of sunlight makes the stars dim,
A deeper sleep took hold of my soothèd limbs,
Caressing my powerless body in its peaceful embrace,
When Francis himself appeared standing at the foot of my bed,
The cord of hemp around his waist, bearing the well-known stigmata.
There was a holy¹ habit in his hands, the hood with a cord,
The mantle, the sandals, the staff, the book.²
And smiling at me he said, 'Put on this habit right now,
And deserting the world come on over to my side.
Leave behind its enticing pleasures and the stress of its sorrows,
Its empty joys accompanied by unremitting fear.
Follow me, despise frail hopes and trivial cares,
And make your way to the gates of heaven by the straight and narrow
path.'

I was struck dumb by this strange apparition,
But finally I was able, with no little difficulty, to answer.
'By your leave,' I say, 'I should like to tell the truth about the Franciscan
Order.

This habit doesn't suit my shoulders at all.
Whoever puts it on, let him have slavery for his calling,
But my birthright is freedom, and that's what pleases me.
Whoever puts it on, let him rub the blush of modesty from off his brow,
But that's something my conscience would not permit.

54/4. *Somnium*

Mane sub auroram nitidæ vicinia lucis
 Pallida venturo cum facit astra die:
 Arctior irriguos somnus complectitur artus,
 Demulcens placido languida membra sinu:
 5 Cum mihi Franciscus, nodosa cannabe cinctus,
 Astittit ante torum stigmata nota gerens.
 In manibus sacra¹ vestis erat, cum fune galerus,
 Palla, fenestratus calceus, hasta, liber²;
 10 Et mihi subridens, 'Hanc protinus indue,' dixit,
 'Et mea dehinc mundi transfuga castra subi.
 Linque voluptates cum sollicitudine blandas,
 Vanaque continui gaudia plena metus.
 Me duce, spes fragiles et inanes despice curas:
 Et superum recto tramite limen adi.'
 15 Obstupui subita defixus imagine, donec
 Vix dedit hos tandem lingua coacta sonos.
 'Pace,' inquam, 'vestri liceat depromere verum
 Ordinis; haud humeris convenit ista meis.
 20 Qui feret hanc vestem, fiat servire paratus:
 At mihi libertas illa paterna placet.
 Qui feret hanc, ponat perfricta fronte ruborem:
 At non ingenuus nos sinit ista pudor.

Whoever puts it on, let him cheat, flatter, and prevaricate as occasion prompts.

But candour is what pleases me, and life unconcealed.³

It's not that the lice scare me off and all that awful singing,

And living from day to day like a dumb animal,

And bellowing in doorways like cattle,⁴

If heaven's palace stands open by such nonsense.

But few and far between are the hoods that reach the kingdom of heaven,

And it is scarcely to be believed that there's a place for monks there.

Am I making this up? Well, visit the churches built of ancient stone,

And read the names under the statues.

Many a bishop will shine on the honoured altars,

Rare is the altar for the hooded flock.

This habit will be very infrequently seen.⁵

If anyone enjoys unhappiness, let him put it on!

And if you have so much concern for my salvation,

Do you want to intercede for me, do you want to pray for my soul?

Let whomever else you please beg proudly in this habit—

But as far I am concerned, give me a mitre and a purple cassock.⁷

55/4. Palinode (Part One)

Written in 1537 immediately after the 'Somnium', this 'retraction' of the previous poem in fact offers a far more damning critique of the Franciscan order and of late medieval piety. The 'Palinodia' can best be approached as a species of theatre, and it is easy to imagine the poem being read aloud and with dramatic voice. It still works as theatre today even in translation.

a.

I must have been dreaming, but there I was,

Carried aloft on the back of Pegasus

To the world beyond the golden stars,

Where the Milky Way divides the sphere of the heavens in half,

And opens forth an approach to the Temple of Jupiter.

May it be fitting and right for me

To disclose the secrets hidden there,

To relate all that happened to me.

I did not witness the war waged by the giants against the gods,¹

Nor see the spectacle of Pelion piled on Ossa one more time,²

- Qui feret hanc, fallat, palpet, pro tempore fingat:
 At me simplicitas nudaque vita juvat.³
 25 Nec me Phthiriasis, nec rancida cantio terret,
 Inque diem ignavæ vivere more feræ:
 Ostia nec circum magno mugire boatu,⁴
 Si tamen his nugis ætheris aula patet.
 30 Pervia sed raris sunt cœli regna cucullis;
 Vix Monachis illic creditur esse locus.
 Mentior, aut peragra saxo fundata vetusto
 Delubra, et titulos per simulacra lege:
 Multus honoratis fulgebit episcopus aris,
 Rara cucullato sternitur ara gregi.
 35 Atque inter Monachos erit hæc rarissima vestis:
 Induat hanc, si quis gaudeat esse miser.⁵
 Quod si tanta meæ tangit te cura salutis,
 Vis mihi, vis animæ consuluisse meæ?
 Quilibet hac alius mendicet veste superbus:
 At mihi da mitram, purpureamque togam.⁷

55/4. Palinodia

a.

- Visus eram nuper cœli procul aurea supra
 Sidera Gorgoneo scandere vectus equo;
 4 Qua secat in geminas orbem via lactea partes,
 Et Jovis ad magni limina pandit iter.
 Fas mihi sit mundi reserare arcana latentis,
 Fas mihi sit vera pandere visa fide.
 8 Non ego Phlegræis venio speculator ab armis,¹
 Rursus ut attonitum terreat Ossa polum²:

Nor did the theft of fire condemn my liver to the assault of an eagle in the
wild mountains of the Caucasus.³

Nor did I tell tales as Tantalus once did,

Only to endure unquenchable thirst in the receding river.⁴

But I do bring tidings, wonders, and marvels worthy of memory,

So that the profane multitude may do homage to the gods,⁵

So that Heaven's mercy may be made known

To an ungrateful world,

So that whoever acknowledges the powers on high

May also love them.⁶

b.

And so, when I had been standing there in front of the heavenly temple,
The golden doors of the vast palace opened wide.

Lo and behold! A mob, turbulent and noisy, came forth to get me,

And they dragged me to the tribunal of a merciless judge.

His head was shaved on top, his countenance was angry and threatening,

His beard neat and trimmed, but his eyebrows bushy.⁷

Everyone there wore a cincture, everyone's garb was of the same colour,

Like the colour of asses or wild geese it seemed,

The colour of the willow and of the trees sacred to Pallas,

Like the colour of the migrating seabird in flight off Thrace,⁸

And except that the flowing folds hung down to their heels,

Their garb made them look for all the world like monkeys.

The judge had the same cincture, the same garb, the same countenance,

The same colour as the others,

And his brow had the same threatening expression.

In one respect he was different from the rest

Because his hand was bleeding as if pricked by the sharp tip of a thorn,

Or maybe it was some stubborn girl struggling too much,

Who had stabbed his palm with the point of her needle.⁹

Shaking his head, light flashing from his eyes,

He poured forth a flood of angry words:

Nec mihi furtivæ damnarunt crimina flammæ
 Viscera Caucasæis dilanianda feris³:
 Nec mea garrulitas sacræ male conscia mensæ
 12 In refugo meruit flumine ferre sitim.⁴
 Sacra fero, miranda cano, memoranda revolvo,
 Ut colat æternos impia turba Deos.⁵
 Rursus ut ingrato superum clementia mundo
 16 Nota sit, et quisquis numina novit, amet.⁶

b.

Ergo ubi siderei steteram prope limina templi,
 Explicuit fulvas regia vasta fores:
 En subito duri me iudicis ante tribunal,
 20 Increpitans magno murmure, turba trahit.
 Rasmus erat vertex, facies irata minaxque,
 Et brevior tristi barba supercilio.⁷
 Omnibus unus erat cinctus, color omnibus unus,
 24 Qui solet esse asinis anseribusque feris:
 Qui color in salice est, et Palladis arbore, qualem
 Hospita Threicii gurgitis ales habet.⁸
 Et nisi fluxa sinus talos penderet ad imos,
 28 Cercopithecorum penula vestis erat.
 Idem cinctus erat, cultus, vultusque colorque
 Iudicis, et paribus frons caperata minis:
 Uno aliis dispar discrimine, quod foret acri
 32 Aut stimulo spinæ sanguinolenta manus,
 Aut rigida forsā nimis oblutante puella,
 Fœmineæ palmas cuspide fixus acus.⁹
 Is quassans caput, et suffusus lumina flamma,
 36 Irato tales fudit ab ore sonos:

c.

'Did you dare,' he said, 'to blather about our brotherhood?

Were you not in the least apprehensive

About all the injuries done to these old shorn heads?

About betraying the mysteries of our order to the profane multitude?

And spurning the sacred rights of our holy habit?

Did you think you could get away with ridiculing us for our wooden shoes,

With mockery of our sacred tonsure and our shameless beggary?

What the sister does with the brother in the confessional,

What the beardless novice does with the abbot?

In vain are we priests¹⁰ a power equal to heaven,

In vain are the fearsome sceptres of kings fearful of us.

If you can get off scot-free for your japes and gibes against our order,

Then the common herd, egged on by your example,

May laugh us to scorn, stick out their tongues at us,

Call us to account for our depredations and devious ways,

And waggle their fingers at us as we pass by.¹¹

You over there! What are you waiting for? Take off his clothes,

And let the rest of his body pay the penalty for the sins of his tongue.'

d.

Forthwith, these brothers tore off my clothes,

And they began bloodying my back with the knotted cord.

They ring changes on my punishment, sharpening their whips with insults,

Their insults with hard looks, their hard looks with menacing gestures.

While they strike, they keep time by counting the gods,¹²

As if indeed my punishment were pleasing to the hosts of heaven,

And even after they ran out of gods, and ran out of daylight,

They just kept going and never seemed to get tired.

c.

- Tune, ait, in nostros ausus blaterare sodales,
 Nil veritus calvos tot violare senes?
 40 Prodere nec populo mysteria nostra profano,
 Sanctaque funereæ spernere jura togæ?
 Lignipedes ridere patres, sanctamque coronam,
 Et mendicatos absque pudore cibos?
 44 Quid cum fratre soror clausa sine lumine cella,
 Quid tiro imberbis cum seniore gerat?
 Frustra pontifices¹⁰ cœlo nos æqua potestas,
 Frustra nos Regum sceptrâ verenda timent:
 48 Si tibi fas nostræ est impune illudere sectæ,
 Si plebs exemplo sollicitata tuo
 Rideat, exserta comitetur sannio lingua,
 Perque vias digito stulta iuventa notet.¹¹

d.

- 52 Vos, age, quid statis? scelerato auferte lacernam,
 Ut vitium linguæ cætera membra luant.
 Nec mora, diripiunt fratres a pectore vestes,
 Sectaque nodosa cannabe terga notant.
 56 Alternantque vices, et acerbant verbera verbis,
 Verba oculis, oculos nutibus atque minis.
 Dum feriunt, numerant ad singula verbera Divos,¹²
 Grata foret cunctis ceu mea pœna Deis.
 60 Nec mea carnifices fratres lassant mala, quamvis
 Deficerent Divi, deficeretque dies.

There was no limit to their rage, they lost count of my stripes,
 And my body was nothing but one big wound.
 Such was Jerome, once upon a time, if the story be true,
 When he was beaten for putting his devotion to Cicero ahead of God.
 Thus did the Harpies see the satyr Marsyas stripped of his skin,
 When his flute was vanquished by Apollo's lyre.¹³

e.

As soon as permission was given to speak,
 And I came to my senses,
 Stripped and bloody on the bare ground,
 I cried out, 'Spare my life, father! Spare me, brothers!
 Forebear to desecrate your holy hands by beating me to death!
 I beg your mercy!
 May the holy order of Francis flourish
 And prosper more and more under your guidance.
 May crowds of deluded benefactors follow you
 Wherever you beg your way.
 May the credulous old lady never let you down, and here's hoping
 The ignorant people never catch on to your lies,
 And never see through your stupid tricks.
 And I pray with equal sincerity that your novices,
 Under strict tutelage, cleverly discover
 New channels of gain—to feign perhaps
 That ghosts or apparitions are coming forth by night
 From tombs unsanctified.
 May superstition cloud the minds of the peasants,
 And Laverna¹⁴ drape them in darkness.
 Let them say they have not seen what they do see,
 And let your monstrous lies deceive the laity,
 And fear fend off questions—for instance:
 If a girl should be hiding under the holy habit,
 She's there to relieve the slow tedium of the long road,
 Or for some other sort of relief when needed,
 If flesh be rebel to spirit whensoever it happens.
 And may the image of piety deceive the ignorant husbands,
 And the extended pricks find lodging in friendly brides.

Perdiderat rabiesque modum, plagæque figuram,
 Atque unum in toto corpore vulnus erat.
 64 Talis erat, si vera fides, Hieronymus olim,
 Dum studium ob Tulli vapulat ante Deum:
 Sic cute direpta Satyrum videre Celænæ,
 Tibia cum blandæ est victa canore lyræ.¹³

e.

68 Ut primum fari licuit, meque ipse recepi
 Nudus, et in nuda sanguinolentus humo,
 Clamabam, Nunc parce pater, nunc parcite fratres
 Cæde mea sanctas conscelerare manus.
 72 Parce pater: sic ille sacer Seraphicus ordo
 Floreat auspiciis sanctior usque tuis:
 Sic mendicantium genti turba inscia veri
 Affluat, et nunquam credula desit anus:
 76 Vestra nec incauto pateant mendacia vulgo,
 Nec videat crassos plebs tunicata dolos:
 Et nova sub patribus tironum turba severis
 Inveniat quæstus ingeniosa novos:
 80 Seu male lustratis manes exire sepulchris
 Fingere, seu tacita somnia nocte libet;
 Relligio nubes animis offundat agrestum,
 Objiciat tenebras sancta Laverna¹⁴ suas.
 84 Quæque vident oculi se non vidisse reantur,
 Deque fide facti sit dubitare nefas.
 Quod si forte sacra lateat sub veste puella,
 Quæ relevet longæ tædia lenta viæ,
 88 Aut tenuet multa crassum farragine corpus,
 Si caro spiritui quando rebellis erit:
 Callida decipiant animos commenta profanos,
 Et vetet ulterius quærere velle timor.
 92 Fallat et incautos pietatis imago maritos,
 Et capiat faciles sicula tenta nurus.

And if you join in prayer with choirs of frogs and birds,
 In lakes and marshes where they live,
 May no frog, no crow, outdo your sonorous noise,
 Or express himself with greater art.
 And if brother flea, or brother louse, present himself,
 And redden your tender skin with lots of little blotches,
 Don't scratch with your fingernails for goodness' sake—
 That would be shedding the blood of kindred.¹⁵
 And it is perfectly proper, as for brother fox and brother wolf,
 To deem them worthy of brotherly love.
 Go ahead and eat dead animals just as they do,
 All of whom the Father of all has given life,
 Whether they live on land or in the sea,
 And let it be a sin for the profane people
 To keep them alive when you're hungry.
 And so I will take back all the bad things
 Which in the past a tongue overly bold did not fear to utter
 Against the holy habit of the Franciscan brotherhood,
 And I will repay ill-report with paeans of praise
 And exalt the brothers' fame to the stars.

56/4. Palinode (Part Two)

The second part of what is really a single poem, this 'Palinode' is not an ironic retraction, but instead directly develops the themes of the friars' bogus religion and grotesque hypocrisy. Historians of the previous century such as P. Hume Brown found the sexual content of the Palinodes to be 'untranslatable'.¹ The rendering here has no such inhibition.

Religion, for you, means simply the habit of doing good;
 Religion [you say] means following Christ's example by faith and works
 alike.²
 And yet simplicity and modesty are rarely seen in any of you;
 Similarly virtue is rare and the reputation of honesty equally so.
 Self-respect is unheard of, and strength of character
 In overcoming passion is something never seen,
 Nor is your hand ever strained³ by hard labour.
 The trumpets of Mars do not awaken you from peaceful dreams.

- Sic tibi, si quando junges per stagna lacusque
 Cum ranis socias alitibusque preces,
 96 Nulla tuum superet cornix vel rana canorem,
 Oreve præcipitet mobiliore sonos.
 Sive tibi pulex, fraterve pediculus obsit,
 Et tenuem signet pustula multa cutem,
 98 Innocuos ungues utriusque a sanguine serves,
 Neu tibi cognata pollue cæde manus¹⁵:
 Sed tua fraterno pietas dignetur amore,
 Ut solita est, vulpes carnivorosque lupos:
 102 Et quibus indulsit vitam pater omnibus idem,
 Sive ferat tellus, seu ferat illa fretum,
 Mortua tu comedes animalia; culpa profani
 Sit populi iis vitæ corripuisse moras.
 106 Quæcunque in sacram fratrum convicia vestem
 Non verita est olim fundere lingua procax,
 Cuncta recantabo, maledicta priora rependam
 Laudibus, et fratrum nomen in astra feram.

56/4. Palinodia

- Vobis relligio est sincero assuescere recto,
 Relligio est Christi facta fidemque sequi²:
 Raraque simplicitas, et rara modestia vobis,
 4 Et virtus rara est, et probitatis honos:
 Fastus inauditus, nullaque libidine victum
 Robur, nec duro fracta³ labore manus:
 Classica non placidos turbant Mavortia somnos,

There is no use for arguing issues in the midst of the madding crowd.
 There is no need to trust seeds to the field or the vine to its furrows,
 Or to set sail where the rainy south wind blows.
 But like mice you take for yourselves the profit of someone else's hard
 work,⁴

And you lead a life such as angels do.

Choirs and singing take up your time, and gardens full of beautiful flowers,
 And splendid buildings encircled by colonnades provide you with shelter.
 Whatever labour seeks, no matter where, in the midst of hardship and
 perils,

That [product] is stolen by the thief in secret and seized openly by the
 robber.

Yours is the fruit, yours is the enjoyment.

The owners suffer losses, perils, and sorrow.

For you, in your life of poverty, there's abundance and luxury.

There's nothing! Yet the cupboard is full and nothing is lacking.

'O all you brothers, pray for me—poor me! Intercede for me!'

Thus let him beg God on your behalf!

Thus let him intercede for you!

As for me, in the meantime, I'll do the one thing I can,

And in verses recanted⁵ speak of the splendid deeds [done by Francis],

Nor shall I pass over in silence the thieveries of his tender youth,

Nor the pretended stigmata on his hands and feet,⁶

And other particulars that would take too long to enumerate.

But to have omitted the following story just wouldn't be right.

The overpowering onslaught of lust was setting the saint on fire.

What should he do? Should he seek out the cloister of the holy sisters?

But the cloister is far off; the holy sister is nowhere nearby.

Should he seek out the local whorehouse with everybody noticing him?

But that would make him the betrayer of his own wickedness.

Would it be right for him to work his charms on the young mothers?

But the erect prick doesn't like to be kept waiting.

- 8 Nil opus insano verba locare foro:
 Semina non arvo, non vitem credere sulco,
 Nec dare nubifero vela necesse Noto⁴:
 Sed veluti mures alieno parta labore
- 12 Carpitis, et vitam ducitis Angelicam.
 Vos chorus, et cantus, nitidi vos floribus horti,
 Cinctaque porticibus tecta superba tenent.
 Quicquid ubique labor per dura pericula quærit,
- 16 Quod clam fur aufert, latro palamve rapit;
 Vos penes est fructus, penes est vos usus et esus,
 Ad dominos redeunt damna, pericla, dolor:
 Copiaque et luxus vobis in paupere vita est,
- 20 Nil est, et superant multa, nihilque deest.
 Vos pro me misero fratres orate, patremque
 Flectite, pro vobis sic roget ille Deum:
 Sic flectat: nos interea, quod possumus unum,
- 24 Facta recantatis⁵ splendida carminibus
 Dicemus: teneræ nec furta silebo juventæ,
 Addita nec manibus stigmata, nec pedibus⁶:
 Et quæ longa forent numeranti singula: at unum
- 28 Non est fas numeris præterisse meis.
 Forte furens male morigeri petulantia membri
 Urebat patrem sævius igne pium.
 Quid faceret? peteret sanctarum claustra sororum?
- 32 Claustra procul, nusquam sancta propinqua soror.
 Vulgivagum peteret populo spectante lupanar?
 Nequitia fieret proditor ipse suæ.
 Eloquio matres blando tentaret honestas?
- 36 Ferre nequit longas sicula tenta moras.

Therefore, like the bull stung by the hornet,
 He took the route where the rage of his lust drove him on.
 Stretched out naked in the cold snow, he rolls around,
 And finds cold comfort by boring his way through snowballs.
 He puts clumps of snow like collars on his penis,
 And enjoins commencement of the pleasure desired.⁷
 'This,' he says, 'is Emilia, this is the nobly-born Corinna,
 This is Gellia, the blonde with the long hair.'
 And on and on he goes, naming shapely and beautiful nymphs.
 There's nary a snowball without a girl's name.
 Then like Cossus,⁸ renowned for the spoils of war,
 As the vanquisher of Eros, he goes exultant from one market town to
 the next.
 'Cease,' he says, 'and desist from calling me saintly.
 I am by no means the holy man you believe me to be.
 I am a poor wretch, and I have been fairly overcome by a strong enemy
 [i.e., the devil],
 And I am paying the penalty for my wickedness.'
 While the people gaze on, there he stands exulting, his penis crowned with
 snow.
 One man is dumbstruck, another roars with laughter, still another is just
 sad.
 But the poor young mothers, the girls both wed and unwed, could not
 keep their cheeks dry of tears.
 Yet among the miraculous deeds of the saintly father,
 This result ought to be added to the number of his genuine triumphs,
 In that, although he was better equipped for lusty play than all the asses in
 the world,
 And even though he had never mastered Venus on a mare,
 Still he would beget in not so many years such a race of mules
 That there wouldn't have been room enough for them all on the ridge of
 lofty Maenalus.⁹
 When the father heard this adulation of his holy member,
 He was amused and he laughed to hear his honours.
 The itch disappeared from his loins,
 His threats ceased,¹⁰ and I woke up.

Ergo velut taurus crabronum cuspide fixus,
 Corripuit, rabies qua stimulabat, iter.
 Nudus et in gelida stratus nive membra volutat,
 40 Et fingit globulos, perterebratque nivem,
 Imponitque suo veluti collaria peni,
 Et jubet optata conditione frui.⁷
 Hæc, ait, Æmilia est, hæc est generosa Corinna,
 44 Hæc illa est longis Gellia flava comis.
 Deinde alias numerat præstanti corpore Nymphas,
 Nomine formosæ nulla corona caret:
 Tum veluti Cossus⁸ spoliis insignis opimis,
 48 Per fora, per vicos victor amoris ovat.
 Parcite, clamabat, me parcite dicere sanctum,
 Non ego sum, ceu vos creditis esse, pius:
 Sum miser, et merito duro sic plector ab hoste,
 52 Nequitiae pœnas persoluoque meæ.
 Pene coronato populus dum spectat ovanem,
 Hic silet, hic risu personat, ille dolet.
 At miseræ matres, nuptæ innuptæque puellæ
 56 A lacrymis siccas non tenuere genas.
 Illa quidem justis res annumeranda triumphis
 Inter facta pii prodigiosa patris,
 Quod quamvis asinis memerosior omnibus esset,
 60 Et Venerem in nulla perdomisset equa,
 Tot tamen haud multis mulos genuisset in annis,
 Quot nec in umbriferis Mænala⁹ celsa jugis.
 Ut pater audivit sancti præconia membri,
 64 Lætior ad laudes jam meliorque suas,
 Arrisit, tremulosque abiit prurigo per artus,¹⁰
 Et me cum somno deseruere minæ.

57/4. The Franciscan

At nearly a thousand lines, the 'Franciscanus' is one of Buchanan's longest poems. It is also one of his most significant. Written in about 1538, it articulates a remarkably full range of the social and spiritual dynamics underlying the early Reformation. Like the 'Palinodes' and the 'Somnium', the poem is a strikingly dramatic work. It involves four voices: Buchanan, a friend who is thinking of becoming a Franciscan, the monk Eubulus (i.e., prudence, good counsel) who describes the true nature of the order, and an old monk who explains to the young monks the tools of their trade—while also alerting them to the danger of their imminent overthrow through the discovery of Pauline spirituality and people's increasing sophistication. Like its immediate predecessors, the poem is palpably intended to be read aloud.

The 'Franciscanus' elaborates in detail the deleterious political implications of the friars' order for political life. Through their efforts, Buchanan insists, society becomes divided against itself. Further, as a result of these machinations, real power devolves to the clergy, ultimately reaching that 'sacrilegious Judas', the pope. Clerical authority and clerical decisions simply cannot be challenged, however preposterous, however destructive. Buchanan makes a few oblique references to papal empire that may anticipate the views he developed about the European empires two decades later.

Yet people simply will no longer allow themselves to be exploited in the ways their parents and grandparents found acceptable. Ghost stories, exorcisms, the rich buying their way out of purgatory (while the poor perforce must remain there), bulls, masses, and all the many emblems and claims of ersatz piety have ceased to be convincing. Even the 'rigid' Scots up in the barbarous north now see through this kind of thing. Only tales brought from far away—Spain, Africa, America—have any hope of deceiving people. In identifying these places Buchanan may be making an indirect comment on the extensive proselytising within the Iberian empires and to the 'millenarian kingdom of the Franciscans in the New World.'¹

The 'Franciscanus' would not see publication until 1566, nearly thirty years after it was first composed. The original version is no longer extant, and any changes he made to the poem during the interim cannot now be known. But the attitudes in the version we have are so faithful to what we know to be his views in the 1530s that his reworkings may not have been drastic. One of the conditions of his accepting the Coimbra appointment was that the poem could never be held against him—implying that it probably was a fairly radical statement. It is also significant that no copy of it was available to the Inquisition (or is known to have existed in Portugal).

Many of the ideas developed in the 'Franciscanus' already had become common currency within the reform movement and had appeared in writings like Simon Fish's *A supplicacyon of the beggers* in the previous decade. But few such writings were at once so witty and yet so learned, so scurrilous and yet so compellingly spiritual as Buchanan's great poem. In the following year Alexander Cunningham, fifth earl of Glencairn, wrote a vernacular poem entitled, 'An Epistle directed from the holie Heremite of Larite, to his Brethrein the Gray Friers'. Specifically concerned with King James's

confessor, William Lang, at a number of junctures Glencairn appears to echo (or replicate) Buchanan's phrasing.²

The 'Franciscanus' proved to be extremely popular. A French translation appeared as early as 1567 (Geneva) and again in 1599 (Sedan). There appears to have been a sixteenth century Dutch translation as well.³ The original Latin would see continuous republication: two editions in 1566, probably both printed at Basel, another edition in 1567 at Dijon, yet another in 1568 again at Basel; it would be included in all the many subsequent editions of his collected poems.⁴ Perhaps surprisingly, the earliest English translation seems to have appeared only in 1809.

No comprehensive analysis of this complex poem has ever been undertaken. The most significant studies of it include: G. Neilson, 'The Franciscan: some notes', in *George Buchanan: Glasgow Quartercentenary Studies, 1906* (Glasgow, 1907); I.D. McFarlane, 'George Buchanan's "Franciscanus"—the history of the poem', *Journal of European Studies*, iv (1974), 126-39; McFarlane, *Buchanan*, 51-66; Ford, *Buchanan*, 55-8.

57/4. The Franciscan

[*Buchanan*]

Whence comes this change of character and its outward signs?
 This constancy of countenance and furrowed brow,
 These threatening looks, this measured pace,
 The bridle on your speech?
 Where is the wit, laughter, and elegance of times gone by?
 You don't like ballgames any more,
 Nor the noise and excitement of the race track,
 Not catching birds, nor running the hounds after the rabbit,
 Nor the clean shot from close by at the very heart of the stag.

[*The Prospective Franciscan*]

To answer your question, let me simply say
 That I have long pondered the ills of human existence,
 The vain hopes, the shivering fears, the endless labours,
 The joys themselves steeped in uncertainty.
 Here we are like a boat tossed about in the midst of the deep sea,
 Which the winds, the waves, and the white-haired captain
 Drive every which way. And so I am determined
 To take refuge in a safe harbour, and spend whatever time is left to me
 Considering with holy deliberation the purpose
 For which we were given life,
 And, away from that mad world out there,
 To wash away with tears the transgressions of youth.
 O solemn and sacred day! when I shall embark on life eternal,
 Though still clothed in mortal vesture—
 The day on which I am girt with the cord and veiled with the hood,
 My head shaven, myself installed amongst the stars,
 Francis, under your holy auspices!
 This is the scope and goal of my pilgrimage.
 This way, with full sails, do I desire to direct my course,
 So that possessed at last of a safe anchorage,
 My soul may escape the lures and follies of a lying world.

57/4. Franciscanus

[Buchanan]

Unde novus rigor in vultu? tristisque severis
 Frons caperata minis, tardique modestia gressus?
 Illaque frenatæ constans custodia linguæ?
 Quo lepor et risus abiere, salesque venusti?
 5 Nec pila delectat, nec rauci in pulvere circi
 Flectere cornipedem, volucrem nec ducere visco,
 Nec leporem canibus, nec certo cominus ictu
 Figere ramosi vivacia pectora cervi?

[The Prospective Franciscan]

Sæpe mihi humanæ meditantî incommoda vitæ,
 10 Spesque leves, trepidosque metus, vanosque labores,
 Gaudiaque instabili semper fucata sereno,
 (Non secus ac navis lato jactata profundo,
 Quam venti, violensque æstus, canusque magister
 In diversa trahunt) tuto subducere portu
 15 Decretum quodcunque mihi superesse fugacis
 Fata sinent ævi, sanctisque impendere curis
 Finem animæ, et stolidæ lacrymis commissa juventæ
 Abluere insani citra commercia mundi.
 O sanctum festumque diem! cum cannabe cinctus,
 20 Obrasumque caput duro velante cucullo,
 Auspiciis, Francisce, tuis, animo insitus astris,
 Præcipiam ætheream terreno in corpore vitam.
 Hic scopus, hæc meta est, plenis huc tendere velis
 Mens avet, ut stabili tandem statione potita,
 25 Irrita fallacis fugiat ludibria mundi.

[Buchanan]

Well, if you're striving for the rewards
To be gained by a holy way of life, and if you intend
Leaving behind the good things of this world
As the means of lifting your soul from the depths of doubt,
And if you hope thereby to reach the springs of goodness,
And raise your sights to heaven, all darkness dispersed,
I praise your dedication and congratulate you on your great designs.
But if you are led astray by the wrong idea,
Setting forth on a course which can only lead to disappointment,
Then, while time allows and you still have the opportunity
To avoid having to sing that you're in and can't get out,
Please don't ignore the good advice of a well-meaning friend.
Don't be misled by delusions that have been around for a long time,
Or by the mad notions of the ignorant multitude.
Simple common sense is what you really need
To find out the truth, and it's not a bitter medicine.
Please don't think I'm treading on heaven
And reviving the giants' war against the gods,
For even from my tender years I have always honoured
The pontiffs and the holy fathers whom outstanding virtue
Has rendered worthy of everlasting fame.
By no means, however, do I believe that I see Paul
Every time I see a shaven head under the long habit,
Every time I see the twisted cord, the wide hood, and the windowed shoes.
For under that garb there often lurks
A ferocious tyrant, with the soul of a savage,
Often a robber, a gargantuan appetite, an adulterer,
A simulated friendliness, and a false modesty of countenance,
Which conceals the many frauds of a wolf in sheep's clothing.
So beware lest it happen that the appearance of simplicity and a holy way of
life
Lead you astray and draw you to that point
From which you cannot retrace your steps.
For as a youngster I was almost drawn in myself by the nets and snares
These liars tried to trick me by, and would have been trapped
But for the heaven-sent help of wise old white-haired Eubulus.

[*Buchanan*]

Si tibi propositum est sanctæ compendia vitæ
 Carpere per virtutis iter, nucibusque relictis
 Exserere immersam cæca caligine mentem, et
 Ad fontes penetrare boni, tenebrisque remotis
 30 Tollere perspicuos animi ad cœlestia visus,
 Vota quidem laudo et magnis congratulor ausis:
 Sed si degeneris recti seduceris umbra,
 Et sequeris vanum transverso tramite fastum,
 Dum tempus te resque sinit, cecinisse receptum
 35 Ne pigeat, temere inceptos nec flectere cursus:
 Neu tu sinceri recteque monentis amici
 Despice consilium; nec te plus obsitus annis
 Error, et insani moveant deliria vulgi,
 Quam ratio simplex, et nullis oblita sucis,
 40 Et veri inventrix: sed nec me oppedere cœlo
 Crede, nec in Divos redivivam attollere Phlegram.
 Namque ego sum teneris semper veneratus ab annis
 Pontifices, sanctosque patres, quos candida virtus
 Reddidit æterna dignos in secula fama.
 45 Attamen haud quoties longo sub syrmate rasum
 Cerno caput, tortum funem, latumque galerum,
 Atque fenestratum soles captare cothurnum,
 Cernere me Paulum credo: nam veste sub illa
 Sæpe latent sævi truculenta mente tyranni,
 50 Sæpe latro, lurcoque vorax, et fœdus adulter,
 Et simulatus amor, fallaxque modestia vultus,
 Quæ tegit innumeras sub ovillo vellere fraudes.
 Ergo cave ne te falso sub nomine mendax
 Simplicitas fors transversum seducat, et illuc,
 55 Unde referre pedem nequeas, trahat: et puerum olim
 Me quoquo pene suis gens hæc in retia mendax
 Traxerat illecebris, nisi opem mihi forte tulisset
 Cœlitus oblata Eubuli sapientia cani.

And since, as I see, you are affected by the same disease,
 (Who knows by what cause deprived of your senses:
 Whether noxious greens, or the power of magic,
 Or perhaps the conniving of an evil person,
 Whose poison casts an evil spell on your mind)
 I shall try by the same purge to fight off the madness affecting you,
 By which the divine knowledge of learned Eubulus
 Rescued me from my mad desires [for the Franciscan cords],
 From my enjoyment of the disease by which I was infected,
 Indulgent as I was of my own delusion.
 Just don't dare doubt!
 Please deem this warning to be as valid as anything
 The mad Sibyls ever bellowed forth from their sacred cave.¹

And so when you have sprinkled yourself nine times with holy water,
 Made nine signs of the cross, drunk as many times of pure hellebore,
 Hold moly² in your hand, and store what I say in memory's treasure chest.

[*Eubulus*]

Here's what Eubulus said: Although in times gone by
 This breed, sprung from holy fathers,
 Was remarkable for its snow-white way of life,
 And made a brilliant impression on subsequent centuries,
 Now things are different.
 Their posterity has given up on true religion,
 And all they're interested in is sordid gain,
 Collecting legacies, and they hide a shameless way of life under the guise
 of religion,
 And, resting on their founders' reputation,
 They lead astray the ignorant people with a show of holiness.

So don't be dazzled by appearances,
 And gape at these showy imitations of a holy way of life,
 As if you were a spell-bound spectator at a parade.
 Let's look at what it really is that everybody—
 The people, the popes themselves, lords of the universe, even great kings—
 admires so much,
 What the tonsure really signifies,
 What it means to be draped to the heels in a long habit,
 To wear special sandals,

60 Et quoniam, ut video, morbo cruciaris eodem,
 Sive nocens gramen, magicive potentia cantus,
 Seu genii fraus forte mali tibi sustulit omne
 Judicium, sævo mentem excantante veneno,
 Experiar furias purgamine mentis eodem
 Expugnare tibi, quo me sine fine furem,
 65 Gaudentemque malis, indulgentemque furori,
 Eubuli eripuit divina scientia docti.
 Tu modo ne dubita, monitis nec certius istis
 Esse puta insanæ quod ructavere Sibyllæ.¹

70 Ergo ubi lustrali novies te asperseris unda,
 Signarisque novem crucibus, totiesque meracum
 Hauseris helleborum, niveo cum flore revulsum
 Moly² tenes, memori quæ dicam mente reconde.

[*Eubulus*]

Hæc licet a sanctis olim gens patribus orta,
 Clara quidem niveo morum candore refulsit,
 75 Implevitque sua venientia secula fama;
 At nunc posteritas vera pietate relicta
 Degenerem quæstum sordesque secuta, caducas
 Cogit opes, ficta et sub relligione pudendos
 Occultat mores, et famæ innixa parentum
 80 Seducit stolidum pietatis imagine vulgus.

Et ne forte tibi præstringat lumina vanus
 Splendor, et attonito velut ad spectacula vultu
 Suspicias sanctæ simulacra evanida vitæ,
 Eja age spectemus quid sit, quod vulgus, et ipsi
 85 Pontifices rerum domini, summique Monarchæ
 Tantum admirentur: quid raso vertice calvum
 Conferat esse caput, quid longo syrmate talos
 Usque tegi, soleasque æstivum admittere solem,

What portents lurk under that pretense—
 What snaky monsters lie hidden under their outward garb,
 What cunning they use to prey on sick minds and sell them trifles.

To begin, all those [who] flock to the Franciscan way of life,
 As if to their special preserve, [do so] when they have no means to live by:
 [Those who] had to put up with an angry stepmother, perhaps,
 Those whom a harsh father, or the right hand of an abusive teacher,
 Or fear of the law terrifies, or those who spend their time in sleep
 And idleness with not a care in the world.

Next, those whose blood runs cold around the heart and makes them stupid,
 Those whom the Muses banish from the sacred spring,
 Whom Pallas and Phoebus will have nothing to do with,
 On whose birth under an unlucky star Mercury looks frowning.³
 When such as these with their indolent habits
 Have wasted their fruitless youth
 And have nothing to show for their studies,
 So broken down that they can't make good soldiers or sailors—
 And they don't know a thing about farming—
 They wend their way hither,
 Adverse to hunger and the winter's cold,
 And they think that here they will find a haven for sloth
 And an easy time of it.
 The gatekeeper's post is entrusted to some of them.
 Others help out in the kitchen.
 Here's one that's digging in the garden.
 Here's one cheating widows.
 That one over there is pretty sharp:
 He'll go out into the country and work his wiles on the ignorant peasants.
 He'll give apples to the little boys, amulets to the little girls,
 And scapulars for the tender neck.
 Finally, with flatteries and marvellous little stories,
 Of ghosts and goblins and all sorts of spooks,
 He draws the fish he's caught into the his net.

Et quæ prætextu latitent portenta sub illo:
 Quæ monstra abscondat vestis sinuosa; quid artis
 Vana superstitio, mentes ut fascinet ægras,
 Sit commenta; suas quam vendat callida nugas.

Principio huc omnes tanquam ad vivaria currunt,
 Queis res nulla domi est, quibus est irata noverca,
 Quos durus pater, aut plagosi dextra magistri
 Territat, aut legum timor, aut quos dedita somno
 Exercet nullis Lethæa ignavia curis:

Deinde quibus gelidus circum præcordia sanguis
 Obstetit ingenio, quos sacro a fonte Camœnæ,
 Quos Pallas Phœbusque fugat, quos sidere torvo
 Aspicit infausto volucer Tegeaticus ortu.³
 Hi cum infrugiferæ spatium trivere juventæ
 Musarum in studiis frustra, jam mollibus umbris
 Sic fracti, nec bella pati, nec ducere remos,
 Nec terram incurvo norunt suspendere aratro:
 Ergo famem adversus, violentaque frigora brumæ,
 Hic sibi desidæ portum, atque ignobilis oti
 Esse rati, huc properant: illis custodia portæ
 Creditur, ast aliis cura est commissa culinæ:
 Hic hortos fodit, hic viduas circumvenit: illi
 Pinguius ingenium est, rus ibit, fallet agrestum
 Vulgus hebes, pueris fragrantia poma, puellis
 Amuleta dabit, tenero redimicula collo:
 Donec blanditiis, fabellisque admirandis
 De larvis, deque empusis, et lumine cassis,
 Tandem captatum trahat in sua retia piscem.

Add to these dupes those suffering from fever or dire frenzy,
Or some other disease that attacks the mind.
Since they are all so near death the doctor has given up
Promising to cure them, they swear in their dizzy state of mind
That whatever time the goodness of God deigns to add to their deplorable
state,
They'll live it out under the Franciscan hood.

Forthwith the pious little priest goes to work on the sick man,
Dresses him up in the brown habit with the hempen cord,
And scrapes his brainsick head, whispers little pieties
Into his ear, promising three hundred thousand measures of merit,
Stressing forgiveness, promising him Olympus when he's dead,
Ready to promise it to him while he's still living
Rather than lose the least ounce of booty.
Well then, the sick victim, deluded by these empty promises,
Sends out to have all his best stuff turned over to the monks,
Silver vessels, tapestries, finely woven clothes,
And whatever sells for gold, considering that monks aren't supposed to handle
coins.

But these snares are set out for the fat partridges.
These birds can buy their way into heaven.
But poor Codrus and Irus the beggar⁴ are out of luck.
If they die poor, religion takes a holiday. The bells don't ring,
There's no processional pomp, there's no ceremony,
There's no grief on display at their burials.

And still there's no falling off in the number
Who flock to be fleeced by the Franciscans,
When the monkish mind, inflamed by greed, takes on the guise of one who
spurns wealth,
And by his humble garb, and grave walk, and a feigned sobriety of speech,
Leads astray the stupid people with the show of piety.
Nor is that angry ardor, that bold ambition,
Going to be satisfied, until with the cord and the hood cast aside,
He will have put on the regal mitre of the papacy,
Ascending as near as he can to the skies above,
Clambering up into the driver's seat and managing on earth the reins of
heaven.

Adde his, quos febris, quos vexat dira phrenesis,
 Aut alius cerebri expugnator morbus: in ipsa
 Morte siti, cum jam medicus spondere salutem
 120 Desierit, longa stolidi vertigine jurant
 Se, quodcunque ævi placati numinis ira
 Jam deploratæ dignetur jungere vitæ,
 In Franciscano victuros esse cucullo.

Hic aliquis sancta pietate paterculus ardens
 125 Protinus insternit fuscam cum cannabe vestem,
 Et caput exscalpit cerebrosum, et somnia blanda
 Garrit in auriculam, meritorum mille trecentos
 Promittit modios, venias inculcat, olympum
 Defuncto spondet, vivo spondere paratus,
 130 Captatæ potius quam vel semiuncia prædæ
 Una brevis pereat. Tum spe lactatus inani
 Interea miser ægrotus jubet optima quæque
 Deferri ad Monachos, argentea vasa, tapetas,
 Molliculas vestes, et quicquid venditur auro,
 135 Quatenus haud illis nudos fas tangere nummos.
 Verum hæc pinguiculis tenduntur retia turdis,
 His cœlum venale patet: si Codrus et Irus
 Pauper⁴ obit, cessat pietas, non cymbala clangunt,
 Nænia nulla sonat, serie nec candida longa
 140 Pompa præit, nullo planguntur funera luctu.

Sed nec funigeræ minor est accessio turbæ,
 Cum mens vesano inflammata cupidine vultum
 Affingit spernentis opes, vilique paratu,
 Incessuque gravi, et ficta probitate loquendi
 145 Seducit stolidam pietatis imagine plebem.
 Nec prius ille furens animi satiabitur ardor,
 Ambitioque procax, donec cum fune cucullo
 Abjecto induerit regali tempora mitra,
 Et, quantum fas est mortali accedere cœlo,
 150 Scandat, et in terris cœlestes tractet habenas.

There are those who believe they can hide
 A filthy and disgraceful way of life under this cover,
 With a view to deceiving the laity,
 Pulling the wool over their eyes as it were.
 While going about full of anger, envy, and deceit,
 They prey on Christ's sheepfold, ambitious for popular favour,
 And spreading their secret poison among the trusting people.

And besides the ones undone by dice,
 There are also the victims of Venus,⁵
 And the drunkards whose night-long drinking has cost them a place
 At their father's table; those whom poverty overwhelms,
 And those who are unlucky in love,
 The poor fellows whose girlfriends have shut the door on them,
 Those disgraced by a heinous crime,
 Those beset by fear because of their wicked lives,
 Those pressed to join the order by a greedy guardian.
 Here for one and all is their safe asylum.
 By this assortment of princes doth the order increase and multiply.
 These are the fathers of whom we are so proud.
 This crew holds the world in harness—
 All whom every sort of ignoble motive has driven to take refuge here:
 Fear, anger, madness, stupidity, laziness, crime, ambition,
 Misfortune, weariness of life, bad luck in love,
 A harsh father, an implacable step-mother,
 And above all else a feigned love of virtue.

In olden times, when things were going badly,
 It used to be the rule that unfortunates,
 Desiring to escape their hard lot in life,
 Would betake themselves to the noose, to the precipice,
 To poisons, rivers, bridges, sharp swords, and dark windows.
 Nowadays, when shame of the deed done or fear of the severe judge
 Takes hold, or a disgrace of the deepest dye,
 We dress up in Franciscan garb and with the cord of hemp
 Lash ourselves to this rock of refuge.
 It's just as if a guilty conscience can be shaved as well as the top of your head,
 Just as if the tonsure will turn us from church-robbers, parricides, burglars, and
 perverts,
 All of a sudden into colonists of heaven.

155 Sunt quoque qui sordes, fædosque hoc tegmine mores
 Posse latere putent, misero ut dent verba popello,
 Dum vitæ infami speciosum obtexere velum
 Contenti, introrsus pleni ambitionis et iræ,
 Invidiæ et fraudis, Christi prædentur ovile,
 Incautum occulto vulgus fallente veneno.

160 Adjice præterea quos præceps alea nudat,
 Quos Venus enervat,⁵ quos et potatio pernox
 Ejecit patriis laribus, quos urget egestas,
 Et quibus haudquaquam res sunt in amore secundæ,
 Fastosæque inopes exclusit limen amicæ,
 Quos scelus infamat, vitæ quos turpiter actæ
 Insequitur metus et quos urget tutor avarus,
 Huc velut ad tutum cunctis est cursus asylum.
 165 Hoc procerum e numero crescit generosa propago
 Funigeri gregis: hi patres quibus ille superbit
 Ordo sacer: seges hæc orbis moderatur habenas:
 Quos metus, ira, furor, mens tarda, ignavia, crimen,
 Ambitio, res adversæ, fastidia vitæ,
 170 Durus amor, durus pater, implacata noverca,
 Et mendax virtutis amor collegit in unum.

175 Namque velut quondam, cum res adversa premebat,
 Ad laqueum, ad præceps, ad toxica, flumina, pontes,
 Atque truces gladios, caligantesque fenestras,
 Cursus erat, duram cupienti evadere sortem:
 Sic modo cum sceleris pudor, aut formido severi
 Judicis, aut gravior cunctis infamia pœnis
 Urget, ad hunc scopulum Francisci in syrmate fune
 Cingimur: et tanquam pariter cum vertice radi
 180 Mens etiam scelerata queat, de sacrilegis et
 De parricidis, de furibus, atque cinædis,
 Nos faciet cœli subitos rasura colonos.

Poison is still poison even when you drink it from a golden cup.
 A blockhead will always be slow even when he's wearing purple.
 The lion is always fierce.⁶ The ichneumon is always cunning,
 The bear voracious, the vulture greedy, the ox sedate, the swallow noisy.
 A habit surpassing in whiteness the Hyperborean snow
 Doesn't do off a dark character stamped on the soul.
 The Massylian viper doesn't get rid of his poison
 When he gets rid of his skin,
 The tiger isn't any tamer just because he is not in the jungle.⁷
 Likewise, the agitation of a mind disturbed will not be settled
 By passing over the mountains or the sea [from one country to another],
 By avoiding assemblies of people, by donning a white habit
 Or a dark one, by wearing a leather belt or a hempen cord,
 Or by eating bread obtained from begging.
 Always, wherever you go, be it as far off as the northern mountains,⁸
 Or the deserts of Ethiopia,⁹ your guile and your greedy mind will go with
 you,
 And you will be tormented day and night by your secret passions.

And if you are surrounded on every side by walls of marble, seeking to avoid
 the company of other men,
 You are still beset by the savage agitation of a raging spirit.
 Your fears will keep you awake.
 And when you sleep your bad dreams will be filled with dire shapes.
 Delusions of grandeur will transport you heavenwards on wind-filled wings,
 As you burst at last through broken shutters.

This little fellow, so recently despised,
 Who couldn't tell the sound of one letter of the alphabet from another,
 Whom you wouldn't put in charge of cleaning a stable,
 Or scrubbing the kitchen floor,
 Takes the tonsure, puts the hood on as the warranty of his wisdom,
 And all of a sudden, he's wise and honourable,
 A sober and serious fellow.
 He was a noisy dunce, and he's as quiet as a mouse.
 He was a pimp, and now he's a prude.
 He was a robber, and now he's a moralist,
 God's own brother, and all but installed in heaven.
 The brother said so? That's it! The brothers said no? You'd better not!

Dira suum nunquam mutant aconita vigorem
 Vimque mali, quamvis auro gemmave bibantur:
 185 Atque asinus, quanquam Tyrio conspectus in ostro,
 Semper erat tardus, lea sæva,⁶ dolosus ichneumon,
 Ursa vorax, avidus vultur, bos mitis, hirundo
 Garrula: sic animi non mores exuit atros
 Vestis Hyperboreas superans candore pruinas.
 190 Nec simul exuviis positus Massyla venenum
 Vipera deponit, nec tigris monte relicto⁷
 Mitior ingenio est: sic nec transcurrere montes,
 Aut mare, vel populi cœtus vitare, vel atra
 195 Veste tegi aut nivea, coriove aut fune recingi,
 Aut mendicatum semper corrodere panem,
 Turbatæ poterit mentis sedare tumultus.
 Semper enim quocunque loco, quocunque recessu
 Degeris, usque licet Riphææ⁸ frigora brumæ
 Fugeris, aut calidam vicino sole Syenen,⁹
 200 Te dolus et mentis malesuada cupido sequetur,
 Et vigil occultis cruciabere pectora curis.

Nec si marmoreis circumdatus undique claustris
 Fugeris aspectus hominum, te sæva relinquet
 205 Tempestas vesani animi: te conscius horror
 Mentis aget vigilem: tibi diras tristia formas
 Somnia nocte ferent: te insano turgida fastu
 Gloria sublimem ventosis evehet alis,
 Dum furit effractis tandem perrumpere clathris.

Scilicet is nuper contemptus homuncio, qui nec
 210 Prima elementa sonis poterat distinguere certis,
 Et quem nec stabulo purgando, olidæve popinæ
 Præficeres, rasmus, sophiæque auctore cucullo
 Tectus, erit subito doctus, sapiens, et honestus,
 Et gravis, et prudens; jam de balatrone modestus,
 215 De lenone pudens, et de latrone severus,
 Et frater superum, et cœli pene insitus aulæ.
 Frater dixit, ita est: fratres vetuere, cavendum est.

The brother will be the judge.
 Won't you please entrust your case to the brother?
 But don't say anything against the holy brothers!
 They're mad, but the bald heads have all the law on their side.

We still marvel, don't we, at the credulity of the people
 Who trusted Cadmus when he told them that his companions
 Were sprung from serpents'teeth,
 Or Jason's shudders at the magical birthpangs of the pregnant earth,¹⁰
 Even though right now a goatmilkier, a knavish hostler, a wandering buffoon,
 by divine transmutation,
 Becomes an Aristotle, a Xenophon, a Plato, a Zeno, a Cleanthes.

Now let's explain, if there's time, the tricks of the trade
 By which this devious breed deceives the people,
 Draws widows into traps, upsets everything,
 Cloaks the world in darkness, and bewitches the mob,
 As their poison seeps in little by little.
 Let me try to expose their frauds, illusions, thefts, philtres, and secret skills.

As soon as the mad novice receives the tonsure
 And the blockhead turns into the semblance of a man
 (Just like Tages¹¹ dug up by the Tuscan plow,
 A sage and a seer the moment of his birth),
 He learns how to mince his gait and join his hands,
 How to incline his head to the left, look towards the ground,
 And see everything with downcast eyes,¹²
 How to feign a pallid countenance with sulphurous smoke spread over his
 features,
 How to avoid meeting people, how to restrain laughter when others laugh,
 How to be silent in public, how to simulate tears while praying,
 And how to ruin the sacred singing of well-trained choirs
 By ill-timed improvisations.
 When he drinks, how he is supposed to hold the cup,¹³
 What words to use in opening and closing doors,
 On getting out of bed, setting the table, coming and going,
 Asking and begging, saying hello.
 There's even a formula for pissing.

220 Frater erit iudex: caussam committere non vis
 Fratribus? in sanctos quicquam cave dicere fratres:
 Tantum juris habet cerebelli insania calvi.

225 Et miramur adhuc simili si errore vetustas
 Crediderit Cadmo serpentis dentibus olim
 Esse satos comites, vel si Pagasæus Jason¹⁰
 Horruerit magicos terra prægnante tumultus;
 Cum modo qui fuerat caprimulgus, tressis agaso,
 Scurra vagus, subito mutatus numine mentem,
 Fiat Aristoteles, Xenophon, Plato, Zeno, Cleanthes.

230 Nunc quibus hæc studiis gens desidiosa popellum
 Captet, et in laqueos viduas trahat, omnia turbet,
 Involvatque orbem tenebris, et mobile vulgus
 Fascinet, occulto sensim serpente veneno,
 Si vacat, expediam: fraudes, ludibria, furta,
 Philtraque, et arcanas tibi pandere moliar artes.

235 Primum ubi detonso vesano vertice, caudex
 Qui fuerat, fit homo subitus, ceu vomere Thusco
 Erutus ille Tages,¹¹ vates jam doctus in ipso
 Nascendi articulo: discit componere gressus,
 Cancellare manus, caput inclinare sinistrum,
 Versus humum spectare, oculis defigere limis
 240 Omnia,¹² pallori similem confingere vultum,
 Sulphuris affuso circum os et tempora fumo;
 Effugere occursus hominum, compescere risum
 Si quis adest, coram reticere, interque precandum
 245 Invitis oculis lacrymas simulare, boatu
 Rancidulo in templis nativum frangere cantum:
 Cum bibitur, calicem digito cohibere sinistro,¹³
 Conceptis verbis aperire et claudere portas,
 Conceptis verbis de somno surgere, mensam
 Ponere, adire, referre, jubere, orare, salutem
 250 Dicere, conceptis urinam reddere verbis:

And of course it is also necessary to know how to divide his cord
 And in how many places,
 When the season is right for hunting,
 How to deceive boys, by what sort of speech you may induce
 Lusty thoughts in young ladies, what nets to use on widows,
 How to get the attention of kings, what gifts may please
 The lords of the world, what pretense to trick the mob by,
 And by what words you may take advantage of the sick who are lying on their
 deathbeds,
 How to get them to change their last will and testament.
 These are the marvellous things to learn at first
 When one joins the order, the rudiments, as it were,
 The preludes to a life of sanctity:
 Why one turns his back on his native country,
 On his dear kindred, and forgets about his friends,
 And why he wanders about, a needy and lawless vagabond,¹⁴
 Like a wild animal with no manger to call his own,
 Why year in and year out he plays the fool,
 Barks at all and sundry—toward all
 Savage, sweet, dark, friendly, unfriendly, as the belly commands,
 Which for them is the only law and rule of life.

But when the novices have taken to heart these precepts of vice,
 And committed themselves by their vows to a worthless way of life,
 There comes an elder forward from the tonsured flock,
 Bleary-eyed, toothless, with palsied hands,
 And wrinkled features, who undertakes to reveal
 The secrets of the inner sanctum, and, with soothing speech,
 To disclose the abstruse wisdom of the order.

[The Old Monk]

O my dear young friends, says he, we are made one
 By the bond of the knotted rope, by the tonsure,
 By the special sandals we wear, by our vows,
 By our habit, and above all by our freedom from workaday cares.
 Now that I am getting old, with scarcely a few gray hairs on my bald head,
 A frail voice, sore hips, and a tottering gait,

Scire quibus nodis, et quot distinguere funem
 Fas sit, ubi facilis pateat venatio prædæ,
 Quo pueros fallas, quo tu sermone puellas
 In Venerem accendas, viduas quæ retia captent:
 255 Quo regum teneas aures, quæ munera placent
 Terrarum dominos, quo vulgus mobile fucō
 Decipias, quibus ægrotos in limine vitæ
 Illaquees verbis, et testamenta resignes.
 Hæc sunt Funigeræ miranda proçemia sectæ,
 260 Vera rudimenta, et sanctæ præludia vitæ:
 Hoc est, cur aliquis patriam carosque propinquos
 Abneget, et dulces obliviscatur amicos:¹⁴
 Cur vagus, exul, inops, erro, peregrinus et exlex
 More feræ toties mutet præsepe, tot annos
 265 Scurra procax currat, cunctos allatret, in omnes
 Sævus, blandus, atrox, inimicus, amicus, ut alvus
 Imperat: hæc illis lex una et regula vitæ est.

Hæc ubi jam pravi docilis præcepta juvenus
 Imbibit, et vitæ sese devovit inertī,
 270 Protinus e calvo senior grege, lippus, inermis
 Gingivas, tremulusque manus, rugisque verendus,
 Incipit arcanae latebras evolvere sectæ,
 Et sophiam abstrusam placidis recludere dictis.

[The Old Monk]

275 O juvenes, inquit, quos torti vincula funis,
 Quos tonsura eadem, solæque fenestra reclusæ,
 Par votum, vestesque pares, atque otia jungunt:
 Jam mihi vix raris variantur tempora canis,
 Vox fragilis, latus infirmum, gressusque labantes;

Now with my race all but run, the fates instruct me
 To look towards the finish line.
 Now indeed the fiftieth harvest, peacefully come and gone
 Under the warm hood, relieves me of my responsibilities.
 Kindly fortune has served me well my whole life long.
 But just as Teiresias advised the Ithacan,
 And Priam's heroic offspring told the great son of Anchises again and again,
 What harbours he might safely seek, where to change his course,
 What shores to avoid with billowing sails,¹⁵
 Why should I not likewise impart to you, dear to me as your are,
 The fruits of my experience,
 Train you in some fashion before my departure.
 It pleases me to retrace my long drawn out labours,
 To remember the shores I have so many times traversed.
 Do consider, to begin with, that your youth is too much
 Undermined by indolence to suffer the hardships of war,
 To pull your weight on shipboard,
 Or to turn over the soil with a short-handled hoe,
 Not to mention your slothful avoidance of the Muses.
 Here then, with eager emulation, exert yourselves,
 And apply your keen minds to the mysteries of our seraphic way of life.

[The Power and Politics of the Confessional]

Yes indeed, this order is supported on steadfast pillars,
 Of which the practice of confession is foremost
 And a rich source of revenue,
 Guaranteed never to fail the monk who keeps at it.
 The harvest may disappoint the farmer,
 The vines beaten down by hailstones may yield few grapes for the winepress,
 And the rage of war may have carried off the cattle.¹⁶
 But confession is unique—it'll never let you down
 If you learn how to work it for all it's worth.
 Armed with this weapon, our order has shown itself terrible to kings,
 Has driven whomsoever we would from his long-established throne.
 It has raised others to the topmost rungs of power,
 And with much bloodshed has secured the seat of judgment on a firm
 foundation.

280 Jam prope decurso spatio spectare propinquam
 Fata jubent metam, jam quinquagesima messis
 Sub calido semper placide transacta cucullo,
 Liberat officiis vitæ: fortuna benigna
 Me tamen haud frustra longum servavit in ævum:
 Nam, ceu Tiresias Ithacum, Priameius heros
 285 Magnum Anchisiaden iterumque iterumque monebat,
 Quos peteret tuto portus, quo flectere cursus
 Deberet, levibus fugeret quæ littora velis:¹⁵
 Cur ego vos, animæ nostræ pars maxima, amicis
 Non monitis hortet? digressum et pauca sub ipsum
 290 Edoceam? juvat exhaustos iterare labores,
 Et sulcata meis percurrere littora remis.
 Principio cum vestra ætas sic mollibus umbris
 Sit fracta, ut nec bella pati, nec frangere remis
 Æquora, nec terram possit versare ligone,
 295 Et fuget Aonias socors ignavia Musas;
 Huc animos, juvenes, certatim advertite, et acri
 Mente Seraphinæ mysteria discite sectæ.

[The Power and Politics of the Confessional]

Sancta quidem certis fulcitur secta columnis,
 E quibus in primis locuples Confessio largo
 300 Proventu est, gnavum non deceptura colonum:
 Ut seges agricolam fallat, pulsataque tristi
 Grandine vix raris spumet vindemia prelis,
 Et pecus abstulerit belli furor,¹⁶ unica nunquam
 Artifici imponit Confessio callida docto.
 305 Hoc telo armatus noster se regibus ordo
 Terribilem ostendit, solioque extrusit avito
 Quos visum est; alios ad summa cacumina rerum
 Extulit, et multa stabilivit cæde tribunal.

For when you are acquainted with the thoughts and secret inclinations
 Of all and sundry, you have the opportunity
 To encourage conspirators by your counsel,
 To bring the fearful people over to the cause of rebellion,¹⁷
 That they may weigh in with their unacknowledged powers;
 Or, if you will, betray the nobles to the king when he has done well by you.

And so if the vocation of counting sins keeps you busy,
 Let the rich matron claim the place of preeminence,
 Or the banker who turns a pretty penny on his loans,
 Give the merchant a high place, too.
 The third rank belongs to the noblemen—either those enriched by pillage,
 Or the notorious ones whose hands are stained with the blood of innocent
 citizens.

Next in order after these don't forget their hangers-on,
 Their attendants, pages, and serving girls.
 And don't neglect the pimp or the pickpocket either,
 If there's any chance of gain. Send them all off to hell if they can't pay up.
 There's no point in working a barren field or watering a worthless garden.

Then when you have made your way deep into the heart's inner sanctum,
 And you have become acquainted with all of its secret hiding places,
 That's when you turn into Proteus and become whatever the occasion
 requires.

When the girl has entrusted to you what she wouldn't tell her mother,
 Or the friend what he wouldn't tell his friend,
 Or the bride what she wouldn't confide in her husband,
 Then be fearless and ask what you will,
 Then load your prisoners with chains,
 And impose on their shoulders whatever penance you please.
 For as soon as anyone has bared to you the innermost secrets of his mind,
 And disclosed the feelings deep in his heart,
 He's going to be afraid of you, and he's going to hate you,
 However much he pretends otherwise. He's afraid in his guilt
 That you'll be in your cups and betray his secrets,
 Or you'll be angry, or dissatisfied by your compensation for services rendered.

310 Namque ubi cunctorum sensus, secretaque mentis
 Noveris, in promptu est tibi conjurata fovere
 Pectora consiliis, timidumque in fœdera vulgus
 Cogere,¹⁷ ut ignotas possint expendere vires,
 Vel proceres merito de te bene prodere regi.

315 Ergo (vos siquidem numerandi crimina cura
 Detineat) matrona locum ditissima primum
 Vindicet, aut dulci assuetus danista lucello:
 Proxima mercator teneat loca: tertius ordo
 Nobilium est, quos aut ditat quæsita rapinis
 320 Præda, vel innocuo manus oblita sanguine civis
 Reddidit insignes: post hos, aut divitis aulæ
 Assecla, aut famulus, ancilla, puella, puellus.
 Sed neque lenonem, nec tu contemne latronem,
 Spes modo si lucri: qui nil quod donet habebit,
 325 Ε' ς κόρακας. Quis enim sterili committere sanus
 Semen agro curet? quis inanes irriget hortos?

Hic ubi secretam penitus demissus in aulam
 Pectoris, arcanas latebras cognoveris, omnes
 Tum facies rerum, tum vafrum Protea finge.
 330 Cum tibi crediderit virgo, quod credere matri,
 Quod socius socio, quod nolit nupta marito,
 Tum pete securus quidvis, tum vincula captis
 Injice, tunc humeris quemvis superingere fascem.
 Nam semel arcanæ tibi qui penetrabilia mentis
 Nudavit, penitusque alto sub corde repostos
 335 Detexit sensus animi, timet, horret et odit,
 Quamvis dissimulet: sed mens male conscia pallet,
 Ne commissa tegas male vino liber, et ira
 Commotus, magnoque satis non munere cultus.

It's time to take advantage when your prey is caught in the trap.
 Ask what you please—Get what you can—
 Tighten the screws—Squeeze the sponge dry,
 And take the proceeds to your cloister.

Don't forget that men and women are different,
 And that they are different at different times of their lives.
 With the first hint of body hair they are prone to lust.
 Old age is addicted to lucre.
 Young ladies like to be flattered.
 Old women are superstitious,
 And the merchant puts profits ahead of the gods.

[Sources of Monastic Income]

If a rich man's wife falls into your clutches, plump for the plucking,
 Take care that you devise a thousand new sleights of beggary.
 Long years of neglect have taken their toll on the cloister:
 The columns are tottering—the chapel is exposed to the north wind.
 Back and side go bare with ruin.
 Say that logs are lacking for the hearth if she owns timber.
 If she's rich in farmland, say that the brothers
 Are eating coarse black bread and drinking wine gone sour.
 Let the country wife donate the ewe and lambs, and goats if she can.
 Beg coverings for the altar from the city dames,
 Or sacred vestments with gold borders,
 A replacement for the broken chalice,
 Painted wood statues or splendid stained glass windows.
 Let the soldier give part of his booty, the thief part of his plunder.
 Let the merchant pay gold coins for his broken promises.

[Seduction Made Simple]

As for the young girls with nothing to give,
 Let them give what they have, what they can easily give,
 Which not given is lost and gone forever.¹⁸
 If she's a little shy, warm her up by your words of wisdom,
 Expound on the modes of pleasure, the lurking kinds too,
 And try to find out what she hasn't yet learned about Venus.

340 Hoc ubi fertilior præda est deprensa capistro,
 Posce, jube, rape, stringe, omnem dum spongia succum
 Egerat; exhaustumque penum in tua congere claustra.

345 Nec tamen ætatis, nec te discrimina sexus
 Prætereant. Primæ quoniam lanuginis ætas
 In Venerem est præceps, lucris addicta senectus,
 Virgo capi facilis blandæ dulcedine linguæ,
 Vana superstitio mentes exercet aniles,
 Mercator dulci postponit numina lucro.

[Sources of Monastic Income]

350 Si matrona potens, vel prædæ victima opimæ
 Incidit in casses, cautus confinge petendi
 Mille novas artes: caries annosa columnas
 Diruerit, sacram Boreas nudaverit ædem,
 Claustra latus magna pandant adaperita ruina:
 Desint ligna foco, nemorum si dives abundet:
 355 Si locuples agri est, atrum corrodere panem
 Finge tuos fratres, languescant pocula vappa:
 Rustica cortis aves, agnos, hædosque petulcos
 Mittat: ab urbanis sacræ pete stragula mensæ,
 Posce sacras vestes, quodque oras ambiat aurum,
 Quod calicem fractum instauret, quod lignea pingat
 360 Signa, quod in vitreis possit splendere fenestris:
 Det miles prædæ partem, furtique latrones;
 Mercator fulvis redimat perjurium nummis.

[Seduction Made Simple]

365 Et quoniam teneræ nequeunt donare puellæ
 Munera, dent quod habent, quod secure dare possunt:
 Quæ data non pereunt, quæ frustra non data perdunt.¹⁸
 Segnior in Venerem si qua est, accende monendo,
 Pande voluptatisque modos, formasque latentes,
 Quærendoque doce Veneris quem nesciat usum.

Even though it may seem that she's more strait-laced than the Sabines of old,
 If she deigns to lend you an ear, she wants to know,
 And it will be a happy day for her when she does.
 In the meantime, as if you are deploring to her
 A wanton mode of dress and gold alight with precious gems,
 Place your hand, as if inadvertently, on her milky little nipples,
 And rearrange one of her stray curls with your finger,
 And nudge her foot with yours, take hold of her hand,
 And nuzzle her cheek.
 And so you'll chat, you'll laugh together,
 And you'll give her nice little caresses,
 Tongues sent to the forefront amidst contending kisses.¹⁹
 [And then you'll say] 'This is how you'll let yourself be handled,
 And thus handled how happy you'll be,
 This is how you say yes with your foot, your hand, your wink—
 You speak with this gesture, and say "not tonight" with such another.
 Thus do you tread safely through unobstructed darkness,
 Thus do you open the door, thus do you close it with nary a sound.'
 Oh brothers, store these precepts in the treasure chest of your memory,
 What time and place will allow for, what sex and age will permit.
 Year in and year out, this business brings in an abundance of riches,
 And the hope of pleasure to boot, without any damage to our reputation.

[Monkish Exploitation in an Agrarian Trope]

And if there's anybody who won't do business with us,
 If there is anybody who won't put his shit in your sewer,
 Then talk to his servants and the people who work for him.
 Find out what you can about his character, spread rumours,
 And hint at secret practices that nobody knows about.
 If all else fails, because he leads a blameless life,
 Raise the hue and cry that here's a heretic,
 With his disguise to cover over the spots and blotches
 Of secret sin and hidden venom.
 Thus do you draw into your snares this one and that one,
 Some by shivering fear, some by their credulity—
 By whatever tricks or skill or promise that comes to hand,
 Just so that you land the fish you've got on your hook.

- 370 Talia quærenti facilem quæ commodat aurem,
 Sit licet antiquis magis illa severa Sabinis,
 Nosse volet, notum quod posse juvare putabit.
 Interdum tanquam cupias reprehendere luxum
 Vestis, et accensum gemmis quod fulgurat aurum,
 375 Lacteolas furtim dextra constringe papillas,
 Inque gradum fractos digito compone capillos,
 Et pede tange pedem, dextram dextra, oribus ora:
 Sic, dices, rides, sic molliter oscula jungis,
 Oscula commissas inter luctantia linguas:¹⁹
 Sic te tractandam præbes, tractataque gaudes,
 380 Sic pede, sic digito, sic tu promittis oculo,
 Hoc loqueris nutu, tali noctem abnuis ore:
 Sic per inoffensas graderis segura tenebras,
 Sic aperis limen, sic nullo murmure claudis.
 Hæc animo memori præcepta recondite fratres:
 385 Quæque locus tempusque dabunt, quæ sexus et ætas
 Permittent: hinc dives opum venit annua cura;
 Spesque voluptatum, caræ sine crimine famæ.

[Monkish Exploitation in an Agrarian Trope]

- 390 Quod si quis sanctæ fugiat commercia sectæ,
 Sentinamque tuæ nolit mandare cloacæ,
 Illius ancillas, famulosque arcesse loquaces:
 Inquire in mores, passim sere crimina, in aurem
 Omnibus obganni secreta piacula: quod si
 Criminibus non ulla locum fortuna ministret,
 395 Actaque sincere constet pars maxima vitæ,
 Hæreticum clama nitidum prætexere fucum
 Occulti sceleris maculis tacitoque veneno.
 Sic hos in laqueos trepida formidine, et illos
 Credulitate trahes, vel spe, vel fraude, vel arte,
 Ut captum teneas intra tua retia piscem,

Sometimes be satisfied to punish a serious sin with a penance that's not too heavy.

But don't let him off for long prayers or tears—
Relieve his purse of its coins, not his heart of its hurt.
Have him endow a church, a monastery, or altars,
Or remit fasting if he'll pay you to say masses.

This above all, imbue the hearts of the young
With a sense of sin; tell them about the lurking fires of lust.
Tend to these germinating seeds in the fallow ground
Until they can yield you a plenteous harvest of guilt,
Abounding far and wide in the fertile field.
This is our farm, our crop, our vineyard.
Keep it fertile therefore with the flux of a guilty conscience,
With the shit spread on from overflowing sewers.
The winter's cold is not so fearful to think of,
Nor the earth submerged under the depths of the sea,
Nor the excessive heat of a dry summer,
As the prospect that when the darkness is dissipated,
The world begins to revive, and that in the clear light of truth,
The stupid people may see us for what we are.

But now it's time for you farmhands to get to work,
To get out and see the sunny fields, to find your way
Along the high ridges of the hills,
And to rope off the glades for the hunt.
O my dear young friends,
Is there none among you ready to cast off his sluggish spirits,
Willing to leave behind the confines of the smoky tavern
And the noise of the city—is there none willing to venture out
Into the bright air and the beckoning woodlands,
To visit the fountains sacred to Bacchus and his chorus of Nymphs,
And the purple meadows, always new and fresh in the springtime?

Ah, would that I were young again myself,
How happy I should be to see the flowering pastures,
And the shadows of the greenwood, to hear the gentle sound
Of rippling water and the song of birds,
And to ease my wearied heart by setting my cares aside.

- 400 Grande scelus levibus contentus plectere pœnis.
 Nec precibus longis lacrymisve piacula dele
 Horrida, sed nummis loculos, non pectora fraude
 Exhauri: vel templa jube, vel claustra, vel aras
 Exstruat, aut multis redimat jejunia Missis.
- 405 Hoc quoque præmoneo super omnia, corda juventæ
 Infice, sopitos accende libidinis ignes:
 Semina flagitii in vacuo turgentia campo
 Usque fove, plenos sceleris dum reddere fructus
 Possint, et late in pingui regnare novali.
- 410 Hic ager, hæc seges est, hæc nostræ vinea sectæ.
 Hunc igitur multo scelerum pinguescere cœno
 Effice, et infusis hunc exsaturare cloacis.
 Non tam Riphææ metuenda injuria brumæ,
 Atque superfuso tellus submersa profundo,
- 415 Aridaque insolitis candens fervoribus æstas,
 Quam ne discussis tenebris resipiscere mundus
 Incipiat, quam ne patefacto lumine veri
 Inspiciat nostras plebecula stulta tenebras.
- Sed jam ruricolis labor impendendus, apricos
 420 Jam lustrare juvat campos, perque ardua montium
 Ire juga, et latos indagine claudere saltus.
 Ecquis, io juvenes, tenebris et inertibus umbris
 Posthabitis, strepituque urbis, nigraque popina
 Audet in aërios nemorum conscendere tractus,
- 425 Bacchosque choris Nympharum accedere fontes,
 Prataque purpurea semper renovata juventa?
- O mihi si calido ferveret corpore sanguis
 Integer, et validæ vires, firmataque nervis
 Membra suis, quam prata libens et florea Tempe
 430 Aspicerem, et viridis captans umbracula silvæ,
 Et tremulæ leve murmur aquæ, cantusque volucrum,
 Languida sepositis relevarem pectora curis!

But now that old age has denied me such delights as these,
 And since pleasure comes sluggish to the body that's worn out,
 Yours is the work at hand, my friends, these are your grapes.
 Bring on your nets, get your traps ready, stretch your snares,
 It's time for the Franciscan hounds to go hunting.

Take to the road on foot, since the precepts of our founder
 Forbid us to ride horseback; but for those of you
 Whose stride is not what it used to be, a mule or an ass will serve.²⁰
 And don't forget to stock up on little presents,
 Such as the people are easily taken in by—holy pictures,
 Indulgences, little statues made of lead,
 Scapulars, stuff you can buy for a few pennies.
 The experienced fisherman doesn't need golden hooks to catch fish,
 And his nets don't have to be made of silk either.
 Put some nice apples, pears, and figs in your scrip.
 Sometimes you need a fish in order to catch a fish.
 The crane that's caught often helps trick the flying ones.
 And don't believe you need rich gifts for the rich.
 Think of the little leashes you've seen on wild animals,
 Of the little hooks for catching fish, of the twigs smeared with birdlime,
 And there's the big helpless bird.

[Where to hunt counts for as much as how to hunt]

It's not every glade that will offer a good place to stretch your nets.
 Some waters are better than others for fishing.
 If you're smart, you won't use your snare on the hawk.
 It's not every field that yields a crop,
 And you don't find tender grapes on every vine.
 Experience will teach you what works and what doesn't.

[There's a tender point I now need to touch on]

Some do not find the idea ridiculous, but I take issue with the notion
 That the tonsure should serve for a young lady's disguise,
 One who would cast off the cares of a weary spirit,

435 Nunc quoniam hæc nobis invidit serior ætas
 Commoda, et effœtis membris ignava voluptas,
 Vestrum opus hoc, juvenes, vestra hæc vindemia, laxas
 Ferte plagas, laqueos innectite, tendite casses,
 Arvaque funigero resonent pecorosa molosso.

440 Primum igitur qui rura petis, si mollia tardo
 Membra labant ævo, (cum nos equitare parentis
 Francisci præcepta vetent) aut vilis aselli
 Aut hinni ambigui, aut sterilis preme tergora mulæ:²⁰
 Carpe viam pedibus juvenis: nec munera desint,
 Quæ faciles capiant animos, pictæve tabellæ,
 445 Aut scelerum veniæ, simulacrave plumbea, imago
 Chartea, vel paucis venalia munera nummis.
 Nam neque piscator sapiens radiantibus auro
 Piscem hamis captat, nec serica retia tendit.
 Sæpe et odoratis oneretur mantica pomis,
 Sæpe pirum, primamque manu decerpito ficum.
 450 Pisce etiam piscis capitur, grus capta volantes
 Fallit sæpe grues, nec sperni vilia credas
 Munera divitibus. Cernis quam parva feroces
 Vincla feras teneant, quam parvos currat ad hamos
 Mullus: virga tenet grandem viscata volucrem.

[Where to hunt counts for as much as how to hunt]

455 Adde, quod haud cunctis est utile retia silvis
 Tendere, nec mullus quavis capietur in unda,
 Nec laqueo accipitres venatur callidus auceps,
 Nec Cererem dabit omnis ager, nec Massicus humor
 Aspera purpureis vestit dumeta racemis.
 460 Dispice propterea quo tendas retia saltu,
 Cui laqueos prædæ, quem fallat linea piscem.

[There's a tender point I now need to touch on]

Nec tibi sum (multis licet hoc arrideat) auctor
 Ut sacra dissimulet teneram rasura puellam,
 Quæ fessa anxiferis solvat præcordia curis,

Although concealing her sex by an ambiguous beauty,
 She would deceive many of us.
 But the deceit is fraught with a thousand dangers.
 A thousand things can go wrong.
 There are shrewd people who can't be fooled.
 Suspicion of the hidden trick uncovers lots of clues.
 Oftentimes there's the heavy anger of the injured husband
 That hovers near at hand in hot pursuit.
 He's in a rage for his stolen wife and goes on the warpath.
 Nothing holds him back, not shame, nor piety, nor fear of infamy.
 He tells the disgraceful story far and wide,
 And there's many a dinner table where they'll enjoy a jest
 At our expense. And if he's angry enough,
 He'll cut off the sinning member²¹ with iron,
 Or stretch it while tied with a tight cord,²²
 Or take a stick²³ to their hides and heads,
 Not in the least fearful to visit indignities on the holy tonsure.

[The Scandal at Bordeaux]

I think you know what happened some time ago
 In Bordeaux, and if you don't, it's certainly worth telling.
 It was a good lesson for us all, and it will perhaps
 Be instructive to the younger generation as well.
 There was a particular monk who had a reputation for outstanding piety,
 None more zealous than he in raising money for the order,
 None more skillful in laying snares for rich little widows,
 And for his winning ways with the gullible people.
 After many years of hunting down prey
 In the fields of Saintonge, on either side of the Garonne,
 And in the prosperous countryside of old Toulouse,
 The fates leading him on, he finds his way to Bordeaux,
 With his travelling companion to whom Lucina,²⁴
 Nine full moons gone by, had brought all but the very day of giving birth.
 She soldiers on as best she can, while she does her best
 To hide the signs of her advancing pregnancy,
 And does battle with her tribulations,
 Daring to endure the long and laborious journey,
 Such was her inward disposition to devote herself to us.

- 465 Ambigua quamvis sexum mentita figura
 Decipiat multos: tamen hinc discrimina mille,
 Mille manent casus: sæpe haud frustrata sagaces
 Suspicio occulti pandit vestigia furti,
 Sæpe etiam læsi gravis imminet ira mariti,
 470 Persequiturque fugam, et rapta pro conjuge sævit
 Bella ciens: sacræ non illum infamia sectæ,
 Non pudor, aut pietas poterit cohibere furentem:
 Dedecus in vulgus profert, rumoribus iras
 Expiat; in cunctas serpit nova fabula cœnas.
 475 Aut si turgidior movit præcordia bilis,
 Vel resecat ferro peccantia membra,²¹ vel arcto
 Fune ligans tendit,²² vel terga caputque colurno²³
 Fuste domat, sanctam haud veritus temerare coronam.

[*The Scandal at Bordeaux*]

- 480 Arbitror et vobis notum, quod contigit olim
 Burdegalæ, nec (si ignotum est) narrare pigebit.
 Obfuit exemplum patribus, fortasse nepotes
 Instruet. Eximia quidam pietate probatus
 Frater erat, quo non quæstus studiosior alter,
 Nec magis edoctus laqueo implicuisse tenaci
 485 Pinguiculas viduas, stupidoque imponere vulgo.
 Hic ubi jam multos prædator callidus annos
 Santonicos lustrasset agros, et utrumque Garumnæ
 Littus, et antiquæ felicia rura Tholosæ:
 Tandem Burdegelam fatis urgentibus intrat
 490 Cum consorte viæ, novies cui turgida pleno
 Orbe diem admorat partus Lucina²⁴ propinqui.
 Illa, rudis miles, tumidi dum crimina celat
 Jam matura uteri, colluctaturque dolori,
 Audet iter longosque viæ perferre labores,
 495 Nec timet irato sese committere ponto:
 Tantus amor sacræ penitus se addicere sectæ.

So the storm rages! The boat plies its swift course down the Garonne.
Alas, her shame comes to light. She is afraid to groan or cry out,
But she can't help it, and the cries of the newborn are heard as well,
The wailing babe in the midst of the waters.
Some of the passengers are dumbstruck and can hardly believe they've heard
What they heard. With some there's mean-spirited laughter.
There's one so angry that he would just as soon have the monk thrown
overboard,
Along with the mother and the child, getting rid of this iniquity,
This unspeakable shame, and saving the boat as well.
'Why else', he says, 'these monstrous waves, the winds raging,
And the manifest anger of God almighty?'

Maybe there is one charitable soul, more measured in his disquiet,
Who would prefer to conceal the incident, and in his kindly way,
Overlook the mistake made, prudently taking human weakness
Into account, and acknowledging his own.

And so they landed, and still the debate continued,
Amidst the noise and tumult of the sailors on shore.
The unfortunate monk slipped off into the hurly-burly,
And veiling his face, bowing his head, wandering the back roads,
Made his way to foreign parts and exile,
Stricken by sorrow, fearing punishment and the loss of his reputation,
Lamenting the wretched lot of the girl and the child,
Whom he had left sick and desolate on the bare shore,
Midst the laughter and mockery of the rabble.

I myself was very effective then, in fine fettle you might say,
No mean spokesman, nor unskilled to sway
The hearts of the stupid people with a plausible story.
But even I could scarcely put a stop to the gossip,
Undo the damage to our reputation, and restrain the people's displeasure—
Even though I myself excoriated the deed with bitter words,
Even though I swore that the perpetrator of the wrong done
Was a Lutheran concealing himself as a member of the order.

Ecce autem pronum dum findit puppe Garumnam,
 Fluctuat et tumidis pinus vexata procellis,
 Heu! bene celati patefecit damna pudoris,
 500 Dum timor introrsus gemitusque et verba retentat,
 Dum labor in veras cogit prorumpere voces,
 Editus in mediis infans evagiit undis.
 Pars facti novitate stupet, quodque audiit ipsa
 Vix audisse putat: petulantior altera risu
 505 Personat: ast alius tumida succensus ab ira,
 In mare præcipitem monachum, et cum prole parentem
 Proturbare jubet, lethoque abolere nefandum
 Deducus, et monstro miseram relevare carinam:
 Hinc tumidos fluctus, pontoque furente procellas,
 510 Ventorumque minas, et apertam Numinis iram.

Si quis adest animi pius, et moderatior iræ,
 Occultare cupit facinus, parcitque benignus
 Errori, humanos prudens expendere lapsus,
 Agnoscitque suas alieno in crimine vires.

515 Ergo dum trepidant discordia pectora vulgi,
 Nautarumque fremit per littora rauca tumultus,
 Infelix frater turbæ sese insinuans clam
 Tramitibus cæcis elabitur, oraue velans
 Vertice demisso peregrinas exul ad urbes
 520 Mæstus abit, pænasque domi, famamque sinistram
 Formidans, miseramque gemens cum prole puellam,
 Quam solam atque ægram nuda liquisset in acta,
 Inter inhumani risum et ludibria vulgi.

525 Ipse ego tum validus, viridique in flore juventæ,
 Nec linguæ nec vocis inops, nec flectere corda
 Plebis inexpertus stolidæ rumore secundo,
 Vix tamen adversæ gliscentia murmura famæ
 Flectere, vix potui populi compescere voces,
 Sæpe licet verbis factum execrerer amaris,
 530 Auctorem sceleris comitem licet esse Lutheri
 Jurarem sanctæ latitantem nomine sectæ.

[Safe Sex]

No less infamous is the story in Spain about a boy they took in,
 But there's less to be concerned about there,
 Because that kind of venereal connection doesn't end up in childbirth.²⁵

[Power, Money, Sex]

But what's the good of subjecting ourselves to so many perils,
 And to the unsparing censure of public opinion,
 When with no damage whatsoever to our reputation,
 We can safely pluck the fruits of Venus here, there, everywhere?
 I don't think it's good to chase after silly girls from the
 Country, or the sunburnt ones who tend the flocks,
 Especially if there's a rich dowager, or a soldier's wife,
 Spending her lonely nights in a well-furnished house.
 While her husband is off carousing on foreign shores,
 Take advantage and lay siege with martial ardour to the unguarded fort.
 Be generous with your sweet nothings,
 Don't be stingy with your sympathy and your entreaties.
 And if the first onrush has not laid open her stronghold,
 Be not a coward—be bold and resolute.
 In the meantime take pity on the poor girl.
 Have her imagine that her ingrate husband is spending his nights
 With a mistress, leaving her to sleep alone in the bed he's left behind.
 Trust me, you'll quite smash through the walls that guard her modesty,
 And you'll find a way in and an answer to your prayers,
 Especially since confession discloses to you her secret feelings,
 And it's not confession if she doesn't tell you everything.
 Thus will it be right and proper for you to make headway in all and sundry
 households,
 And likewise safely to pluck the twofold fruits.
 For when a woman has trampled on the rights of prostrate modesty,
 She won't have any scruples about spending money on pleasure.

It had almost slipped my mind, and this is something
 I probably should have told you first, assiduous as you are,
 You foster-children of the genial countryside:
 Take care to write it all down in your notebooks,
 What each home, what every man and every woman may give,

[Safe Sex]

Nec minus in terra comes est infamis Ibera
 Pusio, sed forsā minus est formidinis illic,
 Quod Veneris nullo produunt commercia partu.²⁵

[Power, Money, Sex]

- 535 Sed quid opus toties sese objectare periclis,
 Et non parsuræ cuiquam committere famæ,
 Cum liceat tuto, liceat rumore secundo
 Undique securos Veneris decerpere fructus?
 Neve mihi fatuas ruris sectare puellas,
- 540 Custodesque gregis calido sub sole recoctas:
 Sed si qua est matrona potens, et militis uxor
 In locuplete domo viduas exercita noctes:
 Dum bello externis vir debacchatur in oris,
 Interea vacuos valido tu Marte penates
- 545 Oppugna, nec blanditiis, nec parce querelis,
 Nec precibus: primus si non patefecerit arcem
 Impetus, haud animi timidus frangare, sed infer
 Arma audax: viduæ interdum miserere puellæ,
 Ingratum nunc finge virum cum pellice noctes
- 550 Ducere, deserto dum secubat illa cubili:
 Crede mihi, obsepti perfringes claustra pudoris,
 Atque aliquem inuenies aditum, votoque frueris,
 Præsertim occultos tibi cum confessio sensus
 Nudet, et integrum non sit simulare pudorem.
- 555 Sic tibi per cunctos grassari impune penates
 Fas erit, et geminos pariter decerpere fructus.
 Namque ubi prostrati perrupit jura pudoris
 Fœmina, neglecto redimet sua gaudia censu.
- 560 Pene mihi exciderat, quod primum pene monere
 Debueram gnavos ruris genialis alumnos,
 Ut quid quæque domus præstet, quid vir, mulierve
 Quæque, sit in memores id cura referre tabellas;

Lest your successor in the collection of annual contributions,
 Or one setting out perhaps in territory unfamiliar to him,
 May wander about in ignorance, doubtful where to cadge a meal
 Or find lodging for the night, which houses to visit,
 And which to avoid, what finally to hope for,
 Where his lies may bring in gain.
 But when your young successor shall have taken your place,
 Because you've slowed down by reason of age,
 It's not enough just to hand over to him your registers—
 Be sure to mark at least the women's names
 With a secret code that indicates their temperament:
 Maybe there's one with a particularly obstinate disposition,
 Or she's talkative, or silly, or unchaste,
 Or aggressive, or good-natured [as the case may be].
 For each kind there should be something that describes her character.

[The Art of Preaching, Made Easy]

But the remembrance of things past, the good times gone by,
 Has detained me more than I intended.
 The most important part of my discourse is yet to come—
 Here truly is the main prop, the chief instrument, of the order.
 For it is an achievement of no great difficulty
 To place sins, however ill-defined, under their proper headings,
 And to understand the sinner's character when he's confessing his sins.
 You can learn these things on the fly, going about from town to town.
 [But the art of preaching, the *ars predicandi*, is another matter entirely.]
 It is the art of a great genius to command the attention of a thousand
 Eyes and ears—the gaze of the whole congregation fixed on him
 As he stands high in the pulpit of the lofty cathedral,
 To hold the reins, as it were, on all the horses of his team,
 Raising sluggish souls to a high pitch of excitement,
 And soothing with gentle speech their troubled moods.
 It requires skill of the highest order, an all-encompassing ingenuity,
 A commanding presence, fluency of speech,
 Boundless impudence, the power to project one's voice,
 A keen vigour of expression, with whatever is needed
 To produce harsh or smooth or biting sonorities,
 As the occasion requires; an expression of countenance also,
 As easy as wax is to work with, a subtle, tricky, and tenacious mind,

Ne, nova cui fuerit provincia tradita sorti,
 Annua vel redimit qui vectigalia, vel qui
 565 Hospes ad externas, ut fit, proficiscitur urbes,
 Erret inops animi, dubius cœnæque larisque,
 Quæ petat ignarus, quæ vitet tecta, quid inde
 Speret, ubi certum faciant mendacia quæstum.
 Atque ubi successor te tardum exceperit ævo
 570 Junior, huic tabulis descriptum tradere censum
 Non satis, arcanis muliebria nomina saltem
 Punge notis, si qua est animo obfirmata rebeli,
 Si qua procax, simplex, incesta, proterva, benigna,
 Cuique notent mores propriis discrimina signis.

[The Art of Preaching, Made Easy]

575 Sed me præteritæ suavissima mentio vitæ
 Longius ac volui tenuit. Pars maxima rerum
 Restat adhuc, sanctæ columen, caput, anchora sectæ.
 Nam vaga sub certas comprehendere crimina formas,
 Et se prodentes animi pernoscere mores
 580 Artis opus modicæ est, celerique addiscitur usu,
 Inque peragrandis sola est industria villis.
 Ad vero e celsæ sublimem sede cathedræ
 Mille oculos in se intentos auresque tenere,
 Et velut injectis tot circumflectere frenis
 585 Ora hominum, et resides animos turbare tumultu,
 Et molli alloquio trepidos componere motus,
 Magnæ mentis opus, cui sit solertia prudens,
 Ingeniumque capax, projecta audacia, promptus
 Sermo, pudor nullus, firmum latus, acer in ore
 590 Cui vigor, et vocis sonus asper, lenis, acerbus,
 Ut res cunque feret; cui vultus cereus, omnes
 Transire in formas docilis, mens subdola, fallax,

Well-versed in right and wrong. And let him devise, dissimulate,
Pretend—to suit the circumstances.

How many a man will there be in a crowd of many thousands
Who can combine all these talents? unless perchance
Kindly Deucalion²⁶ has fashioned his bosom of the rarest stone.

But let no one think while I'm fashioning the ideal preacher
That I should bother with explaining the elements of rhetoric,
Or the rules generally taught in schools—
Which anybody can teach.

So I pray you, Calliope, inspire your singer:
A greater work awaits me.

But I do not intend to lead you through the bypaths of Cicero,
The tedious tracts of Quintilian,
And Aristotle's bramble bushes.

An easier route will open wide where there's nary a bump in the road,
Where the track worn by our wheels
Will conduct your steps on a well-travelled highway,
Going gently down through the meadows.

On getting started, the first important thing is to have no shame whatsoever.
Shame is of no use to an empty stomach.

Pretense of modesty is sometimes necessary in begging,
But a bold front is what a beggar really needs.

And if a sudden blush comes to the cheeks because of an inborn flaw,
Then rubbing them till they're red, or the copious consumption of Bacchus,
Or taking care to quarrel whenever possible,
Will ensure the continuance of a ruddy countenance.

And there is no need to study the nonsense of grammar,
Or spend time in the gloomy schools. Just choose a few snippets
From books by the ancient authors, three periods of Cicero,
As many verses of Virgil, or half an ode by Horace.
Have these ready as seasonings for every sermon,
And you'll soon be esteemed for your learning,
And easily gain the admiration of the stupid people.

595 Et recti praviq̄ue tenax; pro tempore fingat,
 Dissimulet, simulet, præsens ubi postulat usus.
 Hæc quotus in turbæ quisque est tot millibus unus
 Qui præstare potest? nisi si cui forte benignus
 Deucalion²⁶ raro finxit præcordia saxo.

600 Nec tamen expectet quisquam dum rhetora fingens
 Divitis eloquii prima incunabula pandam:
 Et vulgata scholis passim præcepta recludam,
 Tradere quæ possit trivialis cura magistri:
 Vos O Calliope precor aspirate canenti,
 Majus opus moveo: sed nec per devia Tulli,
 605 Aut Fabii longos te circumducere tractus,
 Aut per Aristotelis spineta asperrima conor:
 Commodius patefiet iter, qua nulla salebra
 Offendet pulsata pedem, qua semita nostris
 Trita rotis noto deducet limite gressus,
 Mollia clivosi dirimens compendia prati.

610 Primum iter ingressus tenerum de fronte pudorem
 Excute: nec vacuæ est unquam pudor utilis alvo,
 Nec decet audacem nisi ficta modestia scurram.
 Quod si naturæ vitio male firma ruborem
 615 Frons trahit, et subitas confundit purpura malas,
 Tum tibi vel frictus, vel Bacchi largior usus,
 Curaque et assiduæ meditatio garrula rixæ
 Durabit solidum rubicunda per ora cruorem.

620 Nec te grammaticas opus est ediscere nugas,
 Et tetricis languere scholis, tantum elige gnomas
 Priscorum e libris paucas: tria commata Tulli,
 Virgili totidem versus, vel carmen Horati
 Dimidium: hæc omnis ceu condimenta loquelæ
 Semper habe in promptu, sic crescet opinio, surget
 Hinc decus, et stupidi magna admiratio vulgi.

I knew one monk whose acquaintance with Latin
 Consisted of fifteen words *in toto*, but such was his dexterity of command
 That he could marshal them for service on the front lines
 Whenever he needed them—*verbum sapientibus satis est*.²⁷
 And don't let a barbarous mispronunciation bother you,
 Or an inopportune grammatical error,
 When your tongue is twittering away.
 Say that the fathers of the Church had no great love of grammar.
 It's a disgrace when the sacred mysteries submit themselves
 To cavilling criticism by mere grammarians.

Nor would taking on the part of a woman during the first flowering
 Of youth be displeasing to me.²⁸ Thereby a bold insolence is born,
 And—as in women—a violent delight in quarreling.

So take care at the outset to arm your tongue with poisonous words:
 Let Aetna, let Hecla roast the souls,
 And Tartarus roll its flames mixed with sulfurous smoke,
 And the waters of Phlegethon ripple with snakes,
 And demons torture the spirits of the damned
 Until the broken bones are cracking between their teeth.

Let the flames burst forth from the mouth of Purgatory,
 Their heat unendurable, except that they do not burn forever,
 But may be put out by prayers, and quenched by holy water,
 Diminished by indulgences, alleviated by masses.
 This is a rich field, the tillage of our holy Father.²⁹
 This is the spring of heavenly nectar, this the annual sustenance
 Of our order, these the nets for snaring the fatuous multitude.
 Let that seat [i.e., Purgatory] hold the shades barred from heaven,
 Until the ransom is paid, and the priest draws forth
 The roasted souls from the fiery furnace.
 Let him mutter his masses, bait his traps with pardons,
 And sprinkling holy water with lavish abandon,
 Split open the purgatorial tombs with his whispered magic.
 But let him free only the rich ones from their torment.

So fire and brimstone will stand you in good stead,
 When you're preaching to the people.
 And don't be afraid of any scarcity on this subject while Virgil lives on,
 While the rhapsodies of Peter Lombard are read,

625 Novi ego, qui tantum ter quinque Latina teneret
 Verba, sed ingenii sic dexteritate valebat,
 Ut quocunque loco, de re quacunque, parata
 Semper et ad nutum posita in statione teneret,
 Ταυτ' ἀπαμειβόμενος,²⁷ Nec te barbara turbet,
 630 Aut temere erumpens lingua titubante solæcus:
 Tot sanctos oppone patres: mysteria sacra
 Turpe est grammaticis submittere colla capistris.

Nec mihi displiceat primo mulierbria passus
 Flore ævi;²⁸ hinc effrons audacia nascitur, atque
 635 Fœmineum in morem rixandi insana voluptas.

Cura sit in primis tibi linguam armare veneno
 Verborum, Ætna animas, animas tibi torreat Hecla,
 Tartara sulphureis volvant incendia fumis
 Mixta, tibi nigris Phlegethontias unda cerastis
 640 Bulliat, et miseras lacerent cacodæmones umbras,
 Donec fracta crepent longis sub dentibus ossa.

Nec minus horrendos purgatrix flamma vapores
 Evomat, æterno nisi quod non æstuet igne,
 Sed precibus vinci queat, et lustralibus undis
 645 Exstingui, Bullis minui, Missisque levare.
 Hic ager est dives, nostrique colonia Papæ:²⁹
 Nectaris hic fons est, hæc vectigalia nostri
 Ordinis, hæc fatuo tenduntur retia vulgo.
 650 Ista relegatos cælesti a limine manes
 Contineat sedes, donec mercede soluta
 Extrahat e calida excoctos fornace sacerdos.
 Is musset Missas, veniis venetur, et undis
 Irrorans magicis findat cava busta susurris:
 Sed tantum dites cruciatu liberet umbras.

655 Ista tibi ad populum clamanti silva ministret
 Tela: nec ut desint metuas, dum scripta manebunt
 Virgilio, dum Lombardi rhapsodia, Thusci

Not to mention the follies of Tuscan Anthony,
The fabrications of Gregory, and the blatherings of beggarly Thomas.³⁰

Do not permit the rich edifice of the Church to tumble down,
Its columns collapsing, built as it was on Peter's ever-lasting rock.
Go build on Peter, by whose power the gates of heaven are closed,
And hell is opened, and not only hell
But the people's pockets and the lock on the strongbox as well,
By whom the fatted calf is loosed from its stall.

[Dealing with Dissent]

As for anyone who dares contradict you with sacrilegious words,
Let him be a schismatic and a heretic, a firebrand from Avernus,
A mischief-maker, an offspring of the Furies,
The seed of Orcus, and whatever your splendid anger may suggest.
Bring to bear all the tongue's thunder and lightning,
And do battle on this ground for your very hearths and altars.
Leave the barren teachings of Christ and his apostles
To the confines of the study. If anyone mentions the ancient fathers
And the practice of fasting, it's best for you—believe me—
To keep your mind focused on the kitchen.

[Stirring up the People against the Nobility]

And since the people like to hear attacks on the nobility,
Here lies a wide open field for you when you're preaching.
Wars, thefts, pillage, and violence, fraud, injustice, slaughter,
And a whole host of crimes will always present themselves;
On this subject there's many a weapon handy for instant use.

[Stirring up the People against the Clergy]

But there's another subject that's widely popular and highly pleasing.
That's when you concentrate your vinegar on the priests.
There's prolific matter for your sermon
In that nowhere else does libidinous living so predominate.

Nugæ Antonini, sacri commenta legentur
Gregorii, vel mendici mendacia Thomæ.³⁰

- 660 Neve ruant lapsis tam ditia tecta columnis,
Quæ super æternam posita est Ecclesia petram,
Tu Petrum super ædifica, qui claudere cælum,
Tartara qui solus possit, nec tartara tantum
665 Solvere, sed loculos fatuorum, arcæ sed avaræ
Vincula, sed stantem plenum ad præsepe juvencam.

[Dealing with Dissent]

- Hæc qui sacrilegis ausit convellere verbis
Schismaticus sit et Hæreticus, sit torris Avernæ
Ollæ, opifex scelerum, Furiarum filius, Orci
670 Germen, et in mentem quicquid tibi splendida bilis
Suggeret: huc omnes tonitrus, huc fulgura linguæ
Congere, proque focus hic depugnetur et aris.
Frigida tu Christi et comitum præcepta severis
Linque scholis: aut si quis adhuc antiqua requirat
Antiquarius, et veterum jejunia patrum,
675 Tu, mihi crede, tuæ semper memor esto culinæ.

[Stirring up the People against the Nobility]

- Et quoniam in proceres vulgus maledicta libenter
Accipit, et fandi hæc late patet area: bella,
Furta, latrocinia, et vis, fraus, injuria, cædes,
Atque ingens scelerum semper sese offeret agmen:
680 Illic tela tuæ poteris dstringere linguæ.

[Stirring up the People against the Clergy]

Res tamen hæc populo longe est gratissima, quando
Ordo sacerdotum est acri perfusus aceto:
Nec locus est alius fœcundior, ut neque in ulla
Parte magis vitæ regnante libidine tetra.

Here it is permitted to attack the gluttony of the overstuffed monks,
 The excesses of the bishops, their residences towering to the sky,
 The offerings of the poor suffering people going up in smoke,
 And prostitutes at their beck and call,
 Their thugs, their soft catamites, bawds, clowns, buffoons,
 Their castrati who sing and dance and put on shows,
 Their cooks and the dishes served with exotic sauces,
 Since it is not the least of the good bishop's virtues
 That he dines as well as his predecessors did.³¹
 Meanwhile bring in Christ begging at the door.
 Hungry, thirsty, and cold, he pleads for charity
 At the hands of the wine-bibbing priest,
 With blood oozing from more sores than one,
 And no one tendering him aid, unless perchance the priest's little dog—
 More merciful than his paunchy master—licks the sores.
 Here you can pour on Bernard at full strength,
 Summon the damned souls from hell,
 Have the people listen to their plaintive cries for help.
 But why do we number the grains of sand on the shore?
 Here, trust me, your discourse will never run dry,
 As long as the Pope omnipotent shall hold his seat on the Capitoline rock,
 And as holy father retain supreme and indefeasible sovereignty.³²
 But don't pile on Sodom and Gomorrah too much:
 You don't want a fault imputed to yourselves, do you?

When you have gone on the rampage long enough in this arena,
 And used your chance to tear into the nobility with the crowd cheering you
 on,
 Take care to ease off; get the nobles back on their feet.
 Let them be guilty, let them be malefactors one and all.
 Even so, it is sinful for the people to take umbrage,
 And unlawful for them to loose their necks from the yoke ordained.
 Even if treasonous Judas himself be handling the reins and governing the
 Roman temples [i.e., the Church],
 And sending souls innumerable to the depths of hell,
 It is a thing forbidden to whisper the least displeasure.³³
 You'll tell them to be lookers-on in silence and you'll say:
 'Leave to God the defense of this decadent world.
 You would be better off cutting your old father's throat
 Than you would be if in your mad rage you were to lay hands profane
 On the holy head of the tonsured monk,

- 685 Hic et crassorum licet abdomen monachorum
 Arripere, hic luxum cœloque minantia tecta
 Pontificum, fractique malis alimenta popelli
 In fumum et cinerem conversa, domestica castra
 Scortorum, scelerum artifices, mollesque cinædos,
 690 Lenones, scurras, balatrones, psallere doctos
 Semiviros, gestire manu, pede plaudere terram,
 Et condire novis exotica fercula succis:
 Præsulis hæc sancti quando est non ultima virtus
 Majorum a magna non degenerare culina.³¹
- 695 Interea fac stet mendicus ad ostia Christus,
 Imploretque fidem vinosi antistitis algens,
 Et sitiens, saniemque uno non ulcere stillans,
 Nec ferat ullus opem, nisi forte canicula blanda
 Et saturo domino clementior ulcera lambat.
- 700 Hic poteris totum Bernardum effundere, manes
 Ex Acheronte ciere, animæque audire querelas
 Implorantis opem. Sed quid numeramus arenam
 Littoris? hic nunquam, mihi crede, oratio deerit,
 Dum Papa omnipotens Capitoli immobile saxum
 705 Accolet, imperiumque Pater coleatus habebit.³²
 Ne nimium Sodomam tamen infamemque Gomorram
 Ingere, doctores ne culpa radarguat ipsos.

- Hac ubi jam fueris sat debacchatus arena,
 Et proceres licuit populo laniare secundo,
 710 Collige paullatim tete, proceresque jacentes
 Erige: sint sontes, et nullo a crimine puri;
 Non tamen his cuivis fas obgannire, nec arcto
 Solvere colla jugo, quamvis moderetur habenas
 Sacrilegus Judas, Romanaque templa gubernet,
 715 Trudat et innumeros ad pallida tartara manes,
 Privato mutire nefas:³³ rapiatque feratque,
 Et laceret totum convulso cardine mundum:
 Tu tacitus specta, (dices) mundique ruentis
 Vindictam permitte Deo: citiusque parentis
 720 Invalidi jugulum ferro reclude, profana
 Quam violes dextra rasi male sanus honorem

Yes, truly, though he is a manifest adulterer,
 And though he should have sinfully embraced your sons, your daughters, and
 yourself.

But veil your pride, and be silent, protest no wrong,
 Rather than charge to their dishonour those whom holy orders,
 The tonsured crown, and the license of the papal bull have sanctified.'

Next, after you have warmed their tender ears with these doctrines,
 Then it's time to touch on the main points about the mass,
 And especially the honour with which the almighty Father of the heavens has
 distinguished the tribe of priests,

In that they alone by whispering words can devise the godhead for themselves,
 And produce God from a little bit of flour,
 And all of a sudden break as soon as made,
 And dip him broken into consecrated wine,
 Then sink him into the hungry stomach,
 Flesh, bones, guts, quivering limbs, and all.³⁴

Given that such a great power is entrusted to the priest alone,
 That not even kings can claim it for themselves,
 Nor angels in heaven, nor devils in hell,

In that out of bread they make the godhead,
 And out of the godhead they make [...],³⁵

Whence comes this boldness thrusting forward in the layman,
 That he dares by forbidden speech
 To dishonour the sacrosanct bearer and devourer of Christ's body
 And blood, or that he dares to lay a hand on him?

By heaping abuse on the priests, you can win the people's goodwill.

Likewise you'll be able to turn away the wrath of the priest

Whom you have insulted, when you fashion him

Into the sacrosanct likeness of a divinity, and exempt him from the fear

Of harsh punishment, even if his neighbours accuse him of breaking

His father's neck, or strangling his old mother for living too long

And keeping him from the enjoyment of his inheritance.

For just as it is advantageous to inspire fear in all the orders of society,

It is equally necessary to win the goodwill of all

From whom there's even the least glimmering of an opportunity for gain.³⁶

725 Verticis; uxorem quamvis manifestus adulter,
 Et natos natasque tuas compresserit, et te:
 Sed nube, atque tace potius, nullumque recuses
 Flagitium, quam traducas quos unctio sanctos
 Et rasura facit, sacræque licentia Bullæ.

730 His ubi præceptis molles calfeceris aures,
 Tum licet adjicias magnæ primordia Missæ,
 Quoque sacerdotum gentem decorarit honore
 Cœlituum pater: ut soli sibi fingere numen
 Murmure verborum possint, tenuique farinæ
 E massa generare Deum, genitumque repente
 Frangere, sacro fractum mersare falerno,
 735 Visceraque et carnes, cumque albis ossa medullis,
 Semianimesque artus avidam demergere in alvum.³⁴
 Tanta sacerdoti cum sit permissa potestas,
 Quam neque purpurei possint sibi sumere reges,
 Quisquis et æthereos bonus angelus incolit orbes,
 Quisquis et infernas malus angelus incolit umbras,
 740 De pane ut numen faciant, de numine [...]:³⁵
 Unde homini fragili hæc projecta audacia, ut ausit
 Christophorum vel Christivorum violare nefando
 Sacrificum verbo, aut sceleratam impingere dextram?

745 Sic in sacrificos jaciens convicia, vulgus
 Conciliare potes: sic rursus avertere læsi
 Iram sacrifici poteris, cum numinis instar
 Efficies sacrosanctum, atque a formidine duri
 Judicis exemtum: quamvis fregisse paternum
 750 Vicini clament jugulum, matrisque morantis
 Vota Sibyllinam laqueo finisse senectam.
 Nam velut ex usu est cunctis afferre timorem
 Ordinibus, cunctos sic conciliare necesse est,
 Unde vel exigui fulgebit specula lucri.³⁶

[The Pauline Danger]

There's one warning I can't repeat often enough:
 Beware of the Pauline epistles. They're poison!
 O would that the old man of Tarsus had perished in infancy,
 Or had remained all his life an enemy to Christians.
 Granted that, before his baptism, going about with sword drawn,
 He had brought about many deaths among the faithful,
 Had assaulted the tender flock with many a tempest,
 Even so, after he was enrolled on our side and converted to friendship,
 He did far more to our detriment. As the one bearing the rope said
 (To whom horns had given a name³⁷) and if his prophecies prove not false,³⁸
 The time will come when the people, all too credulous of Paul,
 Will expel the priests from the temples and altars,
 And tear down the earthly replicas of Olympian palaces,
 And drown in the deeps all the ashes and bones of the gods,³⁹
 And in the shining light of truth victorious
 Expose to the lewd multitude our sacred mysteries.
 If that time should ever come, I pray that it come when I am
 Dead and gone. But you, dear friends, over whom the tempest looms,
 Keep strict watch, take every opportunity to warn all and sundry
 Not to venture on the hidden teachings of Paul,
 Not to sow his raging madness amongst the laity,
 Doctrines not to be trusted to the rabble.
 Admittedly they cannot be altogether extirpated,
 Given their ancient standing (and I do make a point of this),
 But at least bring it about that the vulgar leave them
 Hidden, as it were, in deep darkness to be handled
 By the bleary-eyed old doctors of the Sorbonne,
 And even then only when copious drink has sharpened their sluggish minds.

Let it be said once and for all that our order is built up on these columns
 [that is, hearing confessions, preaching sermons, and pursuing gain.]⁴⁰
 There are other points to consider as well, neither few nor insignificant,

[The Pauline Danger]

755 Unum illud moneo, atque iterumque iterumque monebo,
 Et tamen haud unquam monitum satis esse putabo;
 Tarsensis fuge scripta senis, fuge toxica nostri
 Ordinis. O primis utinam periisset in annis!
 Aut mansisset adhuc hostis! licet, ante renatus
 760 Vivifica quam lymphæ esset, tam multa dedisset
 Funera grassatus ferro, ingentique procella
 Afflixisset adhuc tenerum pietatis ovile:
 Plus tamen adscriptus nobis, plus factus amicus
 Obfuit: et nisi Funigeri præsağa parentis
 (Cornua cui nomen dederant³⁷) oracula fallant,³⁸
 765 Tempus erit, cum Paulinis male credula scriptis
 Turba sacerdotes templis expellet et aris;
 Quæque prope in terris ædes imitantur Olympum
 Diruet, et cineres divorum atque ossa profundo
 770 Merget,³⁹ et immisso victricis lumine veri,
 Ostendet populo mysteria nostra profano.
 Illa meo, siquidem ventura est, serior ævo
 Hora precor veniat. Sed vos, quibus imminet ingens
 Tempestas, vigilare decet, cunctosque monere
 Opportune, importune, ne incauta juvenus
 775 Occulta attingat prorsus mysteria Pauli,
 Neve in vulgares vesana audacia linguas
 Transferat, indocto non committenda popello.
 Quæ quia non penitus fas est abolere, probata
 Tot serie annorum, (quæ cautio proxima) saltem
 780 Efficite ut vulgus tenebris velut abdita cæcis
 Sorbonæ hæc senibus lippis tractanda relinquat:
 Sed tum cum resides acuerunt pocula sensus.

Nostra licet super has sit secta exstructa columnas
 Præcipue, non pauca tamen, nec parva supersunt:⁴⁰

But they are by now pretty well known, not needful of our skill in speech.
 You can study them yourselves and learn them by practice:
 As for example, reconciling husbands and wives,
 Or finding pretexts for the dissolution of marriages that aren't working out,
 Or in case of adultery persuading the angry husband
 To grant forgiveness to his wife.

Our forebears once had a fertile field for cultivation
 When they could exploit the people's fear of ghosts
 And pretend to send wandering souls back to their confines
 By sprinkling holy water and whispering incantations.
 But that's all gone now. The younger generation have their noses in the air
 And make fun of the superstitions of their stupid ancestors,
 And they don't believe anything unless you can prove it from the holy
 Bible—

Not even when all the doctors of the Sorbonne vouch for the lies
 With their seal of approval.⁴¹ But in better times
 This contrivance would break down bedroom doors,
 Would convince people to change their wills.
 A husband would go off on pilgrimage to Rome or Jerusalem until
 The adulterer himself would grow weary of the bed given over to him.⁴²
 They did not easily endure the outrage (our forerunners, I mean),
 When a rich man, oblivious of himself, had decided on his deathbed
 To commission only two or three masses⁴³ from us for the repose of his soul,
 And would leave his worldly goods to his children rather than oil our
 cabbage.⁴⁴

[Fraud and its Dangers: Orleans, Berne, Siena]⁴⁵

This deprivation got the friars by the Loire up in arms
 Where Orleans, rich in farmland and vineyards, vaunts its towers.
 And were it not for their discovery by so many watchdogs,
 Because their piety proved too careless in contriving the ghostly spectacle,
 Great honour and dignity would have accrued to our order.
 Often indeed do we harm ourselves—
 As when one [branch of the] order takes up cudgels against another.

- 785 Sed prope jam vulgata, nec artis egentia nostræ
 Nec vocis: sed quisque sibi quæ tradat, et usu
 Addiscat, thalamos ceu conciliare jugales,
 Aut male conjunctas caussando solvere tædas,
 Aut ubi deprenso rupta est concordia mœcho,
 790 Uxori a duro veniam impetrare marito.
- Illa tamen patribus seges olim uberrima nostris,
 Fingere nocturnos lemures, manesque vagantes
 Lustrali compescere aqua, magicisque susurris,
 Frigida nunc tota est; postquam nasuta juvenus
 795 Pectora crassorum male credula ridet avorum,
 Nec credit nisi quæ Scriptura teste probaris;
 Conjurata licet magnis Sorbona sigillis
 Figmenta affirmet.⁴¹ Verum melioribus annis
 Hæc thalami clausas frangebatur machina portas,
 800 Hæc testamenti tabulas mutabat, et ibat
 Vir peregre Romam, aut Solymam, dum tædia mœchum
 Jam sibi permissi caperent lecti:⁴² ast ubi dives
 Umbra oblita sui paucas⁴³ in funera Missas
 Legarat, potiusque suis bona linquere natis
 805 Duxerat excedens, quam nostros ungere caules,⁴⁴
 Non impune nefas soliti id perferre priores.

[Fraud and its Dangers: Orleans, Berne, Siena]⁴⁵

- Is dolor arma dedit generosis fratribus undam
 Ad Ligeris, qua dives agri, qua dives Jacchi
 Ostentat longe formosa Aurelia turres.
 810 Et nisi cauta parum pietas in fraude paranda
 Inter tot vigiles Argos deprensa fuisset,
 Partus honor nostræ foret et dignatio sectæ.
 Sæpe quidem nobis facimus mala multa: velut cum
 Alter in alterius damnum sese ordinis armat.

Berne, for example, had just recently fashioned a new Francis for itself,
 And even now would be putting the stigmata on display as it were,
 Had not envy grieving at a neighbour's success
 Laid bare the imposture with great expense of laughter
 And no light loss. The shrewdness of the Italians is more to the point.
 In the case of Catherine of Siena's wounds
 They counterbalance deception with the potential for profit,
 And by this practical expedient draw to themselves foreign gold.

[William Lang and the Dysart Exorcism]

But in this day and age I should not easily give permission
 For pretending that miracles have occurred.
 You might get away with it among people who live in the mountains,
 Or among slow-witted shepherds.
 But it's not safe nowadays to look down on them either,
 Since common sense has made its way even into the remote woodlands.
 Who would have thought that the hardy Scots living beneath the northern sky
 Had intelligence enough, or eyes and ears, to detect our fraud?⁴⁶
 But even Lang,⁴⁷ that skillful deceiver of little old ladies,
 Could not bring it off, despite the dark night and the abominable place
 That provided favourable conditions for his effort.

It was a wide tract of wasteland where no trees or flowers grow,
 Where no one would have hoped to harvest a crop.
 Ragged thistle-stalks appear here and there in the sterile soil,
 And the footprints of cattle are rare.
 The neighbouring folk call it Dysart. There in caves underground
 Vulcan's embers are seen smouldering on chunks of black rock.⁴⁸
 Fires starting at random in veins of sulphur roll clouds of smoke skywards,
 And the ground is punctuated with little puffs of pitchy vapour.
 And the conflagration shut up in caverns underground,
 Struggling to break out, finds little vents all over the place,
 Even spreads the ground with a gaping trench.
 There's a penetrating smell of sulphur and a dreary atmosphere over the entire
 vicinity.
 Lang wanted everyone to think that he could often hear the souls there being
 tortured,
 That he could hear their cries, their long drawn out lamentations.

- 815 Berna novum sibi Franciscum jam finxerat, et jam
 Stigmata clara pedum et manuum confixa patebant:
 Ni vicina dolens augescere commoda livor
 Ficta renudasset magno ludibria risu,
 Nec damno levioire. Italæ sapientia major
 820 Illa oræ, quæ Senensis tacite Catharinæ
 Vulnera dissimulans, pensat mendacia quæstu,
 Barbaricumque ad sese his artibus attrahit aurum.

[*William Lang and the Dysart Exorcism*]

- Sed tamen hoc ævo temere miracula fingi
 Noluerim nisi monticolas inter crassosque
 825 Pastores: nec pastores jam spernere tutum est,
 Quando etiam in solas migrat sapientia silvas.
 Quis rigidos Scotos gelidi sub vertice cœli
 Aut animum, aut aures, oculosve habuisse putasset?⁴⁶
 Et tamen ille catus vetularum Langius⁴⁷ auceps,
 830 Cum teter locus errori et nox cæca faveret,
 Non potuit celare piæ ludibria fraudis.

- Campus erat late incultus, non floribus horti
 Arrident, non messe agri, non frondibus arbos,
 Vix sterilis siccis vestitur arena myricis,
 835 Et pecorum rara in solis vestigia terris:
 Vicini Deserta vocant. Ibi saxea subter
 Antra tegunt nigras Vulcania semina cautes:⁴⁸
 Sulphureis passim concepta incendia venis
 Fumiferam volvunt nebulam, piceoque vapore
 840 Semper anhelat humus: cæcisque inclusa cavernis
 Flamma furens, dum luctando penetrare sub auras
 Conatur, totis passim spiracula campis
 Findit, et ingenti tellurem pandit hiatu:
 Teter odor tristisque habitus faciesque locorum.
 845 Illic sæpe animas torqueri Langius, illic
 Sæpe queri, et longas in fletum ducere voces
 Audiit, aut voluit credi audivisse frequenter,

And he would claim that demons were there hopping up and down,
And dragging their snaky tails in the sand.
Whenever he would go there on an empty stomach,
It seemed to him that he could smell the savour of the devil's kitchen.

And now, after spreading these rumours among the credulous people,
He prepares an exorcism. Drawing a huge circle
In which there were smaller circles inscribed,
He marked the midpoint with a stake and placed next to it a cauldron
Full of water. Murmuring and gasping as if he could hardly breathe,
He stirred in both ashes and salt. When the stage was set,
And Father Lang was dressed up in his sacred vestments,
He moved about sprinkling holy water
And muttering his ponderous denunciations of evil spirits,
Calling on heaven and earth and the [encircling] waters,
And also the kingdom of hell, rumbling in its lowest depths.

By now it was dark, and the time drew nigh for sacred rites,
And now from the neighbouring farms
The people came flocking, husbands and wives and their children,
Eagerly awaiting what might happen.
But he, fearing discovery,
Bade them with a loud voice to stand far off,
Especially those who had not that morning expressly confessed their sins,
Lest the timid ghosts should shrink from their presence,
Lest the hungry demon, with his wide mouth gaping,
Should swoop down on them and tear the bodies of sinners with his claws.

As if he were a sacrificial offering, a youngster from the neighbourhood is led
to the stake.

He was apprised of Lang's intentions, but scared out of his wits all the same,
Just as if being about to disembark from the Stygian ferryboat,
He could see Cerberus fastening his jaws on the bodies of the damned.
Maybe old wives' tales had terrified him in his boyhood,
Or maybe it was the smoke and pitchy darkness of Dysart,
The very image, as it were, of the devil's kitchen.
The people were moved back, and the rest of the exorcism was carried on in
secret.

Et vitulabundos cacodæmonas, et per arenas
 Caudarum longos sinuatim ducere tractus.
 850 Sæpe etiam infernæ, quoties jejunos adibat
 Antra, sibi visus nidorem haurire culinæ.

 His ubi jam vulgi stolidas rumoribus aures
 Imbuerat, parat Exorcismum: circulus ingens
 Ducitur, hunc intra spatio brevior minores.
 855 In medio stabat palus, juxtaque catinus
 Plenus aquæ, sed cui cineremque salemque sacerdos
 Addiderat multo cum murmure, nec sine anhelis
 Flatibus. Hoc postquam scena est instructa paratu,
 860 Langius ipse pater sacro venerandus amictu,
 Circum omnem irrorat setosi aspergine sceptri,
 Verbaque præcipiti contortuplicata rolatu
 Convolvens, cælum ac terras adjurat et undas,
 Et tremefacta imis Acherontia regna cavernis.

Et jam nox aderat secreti conscia sacri,
 865 Jamque e vicinis populus convenerat agris,
 Matres atque viri, pueri innuptæque puellæ,
 Scire avidi quo tanta cadant promissa: nisi ille
 Conscia secreti formidans lumina et aures,
 Esse procul magna jussisset voce profanos;
 870 Quive sacerdoti non illa luce diserte
 Cuncta susurrasset taciturnam crimina in aurem:
 Laica ne trepidi fugiant commercia manes,
 Neve inhians prædæ vel jejunos cacodæmon
 Involet, et laceret sceleratorum unguibus artus.

Ducitur ad palum velut hostia rusticus ipse,
 875 Ficta quidem gnarus cuncta, at formidine tanta
 Attonitus, quam si Stygia egressurus ab alno
 Aspiciat nudas mandentem Cerberon umbras;
 Sive animo timor a puero conceptus, aniles
 880 Fabellæ haud modicus pueris plorantibus horror,
 Sive locus fumo et cæca caligine opacus,
 Et velut infernæ terrebat imago culinæ.
 Cætera submoto clam cuncta peracta popello:

But they could hear the groans,
And imprecations against the demons mingled with prayers,
And responses given sometimes to questions that no one was asking.
They could see Lang raising his face to the heavens,
And then bowing to the ground and beating his breast,
And sprinkling holy water all over the place,
Until the bird of dawning warned the spectres to depart,
And betake themselves once more to their ancient imprisonment.

Then everyone goes back home. Lang relates, as if they were true,
Things that nobody knows—the punishment of souls,
The undiminished heat of the purgatorial flame.
He would take up everything in its proper order: How many pots
The demons stir, how many souls they skewer on spits,
How many they plunge into pools of icy water,
By how many masses the punishment may be alleviated
For each and every soul, as if he had lived as a citizen in Avernus.
Nor did he lack for a gullible audience.
Much to the disgust of Luther, purgatory came back into prominence,
And its glory would have grown to this day,
If it weren't for that clown who was Lang's assistant.
Whether he was seized by fear, seduced by bribery,
Or overcome by drink, he spilled the whole story—
The egregious accomplice, the betrayer (alas!) of the exorcism.
From that day forward, our hopes declined,
And the glory of truth began to flourish.
So from here on be careful about devising apparitions,
Spirits that walk abroad at night, miraculous occurrences,
Unless perchance they are said to take place among the far-off Iberians,
Americans, or Ethiopians, or under the tropical sun,
Or where the Nile hides its source in undiscovered sands,
Whence no one will have come as an eye-witness to contradict what you say.
Perhaps our long practice of chicanery will enable us
To evade the onslaughts of those outside the order,
But for the imposture that breaks within, for the betrayal
That besets us in our very veins—for this disease it's hard to find a cure.
Had not God's providence watched over our forefathers in times gone by,
The order of Franciscan friars would have perished long ago,
Betrayed—ah, the pity of it—by the very sons whom we have cherished.

885 Sed tamen audiri gemitus, vocesque minantis
 Dæmonibus, mixtæque preces, nulloque rogante
 Interdum responsa dari: nunc tollere vultus
 In cœlum, nunc figere humi, nunc plangere pectus
 Langius, et sacra templum conspergere lympa,
 Donec avis lucis prænuntia spectra moneret
 890 Cedere, et in veterem se denuo condere nidum.

Tum templo egressi, dicenda tacenda referre
 Langius, umbrarum pœnas, flammæ rapidam vim
 Lustralis: quot carnifices cacodæmones ollas
 Admoveant, verubus quot figant, fluctibus umbras
 895 Quot mersent gelidis, quot Missis cui levetur
 Pœna, velut civis Stygio vixisset Averno,
 Ordine cuncta recensebat: neque credula deerat
 Turba homini: purgatricis rediviva favillæ
 Gloria crescebat, multum indignante Luthero:
 900 Et crevisset adhuc, nisi vel formidine captus,
 Vel pretio victus, vel vino, rusticus ille
 Anormis comes, Exorcismi proditor, eheu!
 Cuncta revelasset taciti mendacia sacri.
 Ex illo fluere, et retro sublapsa referri
 905 Spes prædæ, et nimium vivacis gloria veri
 Crescere. Quapropter, moneo, dehinc fingite parce
 Somnia, nocturnos lemures, miracula, ni fors
 Aut apud extremos fieri dicantur Iberos,
 Americosve, aut Æthiopas, calidove sub axe,
 910 Et caput ignotis ubi Nilus condit arenis
 Unde aderit nemo, qui testis dicta refutet.
 Forsitan externos solertia fugerit hostes
 Callida; sed pestem natam intra viscera, et ipsis
 Hærentem venis hominum vix ulla cavebit
 915 Cura: nisi nostros vis provida numinis olim
 Respexisset avos, jamdudum Fungier ordo
 Proditus a propriis misere periisset alumnis.

*[The Old Monk Ends his Sermon with a Warning to Traitors
... and a Call to Dinner]*

But if there shall be one of the brothers who dares, by the persuasion of a demon,

To betray our hidden mysteries to the multitude, our secret frauds,
Our nocturnal ceremonies, or the embezzlement of funds,
Or the young ladies murdered in the aftermath of unspeakable deeds,
Or the things done by the novice-master to the beardless youths
When the lamps are out: if anyone dares to betray these things,
Let him pay the penalty for his crime by shedding his polluted blood,
And let him be buried and [thereby] keep his peace forever.

This is my warning and herewith my sermon concludes.
Now my stomach is growling with hunger,
And a feast of savoury dishes invites us to dinner.

*[Eubulus Concludes his Discourse
and Cures Buchanan of his Impulse to the Monastic Life]*

And here Eubulus ended his discourse. He hated the friars' wickedness,
But he was still afraid of what they might do to him
If he made their orgies known.
By a charm which he said over me
And by the application of sulphur and egg, and water from a spring,
He cured my mind and put to flight
My vision of tonsures, cords, and hoods,
Since in devising frauds for the sake of gain
There is no way, he said, of leading a happy life.

*[The Old Monk Ends his Sermon
with a Warning to Traitors...and a Call to Dinner]*

920 Si quis erit fratrum qui suasu dæmonis ausit
Efferre in vulgus mysteria condita, fraudes
Occultas, ritus nocturni arcana, negatum
Depositum, cæsas post stupra nefanda puellas,
Quicquid et extinctis frater patrare lucernis
In fratres solet imberbes: hæc prodere si quis
925 Audeat, extemplo scelerato sanguine pœnas
Solvat, et æterna compositus pace quiescat.

Hæc sunt, quæ nostro liceat sermone monere.
Et jam plena epulis mensarum fercula fumant,
Latrantemque fame stomachum prope verba relinquunt.

*[Eubulus Concludes his Discourse
and Cures Buchanan of his Impulse to the Monastic Life]*

930 Hactenus Eubulus, qui facta nefanda perosus,
Funigerum pœnas etiam metuebat acerbis,
Orgia non veritus populo evulgare profano.
Is mihi carminibus lustrato, et sulphure, et ovo,
Et viva rorato unda, cerebrosa fugavit
935 Somnia de rasis, de cannabe, deque cucullis;
Inque hominum nugis ad lucra nefaria fictis,
Nulla esse ad vitam docuit momenta beatam.

58/4. The Graven Image Speaks to the Pilgrims

In this poem and the two following ('Ad idolorum cultorem' (59/4) and 'In eundem' (60/4)), Buchanan adopts the voice of popular sixteenth-century anti-clericalism: true spirituality can only come from within, from the text, or from the unmediated world of nature. This is the century that invented the phrase 'hocus pocus' in hostility to the mass.

Pray tell, O pilgrim, travelling over lands and seas so far off from home,
 What do you seek here? What is the cause of your wayfaring?
 There is no god here—there is no power in this figure.
 I am nothing but a stone, nothing but wood that's rotting,
 Stuff that worms eat and moths devour,
 A dwelling for caterpillars,
 The shame of the sky and the sport of the sun.
 Carved figures have no heavenly power,
 Nor do stone buildings raised by human hand.
 That spirit which surmounts the earth, the sea, and the fiery ether,
 Is certainly not confined by a particular place.
 To find Christ, look to the secret places of the soul,
 Or read what the prophetic fathers have sung in their inspired verses,
 Or look around at what the rich world holds everywhere.
 This is the true temple, this is God's sanctuary.
 But whoever takes pleasure in planting kisses on a painted tree trunk,
 Or licking rocks covered with yellow dust,
 He perishes worthy of death, he who adores dead things as if they were living,
 And entrusts his life's hope to the insubstantial earth.
 Pictures may be pleasing to see, but don't waste time painting tree trunks;
 Do something for the soul.
 By this means you will find, at home, what those wandering all over the earth
 are looking for.

59/4. To the Worshipper of Idols

In the morning when you repeat your 'Our Father', addressing the prayer to a
 deaf and dumb statue,
 Does it really seem to you that you speak like a man of sound mind?
 I'd say you've got rocks in your head when you address a rock as your father.

58/4. *Imago ad peregre venientes religionis ergo*

Fare age qui terras lustras vagus hospes et undas,
 Quid petis hinc? longæ quæ tibi caussa viæ?
 Non Deus hic quisquam, nec imagine numen in ista est,
 Nos lapis et tantum putria ligna sumus:
 5 Vermibus esca, cibus tineis, domus hospita blattis,
 Opprobrium cæli, ludibriumque soli.
 Non capiunt humiles numen cæleste penates,
 Structa nec humana saxea tecta manu;
 Quem mare, quem tellus, quem non capit igneus æther,
 10 Clauditur in nullo spiritus ille loco.
 Ut Christum invenias, animi secreta revolve,
 Aut lege fatidici quæ cecinere patres:
 Aut quæ dives habet passim circumspice mundus,
 Hæc vera est ædes, hoc penetrale Dei.
 15 At quisquis picto gaudet dare basia trunco,
 Crassaque pulvereo lingere saxa croco,
 Dignus morte perit, qui mortua vivus adorat,
 Et vitæ in fragili spem sibi ponit humo.
 Si te picta juvant, cariem ne perline trunci,
 20 Sed vera mentem simplicitate tuam,
 Hac ratione domi poteris reperire, quod omnes
 Erro vagus terras sic peragrando fugis.

59/4. *Ad idolorum cultorem*

Mane, *Pater noster*, cum surda idola salutans
 Ingeminas, sana mente videre loqui?
 Saxeus illo ipso magis es, me iudice, saxo:
 Quippe patrem saxum qui fateare tuum.

60/4. To the Same Worshipper of Idols

You give kisses, garlands, roses, offerings to a rock?
You want people to think that you're pious when you do these things?
What greater thing may we pray for as the reward of such great piety
Than your becoming the very divinity that you worship!

61/4. To Pope Pius¹

He sold heaven for money, he left the earth behind when he died.
Only Styx [i.e., hell] remains for Pope Pius to live in.

62/4. To Julius¹

Julius would have been too much for the world if he had gone on living,
Such was his ardent desire to destroy everything.
Lest the world should perish before its appointed day,
Julius left for the nether regions before his appointed day.

63/4. To Pope Paul¹

Do you know how much difference there is between Paul and Judas?
The latter sold the Lord of heaven, the former sold His house.

60/4. In eundem

Oscula, sarta, rosas das et libamina saxo?
Teque pium dici, cum facis ista, cupis.
Quid tibi pro tanta majus pietate precemur,
Quam ut fias numen tu quoque quale colis?

61/4. In Pium Pontificem¹

Vendidit ære polum, terras in morte relinquit:
Styx superest Papæ quam colat una Pio.

62/4. In Julium¹

Stare diu haud poterant mundusque et Julius una,
Omnia perdendi tam ferus ardor erat.
Ergo ne ante diem mundi structura periret,
Ad Styga discessit Julius ante diem.

63/4. In Paulum Pontificem¹

Paulus ab Hebræo scis quantum distet Iuda?
Hic cæli Dominum vendidit, ille domum.

64/4. To the Popes¹

Paul does unspeakably filthy things;² Clement says that treaties are scraps of paper;³

Julius takes up arms though sworn to peace.

And does anyone shrink from doing things that are called wrong,

When he sees these gods as guides and sponsors of wickedness?

65/4. To Rome

Buchanan lays out Rome's variously wolfish history from the beginnings to its present cadaverous state. Throughout it all, sexual and spiritual corruption are indicated with the most extraordinary word play. The Roman republic, significantly, does not enter into his purview.

These hills where you now see ruins,
 And only the remains of an ancient city,
 Were, once upon a time, the lairs where wolves lived,
 Until Arcas,¹ coming from overseas, tried to drive them out
 With the help of Lycean Pan
 To whom he dedicated the Lupercalia.²
 He commanded the Luperci³ to run naked,
 And he added the sacred Lupercal⁴ to the hills.
 But the life force and native spirit of the wolves
 Lived on unyielding and resistant,
 And quite overcame the toil and skill of the hunter.
 And so that they might not become extinct once and for all,
 The she-wolf in those hills of long ago
 Gave birth only to morose wolf-cubs—
 The willow grove produced the happy wolves.⁵
 And Lupa was the wife of Faustulus,⁶
 The shepherd of the tyrant's Alban flock,
 And a she-wolf suckled Romulus and Remus,
 Who built the walls of Rome.
 And the Floralia⁷ are the feast days of the prostitutes [lupæ],
 And once in the very middle of the Suburra [St. Peter's?],⁸
 The most famous neighbourhood of the city,
 There was a whorehouse [lupanar],

64/4. In Pontifices¹

Pædicat Paulus,² contemnit fœdera Clemens,³
 Sacrilega tractat Julius arma manu.
 Et quisquam sceleris nomen formidat inane,
 Auctores scelerum qui videt esse Deos?

65/4. In Romam

Hi colles, ubi nunc vides ruinas,
 Et tantum veteris cadaver urbis,
 Quondam cæca LUPIS fuere lustra,
 Donec per freta vectus Arcas¹ exul,
 5 Pani, pelleret utLUPOS, Lycæo
 LUPERCALIA² festa dedicavit:
 Nudos currere jussit et LUPERCOS,³
 Sacrum et collibus addidit LUPERCAL.⁴
 Sed vis insita, contumaxque flecti
 10 Pervicit genius laborem et artem,
 Et per secula longa ne perirent
 Istis semina collibus LUPINA,
 Tristes progenuit solum LUPINOS,
 Lætos progenuit LUPOS salictum.⁵
 15 Et conjux LUPA Faustulo⁶ tyranni
 Albani pecoris fuit magistro:
 Et qui mœnia prima condidere,
 Nutrivit LUPA Romulum Remumque:
 Et Floralia⁷ festa sunt LUPARUM,
 20 Et quondam in media fuit Suburra,⁸
 Vico urbis celeberrimo, LUPANAR:

And those whom you will esteem as serious and substantial men—
the Fabricii⁹—

Take note and you will find that they are greedy wolves.

And those whom you will regard as chaste matrons—

The Sulpiciae¹⁰—take note and you will find that they are lewd
she-wolves [i.e., prostitutes].

And so you may not think that the gods can be lacking wolves,

The wolf is sacred to Mars.

And the sea casts up woolly wolves [i.e., wolves in sheep's clothing,
specifically the woollen-garbed friars]

And the river deposits them under the vault in the midst of the Suburra
Nor is the putrid offspring of the spiders [the Franciscans?] not notorious
for the cognomen of the wolves.¹¹

So there it is: Rome in the beginning,

Rome when it flourished, Rome in its present decay.

Everywhere you look, you will find nothing but the priests of Pan,

Their temple, Wolves, Whores, and a Whorehouse.

66/4. To the same Rome

The well-known story of Romulus leads to the common sixteenth-century image of the clergy as wolves.

I'm not surprised that a shepherd bears the sceptre in the city of Romulus;

After all, a shepherd was the founder of the city.

And as the founder was nursed by the milk of a wolf,

I am not surprised that there should be wolves in Rome.

But it surpasses my comprehension

How a wolf can keep the sheep safe.

Et quos Fabricios⁹ graves putabis,
 Observa, invenies LUPOS voraces:
 Et quas Sulpicias¹⁰ reare castas,
 25 Observa, invenies LUPAS salaces.
 Et ne posse Deos LUPIS carere
 Credamus, sacer est LUPUS Gradivo:
 Et LUPOS mare laneos, et amnis
 Sub cryptam mediæ vomit Suburræ:
 30 Nec putris soboles araneorum
 Non cognomine nobilis LUPORUM est.¹¹
 Totam denique quantacunque Roma est
 Nascentem, vegetam excute, et ruentem,
 Nihil comperies nisi LUPERCOS,
 35 LUPERCALE, LUPOS, LUPAS, LUPANAR.

66/4. In eandem Romam

Non ego Romulea miror quod pastor in urbe
 Sceptra gerat, pastor conditor urbis erat.
 Cumque Lupæ gentis nutritus lacte sit auctor,
 Non ego Romulea miror in urbe Lupos.
 5 Illa meum superat tantum admiratio captum,
 Quomodo securum servet ovile Lupus.

67/4. To the same Rome

Rome conquered lands by her arms and seas by her ships;
 And the boundaries of the world and the city were the same.¹
 Only the conquest of heaven remained.
 The golden piety of the ancient pontiffs² smashed Mount Olympus.
 But their good descendants, lest they yield in daring to their ancestors,
 Turned their steps to the depths of Tartarus.³

68/4. To a Certain Bishop¹

Rumour cries out, Posthumus,² that you're a Lutheran,
 But your bishop says that you're not one.
 He says that you're a whoremonger and that you drink till daybreak,
 Just as if you were a bishop yourself.

And he says that you don't think of Christ except when you swear,
 And that you're not acquainted with the least scrap of scripture.
 Well, the watchful pastor would certainly know his flock
 By these signs that never fail, wouldn't he?

So who can doubt whether he or rumour is wrong
 When he recognises a sheep so well committed to his care?

69/4. About the Monks of St. Anthony¹

It is said of you, Anthony, that while you lived
 You were a swineherd and slopped the hogs.
 You're dead now, but still doing the same thing.
 These monks of yours—pigs in their stupidity and in their appearance,
 By their delight in dirt and by their appetites,
 Ungainly and uncouth, a dumb and brutish herd.
 Everything else fits—there's just one discrepancy:
 They ought to be eating acorns, but they're not.²

67/4. In eandem [Romam]

Roma armis terras, ratibusque subegerat undas,
 Atque iidem fines orbis et urbis erant.¹
 Vincere restabat cœlum, perfregit Olympum
 Priscorum pietas aurea Pontificum.²
 5 At bona posteritas, ausis ne cedat avertis,
 Tartara præcipiti tendit ad ima gradu.³

68/4. In Antistitem¹ quendam

Esse Lutheranum rumor te, Posthume,² clamat:
 Sed tuus Antistes te tamen esse negat.
 4 Tam scortaris, ait, quam si vel Episcopus esses,
 Et potas dubiam pervigil usque diem:

Nec memor es Christi, nisi cum jurare libebit,
 Nec scis Scripturæ vel breve Iota sacræ.
 8 Nempe per hæc suevit nunquam fallentia signa
 Ille vigil sanas noscere pastor oves.

Quisquam igitur dubitat, rumorne an Episcopus erret,
 Tam bene commissam qui sibi novit ovem?

69/4. De Monachis S. Antonii¹

Diceris, Antoni, porcos pavisse subulcus
 Vivus, adhuc Monachos lumine cassus alis.
 4 Par stupor ingenii est ventrisque abdomen utrisque,
 Sorde pari gaudent ingluvieque pari.
 Nec minus hoc mutum pecus est brutumque suillo,
 Nec minus insipidum, nec minus illepidum.
 8 Cætera conveniunt, sed non levis error in uno est,
 Debuit et Monachis glans cibus esse tuis.²

**70/4. To John Major, only by surname,
as he himself has written on the title page of his book¹**

Buchanan cruelly inverted John Mair/Major's self-deprecating comment, 'Johannes solo cognomine Major' (i.e. John only by surname 'major', rather than so by nature) with this well-known epigram. In so doing he joined François Rabelais in assailing Mair as representative of what they both regarded as the mindless poverty of scholastic inquiry. But far more was at issue, for scholastic questions were not simply *mal posées*, they underwrote a culture which Buchanan angrily rejected. Mair wrote falsehoods because, not knowing how to read a text, he misrepresented human (and Scottish) experience.

Since he blathers in trifles, Major by surname alone,
And since there is not one sane page in the whole of his big book,
No wonder that he advertises himself with title insurance.
Even in Crete they tell the truth every now and then.²

**70/4. In Joannem solo cognomento Majorem,
ut ipse in fronte libri sui scripsit¹**

Cum scateat nugis solo cognomine Major,
Nec sit in immenso pagina sana libro:
Non mirum titulis quod se veracibus ornat:
Nec semper mendax fingere Creta solet.²

5. THE IMPERIAL POEMS

71/5. To the Emperor Charles V on his Public Welcome to the Hospitality of Bordeaux, under the Auspices of the College of Bordeaux in the year 1539

O ruler of the Biscayne Bay, thou noble river, Garonne,
For whom it was right and proper to have received in thy waters,
O so many times, the rods of Roman rule and the ivory throne of consular
authority,
And the great names of classical antiquity,
There has never been granted thee a greater honour in the annals of
hospitality,
No matter how far back we look, though Rome and Byzantium,
As rival to Rome, were to bring forward their ancient worthies for
comparison.
The royal honour of Ausonia,¹ the glory of the Iberian world,
Charles, the warlike offspring of the cold waters of the Rhine,²
Comes as guest to the Biscayne land, whose presence is desired by the public
prayers of the whole world,
To whom the Tiber proffers its attendant elms,³
Whom the Tagus, bearing along in its stream a sediment rich with gold,⁴
Strives to recall to its delights; whom by paternal claim
The blue waters of the Rhine seek to have back again,
Whom the Danube and the Marmarican Bagrada, beneath the twin sun,
Both splendid with foreign spoils,⁵ would wish to see,
The latter carving in its slow course the African sand.
All the same, Garonne, he as our great guest enters Bordeaux,
Enters our dwellings. The topmost point of empire, doffing his majesty,
Accommodates himself to his hosts; Caesar's glory,⁶
The crown of the Holy Roman Empire, deigns to take shelter in a private
house.
Thus did Hecale welcome Theseus, the son of Aegeus,
Thus did the poor hovels of hardy Molorchus welcome you, O Tyrrhian
Hercules,
Thus, once upon a time, with the weight of his sceptre put aside,
Did Jupiter rejoice to visit the sunburnt Ethiopians,
To visit gray-haired Tethys, and intermix leisure with his usual affairs.

**71/5. Ad Carolum V. Imperatorem,
Burdegale hospitio publico susceptum,
nomine Scholæ Burdegalensis, anno MDXXXIX.**

Vasconidis regnator aquæ, generose Garumna,
 Cui toties Latios fascès, totiesque curule
 Fas ebur, et veteres, ingentia nomina, patres
 Cœruleo excepisse sinu, non contigit unquam
 5 Hospitii tibi major honos, licet usque vetusti
 Temporis æterno series repetatur ab ævo:
 Roma atavos quamvis, magnæ licet æmula Romæ
 Proferat antiquos tellus Byzantia patres.
 Ausoniæ regalis honos,¹ decus orbis Iberi
 10 Carolus, Arctoi soboles Mavortia Rheni²
 Vasconicam subit hospes humum, quem publica poscunt
 Vota orbis, famulas cui porrigit obvius ulnas
 Albula,³ nativi quem tentat turbidus auri
 Deliciis revocare Tagus,⁴ quem jure paterno
 15 Cœrulei repetunt prima incunabula Rheni,
 Cernere quem cupiunt gemino sub sole superbi
 Barbaricis ambo exuviis,⁵ hinc Ister, et illinc
 Bagrada Marmaricæ lentus sulcator arenæ.
 Burdegalam tamen ille tuam, tua tecta, Garumna,
 20 Ingens hospes init: tibi majestate remissa
 Imperii decrescit apex, tectoque minori
 Cæsareus⁶ succedit honos, privata subire
 Culmina dignantur Latii diademata regni.
 Sic Hecale Ægiden, sic te Tyrinthia proles
 25 Ceperunt rigidi mapalia nuda Molorchii:
 Sic posita quondam sceptri gravitate perustos
 Juppiter Æthiopas, canamque revisere Tethyn
 Gaudet, et alternis interserit otia curis.

2.

Therefore, O Garonne, with threats [of flooding?] abated, with winds
 composed,
 With Boreas and Auster not contending one against the other,
 Be thou a peaceful and mild host, and on a serene surface,
 Let the little waves ripple under the gentle influence of the zephyrs.
 The world trusts to thee its great pledge, the great object of its public prayers,
 and the ground of its hope,
 The ruler of the Iberian nation, the lord of Ausonia, the foster son of warlike
 Boreas,
 The conqueror of Libya, the terror of Scythia,⁷
 He to whom the Western world pays homage, whom Boreas loves,
 Whose power is feared in the farthest East and by the Moorish infidel.
 See how the tributary streams, with their bonds [of ice?] broken,
 Come to the Garonne, how the Nymphs hasten to join themselves in these
 waters,
 How the ocean comes streaming in at high tide,
 And the Nereids, and father Nereus, and Triton blowing his horn,
 And Glaucus and old Phorcus with his herd of seals following after him.
 You also, Charles, though you are the descendant of heroic ancestors,
 And though you be greater than they, and though all of France
 Welcomes you with open arms, and though the Rhine beckons you
 With its castles, and the endeavours of the Austrian sceptre call you back,
 Do not disdain that the poor native divinities of Bordeaux approve your
 appearance as a guest.
 And though our hospitality fails to match the splendour of your fortune,
 And we welcome you with too little preparation,
 Even so, with a loyal and generous spirit,
 It will have attained equality with the great palaces of kings.
 And if trust be accorded to what we are told,
 The powers of heaven have often entered humble dwellings,
 And a will not unpleasing and a welcoming mind
 Has extended hospitality to the Thunderer.
 Yield yourself to our displays of loyalty, to the goodwill of Bordeaux
 Which devotes the whole city together with its citizens to you,
 So that our descendants in times to come can call to mind
 Those places, those houses you graced with your presence,
 So that a pilgrim coming from foreign shores
 May wish to trace the footsteps of the heroic Charles.

2.

Ergo hospes positisque minis, ventisque, Garumna,
 30 Compositis, Borea non obluctante vel Austro,
 Tranquillus mitisque adsis, vultuque sereno
 Crispentur tremulæ Zephyris felicibus undæ:
 Depositum tibi grande orbis, tibi publica vota
 35 Spemque suam credit, rectorem gentis Iberæ,
 Ausoniæ dominum, Boreæ pugnacis alumnum,
 Victorem Libycæ terræ, Scythiæque timorem:⁷
 Quem colit occasus, Boreas amat, ultimus horret
 Ortus, et infidi metuit solertia Mauri.
 Cernis ut effractis popularia flumina claustris
 40 Accurrant, properentque tuis se jungere Nymphæ
 Fluctibus, Oceanus refluis ut plenior undis
 Majores convolvat aquas, cupidæque videndi
 Nereides, Nereusque pater, Tritonque canorus,
 Et senior Glaucus, viridisque examina Phorci
 45 Discursent tremula per stagna liquentia cauda?
 Tu quoque magnanimum quamvis stirps, Carole, avorum
 Magnanimis sis major avis, te Gallia quamvis
 Obvia sollicitet, quamvis cunabula pandat
 Rhenus, et Austriaci revocent molimina sceptri;
 50 Burdegalæ exiguos ne dedignere penates
 Hospitio sancire tuo: quæ dispere quamvis
 Fortunæ splendore tuo, parvoque paratu
 Te capit hospitio, studio in te forte fideli
 Atque animo Regum ingentes æquaverit aulas.
 55 At famæ si danda fides, subiere minores
 Numina sæpe casas, ac non ingrata voluntas
 Hospitis et magnum cepit mens grata Tonantem.
 Obsequiis concede piis, concede favori
 Burdegalæ, totam tibi quæ cum civibus urbem
 60 Devovet: ut seri possint meminisse nepotes
 Quæ loca tu quondam, quæ tecta impleveris ingens
 Hospes, et externis veniens peregrinus ab oris
 Discere magnanimi cupiat vestigia Carli.

3.

If occasion permits, if amidst such great names
 The public rejoicing allows for the presence of the poor Muses,
 With unpolished verses the devotees of the Aquitanian Camenae⁸
 Salute you as the patron of their studies,
 And as the guarantor of peace, and heartily desire for you
 Easy roads and an easy journey back to where you came from,
 And when you have surpassed the years of Pylian Nestor,
 The long life promised you above the golden stars.

**72/5. George Buchanan to the (same) most
 Invincible King [João III] in this Commentary**

The following poem prefaces Diogo de Teive's *Commentarius de rebus a Lusitanis in India apud Diu gestis anno salutis nostrae MDXLVI* (Coimbra, 1548), which recounted and celebrated the Portuguese victory at the Diu fortress on the Indian coast.

Considering that the people of Asia and of Europe have come to fear your
 sceptre,
 That the land of Libya trembles under your sovereignty,
 That India is constrained under your yoke,
 And that the Ganges did not think it dishonourable to ask for the Tagus as
 Lord,
 And that Phoebus, rising and setting on your dominions,
 Can hardly complete the long day in his lagging chariot,
 And that every lesser star moving about in the trackless sky shines on your
 ships;
 The world overcome by you and restored to itself,
 Rejoices to acknowledge its boundaries and your justice.
 Only one thing, cruel Death, posed as an obstacle to your triumphs,
 Daring—it may be said—to take hold of your victorious hand.
 And Oblivion, close companion to Death, did its best
 To hide the brave deeds of heroic leaders in impenetrable darkness,

3.

65 Si locus hic superest, inter si nomina tanta
 Admittunt tenues communia gaudia Musas,
 Versibus incultis Aquitanis turba Camœnis⁸
 Dedita te studiis patronum, et pacis adorat
 Auctorem, facilesque vias, facilesque recursus
 70 Exoptat, Pyllos et cum superaveris annos,
 Jam tibi promissam super aurea sidera vitam.

**72/5. Ad Eundem Invictissimum Regem
 de hoc commentario Georgius Buchananus**

Cum tua scepra Asiæ gens Europæque timeret,
 Et tremere fasces terra Libyssa tuos:
 Jamque jugi patiens Indus, nec turpe putaret
 A domino Ganges poscere jura Tago:
 5 Inque tuis Phœbus regnis oriensque cadensque,
 Vix longum fesso conderet axe diem:
 Et quæcunque vago se circumvolvit Olympo,
 Luceret ratibus flamma ministra tuis:
 Gaudebat tibi devictus, sibi redditus orbis,
 10 Nosse suos fines, justitiamque tuam.
 Una aberat, oberatque tuis Mors sæva triumphis,
 Carpere victricem scilicet ausa manum.
 Et comes huic tenebris nisa est Oblivio cæcis
 Fortia magnanimum condere facta ducum.

Until Teive donned the armour of Apollo and carried off the spoils of victory
from both.

In his conquering pages he commands those hearts to live again
Which bravely sacrificed themselves for the honour of their country
And for a few years of life, which Death took from them,
He gave them glory from posterity in all times to come.
Therefore, O king, you are by right the unconquered one, when all-
conquering Death is added to your titles.

**73/5. Prefatory Verses by George Buchanan,
Professor in the College of Liberal Arts
at the Renowned University of Coimbra**

This liminary poem to the canon law text assembled by Martim de Azpilcueta, *Relectio c. novit. non minus sublimis quam celeris de judiciis...* (Coimbra, 1548), illustrates Buchanan's conviction that imperial monarchy, however worthy, did not mean absolute monarchy. All authority, whether clerical or royal—like all human activity—was necessarily bounded and moderated. As it happens, de Azpilcueta was so delighted by the poem that it continued to preface this text (and subsequently was added to still other works of his) long after all of Buchanan's writings were banned.¹ In the end Buchanan came to dislike Portugal intensely, and the Lisbon court surely reciprocated. But many Portuguese continued to love Buchanan's poetry.

Most reverend sir, we owe to you and to your genius
This revelation of the innermost secrets of the law.
You disclose its true riches, and by your exposition
You cut back the perennial weed of stubborn error.
You do not speciously pretend to foist on us
Simulations of the truth from a cave in Crete,²
Fostering their authorship on Jove,
Or dark dealings with a goddess in the sacred grove of Capena,³
Nor do you bring forth the lying oracles of Apollo's tripod.
Instead, you refresh our minds with a stream
Flowing from the pure springs of truth. Furthermore,
You correct the practices which are degenerating into corruptions:
And you check overweening designs by the just restraints of the law.
Untamed ambitions you bring under control by reasoning based on principle.

- 15 Donec Apollineis se Tevius induit armis,
 Et spolia e victa Morte superba tulit:
 Victurisque jubet chartis juvenescere vitæ
 Prodiga pro patriæ pectora laude suæ:
 Proque ævi paucis, quos Mors præciderat, annis,
 20 Reddit ab æterna posteritate decus.
 Jure ergo invictus Rex es, quando omnia vincens
 Accessit titulis Mors quoque victa tuis.

73/5. Georgii Buchanani

In insigni bonarum artium collegio apud inclytam
 Conimbricam professoris primarii. Aliud.

- Macte animi venerande senex, qui pectore sacro
 Abdita secreti reseras penetralia juris:
 Et veras recludis opes, vitiique rebellis
 Sæpe renascentem reseras rationibus herbam:
 5 Non tu Dictæo mendacia callidus antro,
 Authoremque Jovem fingis:² lucove Capeno³
 Atria nocturnæ simulas commercia nymphæ:
 Nec tripodas Phæbi mentita oracula fundis:
 Sed liquida veri puris de fontibus unda
 10 Pectora nostra rigas: moresque in prava fluentes
 Corrigit: et justis legum compescis habenis
 Spes nimias: animosque feros moderamine flectis.

The priests in purple, the Lord of Ausonia,
And kings as well⁴—you teach them all by a sure method to know the limits
of the law.

You set right obliquities, standing fast for equity in the interpretation of the
canons.

And just as seekers after truth in doubtful cases
Used to consult the oracles of Apollo, the Libyan casting of lots,
And the temples of Dodona,⁵ so also in these times,
When error involves the mind in perplexing complications,
And the track of the law winds into devious bypaths,
You direct the doubters and rescue the wanderers.
You give strength to the fearful and call back
Those rushing into blind alleys, and you warn them
In timely fashion lest the wicked seeds of furious litigation
Begin to spread. You are the spokesman for justice unarmed,
And the restoration of the Golden Age—with wars settled—we owe to you.

- Pontifices tu purpureos, dominumque potentis
 Ausoniæ, regesque doces discrimine certo
 15 Nosse modum juris⁴: flexuque obliqua doloso
 Exigis ad canones interpres commodus æquos.
 Ergo velut dubiis Phœbea oracula rebus,
 Aut Libycas sortes, aut Dodonæa⁵ petebant
 20 Templâ inopes veri, trepidoque instante tumultu:
 Sic, cum perplexis mentes ambagibus error
 Implicat, et juris sinuoso tramite fallit
 Semita: tu dubios regis: errantesque reducis:
 Confirmas trepidos: revocasque in cœca ruentes:
 25 Et mala ne serpant rabiosæ semina litis
 Ante caves: et justitiæ præceptor inermis
 Aurea compositis instauras secula bellis.

APPENDICES

APPENDIX A: Madeleine of Valois

Madeleine of Valois (1521–1537), daughter of Francis I, married James V in Paris on 1 January 1537 and died in Scotland on 7 July of that year. From the perspective of the 1570s Buchanan saw her death as a missed opportunity for reform:

Magdalene did not, however, long survive her arrival: wasted by a hectic fever, she died on the 7th of July, to the inexpressible grief of all, except the priests, who feared that, had she lived—as they knew that she had been educated by her aunt, the queen of Navarre—she would have kept their luxury and licentiousness within bounds.¹

Buchanan's poems memorialising her death at the time do not indicate any such dashed hope, despite his increasingly articulated anti-clericalism. His later remarks really show the enormous regard he subsequently developed for Marguerite of Navarre during the 1540s.

A.1. To Madeleine of Valois, Queen of Scots, dead at the age of 16

I was a royal wife, a royal daughter, and a royal granddaughter.
In hope and prayer I was a royal mother.
But lest I might step beyond the summit of human achievement,
Envious death hid me here before my time.

A.2. To the same Madeleine

In me, nature, virtue, glory and death
Tried to show forth the full extent of their power.
Virtue made me good, nature made me beautiful,
Death made my life too short.
But Glory lasts for all time to come,
Compensating a life too short by lasting fame.

**A.1. Magdalanæ Valesiæ Reginæ Scotorum,
XVI ætatis anno extinctæ**

Regia eram conjux, et Regia filia, neptis
 Regia, spe et votis Regia mater eram.
 Sed ne transgrederer mortalis culmen honoris,
 Invida mors hic me condidit ante diem.

A.2. Eidem

In me certarunt totas expromere vires
 Natura, et virtus, gloria, morsque suas.
 Esse bonam tribuit virtus, natura decoram,
 Esse brevis vitæ mors inimica dedit:
 5 Vivida perpetuum sed gloria floret in ævum,
 Ut penset vitam perpete laude brevem.

A3. To the same Madeleine

At age sixteen Madeleine ofValois,
 Carried off by an untimely death, lies buried here.
 Whom the wretched vulgar commend by their unsubdued tears,¹
 The nobles by their grief, her husband by his piety.

APPENDIX B: A political miscellany

The following poems do not have immediate political purposes and do not speak directly to the categories of this collection. They nevertheless reveal aspects of Buchanan's political attitudes and historical perspectives.

B.1. To James IV, King of Scots¹

My fame fills the whole world; bad luck has concealed the circumstances
 of my death.
 Give up trying to find the ground that covers my bones.²
 If the fates award me a place of burial equal to the dimensions of my spirit,
 Britain itself is too small to be a tomb of proper size.

B.2. To Diane [of Poitiers]¹

Diane, huntress of kings, lies buried beneath this monument—
 Broken by the passage of time, she was chaste, but not by choice.²
 She took everything till finally there was nothing left to want.³
 Thanks be to you, O Goddess of Fate, that she is sated at last.

A.3. Eidem

Nata bis octonos Valesia Magdalis annos
Hic immaturo funere rapta jacet.
Quam raptam invictis lacrymis miserabile vulgus,¹
Mæstitia proceres, vir pietate probat.

B.1. Jacobo IV. Regi Scotorum¹

Fama orbem replet, mortem fors occulit: at tu
Desine scrutari quod tegat ossa solum.²
Si mihi dent animo non impar fata sepulchrum,
Angusta est tumulo terra Britanna meo.

B.2. Dianæ¹

Venatrix Regum jacet hac sub mole Diana,
Fracta annis, nec tum sponte pudica fuit.²
Omnia quæ rapuit, tandem nil amplius optat:³
Sed quod nunc satura est, gratia Parca tibi.

B.3. For Roger Ascham, Englishman¹

Not only his own country's but also the Greek and Roman Muses
Mourn the death of Ascham and revere his memory.
While he lived, he was dear to princes and a delight to his friends.
Fame cannot address his character in modest terms.

B.4. Helen¹

Given that my parents were Jove and Leda,
It was hardly possible that I wouldn't be beautiful.
But given that these two were my parents,
It was hardly possible that I would be chaste.

B.5. The same Helen

Sought as I was by a thousand suitors, sought again by as many ships,
I was the talk and toil of a thousand poets.
Would that my fame and my beauty had been less.
To have escaped notice is the highest honour of an honourable woman.¹

B.6. Penelope¹

Beautiful, unhusbanded, rich, in the very prime of youth,
Among so many young suitors, Penelope, I think that anyone
believing
You kept yourself chaste for twenty years
Was not just taken in by his eyes.

B.3. Rogero Aschamo Anglo¹

Aschamum extinctum patriæ, Grajæque Camœnæ,
Et Latîæ vera cum pietate dolent.
Principibus vixit carus, jucundus amicis,
Re modica, in mores dicere fama nequit.

B.4. Helena¹

Vix fieri, si sint gignentum in semine vires,
Non, Jovis et Ledæ filia, pulchra potes.
Vix fieri, si sint gignentum in semine vires,
Et Jovis et Ledæ filia, casta potes.

B.5. Eadem

Mille petita procis, totidem repetita carinis,
Mille poetarum fama laborque fui.
O si nota minus, minus et formosa fuisset!
Maxima matronæ est laus latuisse probæ.¹

B.6. Penelope¹

Formosam, viduam, ditemque, in flore juventæ,
Inter tot juvenes, Penelopea, procos,
Qui te servatam bis denos credidit annos,
Non oculis tantum captus, opinor, erat.

B.7. To Mary, the most illustrious Queen of Scots

Buchanan began writing his paraphrases of the Psalms during his incarceration in Portugal and completed them during the early years of the next decade. As the leading court poet, it was only natural that he would dedicate the volume to Mary Stewart, but his enthusiasm for the Queen was genuinely felt at that juncture.

O dear lady, you now hold the sceptre of Scotland,
 Bequeathed to you by innumerable royal ancestors.
 You surpass your lot in life by your merits, your years by your virtues,
 Your sex by your powers of mind, and your nobility of birth by your
 character.
 Receive with good grace the psalms refashioned in Latin verse,
 The splendid artistry of the prophetic king.
 My labours wrought far off from Cirrha, and the Permessian waters
 sacred to the Muses,
 Born as it were under the star of the northern sky,¹
 I did not dare to expose as an ill-begotten offspring,
 Lest I should seem to be displeased by what pleased you.
 For what they could not hope for from the skill of their author,
 They will perchance owe to your kindly spirit.

B.8. To Henry, King of Scotland

Henry Stewart, Lord Darnley (1545-1567), received this New Year's wish ('strena'¹) from Buchanan in 1566. As the leading court poet Buchanan produced 'pompæ', 'strenæ', and 'valentiniana' for a regime with whose policies and objectives at mid-decade he increasingly disagreed. During these years he participated importantly in a political-cultural struggle against Mary's Catholic reaction that has been described as a battle of the books²—most notably with the 'Genethliacon'. Does this poem to Darnley express a hope for better things?

The crowd pours forth its prayers on the Kalends of Janus
 That the new year be more prosperous than the one just finished.
 This one begs that his farm may yield a plenteous harvest,
 This one looks to his herd, that one to his flock.
 The soldier wants war, the merchant respite from arms.
 Riches and wealth are sought by one after another.
 Some would like nothing better than the windy applause of the vulgar.
 And some just want to avoid losses. As for me,
 O best of kings, not to waste time with idle wishes on your behalf,
 I would wish for you the certainty of good health.
 That's enough for us, since with things going well for you,
 All things go well for your kingdom, too.

**B.7. Ad Mariam illustrissimam Scotorum Reginam
Georgii Buchanani Epigrammata**

Nympha, Caledoniæ quæ nunc feliciter oræ
 Missa per innumeros scepra tueris avos:
 Quæ sortem antevenis meritis, virtutibus annos,
 4 Sexum animis, morum nobilitate genus,
 Accipe (sed facilis) cultu donata Latino
 Carmina, fatidici nobile regis opus.
 Illa quidem, Cirrha procul et Permesside lympha,
 8 Pene sub arctoi sidere nata poli:¹
 Non tamen ausus eram male natum exponere fœtum
 Ne mihi displicerant quæ placuere tibi.
 Nam quod ab ingenio domini sperare nequibant,
 12 Debebunt genio forsitan illa tuo.

B.8. Ad Regem Scotiæ Henricum

Turba frequens Jani fundit pia vota Kalendis,
 Ut novus exacto faustior annus eat.
 Hic, ager ut multo sementem fœnore reddat,
 4 Postulat, hic pecori prospicit, ille gregi.
 Bellum miles avet, requiem mercator ab armis,
 Divitias alter poscit, et alter opes.
 Sunt quibus in voto est ventosi gloria vulgi:
 8 Sunt quibus et damnis est caruisse satis.
 Ast ego, ne lassem tibi vanis æthera votis,
 Optime Rex, opto, sit tibi certa salus.
 Hoc satis est unum: quoniam te sospite nobis,
 12 Succedent regno prospera cuncta tuo.

B.9. About the same [i.e Catherine], to France

Buchanan's bitter poem about Catherine de Medici may have been written in the wake of the St. Bartholomew massacres of 1572, though many junctures during the 1560s might have prompted it. His attitude toward female governance contrasts drastically with his earlier views (36/3).

Now that contrary to your ancestral laws¹ you bear a woman's rulership,
 Pay, O France, the penalties of your stupidity.
 Throw down your weapons, put aside your courage, forget distinctions of sex,
 And turn your royal sceptre into a Tuscan distaff.

APPENDIX C: Poetry by Andrew Melville

C.1. On the birth of the Scoto-Britannic Prince¹

In 1594 Andrew Melville celebrated the birth of Prince Henry, James's first child, with the following poem. It adopts a number of themes central to Buchanan's thinking, yet it diverges in still other significant ways. The poem comprises an interesting counterpoint to the 'Genethliacon' that Buchanan had written at the birth of the prince's father. Melville looks to Henry to lead a crusade against the great Catholic empires—indeed to bury empire, both Iberian and papal, altogether. Although Melville did not speak to the matter, it is perhaps not surprising that the prince later hoped to establish a global empire, at once British and Protestant, apparently along the lines of its Hispanic rival. Melville follows the Horatian pattern in lyric poetry by juxtaposing opposites in the two halves of the poem. The pastoral imagery in the first part (up to l. 34) stands in marked contrast with the martial evocations of cosmic conflict at the end.

Just before springtime when the primrose blooms
 And lends its colour to the pale greenery
 By its dewy buds, now also
 The primrose of beauteous maidens,
 The flower of girlhood and womanhood,
 In the morn and liquid dew of youth,
 Anne pregnant by the seed of her rosy husband,²
 Smiling upon him, has brought forth to the light of day
 Her royal offspring, with Heaven's favour blessing them both.
 O joyful day! O air and sun serene!
 O bright and brilliant sunshine,

B.9. De eadem ad Galliam

Quod præter patrias juga fers muliebria leges,¹
 Stultitiæ pœnas Gallia perde tuæ.
 Proiice tela, animos pone, obliviscere sexus,
 Et verte in Thuscam regia sceptrâ colum.

C.1. Principis Scoti-Britannorum¹ natalia

Vernantis anni in limine primula
 Veris tenelli cum rosa luteum
 Pingit virorem, et rore florem
 Cœligeno saturat comantem,
 5 Florentis ævi in lumine primula
 Pulcherrimarum nunc rosa virginum,
 Flos virginum, flos fœminarum
 Rore poli irriguus sereni,
 Vernante Regis floriduli satu,²
 10 Florentis *Annæ* præviridi sinu,
 Enixa florem in lucis auras
 Purpureum roseo renidens
 Regina Regi mista potentibus
 Cœli faventis motibus. O diem
 15 Lætum! O serenæ lucis auram!
 O niveum, nitidumque solem!

Which first shone on the countenance of the golden offspring,
The first draught of sunbeams the tender infant has taken in,
The child owed to ancestral sceptres by his father's heritage,
Owed likewise—king by law supreme—to his famous forebears,
Both British and Caledonian.³
Those who ere now were divided by the Tweed,
By the shores of the Solway Firth and by the Cheviot Hills,
The rule of Scoto-Britannic sovereignty now joins together,
United in law and within a Scoto-Britannic commonwealth,
And a prince born of a Scoto-Britannic king
Calls them into a single body of Scoto-Britannic people.
To what great heights will Scoto-Britannic glory now rise
With no limits set by space and time?
The horns of the celestial altar,⁴
Sanctified by the blood of the highest power of heaven,
Validate the claims asserted by Scoto-Britannic champions,
The claims made famous by their fathers' wars,
Until with Iberian pride everywhere subdued,
Glorious by triumph over slippery Geryon,⁵
You press under your foot the triple crown of the papacy
Worn by the Roman Cerberus who with his dismal torch
Redoubles the Tartarean thunderclaps from the Tarpeian rock.⁶
Thereby he spreads terror over land and sea,
Even as far as the fiery shores of Hell,
The slave possessed of the seven sceptres
And the throne of the twin-born dragon.⁷
What the holy zeal of Christians can do
In their struggle against the legions of Antichrist,
This farthest land of the world makes known,
In company with the Léman,⁸ with the Rhone, the Seine, and the
Garonne.

- Qui primus aura lampadis aureæ
 Affulsit ori germinis aurei:
 20 Quem primulum primo tenellis
 Luminibus tener hausit infans.
 Infans paterna debitus indole
 Scepteris avitis: debitus inclytis
 Ortu Britannis Rex supremo
 Jure, Caledoniisque priscis.³
 25 Quos Tueda lati fluminis alveo
 Divisit ante: et littoris uvidi
 Solvaus amne: et Zeviota
 Syderibus juga montis æquans.
 30 Fas jungit et jus *Scoto-Britannicum*:
 Lex jungit et res *Scoto-Britannica*:
 Scoto-Britanno Rege princeps
 In populum vocat unus unum
 35 *Scoto-Britannum*. Gloria nunc quibus,
 Quantisque surget *Scoto-Britannica*
 Rebus? nec ævi terminanda
 Limitibus, spatiisve cœli.
 Cœlestis aræ cornua numinis⁴
 40 Rorata summi sanguine sanciant
 Scoto-Britannis asserenda
 Vindicibus, patrioque Marte
 Claranda; fastu donec Iberico
 Late subacto sub pedibus premas,
 45 Clarus triumpho delibuti
 Gerionis,⁵ triplicem tiam,
 Qua nunc revinctus tempora Cerberus
 Romanus atra conduplicat face
 De rupe Tarpeia fragores⁶
 Tartareos tonitru tremendo:
 50 Quo terram inertem quo mare barbarum,
 Orcumque, et oras territat igneas,
 Septem potitus verna sceptris
 Et solio gemini Draconis.⁷
 55 Quid sanctus ardor Christiadum queat
 Contra Antichristi mancipia, ultimus
 Testatur orbis, cum Lemanno,⁸
 Cum Rhodano, et Sequana, et Garumna.

What will confederated Danish forces not achieve
Under the Dane supported by Scoto-Britannic soldiers
Unafraid to die for their country?
Already prey to the winds, to the waves, and to the British,⁹
Are you not due a new contest against British arms?
O proud crown of the twinned Hesperia!¹⁰
Long grew the great tree uprooted in one short hour.
Rust blunts the edge of the sword Aeneas wielded.
The big brave lion becomes a feast for little birds.
Let Iberian pride boast of its triumphs,
Let Italian intrigue blend power with poisons,
And let the Roman Jupiter raise Hell,
Fostering wars with iron, bronze, lead, and gold.
The sooner will the fierce Iberian, the smooth Italian,
And the whole effeminate crowd, be consumed by fire,
With Jove clothed in purple overcome,¹¹
When Yahweh's living power arms his right hand,¹²
And his thunderbolts drive down to the ghastly depths of Orcus
The thrice cursed Pope, and the Italian and the Iberian as well.
Thus did He consign to chains and darkness his rebellious angels.
Thus by the flood did He engulf the wicked world.
Thus did He sink King Pharaoh into the sea:
A dangerous adversary indeed the Creator and Ruler
Of heaven and earth, intolerant of wickedness,
And the scourge of swollen arrogance.
O thrice blessed king, and more blessed,
Dear to heaven and dear to his fellow citizens,¹³ under God,
Who rejoices to have buried the insolent spirit of empire in its tomb.¹⁴

- Quid Danicæ non efficient manus
 Sub prole Dana *Scoto-Britannicis*
 60 Fulta manipilis fœderatæ
 Pro patria haud timidis perire?
 Ventisque, et undis præda Britannicis⁹
 Virisque, et armis ludibrium novum
 Debes Britannis? O superba
 65 Hesperiaë geminæ corona!¹⁰
 Diu crevit arbor maxima quam brevis
 Evertit hora. Carpit Aëneam
 Aërugo lamnam. Fit minutis
 Præda avibus leo fortis ingens.
 70 Fastus triumphos jactet Ibericus,
 Fraus vim venenis misceat Itala,
 Et ferro, et ære, et plumbo, et auro
 Bella fovens jaculetur omnem
 Romanus orcum Juppiter: ocyus
 75 Ferox Iberus, mollior Italus,
 Grexxque eviratus, purpurato
 Cum Iove¹¹ torruerint caduci
 Armante Jova numine vivido
 Dextram¹² coruscam: et fulmine luridum
 80 Trudente ad orcum ter sacratum
 Pontificem, atque Italum, atque Iberum.
 Sic fastuosos indigenas poli
 Caliginosis compedibus dedit:
 Sic conscelestum absorpsit orbem
 85 Diluvie: Phariumque Regem
 Mersit profundo: Scilicet impotens
 Rivalis alti conditor ætheris:
 Orbisque rector, fraudis atræ
 Impatiens, tumidique fastus
 90 Ultor. Beatus Rex ter, et amplius,
 Carusque cœlo et civibus,¹³ in Deo,
 Qui spiritus mole insolentes
 Imperii, posuisse gaudet.¹⁴

C.2. The True Praise of History

As with Buchanan, as with all humanists and Protestants, history preoccupied Andrew Melville. But history had a different significance and served different purposes for Melville than it did for Buchanan. Buchanan's poetry spoke of dramatic moments, but not one of his poems ever developed a narrative. His great *Historia* certainly provided a vast narrative, but its purpose was to illustrate the underlying political principles of the Scottish polity and, for that matter, of all Europe. Melville's great if apparently unfinished poem was an epic and before anything else a narrative. Melville undoubtedly admired the *Historia* and agreed with the principles it proposed. But Scottish history for Melville did far more than Buchanan had ever imagined, and its central purpose similarly differed: history was the unfolding of Scottish destiny and ultimately of human destiny. Melville saw Scotland and the now emerging Scoto-Britannic—i.e., British—empire as entering upon a climactic conflict with the gigantic Iberian empires. It was the apocalyptic struggle outlined in both the Old and New Testaments, quite literally Christ against Antichrist.

But there was still more. The great British-Hispanic contest that lay just ahead had found its roots in the ancient past. Gathelus and Scota, bearing the Greek and Egyptian traditions, first settled in Spain where their offspring Hiber and Hemecus founded both Iberia and Hibernia (from which Scotland and now Britain had emerged). These two peoples stood to their common parentage as the western analogues to Ishmael and Isaac. The former was powerful and bloodstained, the latter virtuous and chosen, their intertwined destinies now working themselves out in what would be their final chapters. See App. C.4.

Melville certainly drew on Cicero here, but 'The True Praise of History' comprises no tired trope. Rather it commands careful attention. History, as Melville sees it, is not simply important. It is decisive.

It is the touchstone of every age, light of truth, eye of the mind,
 Mind of the spirit, rule of life, and life of the soul,
 Golden messenger of great and admirable accomplishments,
 Which, unpraised, lie hidden, and which, unhidden, stand secure.
 The mother of arts and of all good things,
 The file¹ of persuasion, the labour of the goddess wisdom,
 The advisor of kings, and the god-like source of laws,
 The bridle of princes and of the people,
 Distinguishing public things from private, sacred from profane,
 History guides both peace and war.
 Happy is he who is able to write history rightly.
 And happy whoever reads history with right reason.²

C.2. *Historiæ vera laus*

Index ævi omnis, lux veri, mentis ocellus,
 Mens animi, vitæ regula, vita animæ;
 Nuncia magnarum et mirandarum aurea rerum,
 4 Quæ sine laude latent, quæ sine labe patent;
 Artium et omnigenum genitrix altrixque bonarum,
 Et Suadæ et Sophiæ lima¹ laborque Deæ;
 Et Regum monitrix, et Legum Diva creatrix,
 8 Divaque frænatrix, et procerum et populi;
 Publica privatis secernens, sacra prophanis,
 Et pacem et bellum temperat Historia.
 FELIX qui potis est hanc recte scribere: felix
 12 Quisquis et hanc recta cum ratione² legit.

C.3. Introductory Verses to Melville's 'Gathelus'

The following fragment comprises the introduction to the national Scottish epic that Andrew Melville undertook but, it seems, never completed. Clearly written sometime between 1594 and 1603, the verses develop the themes Melville had adopted in his 'Principis Scoti-Britannorum natalia', a poem celebrating Prince Henry's birth in February 1594. Outstanding among them is his commitment to the creation of a great British monarchy that would eventually destroy the papal Antichrist along with the bulwark of its power, the Spanish empire. Thus the Stone of Scone—the seat on which Scottish kings had been crowned, until it was seized by Edward I and taken to Westminster at the end of the thirteenth century—should remain in England. For Melville, as with many of his contemporaries, Scottish patriotism generated British consciousness.

Tell me, Muse, of the man who, carried from Greek shores,
 Fled the Nile's plague with his Pharaonic wife.¹ The famous man who,
 Carried by his fleet over the waves of the ocean, came to Hesperia,²
 Where he founded his rule, his law, and the rites of the Druids.³
 Whence the ancient race of the Scottish people, the Alban fathers, and the
 noble stone,⁴
 Which on the banks of the beautiful Thames now demands
 A Scoto-Britannic king, and a kingdom owed to the seed of the Scots.⁵
 Greatest of the sons of Fergus,⁶ both father and leader of his country,
 James, famous by your ancestors, but more so by your mastery
 Of arts of every kind, and by your reverence of religion,
 By your wisdom in the ways of salvation,
 The goddess Persuasion sitting on your lips,
 Attic Pytho sitting regnant in your royal mouth:⁷
 Inspire these audacious efforts that I undertake,
 O good [king], lend our mind good counsel,
 And do not disdain these small beginnings and this modest effort.
 If you do not look askance on these small sounds and humble Muses,
 Whatever it may be, there is promise of a great undertaking.
 And you [Prince Henry] also, the hope of a great father,
 And the greatest object of our affection,
 Great son of Frederick,⁸ now soon to be a man and large of strength,
 The unconquered offspring of unconquered Frederick and Fergus,⁹
 Attend to this purpose, O divine boy.
 Now we scatter for you the first seeds of things to come and of a kingdom.
 Come on and gather the harvest.
 Accustom yourself to read about and admire the great deeds of your ancestors,
 Emulous as you will be of ancient fame and ancestral virtue.¹⁰

C.3. Introductory Verses to Melville's 'Gathelus'

- Dic mihi, Musa, virum Graiis qui vectus ab oris
 Niliacam Pharia fugit cum conjuge pestem:¹
 Oceanique viam inclitus classe per undas
 Hesperiam² sceptris, sceptris et legibus frui
 5 Fundavit, Druidumque³ sacris. Genus unde vetustum
 Scotigenum, Albanique patres, et nobile marmor:⁴
 Quod pulcrum ad Tamesim deposcit Scotobritannum
 Nunc regem: et satis Scotorum debita regna.⁵
- 10 Maxime Fergusidum,⁶ et patriæ princepsque paterque,
 Clare Jacobe atavis; sed clarior artibus omnis
 Doctrinæ omnigenis; et religione verenda,
 Atque salutari sophia; cui Dædala fandi
 Sessitat in labris Dea Suada; atque Attica Pitho
 15 Purpureo ore sedet regnans;⁷ audacibus ausis
 Adspira: nostramque boni, bone, consule mentem
 Et parvos ne temne orsus, modicumque laborem;
 Ni refugis tenuesque sonos, humilesque Camenas.
 Quicquid id est: ingentis adest fiducia cœpti.
- 20 Tuque patris magni spes magna, ac maxima cura,
 Nunc Federice⁸ puer, vir mox et viribus ingens
 Invicti Federici et Fergusi⁹ invicta propago,
 Huc ades o divine puer. Tibi semina prima
 Fatorum et regni nunc spargimus. Eia age messem
 Collige: et antiquorum animis adsuesce atavorum
 25 Jam nunc et legere et mirari ingentia facta,
 Æmulus antiquæ famæ et virtutis avitæ.¹⁰

Now England calls your father by right to his kingdom.
 Soon willingly it will give itself to you both.
 Then you too will do battle against the degenerate Iberians and the triple
 monster by the Tiber's waters.¹¹

C.4. Gathelus, or a Fragment concerning the Origins of the [Scottish] People

The following fragment is the only portion of Melville's uncompleted epic to be published. Closely following the narrative presented in Hector Boece's influential *Scotorum Historia* (Paris, 1527), it recounts the story of the Scottish people's eponymous founders, Gathelus of Athens and his wife Scota, daughter of the Egyptian pharaoh. Briefly, Gathelus left Athens with a band of adventurers, entered the pharaoh's service, overthrew the threatening Ethiopians, and received Scota's hand as a reward. But the plagues brought onto Egypt by the persecution of the Israelites prompted Gathelus and his Graeco-Egyptian followers to depart. They migrated ultimately to Galicia in northwest Iberia. The sons of Gathelus subsequently settled Ireland, the younger remaining there as king, the elder succeeding to the Spanish throne.

Perhaps only appropriately, Melville's poem prefaced John Johnston's Latin verse summaries of the careers of Scotland's long line of kings, the *Inscriptiones historicae regum Scotorum*, which appeared in 1602. Beginning with the fabulous Fergus I (c. 330 BC), they continued up to the contemporary James VI and ended with hopeful verses addressed to his son Henry. Still, if Melville's piece served as an appropriate introduction to the royal history of Scotland, it was also an ironic one. Johnston's summaries derived from Buchanan's *Historia* which dismissed Gathelus-Scota as myth and completely omitted this part of Boece's account.

Scotland's putative Graeco-Egyptian origins had played well at the Scottish court in the earlier sixteenth century, but came to appear exceedingly dubious to most Scottish intellectuals later on. David Chambers (Chalmers) laconically noted in his *Histoire Abbregee de tous les roys de France, Angleterre, et Escosse ...* (Paris, 1579) that the commonly-made Scottish etymological link between 'Gathelus' and 'Portugal' was not universally persuasive: 'Mais les historiens Espagnols sont d'opinion qu'elle fut ainsi appellee pour estre le port des Gaulois, qui y descendirent: sans entendre leur commencement estre si ancien.'¹

Melville, too, cannot have accepted the story as literally true. His poem is intended to speak of two contending European spirits, the Hibernian and the Iberian (the British and the Spanish) rather more than simply the contending heirs of Gathelus. Gathelus's two sons, Hiber and Hemeucus, are visibly the Western equivalent of Ishmael and Isaac, and Melville's poem assumes densities that begin to approach that of the contemporaneous *Faerie Queene*. Also like Edmund Spenser's great epic, Melville's carries an apocalyptic agenda. The blood-thirsty Hiber and the just Hemeucus found their fruition in Hiber's conquistador Spanish successors and Hemeucus's redeeming Scoto-British inheritors. The age of Hispanic domination will find itself succeeded by an era of British liberation. Like such figures as William Alexander and James Maxwell, Andrew

Jam nunc jure patrem in regnum vocat Anglia. Mox se
Sponte utroque dabit. Tu debellabis Iberum
Degenerem: monstrumque triplex ad Tybridis undam.¹¹

(continued from facing page)

Melville, too, was a court poet, and like them he, too, invested heavily in Prince Henry and the exciting prospect of the coming British order.²

If the successors to Hiber and Hemecus were of a different spirit, they also became eventually of a different flesh. Like Buchanan, Melville inverted Spanish racism, insisting that the Iberians through time had become part Moorish.³ Although a number of features of the poem clearly derive from Buchanan's political thought, the children of Abraham/children of Gathelus dualism is altogether original. To be sure earlier writers like William Stewart who wrote a verse summary of Boece for James V in the 1530s could be stridently anti-Spanish. The Iberian locals broke their oath to Gathelus and revolted perfidiously against the Scots—and paid dearly for their duplicity:

The Scottis than so worthie war and wicht,
Eberiens agane thame had no micht;
[...]
Eberiens that da war all slane down,
Worthy it wes, tha wrocht the hail tressoun.
Tha brak thair aith as it wes rycht weill kend,
Falsheid come neur zit till ane better end.
Quhen tha had gottin the skayth, and als the lak,
Than war tha fane trewis agane to tak;⁴
[...]

But the Scottish dynasty itself simply went from strength to strength. Certainly no one had ever found a bad word to say about Hiber, whose name, after all, had identified both worlds.

Melville's future-oriented, prophetic reading of Scottish experience similarly departs from anything in Buchanan or Boece. In the process the foundations of Scottish political culture were also shifting: Buchanan's anti-imperialism now assumed more the character of a counter-imperialism. The Scottish dynamic underwrote a British struggle.

We can never know if Melville actually completed his poem. But it is hard to imagine how Melville might have worked out the Iberian-Hibernian tension throughout the immensely long course of Scottish history. It is no accident that John Davidson despaired of writing at this time a Scottish martyrology comparable to the great English *Acts and Monuments* ... of John Foxe or that no apocalyptic vision of the full course of Scottish history appeared until the 1640s.

**C.4. Gathelus, or a Fragment
concerning the Origins of the [Scottish] People**

It is recorded that Gathelus, son of Cecrops, in the exuberance of youth,
strong of hand,

Laid waste the shores of Macedonia¹ and the countryside of Achaëa.

And since he was unwilling to take advice and listen to his father,

An omen pointing him towards a foreign destiny,

He boldly built a ship and, departing from the confines of his fatherland,

Made headway on strong oars [off to Egypt].

[There] he harried the Ethiopians, opposed their attack on Egypt,

And won a victory at Meroë,² proud of its power.

And he gained as his reward the hand of Scota in marriage,

The daughter of Ammunhotep, the Egyptian pharaoh,³

Than whom there was no woman more outstanding in character or
accomplishments.⁴

But wishing to flee from the savage altars of the wicked Busiris,⁵

Whose brother he had now become by marriage,

Altars made infamous by the slaughter of Isaac's progeny,

Troubled also by prodigious portents and divine warnings,

He deserted the pharaoh and sailed westward,

Skirting the dangerous Syrtes off Libya,⁶

And sailing by Numidia, a land hostile to tyrants,⁷

And measuring the farthest parts of the lands traversed by Hercules,

Sailing even into the waters of the ocean,

Venturing his bold seamanship to the edge of the western sky,

Daring his life to the waves and trusting his prayers to the winds,

Buffeted thither and yon in the long course of his wanderings,

Exploring by ship the long reaches of the Hesperian⁸ shoreline.

Finally he landed on the margin of the river Munda,

And built new walls on the newly discovered land.

Writers call the place Bracharas,⁹ 'But the passage of time causes things

To change and often the names they are known by as well.'¹⁰

Not far from the river, which flows turbid with yellow sand and shining flakes
of gold,

The rich earth bubbles with two fountains, very different one from the other.

The one swallows up and absorbs everything into its depths.

The other discharges all its flow into the bright air.

**C.4. Gathelus,
Sive de Gentis origine fragmentum**

Fama est Cecropiden pubenti in flore juventæ
 Confisum validaque manu primaque juvena
 Et Macetum¹ populatum oras, et Achaica rura.
 Cumque omnis foret impatiens moniti, atque parentis,
 5 Omine converso peregrina ad vota Gathelum,
 Ausum aptare trabes, validisque incumbere remis
 Finibus egressum patriis: Pharia arma sequutum
 Æthiopum vexasse acies, Meroenque² superbam
 Debellasse manu: Et Regis meruisse Amenophis
 10 Memphitici prolem,³ qua non magis altera præstans
 Artibus aut animis,⁴ vinclo sociare jugali.

Ast illaudati sævas Busiridis⁵ aras,
 Germanam cujus thalamo sociatus habebat,
 Infames cæde Isacidum vitare volentem
 15 Turbatumque novis monstris, monitisque Deorum
 Deseruisse Pharon: tenuisse per æquora cursum
 Syrtibus⁶ elapsum dubiis, Nomadumque tyrannis
 Infestum,⁷ Herculeique emensum extrema laboris,
 Oceanique ingressum imo maria alta profundo,
 20 Audacique trabe expertum commercia cæli,
 Ausum et vitam undis, et ventis credere vota,
 Iactatumque diu, variisque erroribus actum
 Hesperium⁸ late littus lustrasse carina:
 Amnis et ad ripam Mundæ nova mœnia terris
 25 Imposuisse novis: Bracharam⁹ cognomine dicunt
 Scriptores. 'Sec longa valet mutare vetustas
 Res interdum ipsas, et sæpe vocabula rerum.'¹⁰

Haud procul amne, fluit fulvis qui flavus arenis,
 Ramentisque auri nitidis, ditissima tellus
 30 Fonte scatet gemino multum pugnantibus undis.
 Alter in abruptum absorbet fons cuncta voratque:
 Alter in apricum se eructans respuit omnia.

This was discovered by shepherds,
 There in a shady woodland by a person who went to strip off the bark of a
 lofty oak;¹¹

Nor did the beasts drawn there give trial without any danger
 To themselves when their hoofs touched the water.

Often Gathelus would go and spend his mornings there,
 Much marvelling at the difference between the two fountains,
 And at the nature and spirit of both the sky and the earth.

And Scota his wife, too, when she would look on her reflection in the
 unmuddied water,

Often washing her white hands and white feet,

And often quenching her thirst from one or the other fountain.

Then the son of Cecrops is said to have prayed as follows:

'All-powerful nature, sole creator of so many and such great things,

Give me by my wife a distinguished progeny;

Give me a long line of descent and a city destined to endure.'

He said no more—an answer was given to him

Both by the sacred fountain and by the neighbouring grove.¹²

'O son of Cecrops—worthy partner in the proud bed of Scota—

Lo, the nurturing earth brings into being two fountains,

But there is a different spirit presiding over each. Your pregnant wife

Will soon give birth to twins, brothers of character by no means alike.

Both will be famous, and both will wear a kingly crown.

But one will be of greater standing in strength, [yet] of lesser standing in
 virtue; one in fraud, the other in faith.

One will pollute victorious laurels with bloodshed,

And will rise [in fame] to the skies from the bloody earth.

The other with the laurel of Phoebus and from the seat of the peaceful olive,

And he shall have his temples shaded by the oak of civil government.¹³

Gathelus bent down over the ground, and he kissed it, and he said:

'Whatever divine power's name you bear,

Whether as a Naiad you have a home in the sacred fountains,

Or as a Nymph you dwell in the green recesses of the forests,

And move about through the trackless woodlands,

Or you are the guardian spirit of the place, and foster-son of the fruitful earth,

Or you are a winged god gliding down from heaven,

Give an augury of your promise, and confirm this prophecy.'

Hos compertum adeo primum pastoribus; inde
 In nemore umbroso frondatori ilicis altæ.¹¹
 35 Nec quadrupes non ulla suo subducta periclo
 Tentamenta dedit, tetigit simul ungula lymphas.
 Sæpe Gathelus et huc se matutinus agebat;
 Lymphæ utriusque vices multum, cælique, solique
 Naturam et Genium demirans: Scotaque conjux,
 40 Cum sæpe illimi faciem spectaret in unda,
 Sæpe lavans niveasque manus, niveosque pedes, et
 Sæpe sitim nunc hoc nunc illo fonte levaret.

Sic tum Cecropides fertur secum ore locutus:
 Natura omnipotens, tot tantorum una creatrix
 45 Diversorum operum, da pulcram ex conjuge prolem:
 Da genus, et mansuram urbem: nec plura loquutus;
 Cum vox fonte sacro, et vicino reddita luco est.¹²

Cecropida Scotæ thalamo dignate superbo:
 En geminos fontes tellus creat alma, nec unus
 50 Amborum est Genius. Gravidæ tibi coniugis alvus
 Mox pariet geminos, verum haud una indole fratres.
 Clarus uterque geret regali fronte coronam:
 Vi major, virtute minor; fraude ille, fide hic.
 Ille triumphales maculabit sanguine lauros,
 55 Atque cruentatis insurget in æthera terris.
 Hic Phœbi lauru et foliis pacalis olivæ,
 Atque umbrata geret civili tempora quercu.¹³

Oscula telluri libans pronò ore Gathelus
 Respondet. Quodcunque geris de numine nomen,
 60 Sive sacros Nais fontes, seu Nympha recessus
 Sylvarum virides colis, et nemora avia lustras,
 Sive loci genius terræque feracis alumnus,
 Seu cælo alipotens delapsus es numen ab alto;
 Quod spondes, præsta augurium; atque hæc omina firma.

He spoke, and rejoicing he imparted his joys to his wife,
 And he confirmed with a present assurance the hope given of children yet
 unborn.

But with the fates leading him on to greater things, so the story goes,
 And driven off by the hatred of the natives [of what eventually became
 northern Portugal], or else leaving of his own accord to seek his destiny,
 He ventured on Neptune's rolling waters and headed north.

Confronting Boreas and shivering cold
 Between the Trileucum Promontory¹⁴ and the country of the Cantabri,¹⁵
 behind which lies the Galician country.

The name Gathelitia is derived from Gathelus,
 Whence Gatheletum and, with the sound of the word shortened, Galetum,
 Whence the city of that name and the people called Caletes.¹⁶

The lands are continuous on either side,
 The Pyrenees comprising the midpoint with their lofty peaks,
 And dividing the old kingdom into two neighbouring kingdoms.¹⁷
 That was the kingdom ruled for many years by the descendants of Gathelus,
 Who carried on traditions originally established by him,
 In arts, in arms, in law, and in language.¹⁸

Here they say, with his ships at long last drawn up on shore,
 Here on the very edge of the western world,
 Gathelus founded a new home for his household gods, and established
 Brigantium,¹⁹ and built temples of huge size, the Brigantine citadels,
 Where now in its barbarous fashion and with profane rites,
 The Roman world foolishly adores asses' bones
 In the city known as Compostella.²⁰

Here in the fields ordained by fate and taking his place
 On the marble chair,²¹ he receives for the first time
 His titles of majesty and his royal authority,
 And the other symbols of kingship bestowed on him by the people,²²
 And the sword embellished with precious stones, and the sceptre and crown,
 And he gives the people a name from the name of his wife,
 And he institutes prescribed sacrifices for his altars.
 Then he proceeds to teach the arts of peace and war,
 To establish laws and justice for the people,
 And to give rights to the assembled fathers [chiefs of the people],
 And he exerts himself in handling the shared reins of governance.²³

65 Dixit et uxori lætus sua gaudia miscet;
Spemque datam sobolis præsentis pignore firmat.

Ad majora tamen fatis ducentibus, ajunt,
Expulsum indigenarum odiis, aut fata sequentem
Sponte sua tumidas Neptuni ivisse per undas
70 Horrifera contra Borean, interque Trileucen,¹⁴
Cantabricumque sinum,¹⁵ quem pone Galetica tellus;
Ipsa Gathelitia est de nomine dicta Gatheli.
Unde Gatheletum, et curtata voce Galetum:
Unde Caletum urbem, et populos dixere Caletes:¹⁶
75 Perpetuæ hinc atque hinc diverso in cardine terræ;
Quam mediam incingunt strictæ juga celsa Pyrenæ, et
In duo regna vetus dirimunt confinia regnum,¹⁷
Quod tenuere diu Reges de stirpe Gatheli;
More Gatheli omnes et cultu jugiter omni:
80 Atque arte, atque armis, et lingua, et legibus usi.¹⁸

Huc memorant tandem subducta classe Gathelum
Sedibus optatis extremo in limite mundi
Occidui hic posuisse lares, urbemque Brigantum,¹⁹
85 Atque Brigantinas arces immania templa,
Nunc ubi Barbarico ritu sacrisque profanis
Ossa asinina orbis stolidè Romanus adorat
Nobilitato urbis cognomine Compostellæ.²⁰

Hic primum Augustos titulos et Regia jura,
Marmorea²¹ exceptus cathedra in fatalibus arvis,
90 Cæteraque a populo delati insignia Regni,²²
Et gemmis stellatum ense, sceptrumque, coronamque,
Accipit, et Scotam uxoris de nomine gentem
Dicit, et æternos aris instaurat honores.
Tum belli pacisque artes, tum tradere leges
95 Dicere jus populo, et patribus dare jura vocatis
Pergit: Et æquatas rerum molitur habenas.²³

No less happy was Gathelus in the offspring born to Scota.
 For Hiber reigns now in the mature time of his life—
 And Hemecus, keen of mind, shines famous in the courage inherited from his
 father.

The former, by as much farther as he strives to extend his fame, and his father's
 kingdom,
 By whatever force, by whatever power,
 By so much does he believe himself exalted in divine favour,
 And to mount up to the divine heavens.²⁴
 In this fashion the land of Iberia gains fame, the river Iber also.
 Overseas in the same way Hibernia abounds, the Hibernian name,
 That name augmented from the name of great Hiber.
 Such was his love of fame and his mad desire for domination.

But Hemecus, though lesser by birth, [yet] by no means lesser
 In the praise he won for his modesty,
 Is keen to nurture the generous feelings of his heart,
 And zealously strives to safeguard what he has gained.
 He seeks a name not for himself, but for his brother,
 And for his dear kindred, and shining fame in times to come.²⁵
 Hence Iberia shows far and wide his brother's name.
 Hence the Scottish people blazon his mother's praise.
 Hence his father Gathelus gives his name to the Celtic language.

Thus Hiber, the Exalted, whom Iberia boasts as king,
 Thus Hemecus, the Good, to whom Hibernia yields,
 These are the two fateful fountains born of the pharaonic virgin,
 Of diverse kind and with contending ambitions,
 Which not so long before, Gathelus, not far from the golden river, looked
 upon with amazement.

Hemecus courageously defends the descendants of Gathelus,
 And defends as a peaceful prince the laws and virtue bequeathed him by his
 father.
 Warlike Hiber extends the Iberian kingdoms across the Minus,
 The Munda, the Baetis, and across the river Iber:
 The craggy Pyrenees, and Cadiz [on the shore of] the vast ocean:
 Calpe which looks off Abyla and the expanse of the inland sea,²⁶
 Where the shores bend the blue waters by many twists and turns.

Nec minus existit Scota de conjuge felix
 Prole pater. Nam regnat Iber jam grandior ævo:
 Et patria virtute cluens nitet acer Imecus.

- 100 Ille quidem nomenque suum regnumque paternum
 Qua vi, qua virtute parat protendere quanto
 Longius, hoc tanto credit manifestius aura
 Se tolli divina, alto et succedere cælo.²⁴
 Hinc tellus clarescit Iberia, flumen Iberum:
 105 Transque mare hinc crebrescit Ibernica, nomen Ibernum, et
 Quodquod Iberi auctum ingentis de nomine nomen.
 Tantus amor famæ et dominandi insana cupido.

- Hic vero quanquam natu minor, haud minor oris
 Laude verecundi, et liquidas sub pectore flammam
 110 Acer alit, sancteque studet bene parta tueri,
 Nec sibi, sed fratri, carisque parentibus ambit
 Nomen, et illustrem ventura in secula famam.²⁵
 Hinc longe fraternum ostentat Ibernica nomen.
 Hincet maternam ostentat gens Scotica laudem.
 115 Hinc et lingua patris de nomine clara Gatheli est.

- Ergo Elatus Iber quem jactat Iberia Regem,
 Et cui cedit Ierna animis mansuetus Imecus,
 Sunt duo fatales Pharia de virgine fontes,
 Indole diversa et studiis pugnantibus, olim
 120 Aurifluo stupuit quos non procul amne Gathelus:

- Ille Gatheliades virtute et lege paterna
 Defendit partum imperium pacatus Imecus.
 Impacatus Iber protendit Iberica regna
 Trans Minium, et Mundam, et Bætina, trans flumen Iberum
 125 Atque Pyrenæos scopulos, atque æquore Gades
 Oceani in vasto: Calpe qua spectat Abilen
 Internique maris tractum:²⁶ qua littora late
 Cæruleas longis sinuant anfractibus undas.

And now dire Hiber thirsting for gold,
 And hungrier than Orcus,²⁷ seizes all things by waging unbridled war.
 He slaughters great numbers of people and overturns kingdoms,
 More savage than all others.

O race born of mother Megara!
 Hated by the gods, which not long since has laid waste both the Eastern and
 Western halves of the world,
 The blood of the Moors commingled with Iberian blood,²⁸
 Which the Punic right hand exalts with Cerberean [i.e., hellish] pride,
 Wantonly violating both divine and human laws.

The merciful clemency of heaven, on the other hand,
 Accompanied Hemecus, rich by the fertility of his farmland.
 There is opulence in everything, flocks, herds, and green pastures everywhere,
 A land void of snakes and wolves, and safe from poison and disease,
 He neither raises poison [i.e., poisonous plants], nor brings it in from
 elsewhere.

The rivers overflow in milk and honey.
 In Greek letters or in Egyptian hieroglyphics,
 Everyone accustomed himself to receive from the mouth of Gathelus
 All of the master's teachings howsoever much there might be,
 Or to commit them to memory,
 Whatever he heard in his native country from the patriarchs of Athens,
 Whatever secret wisdom he took from the sacred books of Memphis,²⁹
 Whatever he learned when he sat at the feet of Moses,
 From the leader in war in whose service he won his triumphal honours.³⁰
 And Hemecus took these teachings with him from Cantabria
 When he went forth into his own kingdom.³¹

Why would I mention the citadel of Cadmus, the fresh springs of Helicon,
 The Lyceum known for the fame of its ancient wisdom,
 And in equal rank Cynosarges with its traditional knowledge,
 Along with Lebratema, Gelphyra, Tanagra,
 And Thanais in their mastery of saying and doing great things?³²
 What of Siga, Cyrrhus, Hermonthis, Deucalodunum,
 Whence [arises] the wisdom in the mouths of the Caledonian Druids?³³

- 130 Et nunc dirus Iber auri sitibundus, et Orco²⁷
 Iejunus magis, effræni rapit omnia bello:
 Cædibus et vastat populos, et regna ruinis
 Evertit, scelere ante alios immanior omnes.
- 135 Heu genus invisum divis de matre Megæra!
 Quod jam orbem Occiduum dudum et populatur Eoum,
 Sanguine Maurorum commistus sanguis Ibero,²⁸
 Punica Cerbereo fastu quem dextera tollit:
 Et violata ultro divina humanaque jura.
- 140 Mitis Imecum autem sequitur clementia cæli
 Ubere dives agri: Et cunctarum opulentia rerum,
 Atque greges atque armenta, atque hæc pascua passim
 Pingua, serpentum sine morsu et dente luporum
 Terra, venenata re et peste immunis ab omni est:
 Nec gignit nec fert illatum aliunde venenum:
 Flumina sed lactis, sed flumina mellis inundant.
- 145 Ore Gatheli omnes, quotquot dictata magistri
 Omnia, quæque domi patriis audivit Athenis,
 Quæque arcana hausit sacris Memphitica byblis:²⁹
 Quæque pio didicit Mosis dum pendet ab ore,
 Quo duce bellaci meruit decora alta triumpho,³⁰
- 150 Assueti Grajisque notis Phariisve figuris
 Excipere, aut menti mandare excepta tenaci,
 Cantabria secum in regnum perduxit Emecus.³¹
- 155 Quid memorem Cadmæam arcem, viridemque Heliconam,
 Et clarum antiqua doctrina luce Lycæum, et
 Ordine tradendæ disciplinæ Cynosarges,
 Cum Lebratemis, Gephyreis, et Tanagræis,
 Et Thanais fandi et faciendi magna magistris?³²
 Quid Sigam, Cyrramque, Hermonthida, Deucalodumem,
 Unde Caledoniis Druidum dictamen in oris?³³

NOTES ON THE POEMS

1/1

Source: Epigrammatum 1.18, in *Opera omnia* (1715), ii, 72; (1725), ii, 363. A rough though broadly accurate translation appears in Robert Monteith, *The Very Learned Scotsman, Mr. George Buchanan's Fratres Fraterrimi, Three Books of Epigrams, and Book of Miscellanies, in English Verse, with the Illustration of the Proper Names, and Mythologies therein Mentioned* (Edinburgh, 1708).

1. See A.H. Williamson, 'The cultural foundations of racial religion and anti-semitism', in A. Maidenbaum *et al.* (eds.), *Lingering Shadows: Jungians, Freudians, and Anti-Semitism* (Boston, 1991); Williamson, 'Buchanan and Knox'; Williamson, 'Civic virtue and commerce.'
2. Literally a two-fold or double people. Buchanan intends a pun implying duplicity: the Moors, Jews, and, above all, Beleago himself are double (duplicitous) people and not what they seem.
3. Buchanan addresses the Iberian preoccupation with 'pure' or 'clean' blood ('pureza de sangre', 'limpieza de sangre'). Before the Lisbon inquisition he had faced, among others, the charge of judaizing, but in fact, he claims here, it was the dishonest informer Beleago who might truly be a Marrano (a crypto-Jew) or a Morisco—in every conceivable sense an infidel.

2/1

Source: Hendecasyllabon liber 7, in *Opera omnia* (1715), ii, 63; (1725), ii, 347.

1. 'testibus' ('testis': one who gives evidence)—i.e., a pun on 'testes'.
2. 'testibus': It is entirely possible within the Portuguese context that, as Buchanan claims, Beleago had actually sought certification from the Inquisition of his 'pure' and 'clean' blood. See poems 1/1 and 4/1.

3/1

Source: Iambon liber 7, in *Opera omnia* (1715), ii, 66; (1725), ii, 353.

1. i.e., the senior professor, Buchanan himself.
2. A play on 'carnifex', literally a fleshworker, the term is a clear reference to the Inquisition and Beleago's services to it.
3. A badly performed hanging is of course an especially painful one.

4/1

Source: Iambon liber 8, in *Opera omnia* (1715), ii, 66-7; (1725), ii, 353-4.

1. See especially, Williamson, 'Knox and Buchanan' and 'Civic virtue and commerce.'
2. Probably involving a pun on 'nota' as both mark and also note or contract.
3. See the notes to poem 1/1 (note 3) and also poem 2/1.

5/1

Source: Iambon liber 9, in *Opera omnia* (1715), ii, 67; (1725), ii, 354-5.

1. See the Introduction as well as Williamson, 'Civic virtue and commerce' and 'Scots, Indians, and empire.'

2. Buchanan's irony is heavy even by Renaissance standards.
3. The divinity protecting thieves and impostors.
4. The reference to 'quadruptator' (an informer who would receive a fourth of the penalty) in line 25 comes close to Buchanan's core motivation. Beleago has in every sense 'sold out' his senior colleague. From that Buchanan goes on to link Beleago to his critique of the world of commerce and, in several of the other poems in this cycle, to the Jewish aspersion. From this perspective it is hardly surprising that in his *Historia* Buchanan criticises the reputedly ancient custom which established informers to denounce corrupt individuals and 'unprincipled spies' (at i, 239, 303, and elsewhere): '[King Goranus, c. 501] not only made the circuit of his dominions, according to the ancient custom of good kings, and punished the guilty; but, in order to check the oppression of the powerful over the weak and helpless, who dared not to complain lest they should be more grievously oppressed, he established *ex officio* informers, who should send him written accounts of these high criminals—a remedy, perhaps necessary in such times, but certainly now not only of doubtful advantage, but extremely dangerous.' After all, he had personally experienced informers all too closely.
5. Buchanan seems to be saying that the Sophists could argue any side of a question and thereby make anything true. But Beleago goes them one better. He promotes falsehood without being able to argue at all.

6/1

Source: Iambon liber 6, in *Opera omnia* (1715), ii, 66; (1725), ii, 353.

1. Diogo de Murça (fl. 1535–1555), a theologian trained at Louvain and member of the order of St. Jerome, became the rector of the University of Coimbra in 1543, four years before André de Gouvea arrived as the principal of the College of Arts. See M. Brandão, *Coimbra e D. António Rei de Portugal* (Coimbra, 1939), 11–9; Brandão, *D. Lopo de Almeida e a Universidade* (Coimbra, 1990), 150–1; T. Braga, *Historia de Universidade de Coimbra*, 3 vols. (Lisbon, 1892), i, 461–4, 177. Cf. McFarlane, *Buchanan*, 125, 135, 153.
2. Martyn, 'New Poems by Buchanan, from Portugal', 83, n. 2; cf. McFarlane, *Buchanan*, 152.
3. Buchanan probably means 'belua' simply as a monster, surely intended as a play on Beleago's name.
4. We have been unable to trace what is apparently a Portuguese place name. Kenneth Krabbenhoft has suggested that the term may derive from 'concelho', referring to lands held communally by towns—the 'co[n]sellianos' perhaps being farmers who cultivated these lands. Buchanan's point might possibly be that they are humble (and potentially disreputable) gardeners, not elite (and potentially civic) landowners.
5. Apparently another obscure place name: Professor Krabbenhoft notes that there was a Roman town called Samarciem located somewhere between Tuy and Limia. Possibly Buchanan is simply referring to the region.
6. i.e., with this poem.
7. Buchanan is using 'prudentia' in the sense of 'arcania imperii'—that is, the intuitive governing capability of kings. His repeated reference to Murça as a 'rex' (as well as to his 'potentia' and 'regnum') makes the term appropriate. The best introduction to the political ideas underlying the 'Ad Rectorem' can be found in C.H. McIlwain, *Constitutionalism, Ancient and Modern* (Ithaca, 1958), ch. 3, esp. 87ff.; J.G.A. Pocock, *The Machiavellian Moment: Florentine Political Thought and the Atlantic Republican Tradition* (Princeton, 1975), 3–30, and esp. 28. This traditional monarchism is highly unusual for Buchanan. The anti-commercial theme is consistent throughout the cycle. It is implicit in the poems which appear to be simply anti-Judaic: the association of commerce with New Christians and Marranos would be inescapable for contemporaries. See Stuart B. Schwartz, 'The voyage of the vassals: royal power, noble obligations, and merchant capital before the Portuguese restoration of independence, 1624–1640', *American Historical Review*, xcvi (1991), 735–62 and esp. n.102: '... while the majority of the merchants were New Christians, many others were not. These, however, were infused with aristocratic ideals and tried to differentiate themselves from their New Christian colleagues by acceptance of those ideals. They thus proved economically

conservative and unimaginative in their use of capital.' Also L. Martz, 'Toledanos and the kingdom of Granada, 1492-1560', in R. Kagan & G. Parker (eds.), *Spain, Europe, and the Atlantic World* (Cambridge, 1995), esp. 104-5.

7/1

Source: Bibliothèque nationale: lat. ms. 8140, fo. 105^v.

1. Tages originated as an Etruscan figure credited with teaching mankind the art of divination from entrails. Buchanan—utterly hostile to all forms of prophecy, astrology, and divination—portrays Beleago as a bloody fraud. Secret things (i.e. Buchanan's alleged heresy) are revealed through his being sacrificed to the Inquisition. This is the work of a butcher, a contemptible tradesman playing at being a philosopher. Beleago has access to philosophical works at the university but they remain unread, and the only point of his 'learning' is to bind (and betray) his enemies for destruction. Conceivably, Buchanan also intended 'Tages' as a pun on 'Tagus', Lisbon's river. He thereby associated Beleago with the inquisitors, the butchers of Lisbon. An instance of Tages as an emblem of fraudulent prophecies also occurs in the 'Franciscanus' (ll. 235-7). Patent fools put on a cowl and at once become seers, latter-day disciples of Tages. More generally, Tages draws out Buchanan's abiding hostility to popular prophecy of any kind. His implacable rejection of Merlin and Galfridian prophecy in his *History of Scotland* is probably as thorough-going as any in the sixteenth century. See 51/3, n. 1. This distrust of the prophetic extended even to sacred prophecy and the apocalypse, despite the partial exception in his elegy for Calvin (34/3)—and sets him apart from later associates like Andrew Melville.

8/1

Source: *Fratres fraterrimi* 2, in *Opera omnia* (1715), ii, 19; (1725), ii, 284.

1. 'Univerus populus' ('one and all', 'everyone') may also carry the meaning 'all Portugal'.

9/2

Source: *Fratres fraterrimi* 29, in *Opera omnia* (1715), ii, 25; (1725), ii, 293.

1. It is important to note that Buchanan's concern with court policy was far from incidental, for he was considerably more than merely a resident who happened to be teaching Greek to the sons of the Portuguese elite. A royal professor, he was inherently called upon to promote and celebrate the realm, its policies, and of course Dom João himself. Accordingly, Buchanan composed liminary verses to a colleague's account of the major victory at Diu on the Indian coast: *Commentarius de rebus in India apud Diu ...* (Coimbra, 1548); see 'Ad Eundem Invictissimum Regem [João III] de hoc commentarius Georgius Buchananus' (75/5). Buchanan's views therefore derive from first hand familiarity with the government's decisions and their consequences.

2. The Moroccan 'towns' ('oppida') Buchanan surely has in mind are most notably the fortresses of Alcácer and Arzila, abandoned by the Portuguese in 1549 and 1550 in favour of the consolidation of Brazil. In 1549 João appointed Tomé de Sousa governor of Brazil with the assignment of centralising and coordinating its occupation—which included establishing a capital at Bahia de Todos os Santos. Military and, presumably, political virtue has given way to corruption in every sense.

3. Brazilian commerce is not only economic but also sexual, and the reference to the clergy as 'perverts' ('cinædi'), who literally dig both the boys and the fields, is enormously telling. Brazil—and, it seems, global empire generally—is unnatural in the fullest possible sense. For a fuller discussion of this poem within the context of Scottish political thought, see Williamson, 'Scots, Indians, and empire', esp. 81-2. For an analysis of its anti-clericalism, see Williamson, 'Unnatural empire', esp. 352-8.

10/2

Source: *Fratres fraterrimi* 30, in *Opera omnia* (1715), ii, 25–6; (1725), ii, 293–4.

1. Verse 4 surely refers to the 'degradedos' who were transported to Brazil. Cf. Buchanan's description in the *De Sphæra* (I:181–216) of the poverty which underlay Portuguese migration. To feed on acorns was, for Buchanan, a mark of the primitive, of the uncivilised—and, possibly, also associated with swine. In the *History of Scotland* he spoke of preferring more unrefined language (that of Cato and Ennius to Cicero and Terence; Gaelic to Latin) as preferring acorns to corn (Buchanan, *History of Scotland*, i, 9). In every sense it was rejecting civilisation for the uncultivated. The lines also anticipate Shakespeare's 'full-acorned boar' whose sexuality involves no more than grunt and mount. Cf. *Cymbeline* II.v.15–17: '... Perchance he spoke not, but, / Like a full-acorn'd boar ... / Cried 'O!' and mounted ...' For a fuller discussion of the politics of this poem, see Williamson, 'Scots, Indians, and empire' and Williamson, 'Unnatural empire.'

2. i.e., the impoverished 'degradedos' have been unleashed into a milder world, and their corrupt impulses will be utterly uncontrolled.

3. 'labes': This is likely to be a pun on 'tabes' (disease) with reference to syphilis. See Williamson, 'Scots, Indians, and empire', 79; Williamson, 'Unnatural empire.'

4. Buchanan is referring to the clergy—whose authority makes their sodomy even more appalling.

5. This odd passage refers to the view, going back to classical antiquity, that the open waters of the great oceans were natural boundaries and that long sea voyages across them were consequently a violation of nature. For example, Horace claimed: 'In vain God in his wisdom / divided the lands with Oceans if impious / vessels scurry across / waters meant to stay untouched, / Bold for any experience, / humanity races wherever forbidden' (Ode 1.3, ll. 21–6). The point recurs in the *De Sphæra* (12/2, note 4). Buchanan and a surprising number of people in the Renaissance adopted this view. See Pagden, *Lords of All the World*, 60–1; Williamson, 'Unnatural empire.' The translation of Horace is derived from D. Mulroy, *Horace's Odes and Epodes* (Ann Arbor, 1994), 56. 'God in his wisdom' rather than 'the prudent god', however, more closely approximates to the meaning that a sixteenth-century reader would have found in the poem.

6. i.e., the Brazilians.

7. 'ora' a pun for 'mouths'?

8. i.e., human flesh. Buchanan is surely playing the 'victu nefario' against the vernacular 'pecado nefando' ('peccatum nefandum' in Latin). The comparison would be seen immediately by contemporaries, and there could be little doubt as to which was worse.

9. The seaborne 'wickedness' in the first instance is of course the settlers. But Buchanan probably has in mind commerce in the fullest possible sense. The reaction of the Lisbon court to Buchanan's invocation of shipwreck for the Portuguese fleet may well be imagined.

11/2

Source: *Liber miscellaneorum* 5, in *Opera omnia* (1715), ii, 104; (1725), ii, 412.

1. The perspective from North Africa was apparently different from that of Europe, and the name varied accordingly. Buchanan's central point in these lines is an ironic comparison with the triumphs of antique Rome (like those of Scipio Africanus). The latter were based on political and military virtue rather than deriving from the contemptible world of commerce. 'Indicus' refers to Diu, Goa, and other outposts on the Malabar Coast; 'Arabs', 'Persicus', 'Guineus', and 'Africanus' refer to similar Portuguese trading station-fortresses. The Portuguese established close relations with the Bantu kingdom of Congo in 1483, with its core centered on the city of Mbanza Kongo (Buchanan's 'Manicongo') in what is today northern Angola. Philip Ford has suggested that 'Zalophus' may refer to Sofala, a trading port in Mozambique colonised by the Portuguese in 1508. See Boxer, *Portuguese Seaborne Empire*, esp. 33, 39, 53, 97–101; Ford, *Buchanan*, 186.

2. For Buchanan commercial empire constituted an unnatural and unstable structure upon which virtuous action could not occur. See Williamson, 'Civic virtue and commerce' and Williamson, 'Unnatural empire.'

3. The line in brackets is thought to be an alternate ending which became incorporated in the printed version. See Ford, *Buchanan*, 187. However, we have amended the first word of the line, which in the printed version reads *famam* (reputation), to read *faenum* (hay). In all likelihood *famam* is a mistake, and *faenum* is what Buchanan actually wrote, implying that Dom João is an *asinus* bearing the burdens of the empire: *plus onus quam honos*.

12/2

Source: *Opera omnia* (1715), ii, 117-9; (1725), ii, 432-5. Internal evidence indicates that at least large sections of Books I and II as well as parts of III and IV were worked out in France. Buchanan had probably become Timoléon's tutor in 1554. See I.D. McFarlane, 'The history of George Buchanan's *Sphæra*', in P. Sharratt (ed.), *French Renaissance Studies, 1540-70* (Edinburgh, 1976), 196; McFarlane, *Buchanan*, 175, 358; Ford, *Buchanan*, 8, 101.

1. 5.106-8 (ii, 163). See 17/2 (commentary on Latin text) and 18/2, note 1.

2. See 1.641-60. 'Since the earth is a very small part of the sun in size, and the sun but a portion of its cycle, and that in turn is a small portion of the star-bearing heaven; if the earth should be compared with this last, no thought can express numerically what a small part of the vast all-containing universe it is.' (Terra igitur cum sit multesima portio Solis;/ Pars orbis Sol parva sui; qui continet orbis/ Solem, stelligeri exilis sit portio cæli:/ Stelligero tellus si componatur Olympo,/ Nulla queat numeris ratio comprehendere, tellus/ Pars quota sit vasti, qui continet omnia, mundi. 1.655-60). Cf. Cicero, *De republica*, VI.xv.16.

3. i.e., there is empirical evidence for the sphericity of the earth.

4. 'Claustra': Buchanan felt no sense of triumph when he thought of the Portuguese breaking through the natural barriers. Quite the reverse, he deemed the Iberian exploits unnatural, their consequences disastrous, their motivation corrupt. See stanza 8, line 2 of 'In colonias brasilienses...' (10/2, note 3) and the analysis in Williamson, 'Unnatural empire.'

5. Buchanan clearly refers to the fifteenth-century explorations of Bartholomeu Diaz de Novaes (fl. 1481-1500), Vasco da Gama (c.1460-1524), and others along and eventually around the African coast—and then in 1497 across the Indian Ocean to the Malabar Coast. Buchanan rightly observes that the Indian connection severely dwarfed the significance of Portugal's African enterprise.

6. Possibly Sofala, a Portuguese trading port in Mozambique. See 'In Polyonymum' (11/2), n. 1.

7. A reference to slavery? Cf. Boxer, *Portuguese Seaborne Empire*, 24-5, 30.

8. The concern with boundary, at once natural and social, is the central theme of the poem. This is the real meaning of the spheres, something that Avarice has disrupted, and, in the process, it has deflected mankind from its human potential. See note 4 above.

9. Avarice can do no more than confirm what reason had long endeavoured to 'hammer out'. Once blighted at the root by avarice, neither courage nor discovery, for Buchanan, can possess any true creativity.

13/2

Source: Epigrammatum (Icones) 2.30, in *Opera omnia* (1715), ii, 90-1; (1725), ii, 295. Another epigram to Chrysalus occurs in the *Fratres fraterrimi* 33 (ii, 26), translated in Thomas Heywood, *Pleasant Dialogues and Dramas* (London, 1637), 273. The latter poem adopts much the same tone: in the face of economic disaster, Chrysalus wants to commit suicide—only to find that even suicide costs money he is not willing to spend. It is almost suggestive of Dorothy Parker's 'You might as well live.'

1. Chrysalus: Buchanan probably has no specific individual in mind. The name plays on the word 'gold' and might best be rendered simply as 'Goldie.'

2. 'frigida ara': Chrysalus's hearth is cold because he saves money on fuel.

3. Progne or Procne: a swallow; Progne, the daughter of Pandion and wife of Tereus, was turned into such a bird.

14/2

Source: *Fratres fraterrimi* 28, in *Opera omnia* (1715), ii, 25; (1725), ii, 292-3.

1. 'longum': literally, for a long while, but Buchanan obviously means a very long time indeed, in fact forever.

2. In 1557 Buchanan obtained 'lettres de naturalité'.

3. Buchanan's meaning here is uncertain. He could be referring to the new Protestant doctrines from Germany, Switzerland, or England. Certainly Henry II was militantly orthodox, indeed a bigot whose 'chambre ardente' has always been notorious. Moreover, the House of Guise, with whom Buchanan soon became associated, was strongly identified with Catholicism. But if the contrast is being made with Portugal, as clearly it is (and quite directly in the lines immediately following), Buchanan can hardly be celebrating French orthodoxy. How could anyone be more orthodox than the Lisbon Inquisition? What could be more resistant to foreign religious ideas (as Buchanan knew better than most)? It is just possible that the 'ritus exteri' are the Inquisition and its procedures, imported from Rome. Moreover, the Guise family, while strongly Catholic, had yet to become the Counter-Reforming crusaders (and Habsburg clients) of the next decades. Thus, Mary of Guise, Queen mother and governor of Scotland after 1554, adopted a conciliatory policy toward Scottish Protestants and may even have hoped to encourage Protestant disaffection in England toward the repressive Mary Tudor and Philip. Gordon Donaldson provides an effective brief discussion of Guise policy in Scotland in *All the Queen's Men: Power and Politics in Mary Stewart's Scotland* (New York, 1983), 26-8. Mary's attitudes have been most recently noted by J. H. Burns, *The True Law of Kingship: Concepts of Monarchy in Early Modern Scotland* (Oxford, 1996), 102, 137, 138, 155.

4. The contrast with the Portuguese climate is clearly intended. Summer in France is less torrid, while the fireside compensates for the colder winters.

5. The irony here is heavy even by Renaissance standards.

15/2

Source: *Liber miscellaneorum* 8, in *Opera omnia* (1715), ii, 104-5; (1725), ii, 413-4. The poem first appeared in Joachim du Bellay's French translation shortly after it was written. The Latin original was not printed until 1590. Its praise of the later notorious House of Guise delayed its publication—and led as well to a recasting of line 37 (see note 7). Buchanan claimed (not altogether persuasively) that 'he was forced by his friends into writing a poem on the siege which he undertook all the more reluctantly as he came in competition with others, most his friends, and especially Melin de Saint-Gellais'. See Phillip Ford, 'George Buchanan's court poetry and the *Pléiade*', *French Studies*, xxxiv (1980), 146-7; McFarlane, *Buchanan*, 161.

1. i.e., the multiformed, many-headed monster that is global empire. Cf. 'In Polyonymum' (11/2).

2. Charles spent the year assembling an army of nearly 80,000 to retake the city. See F. J. Baumgartner, *Henry II: King of France, 1547-1559* (Durham, 1988), 156.

3. Possibly a reference to the Lutheran disaster at Mühlberg (1547), but much more likely Buchanan expresses French disappointment that the German princes did not distract the Imperial forces from the attack on Metz longer than they did. See Baumgartner, *Henry II*, 155; Brandi, *Charles V*, 615-22, esp. 619-20.

4. 'semimaurus Caesar': Henry's publicists promoted the notion that the French and the Germans were cousins, confronting a Latin and Mediterranean emperor, Charles of Spain. Buchanan's claim that Charles was virtually a Moor would certainly have stung the emperor who had led the crusade that captured Tunis. Cf. 71/5. Also see Baumgartner, *Henry II*, 148.

5. Buchanan probably has in mind generally the Italian city states and their civic traditions, but specifically he is referring to the French-inspired revolt of Siena in July 1552. Charles chose to postpone that problem (among many others) for the all-important struggle for Metz. Siena would be retaken in April 1555.

6. This became the central theme of Buchanan's political thought in the 1550s, as well as of this poem. The French emerge as the protectors of European liberty against the perverse designs of the

Habsburgs. At the same time Henry's navy struggled to subvert both the Spanish and Portuguese overseas empires. See Baumgartner, *Henry II*, 136.

7. Only Metz and Thionville are on the Moselle. Other key centers, Toul and Verdun, are on the Meuse. All of them were then within the Holy Roman Empire. Buchanan has sacrificed geography for poetry.

8. Hyrcania: A region of Asia between Media, Parthia, and the Caspian Sea. In antiquity the Caspian Sea was known as the Mare Hyrcanum. The Hyrcanian tiger serves as an emblem of cruelty, and the line is suggestive of Dido's complaint to Aeneas: 'Hyrcanian tigers suckled you' (*Aeneid* 4.367). Our thanks to Dr. Ulrike Morét for drawing this reference to our attention.

9. 'dextra Bironii': Originally the phrase was 'dextra Guysii'. It was changed with the coming of the religious wars and Buchanan's break with the House of Guise. See Ford, 'George Buchanan's court poetry and the Pléiade', 152, n. 13. 'Biron' is Arnaud de Gontaut, baron de Biron, who fought in Italy with Buchanan's patron, Charles de Cossé, comte de Brissac. Cf. McFarlane, *Buchanan*, 161.

10. A reference to Charles's embarrassing flight to Innsbruck in 1552 and then to Brussels in the following year.

16/2

Source: Liber miscellaneorum 1, in *Opera omnia* (1715), ii, 101-2; (1725), ii, 408-9. Two editions of the poem were published at Paris in 1558. See Durkan, *Bibliography*, 160, 161; Ford, *Buchanan*, 180.

1. Buchanan's highly traditional cosmology was being developed in detail during the same decade in the *De Sphæra*, where at moments it is given a noticeably Stoic reading.

2. Moderation is for Buchanan a moral imperative of both personal and political significance. Among other things, it informed against the grotesque global empires created by the Iberian kingdoms. See Williamson, 'Unnatural empire'.

3. i.e., Charles V. Although Charles had already abdicated in 1555 and would die subsequently in 1558, he played an active role in a number of the struggles described by the poem, and he appears to have epitomised the idea of empire for Buchanan. The French victory at Calais was won against Charles's son Philip II (and Mary Tudor). The fullest description of the campaign is provided by D. Potter, 'The duc de Guise and the fall of Calais, 1557-1558', *English Historical Review*, xcvi (1983), 481-512.

4. Moderate Henry does not share the bloated aspirations of the Habsburgs—according to Buchanan—and this moderation translates into a spirituality acceptable to God.

5. A reference to the disaster at St. Quentin, 10 Aug. 1557? What sin of Henry's, in Buchanan's view, led to that visitation?

6. Francis of Guise in particular has assumed the sacred mission of protecting liberty against empire. But he does so on behalf of Henry and France.

7. The Duke of Alva, viceroy of Naples, invaded the Papal States in Aug. 1556. Paul IV formed an alliance with Henry, and at the end of the year French forces under Guise entered Italy with the aim of seizing the Neapolitan throne for Henry's second son.

8. 'Segusiani': In 1557 the Duke of Savoy invaded the region, to be driven out subsequently by Guise. Although the Segusiani (or Segusiavi) were a Gaulish tribe identified with the Lyons region, for Buchanan, barbarians enter France from Italy rather than the other way around.

9. In 1557 Philip finally dragged Mary into the French war, a war that Buchanan rightly portrays as a disaster for England.

10. In referring to the Marian persecutions, Buchanan portrays Mary as the archetypal, blood-thirsty tyrant, a figure visibly anticipating Lady Macbeth in Shakespeare's tragedy. French policy in Scotland (if not France) was more conciliatory, and actually sought to encourage Protestant disaffection in England. Potter has noted that the Huguenot congregation at Calais as well as Englishmen disaffected toward the Marian regime, weakened the English grip on the enclave ('Fall of Calais', 485). See 14/2, esp. note 3, and 15/2.

11. The overweening designs of Charles's vast empire and its satellites (e.g., Mary's England) are struck down by Justice and the scourge of pride. A just God employs agencies for this purpose which are themselves just and merciful. Buchanan clearly precludes a Valois counter-empire to the Habsburg colossus. At the same time he seems to suggest that Valois-Guise rule will be more tolerant and humane than that of the fanatical Philip and Mary.

17/2

Source: Epigrammatum (Icones) 2.16, in *Opera omnia* (1715), ii, 88; (1725), ii, 388. McFarlane has shown that Buchanan began writing the 'Icones' in 1557 at Turin when he accompanied the French campaign in Italy. Written for Timoléon de Cossé, son of the Marshal of France who was one of the leaders of the expedition, some of the poems (we do not know which ones) were posted on the walls of the Marshal's headquarters (McFarlane, *Buchanan*, 177, 289). Perhaps it would only have been appropriate to do so. In antiquity Timoleon of Corinth had overthrown the tyrants of Sicily, as doubtless the Cossé-Brissac family and Buchanan were fully aware. No less than Niccolò Machiavelli had portrayed Timoleon as a model (*Discourses*, 1:10).

18/2

Source: Epigrammatum (Icones) 2.17, in *Opera omnia* (1715), ii, 88; (1725), ii, 389. Possibly written as early as 1557.

1. For Mair, Alexander was hardly admirable, 'seeing that through mere lust of rule he aimed at gaining for himself the kingdoms of others, that no way pertained to him' (*History of Greater Britain*, 84). Lindsay's view of Alexander shared more with Buchanan's: 'Quhose crueltie for to rehers,/ And saikles [innocent] blude quhilk he did sched,/ War rycht abhominabyll to be red' (*The Monarchie*, 3669-71; 1554). See C. Edington, *Court and Culture in Renaissance Scotland: Sir David Lindsay of the Mount* (Amherst, 1994), 123.

2. Buchanan's hostility to Alexander recurs within his writings. In the *De Sphaera*, for example, he deplores people's misled admiration for 'the barbaric pride of Xerxes, the weapons of awful Caesar, and the crimes of the Emathian tyrant [i.e., Alexander]': ('At nos victuris potius committere chartis/ Barbaricum Xerxis fastum juvat, armaque diri/ Caesaris, et facta Emathii scelerata tyranni'.) All three had sought to overthrow the polis—and thus political life and human fulfillment. Buchanan's views are inherently anti-imperial and proto-republican. They are at least broadly within the vocabulary of Machiavelli. Cf. Buchanan's translation, 'E Græco' (21/2). See *De Sphaera* 5.106-8, in *Opera omnia* (1715), ii, 163; Naiden, *Sphaera*, p. 140. Emathus was a son of Macedon from whom Macedonia was believed to have derived its name. Emathus provided the region with an alternate name, Emathia.

19/2

Source: Epigrammatum 1.5, in *Opera omnia* (1715) ii, 70; (1725), ii, 360.

1. By tradition the last king of Athens. Before the Dorians invaded Attica, an oracle claimed that they should be victorious only if the life of the Attic king were spared. Accordingly the Dorians took great precautions not to kill King Codrus. Subsequently Codrus himself learned of the prophecy. In response, he disguised himself, entered the Dorian camp, started a quarrel with the soldiers, and was subsequently killed. When the Dorians discovered who had been slain, they withdrew from Attica and returned home. The Codrus tradition further claims that no one was thought worthy of succeeding such a high-minded and patriotic king, and the office was abolished as a result—to be replaced by the appointment of an archon. The Codrus story needs to be seen as one of the sources for Buchanan's ideal king in the *De jure regni apud Scotos: dialogus*.

2. Like many humanists in the earlier sixteenth century, Buchanan admired Livy's Roman republic rather than the subsequent empire, which was seen as corruption and decline. See Williamson, 'Scots, Indians, and empire', esp. 68-9; Williamson, *SNC*, 107-16. Although no student of Livy, Mair, too, was surprisingly hostile to Caesar, surely the consequence of his conciliarism. 'Caesar ...

overthrew an aristocratic republic, the most famous since the beginning of the world, and by the exercise of tyranny assumed the sole power to himself' (*History of Greater Britain*, 84).

20/2

Source: Epigrammatum 1.9, in *Opera omnia* (1715), ii, 71; (1725), ii, 361.

1. The name identified a variety of regions in Greece, but from the Roman era it could mean both Athens and Greece. Buchanan's counterpoint, appropriately, is Italy rather than Rome.

21/2

Source: *Opera omnia* (1715), ii, 102 (first part); (1725), ii, 169; originally published in M.A. Muret, *Juvenilia ...* (Paris, 1552, repr. 1553).

1. Marc-Antoine Muret (1526-1586) was a highly influential humanist scholar. Like Buchanan's dramas, Muret's *Julius Caesar* was written for the students at the college of Guyenne. Michel de Montaigne apparently performed in it: 'I played the leading parts in the Latin tragedies of Buchanan, Guerente, and Muret, which were performed with dignity in our Collège de Guyenne', in *Essays* I:26, in *The Complete Essays of Montaigne*, trans. D. Frame (Stanford, 1958), 131. Buchanan's tenure at Guyenne, however, did not overlap with Muret's, and it appears that they first met in 1552. Muret's subsequent career assumed a strikingly conservative course, one appearing to justify several of Buchanan's deepest anti-clerical attitudes. Suspected of sodomy at Toulouse in 1553, Muret fled to Rome where he became a canon of the Vatican and a pillar of orthodoxy (McFarlane, *Buchanan*, 101, 163; Ford, *Buchanan*, 7).

2. 'pius': Buchanan is using the idea of 'pietas' in the highly classical sense of loyalty to family or more generally to the community. Brutus's dagger is 'pious' in the sense of dutiful to its responsibilities. For the classical world, and at times for Buchanan, too, the spiritual and the civic could become coterminous. Cf. G. Braden, *Renaissance Tragedy and the Senecan Tradition: Anger's Privilege* (New Haven, CT, 1985), 126.

22/2

Source: Originally published in Jacques Grévin, *Le théâtre de Jacques Grévin de Cler-Mont en Beauvais, a trèsillustre et très haute princesse Madame Claude de France, duchesse de Lorraine. Ensemble, la seconde partie de l'Olimpe et de la Gelodacrye* (Paris, 1561, repr. with only minor alterations in 1562). Published separately in 1578 (with an 'Advertissement ou sommaire' that celebrated Caesar) and again in 1606 under the title, *La Liberté vangée ou César poignardé*, with an anti-tyrannical 'Argument de la tragédie'. Both of the latter would have met with Buchanan's approval. There would not be another edition until the late nineteenth century.

1. Jeffrey Foster has found that although there is no direct translation, Grévin paraphrases or adapts nearly half the lines in Muret's play. See Foster (ed.), *César de Jacques Grévin* (Paris, 1974), esp. 17, 29-31.

2. Not simply captives and other forms of loot, but also the triumph as celebrated by Caesar in the *Commentarii de bello Gallico*.

3. 'De Latio', originally misprinted as 'delatio'. See Foster, *César de Jacques Grévin*, 55. Latium is the district in Italy where Rome was situated.

4. i.e., shown for what you are, a plunderer, villain, and would-be tyrant. In the process Grévin's *César* emerges victorious over the commentaries.

23/2

Source: Epigrammatum 1.45, in *Opera omnia* (1715), ii, 77; (1725), ii, 371. The poem Buchanan has translated remains unidentified.

1. The famous orator (c. 384-322 BCE) who inveighed against the Macedonian threat to the Greek city states in the name of the traditional civic spirit.

2. i.e., Philip of Macedonia.

24/2

Source: Epigrammatum (Icones) 2.14, in *Opera omnia* (1715), ii, 88; (1725), ii, 388. Possibly written as early as 1557.

1. Few women indeed either from political life or from literature ever qualified for Buchanan's heroic pantheon. Marguerite of Navarre is an example of the former, while the Carthaginian Dido provides an instance of the latter. For a discussion of the later complexities of Dido within English poetry, see J. Watkins, *The Specter of Dido: Spenser and Virgilian Epic* (New Haven, CT, 1995).

25/2

Source: Epigrammatum (Icones) 2.15, in *Opera omnia* (1715), ii, 88; (1725), ii, 388. Possibly written as early as 1557.

1. Although this highly ambivalent poem carries a variety of potential implications for Mary Stewart, Livy's story of Sophonisba (30:12-15) is straight-forward enough. Sophonisba, a Carthaginian, married Syphax, the king of neighbouring Numidia. Her beauty led Syphax to shift his allegiance from Rome to Carthage with disastrous consequences. Livy has Syphax explain at length to the victorious Scipio how the 'madness' ('sui furoris') of his decision derived from love for his irresistible queen. Following the Roman victory over Syphax, one of Scipio's generals, the Numidian Masinissa (c. 240-149 BCE), skilfully captures the capital city of Cirta whereupon his heart in turn is captured by the ever irresistible Sophonisba. Sophonisba's concern is simply not to become a captive of the Romans—anyone's captive but the Romans'. Masinissa promptly marries her, but again disaster strikes. By law she is Roman booty, and Masinissa eventually receives an extensive lecture from Scipio about controlling one's emotions and amorous appetites—lack of such control being a characteristic weakness of Numidians, Livy suggests. Masinissa learns his lesson, and there is consequently only one way out for Sophonisba: suicide. Masinissa gallantly supplies poison for this purpose. The historical Masinissa (who seems somewhat different from Livy's) would in fact go on to rule Numidia quite successfully as a Roman dependency.

The poem derives from the lines Livy gives Sophonisba on receiving the poison from Masinissa's slave: 'I receive the wedding gift, and it is not unwelcome if my husband has been able to bestow nothing better upon his wife. But tell him this, that it would have been easier for me to die if I had not married at my funeral.' ('Accipio', inquit, 'nuptiale munus, neque ingratum, si nihil maius vir uxori præstare potuit. Hoc tamen nuntia, melius me morituram fuisse, si non in funere meo nupsissem.' 30:15.7) From *Livy*, trans. F.G. Moore, 14 vols. (Cambridge, MA, 1962), viii, 420, 421.

Clearly Sophonisba could have faced death more happily before she met, married, and presumably loved Masinissa. With Livy's story, however, there is always the potential conclusion that remarriages (like Mary's to Bothwell, perhaps) tend not to work politically. Although Buchanan began writing the 'Icones' at Turin in 1557 while traveling with the French expedition (see 14/2, n. 7), this poem (and others) would have sounded very differently within the context of the Scottish revolution a decade later. At that date it might rather seem like a message for the captive Mary rather than one for Buchanan's pupil, Timoléon de Cossé, the son of the Marshal of France. In fact the poem's date is uncertain, and it may even have been initially directed to Mary.

The obvious political lesson of Sophonisba—public good takes precedence over what we in California call 'meaningful personal relations'—would be lost on none of Buchanan's readers. In addition, there is, just possibly, an anti-imperial dimension to the poem. Sophonisba would prefer death to slavery under 'the lords of Ausonia', and, within Buchanan's framework, that would surely seem a worthy attitude. The poem is associated with a number of other female emblems, some of whom are clearly exemplary. See 'Dido' (24/2) and 'Marguerite, Queen of Navarre' (36/3)—and,

by contrast, the emblem of Mary Tudor (39/3) as well as the poems about Helen of Troy and Penelope in Appendix B.4-6.

2. Numidia, but specifically the palace in Cirta: Masinissa enters the city and proceeds to the steps of the palace where he confronts the kneeling supplicant, Sophonisba.

3. Hasdrubal, the Carthaginian general.

4. Carthage.

5. Rome.

26/2

Source: Epigrammatum (Icones) 2.28, in *Opera omnia* (1715), ii, 90; (1725), ii, 391.

1. Buchanan, *History of Scotland*, i, 461. Buchanan portrayed Robert I as an ideal king—that is, another Cato the younger, a Brutus, a Marius.

2. Severity was associated with political virtue, the sacrifice of self for the public good and the restriction of self-indulgent opulence and luxury. Sulla is brutal rather than severe, self-serving rather than civic.

3. Achilles's charioteer, whose name became synonymous with charioteer.

4. Buchanan found his classical ideal in Codrus of Athens, with whom Sulla starkly contrasts. It is possible that Buchanan was aware of the near contemporaneous comment of Lucretius. The *De rerum natura* opens with a prayer to Venus asking 'that this brutal business of war by sea and land may everywhere be lulled to rest. For you [Venus] alone have power to bestow on mortals the blessing of quiet peace.' Lucretius, *The Nature of the Universe*, trans. R.E. Latham (London, 1951), 28.

27/2

Source: *Omnia opera* (1715), ii, 226-8; (1725), ii, 602-6.

1. McFarlane, *Buchanan*, 352-3; Ford, *Buchanan*, 108-10.

2. Guisidæ: literally, the sons of Guise.

3. Solymi and Trinacria: the people of Jerusalem and Sicily. Through the lineage of the dukes of Anjou, the Guises fancied themselves as kings of Naples, Sicily, and Jerusalem. These claims were very real and had informed the family's political decisions for generations. On his elevation to the curia in 1547 Charles wanted to be known as the cardinal of Anjou to emphasize the family's claim to the Angevin inheritance. Buchanan's point is that the family aspired to universal monarchy. Cf. 16/2, lines 73-80.

4. The Huguenot Jean Poltrot de Méré shot Francis of Guise on 19 Feb. 1563; Guise died on the 24th.

5. Buchanan refers to what was literally happening, and inverts the deeds of the Counter-Reformers on the Cardinal himself.

6. Buchanan's civil piety inherently focused on this world, and appeals to the next, like this one, occur rarely in his poetry. These lines provide a measure of his horror at the events in France.

7. Alastor: an avenging deity or daimon, personifying the curse which falls on a family through guilt.

8. Buchanan's meaning here is unclear. Claude de Guise (d. 1550) had indeed acquired vast estates (his epitaph referred to him as 'very rich'), and his career had involved considerable bloodshed, most strikingly of Protestant peasants at Saverne in 1525. His final illness—resulting from poison, he believed—appears to have been untroubled by his son. See H.D. Sedgwick, *The House of Guise* (New York, 1938), 27-8, 49-50; H.N. Williams, 'The Brood of False Lorraine', 2 vols. (London, n.d.), i, 104-7, 112-14.

9. Buchanan refers to the widely held belief that the Cardinal became sexually involved with Anne of Este, the wife of his elder brother Francis. Cf. the Huguenot poem 'Du Cardinal': 'Charles Lorraine, le cardinal/ Incestueux abominable,/ S'est donné corps et ame au diable/ Si, tant qu'il vivra, ne fait mal.' Another such poem, 'Au Cardinal, avant le concile de Trente' has the lines: '...Le peuple françois t'a si fort à contre cœur/ Q'u'il te veult pour varlet aussi peu que pour

maistre./ L'Italien trop fin sçait tes ruses cognoistre./ L'Espagnol ne pourroit endurer ta fureur./ Le sévère Allemant a l'inceste en horreur./ L'Anglois et L'Escossois te cognoissent pour traistre...? P. Tarbé (ed.), *Recueil de poésies calvinistes (1550-1566)* (Geneva, 1968), 30, 97-8.

10. Buchanan probably refers to the Cardinal's behaviour at Poissy in 1561 where he fomented discord between the clergy of both religions. The poisoned laws of war are harder to identify, but Buchanan surely has in mind such events as the 1562 massacre at Vassy or the subsequent sacking of Rouen.

11. See note 10 above.

12. A reference to Charles's widely alleged papal aspirations.

13. Phlegethon: A river in the infernal regions in which fire flowed instead of water.

14. Megæra: one of the three Furies, identified with holding grudges.

15. Tisiphone: another Fury, identified with avenging murder.

16. Avernus: The gateway to hell, identified with a deep volcanic crater near Puteoli (Pozzuoli) north of Naples.

28/3

Source: *Miscellaneorum liber 13*, in *Opera omnia* (1715), ii, 106; (1725), ii, 416. This poem, the next, and one following in its original form were written during Buchanan's stay in England in the first half of 1539. The *Liber miscellaneorum* was published as part of Buchanan's collected poetry at Edinburgh in 1615.

1. 'niveus': The faith being restored by Cromwell, Cranmer, and Henry is literally 'snowy' pure.

2. Buchanan is clearly offering Cromwell a manuscript volume of his poetry.

3. 'cliens': i.e., one of Cromwell's men, a member of his following.

4. i.e., Buchanan's long-standing nemesis, Cardinal David Beaton (1494?-1546).

5. i.e., the increasingly conservative court of James V.

6. Buchanan describes his winter flight from Edinburgh in 1539, through the Cheviot Hills of the largely lawless Borders. It was a genuinely dangerous and difficult journey.

29/3

Source: *Miscellaneorum liber 15*, in *Opera omnia* (1715), ii, 106-7; (1725), ii, 417-8.

1. Buchanan seems to be urging Henry not to overreact, especially in the face of half-truths and, perhaps, popular hostility to Cromwell.

2. Again, the poem stresses the need for balance among contending interests at court as well as in religion. Certainly, for Buchanan, the Act of the Six Articles overthrew such a balance.

3. If the poem pleads for balance and moderation, it also urges the king to 'loosen the reins' and allow a wide range of religious opinion, unlike the restrictions imposed by the reactionary Act of the Six Articles. Such a 'loosening' would imply placing greater confidence in Cromwell and his policies. Buchanan was acutely conscious of his own personal danger from the Catholic clergy in England, no less than in Scotland, and was initially protected in London 'against the fury of the papists' by Sir John Rainsford of Essex. The poet later memorialised Rainsford, describing his home as 'an altar of refuge to the wretched, and haven of safety to the good' ('*Ara domus miseris, arca benigna bonis*'; *Joanni Ransforto Equiti Anglo*', *Epigrammatum* 2.24, line 6, in *Opera omnia* [1715], ii, 84).

30/3

Source: *Fratres fraterrimi* 5, in *Opera omnia* (1715), ii, 20; (1725), ii, 285-6.

1. See McFarlane, *Buchanan*, 74; Ford, *Buchanan*, 46, 122 n.6.

2. Throughout his life Buchanan consistently feared popular reaction against reform and the power of the clergy to stir up the 'populus'.

3. 'Fucus' (literally 'rouge' or 'make-up') obviously refers to the accretions of medieval Christianity—the counterfeit, the invented, the traditional.

4. 'Libycus basiliscus': a fabulous reptile or lizard, also called a cockatrice; its breath and even its look were said to be fatal.

31/3

Source: Epigrammatum 3.10, in *Opera omnia* (1715), ii, 93; (1725), ii, 395-6.

1. Pierides: another name for the Muses, derived from Pieria near Mount Olympus where they were first worshipped. The subsequent phrase 'to be given words' ('verba dare') means to be lied to.

2. Irus: a beggar of Ithaca, celebrated in the *Odyssey* (cf. the 'Franciscanus' (57/4), l. 137-8).

32/3

Source: Epigrammatum (Icones) 2.25, in *Opera omnia* (1715), ii, 89; (1725), ii, 390.

33/3

Source: Epigrammatum (Icones) 2.26, in *Opera omnia* (1715), ii, 89; (1725), ii, 390.

34/3

Source: Liber miscellaneorum 24, in *Opera omnia* (1715), ii, 110-1; (1725), ii, 433-4.

1. '... Orcum ... et ... Stygio sub gurgite': literally, 'lives as though he expects Hell and eternal punishment within the Stygian whirlpool'.

2. Ford rightly links these lines with Revelation 21:23-4 (*Buchanan*, 198), a connection reinforced by line 21. Cf. also 53/3.

3. 'mortis secundæ': now ruling with God along with the martyrs and saints, Calvin knows joy and does not face the Last Judgement. Cf. Revelation 20:6.

4. The popes to whom Buchanan refers are: Julius II (1503-13), Clement VII (1523-34), Paul III (1534-49), Paul IV (1555-9), Pius IV (1559-65). See 60/4-69/4.

5. Charon: the mythical ferryman who transported the shades across a river (usually the Acheron) into Hades proper. Buchanan obviously has in mind the sale of indulgences, portrayed here as a ticket to hell.

6. Cerberus: the three-headed dog who guards the entrance to Hades, like the triple-crowned pope who mans the entrance to hell.

7. Images of the condemned within classical mythology: Tantalus, Sisyphus, Prometheus, the Danaids (i.e., the fifty daughters of Danaus who murdered their husbands and were condemned in the underworld forever to fill leaking vessels), Ixion (a legendary king of Thessaly and primal offender against the divine order who was condemned to crucifixion on a fiery wheel revolving for all eternity).

35/3

Source: Hendecasyllabon liber 10, in *Opera omnia* (1715) ii, 63; (1725) ii, 348.

1. 'horrida Arctos': 'shaggy bear', i.e., Ursa Minor and the pole star. Buchanan's acute consciousness of coming from the barbaric north deeply informed his thought and was widely shared by his contemporaries. See the 'Franciscanus' (57/4, l. 823-8), the poem to Walter Haddon (50/3, l. 8-10), the dedication of the Psalm paraphrases to Mary Stewart (Appendix B.7), and, outstandingly, the *De jure regni apud Scotos: dialogus* (quoted in 50/3, n. 2). Also see Williamson, 'Scots, Indians, and empire', esp. 52, 71-4.

2. 'centuriæ, tribus': Buchanan uses an extended metaphor derived from the constitution of republican Rome. He prefers Beza's judgment to that of the various orders of the republic—or perhaps the republic of letters.

36/3

Sources: Epigrammatum 1.11, in *Opera omnia* (1715), ii, 71; (1725), ii, 361-2. McFarlane has shown that the poem was initially conceived for Marguerite's daughter, Jeanne d'Albret, and then corrected (*Buchanan*, 90, 304).

1. Sister of Francis I, Marguerite d'Angoulême (1492-1549) was a progressive figure of singular importance in earlier sixteenth-century France. A major promoter of literature and herself a poet, she actively protected Protestants and other dissenters. To celebrate her was to celebrate reform in the broadest possible sense. The poem is highly telling in its insistence on the legitimacy of the rule of women, a view Buchanan later emphatically rejected. His subsequent objections were both practical and theoretical—and very widely held. The security, stability, and honour of any realm required marriage and children. A queen, like any woman, would be dominated by her husband. If he were a foreigner, the independence of the kingdom would be seriously endangered. If he were a local nobleman, factional struggles and political instability would inevitably ensue. It was truly a no-win situation, as so much of the experience of the century seemed manifestly to demonstrate.

At the same time, Buchanan's classical vocabulary of citizenship carried with it almost inescapably male implications. To exercise civic virtue was literally to demonstrate one's manhood (to be a 'vir' or to be 'virile'); it carried with it the notion of rulership in the household and, especially after Machiavelli, highly articulated military associations. Buchanan's claims for gender parity, based on classical mythology, along with his statements about the Queen's 'fascēs' and justice indicate Marguerite's extraordinary position in French society.

The premature death of Madeleine of Valois, James V's first wife and a young woman apparently influenced by Marguerite, struck Buchanan in retrospect as a missed opportunity for Scotland (*History of Scotland*, ii, 256; 'Georgii Buchanani Vita', reprinted in McFarlane, *Buchanan*, 541-2). His poems apparently written at her death seem pro forma. See App. A.

2. i.e., Hermes.

3. the goddess of persuasion.

4. the goddess of the order of things established by law, custom, equity; described as reigning in the assemblies of men.

5. 'prisca tempora': the term refers to the ancient and original moment when things possessed their pure, uncorrupted character.

6. 'forma': Buchanan offers the Queen an elegant, multi-layered compliment. Marguerite's scheme or plan involves the restoration or renewal of all things (outstandingly learning and religion). At the same time Marguerite personally embodies that original uncorrupted nature both with her mind and with her beauty.

7. 'fascēs': Buchanan emphasises that Marguerite does indeed hold public authority, made unmistakable no less through its emblems than doing justice and conducting policy ('gubernaculum', l. 9).

8. The point is stressed yet again: as queen she presides as a result of her merits of mind and character. She exemplifies what a ruler should be.

37/3

Source: Epigrammatum 1.50, in *Opera omnia* (1715), ii, 78; (1725), ii, 372.

38/3

Source: Epigrammatum (Icones) 2.23, in *Opera Omnia* (1715), ii, 89; (1725), ii, 390.

1. Charles de Valois, comte d'Angoulême. Buchanan refers to the dynasty in general.

2. Henri d'Albret, titular king of Navarre, Marguerite's second husband whom she married in 1527.

3. Buchanan apparently means her grandson, the future Henri IV.

4. 'si sum': With this conditional phrase, Buchanan interjects a seemingly Calvinist tone into Marguerite's voice.

5. 'Dominus rerum': literally, the lord of things. Cf. Lucretius, *De rerum natura*. A most striking contrast occurs at line 85 in the 'Franciscanus' (57/4) where the popes are described as 'rerum domini'.

39/3

Source: Epigrammatum (Icones) 2.24, in *Opera omnia* (1715), ii, 89; (1725), ii, 390.

1. 'Bloody' Mary Tudor (1516-1558) provides the fullest possible contrast to the virtuous Marguerite of Valois.

2. i.e., Henry VIII and Philip II.

3. 'pestis atrox': not only a terrible plague, but potentially also a dark or gloomy one, perhaps the Black Death (i.e. bubonic plague).

4. 'labes': Buchanan may intend a pun on 'tabes' ('disease', 'plague'); cf. 'In colonias brasilienses...' (10/2), stanza 6, l. 2.

5. 'forma': Buchanan doubtlessly means both nature and appearance, referring to her policies as well as to her unhappy, childless marriage. Cf. 'To Marguerite of Valois, Queen of Navarre' (36/3), l. 10.

40/3

Source: Epigrammatum (Icones) 2.20, in *Opera omnia* (1715), ii, 89; (1725), ii, 389. Although Buchanan began writing the 'Icones' in 1557, most of them obviously date from the next decade, as does this one and the following two which visibly comprise a set.

41/3

Source: Epigrammatum (Icones) 2.21, in *Opera omnia* (1715), ii, 89; (1725), ii, 389.

1. The Guise brother Buchanan surely has in mind is Charles (1524-1574), second cardinal of Lorraine (1547). The Guise family generally became a mainstay of the Catholic party in France, but contemporaries particularly associated Charles with its brutality. The cardinal also became a supporter of the Spanish alliance and of Philip II's claim to the French throne on the failure of the Valois line—as well as being the family's link with Spain.

2. Was only Mary's reputation hurt by the Guise link, or was Buchanan's as well?

3. i.e., Charles's machinations during the wars of religion.

42/3

Source: Epigrammatum (Icones) 2.22, in *Omnia opera* (1715), ii, 89.

1. 'Angues' and 'faces': the Furies' emblems (and powers) pale before the horrors perpetrated by the cardinal.

43/3

Source: Epigrammatum (Icones) 2.18, in *Opera omnia* (1715), ii, 88; (1725), ii, 389.

1. Lorenzo Valla (c. 1407-1457): the most distinguished of the Italian humanist scholars. His recovery of classical Latin language and culture against medieval 'barbarism' was exceptionally determined. He is best remembered for his linguistic analysis of the famous 'Donation of Constantine' which showed it to be a papal forgery. Buchanan's point is clear: the old heroes may have saved the Roman republic, but Valla brought it back from the grave. In the process, Valla has reformed learning and scholarship. As in so many of his poems (e.g., to João III, 72/5), Buchanan promotes learning as being, at least, no less important than military virtue.

2. Gaius Marius (155–86 BCE): a highly successful Roman general identified with popular and republican traditions.
3. Most likely Manius Curius Dentatus (d. 270 BCE): consul and censor, a conqueror of the Sabines, idealised by Cato.
4. Marius Furius Camillus: saviour and second founder of Rome after the Gallic wars (387 BCE), best known for the destruction of the Etruscan centre of Veii (396 BCE).

44/3

Source: Epigrammatum (Icones) 2.19, in *Opera omnia* (1715), ii, 88; (1725), ii, 389.

1. 'Sophi': Buchanan means the philosophers of classical antiquity who overcame myth and superstition with rational inquiry.
2. 'Portenta' and 'barbaria': the 'monstrosities' and 'barbarism' of medieval Latin (and culture).

45/3

Source: Hendecasyllabon liber 5, in *Opera omnia* (1715), ii, 62; (1725), ii, 346.

1. Antonio de Gouvea (fl.1540–1560) was a brother of Buchanan's close friend and colleague, André de Gouvea, principal of the Collège de Guyenne and then of the new College of Arts at Coimbra. Antonio was a distinguished legist as well as a Latin poet. He is thought to have leaned toward religious reform but may have moved on to increasingly sceptical views. Although teaching for a time at Guyenne, he (wisely) declined to join the Coimbra project. Buchanan possibly knew him at Guyenne, but became close on his return to France in the 1550s.
2. Diogo de Teive (c. 1513/14–1565) was a colleague at Guyenne and then at Coimbra. Buchanan contributed preface verses to his *Commentarius* ..., an account of the Portuguese victory at Diu in 1546. One of the three professors charged by the Lisbon inquisition, Teive, too, survived the ordeal and returned to a tenuous and circumscribed career at the university. He eventually took orders, apparently to vindicate his orthodoxy, and Buchanan did not remain in touch with him.

46/3

Source: *Silvæ* 4, in *Opera omnia* (1715), ii, 52–7; (1725), ii, 332–9. The opening lines were originally addressed to Marguerite's second husband, Henri d'Albret, king of Navarre, and consequently date between 1539 and 1547 (McFarlane, *Buchanan*, 90 and n. 56; Ford *Buchanan*, 47 and n. 10). The wedding took place in Notre Dame Cathedral on 24 Apr. 1558. But apparently the poem was first printed only at Basle in 1566 and then at Paris in 1567.

1. A reference to the Valois–Habsburg rivalry. See poems 15/2 and 16/2.
2. French fabulous history (like England's) traced the realm's dynasty back to Troy—a very long-standing tradition indeed. Scottish mythology located Stewart origins with the Greeks (and the Egyptians).
3. Mary Stewart left Scotland in 1548 at age six to be raised at the French court as the prospective bride of the Dauphin Francis. Her personal identity with Scotland was effectively non-existent.
4. i.e., blackberry bushes.
5. 'concordia mundi': Buchanan may conceivably be referring to the peace of Cateau-Cambrésis which brought to a close the Valois–Habsburg wars. But negotiations for that treaty began only in late 1558 and were concluded in the following April, a full year after the marriage. Moreover, the Guises had opposed the peace (and its Italian concessions), a perspective Buchanan may well have shared. He may therefore have in mind the peace brought about through French justice and the defeat of tyranny. The poem would only see print in 1566.
6. In the sixteenth century—and emphatically in Scotland—friendship carried with it associations of blood and kinship. See Williamson, *SNC*; K. Brown, *Bloodfeud in Scotland, 1573–1625: violence, justice and politics in an early modern society* (Edinburgh, 1986); J. Wormald, *Lords and Men in Scotland: bonds of manrent 1442–1603* (Edinburgh, 1985).

7. Buchanan refers to the 'Auld Alliance' between Scotland and France, whose mythic origins went back to Charlemagne.
8. See note 2 above.
9. 'natura sororem': Buchanan may mean that Francis and Mary are brother and sister as dynasts and crowned heads, i.e., by nature of equal status. Earlier translations sanitised the phrase as 'by birth your cousin' (McFarlane, *Renaissance Latin Poetry*, 161).
10. Buchanan has in mind Hector Boece's *Scotorum historiae* (Paris, 1527). It is difficult to overstress in Buchanan's thinking the immediacy of Scotland's ancient virtue, whose 'footprints' persist within contemporary Scottish politics—in marked contrast to the rest of Europe. Subsequently, his great history of Scotland would shape Scottish attitudes on these matters well into the eighteenth century.
11. Scottish antiquity manifested the continuity of an abstemious martial spirit, again an image that persisted into the eighteenth century.
12. For a variety of reasons, the expectation of the discovery of gold was surprisingly widespread in Scotland in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. See Williamson, 'Scotland, Antichrist and the invention of Great Britain', 45; Williamson, 'Sir James Hope', 320.
13. Buchanan's abiding hostility to avarice (and its manifestation as commerce) informs his political thought in many ways. He believed that it subverted political virtue and that it motivated the global empires. See the Beleago Cycle.
14. Buchanan develops the resilient myth of the 'redshank', the Scottish soldier whose austere self-sufficiency makes him uniquely effective. Perhaps as a result of Buchanan's reputation, the myth enjoyed at least some currency beyond Scotland. See Julius Caesar Scaliger's 'De prisicis Scotorum moribus, sub titulo Bervici, inter urbes' ('Concerning the ancient customs of the Scots, between the cities called Berwick'; i.e., between Berwick and Lerwick), reprinted in John Johnston, *Heroes ex omni historia Scotia lectissimi* (Amsterdam, 1602).
15. See note 10 above.
16. 'Gothus': It is not clear what people Buchanan means by 'Goth'. The Goths were never in Britain, as Buchanan surely knew, while the Picts are the obvious choice at this point in his list. The 'Picti' may have been obscure to his French audience. Virtually all sixteenth-century Scottish intellectuals were exercised by the thought that Scotland might seem primitive or cut off from European culture.
17. Buchanan is taking the themes developed by John Bellenden in a prefatory poem to his translation of Boece, published nearly twenty years earlier, and rendering them into stately Latin for a world audience. Bellenden had described at length the Scots as: 'Ay [= always] fechtand for thair liberteis and richtis, / With Romanis, Danis, Inglismen, and Pichtis.' Buchanan's great emphasis on Scottish dignity in part also seeks to counteract French *hauteur* toward an 'inferior' crown. As no less a statesman than Michel de L'Hôpital put it: 'For certain people maliciously speak ill in public of this marriage.' (Namque maligne/ Quidam homines etiam hæc vulgo connubia rodunt.) See Brown, *Buchanan*, 175; Phillips, *Images of a Queen*, ch. 1.
18. Buchanan has in mind the Culdees, medieval Irish monks recognised as bringing learning to many parts of Britain and the continent—and whom he identifies with Scotland. As we might expect, he identified John Scotus of Erigena as coming from Scotland. See Buchanan, *History of Scotland*, I, 267–8. Curiously, Buchanan does not refer to the Scots, the Irish, the Britons, or the Picts as 'Celts'. Both Boece and Buchanan latinise the term for the monks as 'cultores Dei' ('the worshippers of God'), transforming the Gaelic 'céli De' ('servants, or vassals, of God'). See Buchanan, *History of Scotland*, I, 294; A.A.M. Duncan, *Scotland: The Making of the Kingdom* (Edinburgh, 1975), 104; OED (significantly, 'Culdee' is not found in the *Dictionary of the Older Scottish Tongue*). Did Buchanan (who spoke Gaelic) and Boece (who had connections with Argyllshire bardic traditions) deliberately seek to classicise the Gaelic world?
19. 'ferus Batavus': Buchanan probably refers to Scottish aristocrats whose forces frequently fought alongside the French in the low countries rather than to any specific campaign.
20. 'Phaeton's water', Naples: the Eridanus, originally a mythical river into which Phaeton fell, eventually identified with the Po. French efforts to conquer the Neapolitan crown had been

undertaken as recently as the previous year, and Buchanan himself had been with the French forces at Turin. Such efforts had extended back at least to Charles VIII's famous invasion of 1494 and on occasion had involved Scottish forces.

21. 'Francæ moderator habenæ': As a 'moderator' of governance, Francis seems to emerge a considerably less august figure than might be expected, especially in such a poem. He appears to fall considerably short of being an emperor.

22. 'domina': Buchanan's concern that Mary not share authority with her husband follows from his objections to female rulers. He is clearly exercised to assert Scotland's dignity, but does not appear worried about Scotland's autonomy. But then neither was Mary. His views here contrast with those presented to Marguerite of Navarre (36/3).

23. 'habenæ': For Mary the 'reins' are not simply loose, but largely laid aside (cf. 29/3). Clearly Buchanan does not look to Mary as the protector of Scottish interests.

24. 'parens': Her mother, Mary of Guise (1515–1560), had become the regent of Scotland in 1554, where she resided until the revolution of 1559–60. Her father James V had died in 1542.

25. Buchanan quite unrealistically imagines that Mary misses Scotland. His heavy stress on her French family and connections—her French identity—suggests that the poem's primary audience was in France. These lines also reveal Buchanan's own French orientation. He had obtained letters of French nationality in 1557.

26. It is not clear what Buchanan has in mind. Books? Battlefields?

47/3

Source: *Silvæ* 6, in *Opera omnia* (1715), ii, 57; (1725), ii, 339–40.

1. i.e., the goddess Fortuna. Except for the final line, the poem is surprisingly resolute in its classical voice. Note especially ll. 13–14.

2. Buchanan probably refers to the peace of Cateau-Cambrésis, which ended the Valois–Habsburg wars. Peace has not brought peace, but disintegration and civil war.

3. Francis's father, Henry II, had just died in a tilting accident during the previous year (10 July 1559). Francis reigned for only fourteen months.

4. Buchanan was neither the first nor the last in an apparently hopeless situation to propose a crusade against the Turks. Francis Bacon, James VI and I, and Sir William Alexander all toyed with the idea as a means of providing a common cause and thereby pacifying Europe's great religious civil war.

48/3

Source: An unsigned distich appearing at the end of George Hay, *The Confutation of the Abbote of Crosnagels Masse...* (Edinburgh, 1563), attributed by John Durkan to Buchanan in *Bibliography*, 162 (179). Hay's *Confutation* was dedicated to 'The most noble, potent, and godly Lord James, Earle of Murray'. The work does not share Buchanan's ironic humor. The distich along with six other epigrams would be reprinted at Edinburgh in 1565 (*Pasquillorum versus aliquot ex diversis auctoribus collecti* ...).

1. 'Ite, missa est': The closing lines of the Catholic mass.

2. 'Tartareum Patrem': Tartarus comprised the infernal regions. The father or ruler of them was of course Satan. The mass (rather than the parishioners) needs to go—back to its hellish origins. These lines conclude George Hay's 'confutation' of the mass, literally sending it away.

3. Phlegethon: A river in the infernal regions in which fire flowed instead of water.

49/3

Source: Epigrammatum 2.27, in *Opera omnia* (1715), ii, 89–90; (1725), ii, 390.

1. Buchanan's friendship with this deeply Protestant and highly educated Elizabethan diplomat is thought to have reached back into the 1550s. Buchanan would write an epitaph for Randolph's wife, Anne Walsingham, which primarily celebrated her husband (*Liber miscellaneorum* 27).

2. Clearly an effort to link the then moderate Mary to the 1560 settlement.
3. A long-standing trope, rooted in Scottish humanist tradition at least as far back as Boece and Bellenden, the statement will assume immediacy with Mary's efforts to create a court culture and, at mid-decade, to promote a cult of monarchy.

50/3

Source: Iambon liber 1, in *Opera omnia* (1715), ii, 64; (1725), ii, 349. Written in late 1564 (see note 3), first published in 1568.

1. 'Magistro libellorum supplicum': literally, master of the supplication books. Walter Haddon (1516–1572), civilian lawyer, controversialist for the Elizabethan regime, and highly regarded Latin poet, apparently met Buchanan during the earlier 1560s.

2. Despite his extensive discussion of the ancient Scottish virtue and of Scotland's original, exemplary political order which he claimed was still visible in Highland society, Buchanan nevertheless was conscious of the primitive region of his birth: near Killearn in Stirlingshire, a bilingual area within the shadow of the Highland line. But if society up in the 'Lennox Mountains' was 'ineruditus', so by extension was the northern realm of Scotland generally. This concern emerged emphatically at the outset of his *De jure regni apud Scotos: dialogus* (written 1567, published 1579), where he sought to 'banish the idea from men's minds that in the ice-bound regions of the world men are as far removed from literature, from culture, and from every intellectual pursuit ['a literis, humanitate, omnique cultu'] as they are from the sun. For although Nature has endowed Africans and Egyptians and most other people with nimbler wits and greater mental energy, she has condemned no people to be incapable of achieving virtue and glory.' Still better known is his famous comment in the *History of Scotland* where he looks forward to Latin displacing the local Gaelic, and thus to culture and civilisation ('cultum et humanitatem'), removing Scotland from rusticity and barbarism ('a rusticitate et barbaria'). 'Let our choice and judgement repair the infelicity of our birth.' As he said later on in the same section, 'Are we then to be allowed to change nothing of our ancient ruggedness?' The point is made yet again in his poem to Beza (35/3): 'I send you poems, not steeped I fear/ In the virtuosity of Rome and Greece,/ But born in the British mountains under the shaggy bear [ursa minor and the polar star] in a climate and time unlearned.' A fundamental tension between virtue and civility (as well as between continuity and historical criticism) runs throughout Buchanan's thought. Also see his dedication to Mary of the Psalm paraphrases (App. B.7), and in addition Williamson, 'Scots, Indians, and empire', esp. 52, 71–4; Bushnell, 'George Buchanan, James VI, and neo-classicism', 91–111.

3. The attitudes revealed in the poem, especially toward Mary, indicate that Buchanan means the outset of his sixtieth year rather than its completion and that the poem was written before February 1565, probably in late 1564. Cf. McFarlane, *Buchanan*, 235. Subsequently Moray's failed coup, the 'Chaseabout Raid', and Mary's move to the right radically reshaped the picture and prospects for Scottish politics. The behaviour of both Elizabeth and Mary no doubt dimmed Buchanan's endorsement of female rule.

4. i.e., sexual desire.

5. 'adhuc': The metre is defective in this line, and we suspect a printer's error for 'atque'.

6. i.e., Mary Stewart, who, more than any muse, can inspire him despite his age and decline. In the end politics rather than love or sexuality become the true source of inspiration. During the course of 1565 Mary would cease to be such a source for Buchanan.

7. The concern with the lyre and singing probably should be taken as more than simply metaphor. Buchanan's approach to Latin poetry is unexpectedly oral, as later James's comments about his teaching clearly indicate (see Introduction). In the earlier years he shows no indication of wanting to have any of his poetry published, though he surely carried around a large manuscript volume wherever he went. But the difficult dating of many of his poems—like those of the *Beleago* cycle, some of which seem to have been composed at Coimbra but were never found by the Inquisition—suggests that they may never have been written down at all. Buchanan firmly rejected Gaelic, but it may turn out that he was more of a Highlander than he knew. It may perhaps be legitimate to regard him as a Latin bard. Buchanan's thought—and life—are culturally hybrid in

many ways, and possibly this may be one of them. We are grateful to Allan Macinnes for this suggestion.

8. i.e., Elizabeth.

9. i.e., Mary and Elizabeth. If Mary inspires Buchanan to transcend even Nature itself, the prospect of a new and reformed British order, based on a new harmony between England and Scotland, moves him far more.

10. Buchanan stresses that peace, not war, is manly. His point seems to be that in peace you display manhood through civic capacity and civic virtue rather than merely with arms. This emphasis would help legitimate the rule of two queens, a circumstance Buchanan normally regarded with suspicion, if not alarm.

11. Buchanan was genuinely, if briefly, hopeful of a new era. There is no sense of British election in the poem or any indication that the kingdoms' reform will prove a light to the nations. But Protestant expectations of that sort would find comfort in these verses.

12. again, Mary and Elizabeth, reconciled to (and perhaps leading) religious and civil reform.

13. 'procul': literally, 'far away'. Buchanan visibly means away from Britain. The poet is not usually thought of as an enthusiast for Britain, but in the decades immediately following the Reformation it was difficult to visualise politics in any other way, something leaders as different as Moray, William Maitland of Lethington, and Morton knew full well. Buchanan's anti-imperialism did not—could not—preclude the British context in which reformed politics was inescapably cast.

51/3

Source: *Silvæ* 7, in *Opera omnia* (1715), ii, 58–60; (1725), ii, 340–3.

1. Buchanan refers to Galfridian prophecy, a great deal of which would increasingly be applied to James through the 1603 regnal union. Nevertheless, Buchanan in fact took an exceedingly dim view of prophecy, especially Galfridian prophecy, and his meaning here is metaphorical rather than literal. See Buchanan, *History of Scotland*, i, 233, 236–44; more generally, Williamson, 'Buchanan and Knox', 99, as well as Williamson, 'Scotland, Antichrist, and the invention of Great Britain', 45.

2. Buchanan refers to the disastrous wars with England of the earlier sixteenth century, which had resulted in such spectacular defeats as Flodden (1513), Solway Moss (1542), and Pinkie (1547). Specifically, he may well have in mind the 'Rough Wooing', an especially brutal war during the last years of Henry VIII's reign (a struggle intermittently continuing into the early years of Edward VI's) which had led to the sacking of Edinburgh and other Scottish towns. Buchanan himself apparently participated briefly in one such campaign during the 1520s.

3. 'cognatus': the 'Rough Wooing' was enormously divisive to Scottish society: a sizable number of Scots enlisted in the English cause for both idealistic and practical reasons.

4. 'virtus': Buchanan means 'virtue' in both the classical and civic sense as well as in the more common Christian sense.

5. 'pietas': again, bearing a double political and religious meaning.

6. 'speculum': as Buchanan would shortly elaborate in the *De jure regni apud Scotos: Dialogus*, the ideal king is before anything else a moral exemplar. The *Dialogus* would go on to claim that the legitimate king, like the Doge of Venice, is little else; that comprises his distinguishing quality. Unlike the *Dialogus*, the 'Genethliacon' does not state that governance involves a civic aristocracy. But the poem does not indicate that the king must be subject to the law and that, in those circumstances, the law for the 'populus' becomes self-imposed.

7. 'mores': Buchanan's powerful moralism underwrites much of his religious and political thought. Yet within the Scottish context there existed for him considerable tension between the restoration of ancient custom and the creation of civilisation.

8. The preoccupation with abstemiousness and virtuous asceticism had become a commonplace in Scotland with Bellenden's translation of Boece. Humanism and Stoicism easily led to 'puritanism' in every one of its many senses.

9. Buchanan's hostility to ancient empire, no less than to the modern, ran deep, and within this context Alexander emerged as one of the great villains of history. See 12/2 ('De Sphæra'), and in addition 1.5.106–8 ('At nos victuris potius committere chartis/ Barbaricum Xerxis fastum juvat,

armaque diri/ Caesaris, et facta Emathii scelerata tyranni'), 17/2, 18/2, and the Introduction at p.14; n.2. This poem is reforming, but in the process also radically anti-imperial.

10. Obvious references to Caesar and Augustus, figures equally villainous with Alexander and Xerxes.

11. 'moderato Principe majus': the well-governed prince conforms to Buchanan's Stoic ideal. He is one whose controlled appetites do not lead to the aggrandisement of empire and whose will is contained within the law. All of this is deeply spiritual for Buchanan, who can only be described as 'secular' in very limited ways.

12. The ancient trope that the king is in the 'figure' of God thus carries for Buchanan a powerful moralism and notions of limitation—quite reversing its usual implications and those increasingly prominent during the reign of James VI. An unmistakable religiosity suffuses this poem and many others. Buchanan's profound horror of Catholic 'idolatry' and images embodied an uncompromising anti-clericalism (see section 4). At the same time he drastically restricted the role of Scripture within politics. And yet, for all of this, he was in no way irreligious. Instead, it seems that he conflated classical 'pietas' (duty and reverence toward the community, characteristically manifested through the community's public spirituality) with Christian piety as increasingly articulated in a Calvinist voice. His rejection of Catholicism was at once and inextricably both spiritual and political.

13. Buchanan probably has in mind the famous Sicilian tyrants Hippocrates (d. 491 BCE), Gelon (d. 478/7), and Hieron (d. 466).

14. 'stirps': The extirpation of tyrants and their 'race' or line, with specific reference to the Stewarts, surfaced in Scottish public discourse from the 1580s, at least, and later featured prominently in the mid-seventeenth-century upheavals. Unlike Buchanan, subsequent writers, often radical Presbyterian clergy, based their claims on examples drawn from biblical rather than classical history. See Calderwood, *History of the Kirk of Scotland*, iv, 486, 673; v, 115, 576; Williamson, *SNC*, 163, n. 17; Maurice Lee, Jr., *John Maitland of Thirlestane and the Foundation of the Stewart Despotism in Scotland* (Princeton, 1959), 83, 157; Patrick Gillespie, *Rulers Sins the Causes of National Judgements, or a sermon preached at the fast, upon the 26 day of December 1650* (Edinburgh, 1723).

15. Servius Tullius: the sixth king of Rome (traditionally 578–535 BCE), remembered as an exceptionally fair-minded ruler, the author of progressive constitutional reforms and of precedents from which laws favouring the plebeians enacted in the fourth century were thought to have derived. Buchanan's point, visibly, is to contrast the far-sighted kings of early Rome, who saw beyond personal and narrow interests for the general good, with later (and also contemporary) tyrants who did just the opposite.

16. Catiline (Lucius Sergius Catilina, c. 108–62 BCE): the archetypal figure of dissolute corruption, the anti-type of the citizen. As the enemy of Cicero and plotter against the republic, he could hardly have been imagined otherwise.

17. 'gens': in a society as deeply conscious of kin as early modern Scotland, this was perhaps even worse than the extirpation described in l. 85. Buchanan uses 'gens' in the traditional way with the broad meaning of 'clan' or 'name', unlike 'stirps' with the more focused meaning of 'dynasty'.

18. 'Hesperia': The term commonly referred to Italy, and Buchanan may simply refer to empire extending from the Indies to Rome. However, 'Hesperia' originally meant the west generally and it was occasionally associated with Iberia. Buchanan adopted the latter meaning in his *History of Scotland*: 'what the Romans called Hispania, the Greeks, Iberia, the poets, Hesperia' (i, 69). Buchanan's successor poet, Andrew Melville, would also use the term to mean Spain (and its empire) in his 'Principis Scoti-Britannorum natalia', a poem that celebrated the birth of Prince Henry in 1594 (Appendix C.1, l. 65). Spaniards had identified the West Indies with the Hesperides (from the mythical Spanish king Hespéro), and, conceivably, Buchanan means the west as the New World, perhaps Brazil (and an empire running from it to the East Indies). See D. Armitage, 'The New World in British historical thought', in K.O. Kupperman (ed.), *America in European Consciousness, 1493–1750* (Chapel Hill, N.C., 1995), 58. But whatever the specific meaning of 'Hesperia', it is manifest that Buchanan refers to the great Iberian empires and inevitably João III.

Thus civic (and non-expansive) Scotland stands in direct contrast with the global Portuguese empire. See 9/2, 10/2, and especially 11/2 and 12/2. João provides a grand example of what James should *not* do. Regarding use of the term in classical literature, see C.B. Avery (ed.), *New Century Handbook of Classical Geography* (New York, 1972), 161; W. Smith (ed.), *A Dictionary of Greek and Roman Geography*, 2 vols. (London, 1873; repr. New York, 1966), i, 76.

52/3

Source: Epigrammatum 2.29, in *Opera omnia* (1715), ii, 85; (1725), ii, 384.

1. The perpetrator has been described by Maurice Lee as 'simply a professional murderer', but the key figure in the conspiracy was probably John Hamilton, the Catholic Archbishop of St. Andrews (1512-1571). Buchanan's point is that for him (and, presumably, the Counter-Reformation) the murder was a righteous act. See Lee, *James Stewart, Earl of Moray* (New York, 1953), 274.

53/3

Source: *Opera omnia* (1715), ii, 101 (first part); (1725), ii, 167.

1. 'error': Buchanan may mean Catholicism, but it is possible that he has no specific doctrine in mind. His classicism may be such that he could even be using the term in the antique sense of 'doubt' or 'unknowing'.

2. humour: the image is medical.

54/4

Source: Fratres fraterrimi 34, in *Opera omnia* (1715), ii, 27; (1725), ii, 295-6. First published at Basel in 1566. For a discussion of classical allusions in the poem, see Ford, *Buchanan*, 52-3.

1. 'sacer': meaning both 'holy' and also 'awful' or 'accursed' (consecrated to infernal deities). Buchanan clearly intends a play on both meanings.

2. The Book of Hours? *The Little Flowers*? Manifestly Buchanan does not mean the Bible.

3. Buchanan would discuss deception and openness in a much more grave way early in the next decade with the drama *Baptistes*. See Williamson, 'Buchanan and Knox'.

4. i.e., street preaching?

5. i.e., you will not see the habit reserved for Buchanan—unless it is given to someone else.

55/4

Source: Fratres fraterrimi 35, in *Opera omnia* (1715), ii, 27-8. First published at Basel in 1566.

1. The struggle between the giants and the gods was a long-standing (and much embroidered) feature of classical cosmogony, reaching back to Hesiod and Homer. Buchanan's point here (and with the subsequent references to the centaurs, Prometheus, and Tantalus) is to send up the Franciscans as the self-proclaimed controllers of the gates of heaven. Buchanan has no news about the cataclysmic conflicts that shaped the universe. He simply wrote a poem that annoyed the clerical establishment. But the reaction of these latter-day, would-be 'gods' has made the poem an issue of similar proportions.

2. A reference to primordial struggle between the centaurs and men. The mountains Pelion and Ossa form an almost unbroken wall cutting off the interior of Thessaly to the sea. That region of northern forests and mountains was associated historically with the centaurs and specifically the centaur Chiron.

3. i.e., Prometheus.

4. In this version of the myth, Tantalus was allowed to dine with the gods and then blabbed about the divine policy discussions he had overheard.

5. i.e., the Franciscans.

6. The Franciscans are not appreciated by most people, and the experience narrated in this poem is intended to make them still better 'appreciated' by further showing them for what they are.

7. Although the lines seem to suggest a contemporary individual, Buchanan in fact means Francis himself. See the references to the life of Francis in the second part of the palinode.
8. The olive tree was sacred to Pallas. Buchanan probably refers to the heron ('ardea cinerea'), a bird of passage south of Thrace and Macedonia. See John Pollard, *Birds in Greek Life and Myth* (London, 1977), 68.
9. The wound on Francis's hand was caused, Buchanan suggests, by a young lady who did not take kindly to the saint's advances. Buchanan sees the Franciscan story as fraud. Concerning doubts about the stigmata, see Jacobus de Voragine, *The Golden Legend*, trans. G. Ryan & H. Ripperger (New York, 1941), 602-3.
10. 'pontifices': literally, 'we popes'.
11. For all its humour, Buchanan's observation is a serious one: popular hostility to the mendicant orders had become very real. There exists no small irony in this circumstance. From the later fourteenth century the friars' sermons stimulated extensive popular violence, often directed against the Jews. But within a century these activities had redounded against them. Attacks on the order often used the same appeals that the Franciscans had themselves developed. See H. Obermann, *The Roots of Anti-Semitism in the Age of Renaissance and Reformation* (Philadelphia, 1984), 78, 84-5.
12. One blow for each god in the pantheon, or one blow for each member of the order?
13. Buchanan rightly describes the myth. Marsyas, a satyr, invented the 'aulos' (double oboe). He challenged Apollo to a competition for supremacy in music, pitting the 'aulos' against the lyre, Apollo's 'kitara'. He lost, and Apollo suspended him from a tree and flayed him alive.
14. The divinity protecting thieves and impostors.
15. Buchanan lambasts Franciscan spiritualism (and sentimentality), identifying the friars with brother louse rather than with sister cicada. Buchanan undoubtedly refers to one of the most famous passages from the saint's 'Life':

By his cell at the Portiuncula, a locust [sometimes rendered 'cicada'] dwelt in a fig tree and sang at all hours. The man of God held out his hand and called: 'My sister locust, come to me!' The locust came at once, and lighted on his hand. Then he said: 'Sing, my sister locust, and give praise to thy Lord!' And straightaway the locust raised her song, and flew away only when he suffered her. (*Golden Legend*, 604)

Cf. *The Little Flowers*, 'The Canticle of Brother Sun', among other devotional writings.

56/4

Source: *Fratres fraterrimi* 37, in *Opera omnia* (1715), ii, 29; (1725), ii, 299-301.

1. Brown, *Buchanan*, 94.
2. It is not clear that Buchanan is actually proposing justification by faith alone, although Protestants would have read him that way—and possibly his enemies would have done so as well. Undoubtedly he is urging a more inward-looking spirituality.
3. 'fractus': literally, 'broken'.
4. The line seems to invert earlier Franciscan (and Dominican) anti-semitism. See John Mair, *History of Greater Britain*, 176-7; Williamson, 'Civic virtue and commerce', 23; the first palinode, 55/4, n. 11.
5. 'recantatis': is it to recant or, rather, to sing again?
6. See note 9 in the first part of the palinode, 55/4.
7. Buchanan clearly refers to a specific incident in the legend of Francis:

When the ancient Enemy [i.e., the devil] saw that he availed nothing, he aroused a temptation of the flesh in the saint. When the man of God felt this, he took off his clothing, and scourged himself with a rope. When the temptation still remained, the saint went out and rolled naked in the deep snow. Then, making seven little balls of snow, he set them before him, and said this to his body: 'Look here, this big one is thy wife, these four smaller ones thy two sons and two daughters, and the other two are thy manservant and maidservant. Make haste to clothe them, for they die of cold! But if all such cares are grievous to thee, then serve one master warily!' At this the Devil fled in confusion, and the saint returned to his cell, glorifying God. (*Golden Legend*, pp. 601-2)

The legend was universally known, and the effect of Buchanan's verses on the Franciscans might easily be imagined.

8. Cossus: Buchanan intends an instance of mock heroics. Aulus Cornelius Cossus, traditionally a hero in two wars against Fidenae (437-35, 428-25 BCE), obtained victory by slaying single-handedly Lars Tolumnius of Veii, its king. Thereupon he obtained the 'spolia opima', Tolumnius' armor and head—the former of which was dedicated to Jupiter. Previously only Romulus was held to have obtained spoils dedicated in this way. See Livy, 4:20.5-11; Cf. Virgil, *Aeneid* 6:841 ('Who might leave thee, lordly Cato, or thee, Cossus, to silence?').

9. Buchanan refers to a Dionysian ritual involving women inspired to religious frenzy (Maenads), that took place in the rugged Greek mountains every second winter.

10. When Buchanan recounts Francis's legend, celebrating his true virtue, his real 'holiness'—that is, his remarkable sexual capacity—the mollified saint forgives him. Buchanan almost seems to imply that Francis's irritation (and that of the order) arose less from what he had said in the 'Somnium' than from sexual frustration.

57/4

Introduction:

1. J.L. Phelan, *The Millenarian Kingdom of the Franciscans in the New World* (Berkeley, 1956; 2nd ed., 1970), as well as the huge literature which this pioneering work subsequently stimulated.
2. Printed in Calderwood, *History of the Kirk of Scotland*, i, 135-8. Glencairn misidentifies Lang as Walter rather than William.
3. McFarlane, 'George Buchanan's "Franciscanus"', 137.
4. See Durkan, *Bibliography*, 164ff.

Text:

Source: *Opera omnia* (1715), ii, 1-17; (1725), ii, 257-81.

1. Sibylla: the reference is to the shrine of Phoebus Apollo at Delphi on the side of Mount Parnassus. Cf. the 'Epithalamium' at line 9 (46/3).
2. Moly: According to Greek mythology, 'a magical herb having a white flower and a black root, said by Homer to have been given by Hermes to Odysseys as a charm against the sorceries of Circe.' (*Shorter OED*)
3. Mercury is the god of eloquence. His larger point is that the order provides a haven for the incapable, the unlearned, the corrupt and the destitute, for social misfits and failures of every sort—organising them into careers of crime.
4. Codrus and Irus: Codrus here is a figure associated with poverty (see *Fratres fraterrimi* 32), not to be confused with the legendary Athenian king (19/2 and 20/2). Irus is a beggar from Ithaca appearing in the *Odyssey* (cf. 'Ad Elizabetham Angliæ Reginam...', l. 16; 31/3).
5. 'Quos Venus enervat': possibly a reference to syphilis.
6. 'lea sæva': perhaps surprisingly, Buchanan does not work in a phrase about the leopard changing his spots.
7. 'tigris monte relicto': literally, the tiger leaves the mountains. Buchanan probably had only the vaguest idea about the habitat of tigers. His point is that they (and all ferocious animals) live beyond the edges of civilisation, regions he consistently associates with mountains. See, for example, *Elegy* 3, l. 9, 'To Briand de Vallée, Bordeaux city councillor, an apology for the Procureur' ('Ad Briandum Vallum, Senatorem Burdegal, pro Lena apologia'). Also see 50/3 and Williamson, 'Scots, Indians, and empire'.
8. Literally, the mountains associated with Scythia, simply identified with the north.
9. Syene: a town in upper Egypt, south of Thebes on the frontier with Ethiopia.
10. Literally, the Pagasean Jason. Jason had his ship the Argo built at Pagasæ, a town in Thessaly.
11. Tages: an Etruscan figure who introduced the Romans to divination. See 7/1.
12. Downcast eyes are the mark of feigned piety among the pre-Reformation clergy; later, according to their enemies, upcast eyes became the mark of feigned piety among the puritans.
13. 'calicem digito cohibere sinistro': literally, guiding the cup with the unlucky finger.

14. The monastic subversion of natural and political ties described here by Buchanan parallels inversely the true forms of association described in Aristotle's *Politics*, 1.1-2 (1252a-1253a).
15. The mock-heroic reference to the *Aeneid* foreshadows the possible overthrow of the order as people develop new, more authentic forms of spirituality and greater sophistication.
16. Buchanan may have in mind wars along the Highland line and in the Borders in which cattle thieving comprised an integral feature.
17. Buchanan may well have in mind the Pilgrimage of Grace, a rising against the Henrician reform that convulsed Lincolnshire, Yorkshire, and finally all the north in the last months of 1536.
18. Ruddiman notes that l. 365 to the middle of 384 are suppressed in several editions; (1715), ii, 7. That extends to the Gibb translation (1871), the most recent and otherwise the most accurate.
19. Cf. Ovid, *Amores*, III. vii. 9; McFarlane, *Buchanan*, 62.
20. i.e., the elderly monks are really would-be popes.
21. 'peccantia membra': perhaps best translated 'peccant pecker'.
22. 'vel arcto fune ligans tendit': the cord Buchanan has in mind is of course the monk's.
23. 'colurnus': literally, a cudgel of hazelwood.
24. Lucina: the goddess presiding over childbirth.
25. Cf. 'In colonias brasilienses, vel sodomitas a Lusitanis missos in Brasiliam' (10/2) and, more generally, Williamson, 'Unnatural empire'.
26. After Zeus had flooded the earth in anger at the sins of the bronze age, Deucalion and Pyrrha subsequently repopulated it by casting stones over their shoulders.
27. Literally, 'answering thusly'. A tired Latin tag—such as, 'A word to the wise is sufficient'—captures Buchanan's attitude. Cf. Chaucer, 'The Pardoner's Prologue', ll. 16-18:
And in Latyn I speke a wordes fewe,
To saffron with my predicacioun,
And for to stire him to devocioun.
28. Cf. 'Brasilia' (9/2) and 'In colonias brasilienses, vel sodomitas a Lusitanis missos in Brasiliam' (10/2).
29. Buchanan means the Pope at Rome rather than Francis.
30. Literally, 'the lying fictions of Thomas'.
31. Buchanan's point is that the Franciscans are divisive to society. That he agreed with the charges he (improbably) attributes to the Franciscans does not deflect from this.
32. Buchanan's hostility to the universal papal imperium may anticipate his later abiding hostility to royalist analogues.
33. The Pope may be a betrayer of the faith, but, as with all clerical authority, he cannot be criticised. The order seeks to weaken the authority of the nobility (Buchanan's archetypal citizens), yet it dares not proceed too far lest so doing subvert the monks themselves. In the same way, the monks might denounce the corruption of the clergy (in what is manifestly Buchanan's true voice), yet they must again take care not to overdo it—keeping their eye on the order's objectives of wealth and power. See ll. 751-3.
34. Thomas Aquinas (*Summa Theologiae*, iii. 73-8): 'Men have not the custom of eating human flesh and drinking human blood; indeed, the thought revolts them. ... we have under this sacrament—under the appearance of the bread—not only the flesh, but the whole body of Christ, that is, the bones and nerves and all the rest.' Buchanan's anti-papalism and anti-sacramentalism may not have made him Protestant at this point, but it is hard to imagine him as a Catholic.
35. A word missing from the text, probably 'cacam' (i.e., 'shit').
36. The Franciscans generate fear and social tension among all the orders of society in order to promote their narrowly self-serving agenda. Cf. 11/2, l. 10.
37. i.e., Francis cast in the figure of Moses? Gibb has suggested that the reference here in fact may be to Pierre de Corne (Petrus de Cornibus), a doctor of Paris and zealous preacher against heretics (d. 1555), in *The Franciscan*, 25, n.
38. It is not clear what prophecy Buchanan has in mind, although he regarded the prophetic in any serious sense with suspicion.
39. i.e., the sacred relics belonging to the Franciscans (the 'gods').

40. Literally, the order rests on these columns. We have specified Buchanan's referents.
 41. Buchanan's attitude towards John Mair probably is indicated in this line as well as in 780-1. Cf. 70/4.
 42. i.e., the monk will tire of the pilgrim's wife.
 43. Literally, 'a few'.
 44. A literal translation of an expression of unknown origin.
 45. See Neilson, 'The Franciscan', for a description of the incidents to which Buchanan refers.
 46. See 35/3, 50/3 (especially n. 2), appendix B.7, and more generally Williamson, 'Scots, Indians, and empire'.
 47. William Lang, James V's confessor. See Neilson, 'The Franciscan', 318; Ford, *Buchanan*, 45; McFarlane, *Buchanan*, 56, n. 27; Calderwood, *History of Scotland*, i, 135-8.
 48. Buchanan of course describes spontaneous coal fires.

58/4

Source: *Frates fraterrimi* 3, in *Opera omnia* (1715), ii, 20; (1725), ii, 284-5.

59/4

Source: *Frates fraterrimi* 7, in *Opera omnia* (1715), ii, 21; (1725), ii, 286.

60/4

Source: *Frates fraterrimi* 8, in *Opera omnia* (1715), ii, 21; (1725), ii, 286. Cf. Psalm 115.8 ('Those who make them [images] are like them; so are all who trust in them.');

61/4

Source: *Frates fraterrimi* 10, in *Opera omnia* (1715), ii, 21; (1725), ii, 287.

1. Buchanan has probably directed this poem against Pius IV (1559-1565), a militant counter-reformer who successfully concluded the Council of Trent and who was often allied to Philip II. It is true that this pope's blood-thirsty successor, Pius V (1566-1572), provoked Buchanan's wrath far more thoroughly—by promoting Philip's crusade in the Netherlands, commanding the extermination of the Huguenots, and intriguing on behalf of Mary Stewart. Yet the appearance of the poem in the later 1560s would indicate the earlier pope and may be taken as a comment on the Tridentine Council.

62/4

Source: *Frates fraterrimi* 11, in *Opera omnia* (1715), ii, 21; (1725), ii, 287.

1. The poem satirises Pope Julius II (1503-1513). Known as the 'warrior pope', Julius aggressively sought to make the papacy a major European power. His machinations, both military and diplomatic, to regain control over Vatican territories epitomised papal corruption during the Renaissance for both Catholics and Protestants. Julius died of a fever during the fifth Lateran Council, whose initial concern was to void the acts of the conciliarist-inspired Council of Pisa of 1511. Francis Oakley and others have seen Buchanan's political thought as deriving in part from late medieval conciliarist theory which sought to qualify the authority of the papal monarchy. Buchanan's hostility to Julius probably also derives from the pope's anti-French policies. At first the council against him convened at Tours. See F. Oakley, 'On the road from Constance to 1688: the political thought of John Major and George Buchanan', *Journal of British Studies*, ii (1962), 1-32; Q. Skinner, *The Foundations of Modern Political Thought*, 2 vols. (Cambridge, 1978); J.H. Burns, 'Conciliarism, papalism, and power, 1511-1518', in D. Wood (ed.), *The Church and Sovereignty* (Oxford, 1991); J.H. Burns & M. Goldie (eds.), *The Cambridge History of Political Thought, 1450-*

1700 (Cambridge, 1991); J.H. Burns, *The True Law of Kingship: Concepts of Monarchy in Early Modern Scotland* (Oxford, 1996).

63/4

Source: *Fratres fraterrimi* 12, in *Opera omnia* (1715), ii, 21; (1725), ii, 287.

1. Buchanan has surely directed this poem against that most militant Counter-Reformer Paul IV (Giovanni Caraffa, 1555-1559). The comparison of Judas's betrayal of Christ with Paul's betrayal of his church probably involves more than might be expected. It was a commonplace for sixteenth-century Protestants to compare Jewish persecution of Christ and the early Christians with the persecution of Christ's faith and the latter-day Christians by the Catholic Church. But Caraffa was notorious for his anti-Judaism (every bit as intense as his anti-Protestantism)—and for initiating an anti-Jewish campaign which would emerge as a new, powerful dimension to the Counter-Reformation and papal policies. The comparison of Paul to the specifically Jewish Judas (*ab Hebræo Iuda*) would have been particularly stinging. Conceivably, it may even have been an implicit criticism of his policies. See J.I. Israel, *European Jewry in the Age of Mercantilism, 1550-1750* (Oxford, 1989), 17-23. In this regard Pope Paul contrasted with Calvin who, Israel notes, was 'remarkably objective' in his approach to Jewish thought (13-4).

64/4

Source: *Fratres fraterrimi* 13; in *Opera omnia* (1715), ii, 22; (1725), ii, 287.

1. Specifically, Paul IV, Julius II, and Clement VII (1523-1534).
 2. It is not clear what Buchanan has in mind. But if his comments on the clergy in 'Brasilía' (9/2) and 'In colonias brasilienses...' (10/2) are any indication, Buchanan is suggesting that Paul exploits the choir boys.
 3. Buchanan is referring to Clement's extraordinary diplomatic relations. The pope's treaty with Francis I became a dead letter after the French disaster at Pavia in 1525. Clement then betrayed his peace with Charles V by secretly endorsing the Italian 'League of Freedom'. Once again reconciled with the emperor, Clement went on to enter the Holy League of Cognac with Francis a year later—with catastrophic consequences for himself. The Medici pope had a sharply focused (if largely unsuccessful) political agenda in Italy.

65/4

Source: *Fratres fraterrimi* 14, in *Opera omnia* (1715) ii, 22; (1725), ii, 288.

1. Arcas: Among other things, the eponymous founder of Arcadia, and thereby linked with Pan (and Rome).
 2. Lupercalia: the festival of Pan or Lupercus.
 3. Lupercus: literally, 'the keeper of the wolves'. An old Italian deity, the protector of the flocks against wolves, sometimes identified with the Arcadian Pan. It can also be, as Buchanan means it, the priests of that deity, the priests of Pan.
 4. Lupercal: a grotto on the Palatine Hill, sacred to Pan/Lupercus.
 5. Buchanan's reference is obscure.
 6. Faustulus: the herdsman of the Alban king Amulius, who saved and brought up Romulus and Remus.
 7. Floralia: festival of Flora (27 Apr.), a celebration of prostitution according to Buchanan.
 8. Suburra: a section of ancient Rome described as the most noisy. Buchanan identifies it with the Vatican—and a whorehouse.
 9. Fabricii: an ancient Roman 'gens' of whom the best remembered was C. Fabricius Luscinus, consul 282 and 278 BCE. He was famous for the simplicity of his life and the rigour of his censorship. Buchanan's point, clearly, is that the seeming severity and gravity of Rome (and in particular its clergy) are in fact a fraud. Despite the pious pretenses, no Fabricii will actually be found. Buchanan may possibly have the austere Paul IV in mind.

10. Sulpicia: Buchanan appears to be referring to the women's religious orders.

11. 'cognomine luporum': possibly a reference to Martim Lopes Lobo, one of the judges at Buchanan's trial.

66/4

Source: *Fratres fraterrimi* 15, in *Opera omnia* (1715), ii, 22; (1725), ii, 288.

67/4

Source: *Fratres fraterrimi* 16, in *Opera omnia* (1715), ii, 22; (1725), ii, 288-9.

1. Although it works well in the poem, Buchanan's enthusiasm for the Roman Empire was severely qualified. See 15/2-18/2; Williamson, 'Scots, Indians, and empire', 68-9.

2. i.e., the early Christian church defeated paganism.

3. i.e., the lowest depths of hell. In the *Iliad* Tartarus is a place as far below Hades as Heaven is above the earth.

For a brief discussion of the similarities of the poem's opening lines and other sixteenth-century poetry, see McFarlane, *Buchanan*, 166.

68/4

Source: *Fratres fraterrimi* 31, in *Opera omnia* (1715), ii, 26; (1725), ii, 294.

1. 'Antistes': The term carries the classical association of high priest of the temple.

2. 'Posthumus': Is this the bishop's 'latest-born', his most recent offspring? Or is Posthumus simply spiritually dead?

69/4

Source: *Fratres fraterrimi* 22, in *Opera omnia* (1715), ii, 24; (1725), ii, 291.

1. Hume Brown has associated this poem with Buchanan's years at Guyenne and a specific monastery at Bordeaux that enjoyed the privilege of bringing a number of pigs into the town toll-free. The monks were able to strain privilege which became an issue for the town—and in turn prompted the poem (*Buchanan*, 118).

2. Cf. 10/2 (l. 4 and n. 1).

70/4

Source: *Epigrammatum* 1.51, in *Opera omnia* (1715), ii, 108; (1725), ii, 373.

1. The phrase had appeared on the title pages of a number of Mair's books and seems to have become a kind of signature. Among them were his *In Matthaëum ad literam expositio...* (Paris, 1518), *In tertium Sententiarum...* (Paris, 1517), *Reportata Duns Scoti...* (Paris, 1517-18), another book on the 'Sentences' of 1512, and his introduction to Aristotle of 1527. Buchanan was not criticising a particular work but the corpus, his scholasticism, his theology, and presumably his history and politics as well.

2. The legend that the Greek gods had their origins in Crete, that from there they went forth to spread their blessing to the rest of the world, and, in particular, that Zeus was born in a Cretan cave on Mount Ida, prompted the Cyrenean poet Callimachus (*fl.* 285-46 BCE) to proclaim that all Cretans are liars.

71/5

Source: *Silvæ* 1, in *Opera omnia* (1715), ii, 47-8; (1725), ii, 324-6.

1. The Kingdom of Naples, a Habsburg dominion.

2. Charles V was born in 1500 at Ghent, a considerable distance from the Rhine.

3. The reference to Rome was potentially awkward. Charles's troops had sacked it in 1527. Albula is the Tiber's ancient name.
4. This image of Portugal contrasts with Buchanan's later views, perhaps presented most emphatically in 'Adventus in Galliam', 14/2. This line would be repeated in Elegy 5 (l. 56), probably written in 1545-6: 'To Francis Olivier, Chancellor of France, in the name of the school of Bordeaux' ('Ad Francis. Olivarium, Franciæ Cancellarium, nomine scholæ Burdegalensis').
5. A reference to the Ottoman Empire and the Islamic states of North Africa. The Bagrada (today Medjerda) is a river near Carthage. Marmarica is an African district between Egypt and the two Syrtes, today Barqah in eastern Libya—and a long way from the Bagrada. Specifically, Buchanan refers to Charles V's expedition to North Africa in 1535 which succeeded in capturing Tunis. Personally led, it was for Charles a crusade of universal significance, subsequently celebrated in terms of world empire. In 1538 it seemed the prelude to a Holy League against the Islamic world. The poem appears to endorse this crusade against the Turks (cf. 47/3) and its accompanying imperial vision. The Danube likely refers to the turning back of the Turks at Vienna in 1529.
6. A view contrasting utterly with that presented in 15/2-25/2.
7. 'Victorem Libycæ terræ, Scythiæque timorem': The Libyan victory clearly refers again to Charles's North African crusade of 1535 and the capture of Tunis. The daunted Scythians, more problematically, are the Turks in Hungary and Eastern Europe who were defeated at Vienna. See note 5 above. Remarkably, the 'pledge' or 'trust' ('depositum') which the world has given Charles—who is the object of its prayers, the basis of its hope—unmistakably indicates that the emperor heads Christendom and that he will lead it against the Islamic world. Especially telling is the suggestion that the entire West honours him. The contrast with Buchanan's poetry after 1550 (section 2) could hardly be more striking.
8. *Camænæ*: Roman divinities associated with prophetic and healing verses (*carmina*), but Buchanan clearly means the poet-scholars whose poems greeted Charles.

72/5

Source: *Opera omnia* (1715), ii, 102 (first part); (1725), ii, 168. Originally published at Coimbra in 1548, it was reprinted, perhaps surprisingly, at Rome in 1601. All of Buchanan's works had been placed on the papal Index of forbidden books during the previous decade, and, as a result, his name was simply omitted from the title in the Roman edition. If many Portuguese no longer liked Buchanan or at least found him an embarrassment, they nevertheless continued to like this poem. The poem would see print with the *Commentarius* at Frankfurt in 1603. It would also be published at Cologne in 1602 as part of a larger collection of Iberian material, entitled *De rebus Hispanicis, Lusitanicis, Aragonicis, Indicis, et Æthiopicis*—an edition reprinted once more in 1611.

73/5

Source: Martim de Azpilcueta, *Relectio c. Novit. Non minus sublimis, quam celeris de iudiciis, pronunciata coram frequentissimo, eruditissimo, ac maxime illustri auditorio in inclyta Lusitaniæ Conimbrica ...* (Coimbra, 1548), at the final verso of an unsigned preliminary gathering.

1. McFarlane, *Buchanan*, 152.
2. According to Hesiod, Zeus's mother, Rhea, saved him from his father by taking him to Crete where he was raised in a cave on Mount Aegaeum. The Platonic character of Buchanan's image will be evident; he contrasts the authority of reason with that of myth.
3. Capena: a small territory on the Tiber where the goddess Feronia had her groves. Feronia is associated with many things, prophecy apparently among them, and Buchanan rejects the prophetic just as he rejects myth (cf. Virgil, *Æneid*, 7.800).
4. The curia (and, presumably, the Pope), Charles V, and all kings are subject to the boundary or 'reins' of law and reason. It may be possible to give these lines a conciliarist reading.
5. Dodona: the sanctuary of Zeus Naïos in Epirus and reputedly the oldest Greek oracle. As in ll. 6-8 (n. 3), the point is the rejection of the prophetic for the rational.

Appendix A

1. Buchanan, *History of Scotland*, 256.

Appendix A.1

Source: Epigrammatum 2.2, in *Opera omnia* (1715), ii, 81; (1725), ii, 377. Buchanan received £20 on the occasion of Madeleine's 'saull mess and dirge, quham God assolze', presumably for these memorials (McFarlane, *Buchanan*, 48).

Appendix A.2

Source: Epigrammatum 2.3, in *Opera omnia* (1715), ii, 81; (1725), ii, 377.

1. The line in Ruddiman ('Quam rapta invitis, lacrymis miserabile vulgus') is clearly an error. The vulgar, however wretched, did not experience 'reluctant' tears.

Appendix A.3

Source: Epigrammatum 2.4, in *Opera omnia* (1715), ii, 81; (1725), ii, 377-7.

Appendix B

Appendix B.1

Source: Epigrammatum 2.1, in *Opera omnia* (1715), ii, 81; (1725), ii, 377.

1. James IV died at the battle of Flodden on 9 Sept. 1513, one of the greatest catastrophes in Scottish military history. The *History of Scotland* offers a far more critical account of the king.

2. Once James's body was recognised by the English victors, it was conveyed to Berwick and subsequently to the Carthusian monastery of Sheen just outside London where it lay unburied for months because James was an excommunicant. In October Henry asked Pope Leo to allow a full state funeral at St. Paul's—which was granted but apparently never took place. See N. Macdougall, *James IV* (Edinburgh, 1989), 300.

Appendix B.2

Source: Epigrammatum 2.28, in *Opera omnia* (1715), ii, 85; (1725), ii, 384.

1. Diane of Poitiers (1499-1566) was the mistress of Henry II during his entire adult life. Although she was a determined Catholic conservative, Diane's prime concern was less policy than patronage and the acquisition of wealth—an objective she pursued with a rapacity for which she became notorious. For Buchanan she represented a prime example of political and moral corruption.

2. With Henry's death in 1559, she retired to her château at Anet.

3. After 1559 Henry's Queen, Catherine de Medici, constrained Diane to restore the crown jewels and to trade down some of the extraordinary properties she had acquired.

Appendix B.3

Source: Epigrammatum 2.27, in *Opera omnia* (1715), ii, 85; (1725), ii, 384. Probably written in the year following Ascham's death, 23 Dec. 1568.

1. Roger Ascham (c.1515-1568): a scholar, poet, ambassador, educational reformer, and most memorably the tutor to Princess Elizabeth for two years. Buchanan came to know him during the 1560s. His book *The Scholemaster*, published posthumously, continues to be regarded as a Renaissance classic.

Appendix B.4

Source: Epigrammatum (Icones) 2.11, in *Opera omnia* (1715), ii, 88; (1725), ii, 388. Possibly written as early as 1557.

1. In keeping with the subsequent poem about Helen, we have cast this one in the first person.

Appendix B.5

Source: Epigrammatum (Icones) 2.12, in *Opera omnia* (1715), ii, 88; (1725), ii, 388. Possibly written as early as 1557.

1. Buchanan's view that the involvement of women in politics could only lead to disaster deepened throughout his later years. The exercise of civic virtue had always carried a gendered valence, and his experience with Mary Stewart made this bias seem unassailable. The view here contrasts with the attitude in his poems to Marguerite of Navarre, one of which is in the 'Icones' series. See especially 36/3.

Appendix B.6

Source: Epigrammatum (Icones) 2.13, in *Opera omnia* (1715), ii, 88; (1725), ii, 388. Possibly written as early as 1557.

1. This amusing send-up of romantic loyalty carries a sting: desire is powerful, and therefore commitment to higher (public) causes requires a very rare individual indeed—and, for Buchanan, an especially rare woman.

Appendix B.7

Source: *Opera omnia* (1715), ii, fo. 3r (unsigned leaf facing the first page); (1725), ii, 3 (fo. 3r).

1. Cf. the 'Franciscanus' (l. 825–8), the poems to Theodore Beza and Walter Haddon, and the opening of the *De jure regni apud Scotos: dialogus* (57/4, 35/3, and 50/3).

Appendix B.8

Source: Epigrammatum (Strenæ) 3.1, in *Opera omnia* (1715), ii, 91–2; (1725), ii, 393–4.

1. Strenæ: originally luck-bringing twigs from the grove of the goddess Strena, and later gifts, accompanying good wishes on New Year's Day.

2. See for example Lynch, 'Introduction', in Lynch (ed.), *Mary Stewart*, 16–7; Lynch, 'Queen Mary's triumph', 16.

Appendix B.9

Source: Printed in McFarlane, *Buchanan*, 353, from manuscripts in the British Library (Caligula B^v, fo. 268^v and D^l 38^r) and the Bibliothèque nationale (nouv. acq. lat. 106, 92).

1. Buchanan refers to Salic law that precluded female inheritance of the French crown. Catherine's power, he maintains, is incompatible with this 'fundamental law'.

Appendix C

1. See Williamson, *Myth of the Conqueror*, ch. 3, and Wright, 'Colonial developments in the reign of James I', 126–7, for Henry's colonial interests which extended to Brazil.

Appendix C.1

Source: Edinburgh, 1594 (STC: 17,807).

1. Literally, prince of the Scottish Britons, but Melville's meaning is obviously more grand.

2. Melville's language here seems almost rosiocratic. Cf. F.A. Yates, *The Rosicrucian Enlightenment* (London, 1972); D. Stevenson, *The Origins of Freemasonry: Scotland's Century, 1590–1710* (Cambridge, 1988); Williamson, 'Number and national consciousness', esp. 191–3.

3. James comes from the Stewart and hence Scottish line as well as from the Tudor and hence British (i.e., Welsh) line.

4. Joshua 6:4.

5. Geryon: a three-headed (sometimes three-bodied) monster from the underworld associated with the west and, specifically, Spain. Presumably, Melville deems him 'slippery' because of his multiple parts. One of the exploits of Heracles involved slaying Geryon and driving off his cattle. Thus Henry's great work adds the prophetic triumph of the faith to the labours of Heracles.

6. Tarpeian rock: a precipitous cliff on the mons Capitolinus, the smallest of the hills of Rome, from which murderers and traitors were thrown.
7. 'Seven sceptres': the 'horns' or kingdoms of the great Beast of Latin Christendom; twin-born dragon: Gog and Magog.
8. the Léman: Geneva.
9. Melville refers to the Spanish Armada. Now the Papal-Iberian world will confront a Protestant crusade, led by the new Britain.
10. The papal and Spanish crowns; cf. 'Genethliacon', l. 94 (51/3, n. 18).
11. 'The whole effeminate crowd': The Catholic clergy? (cf. 10/2). Jove clothed in purple: Melville conflates three Roman Empires—pagan, papal, Habsburg.
12. i.e., Prince Henry.
13. 'civibus': Melville adopts Buchanan's vision of kingship as fundamentally civic and relatively egalitarian.
14. In a voice reminiscent of Buchanan's poetry on behalf of the Valois dynasty, Melville's emphatically Calvinist God will not tolerate 'swollen arrogance', while the future British king will destroy global empire.

Appendix C.2

Source: Liminary verses to John Johnston's *Inscriptiones historicae Regum Scotorum, continuata annorum serie a Fergusio primo conditore ad nostra tempora* (Amsterdam, 1602), sig. A2^v.

1. 'lima': literally, the file through which a sculpture receives its final honing, more generally literary polishing or revising. Melville probably means the historical precedents that make public speeches and policy compelling.
2. 'recta cum ratione': probably the truth derived from reason informed by revelation and specifically prophecy.

Appendix C.3

Source: Bradner, *Musae Anglicanae*, 153–4. Line 3 is metrically defective, while lines 4–5 appear to indicate an omission in the manuscript. Nevertheless, their sense is clear enough. Line 18 should read 'ingentis' rather than 'ingenti'. The remainder of Melville's poem appears as a preface to John Johnston's (Jonson's) *Inscriptiones historicae regum Scotorum* (Amsterdam, 1602), under the title 'Gathelus, sive de gentis origine fragmentum'. The *Inscriptiones* consists of brief Latin verse summaries of the careers of all the Scottish kings from the fabulous Fergus I in 330 BCE to the contemporary James VI, concluding with a poem by Melville to Prince Henry. Following the poems are a series of engraved portraits of the more recent monarchs. Bradner suggests that Melville intended the fragment to be the first book of his epic.

1. Gathelus, the mythic, eponymous founder of the Gaels and thereby the Scots. The son of Cecrops of Athens, Gathelus migrated to Egypt with a number of fellow soldiers, whose band entered the service of the Pharaoh. All of them found Egyptian wives, Gathelus marrying the Pharaoh's daughter, the equally eponymous Scota. Gathelus's group left Egypt for the West at the time of the plagues—just as the Hebrews departed to the East. The similarity with the opening of the *Aeneid*, esp. at Virgil's line 13, will be evident. It is unclear if Melville's poem is genuinely Virgilian in that it projects a final world empire or whether, instead, it is anti-imperial in that it proposes a counter-empire of federated civic polities.
2. The Gathelus myth has him and his followers settling in Iberia, specifically Portugal, where he established his dynasty over the local inhabitants. Regarding the name Hesperia, see the 'Genethliacon' (51/3, n. 18).
3. Renaissance thought often identified the Druids with a primal wisdom, anticipating and perhaps even supplementing the Christian revelation. English reformers like John Bale saw the Druids as promoting a proto-Christianity independently of Rome and thereby anticipating (and helping to legitimate) the Reformation. For Andrew Melville the Druids not only anticipate the Reformation, but also validate Scotland as a civilized country. See, among others, F. Yates,

- Giordano Bruno and the Hermetic Tradition* (New York, 1964), 263; G. Parry, *The Trophies of Time: English Antiquaries of the Seventeenth Century* (New York, 1995), 31, 35.
4. The marble chair was traditionally the stone on which Jacob rested his head. Brought from the Middle East by Gathelus, again according to Scottish tradition, it had been the coronation seat of the Scottish kings prior to its seizure by Edward I in the thirteenth century. Often referred to as the marble chair, it is actually sandstone.
 5. The fact that Melville does not seek its return provides a clear indication of his priorities.
 6. Fergus: Fergus I, c. 330 BCE, the mythical founder of the Scottish monarchy.
 7. The translation here is literal.
 8. Henry was the grandson of Frederick II, king of Denmark and Norway (1534-1588). James VI married Frederick's daughter Anne at Oslo on 24 Nov. 1589.
 9. Since its founding under Fergus, the Scottish dynasty had never been conquered.
 10. Melville clearly has in mind Hector Boece, and perhaps as well the several translations, verse renderings, variants, and redactions that had subsequently appeared. Melville undoubtedly also had Buchanan in mind, even though the *Historia* rejects the Gathelus myth.
 11. Clearly a play on the papal tiara and Cerberus, the triple-headed guardian of hell.

Appendix C.4

Introduction:

1. 'De la descente des Escossois' fo. 23^v (separately paginated).
2. Regarding Alexander and Maxwell, see Williamson, *SNC*, esp. 97-107, and Williamson, 'Scotland, Antichrist, and the invention of Great Britain', 44-52. Roger Mason's prophylactic separation of these figures is simply untenable. See the Introduction, p. 35, n. 4.
3. John Knox had undertaken something similar in his *The First Blast of the Trumpet against the Monstrous Regiment of Women* (Geneva, 1558) when he suggested that the Spanish elite were actually Jewish. See Williamson, 'Buchanan and Knox', 105-8.
4. William Stewart, *The Buik of the Chronicles of Scotland; A Metrical Version of the History of Hector Boece*, ed. W. B. Trumbull, 3 vols. (London, 1858), i, 15.

Text:

Source: In *Inscriptiones Historicae Regum Scotorum, continuata annorum serie a Fergusio primo Regni Conditor ad nostra tempora* (Amsterdam, 1602), sig. *4^r-*5^v.

1. Macetæ, Macetia: Macedonia.
2. Meroe: the capital of Ethiopia (Kush) on the east bank of the Nile, between the fifth and sixth cataracts. Like most sixteenth-century writers, Melville drew much of his Egyptian lore through the exotic picture presented in Heliodorus's late antique romance, *Aethiopia*.
3. Melville follows Boece and tradition in identifying Ammunhotep as the pharaoh into whose service Gathelus entered.
4. 'artibus aut animis': it is central for Melville's purposes to stress Scota's 'skill' and character, rather than her beauty. This is not a Calvinist predilection, but a cultural concern of most Scottish intellectuals of the period. One of the main burdens of Melville's poem is to show that Egyptian wisdom always informed the Scottish experience and that the realm was not barbarous either then or in the sixteenth century. Cf. the 'Epithalamium', l. 202-8 (46/3, n. 18).
5. Busiris: a legendary Egyptian king who, according to Greek tradition, habitually slaughtered foreigners entering Egypt at the altar of Zeus. Following Boece, Melville has identified him with the persecuting pharaoh of the Bible.
6. Syrtes: two gulfs into North Africa off the Mediterranean Sea. Syrtis major abuts Cyrenaica (today eastern Libya); Syrtis minor, further west, abuts the antique province of Africa (today Tunisia).
7. Nomas: Melville means the Numidian kingdom but probably also literally the nomads (Pliny), i.e., wild, unsettled people—something the followers of Gathelus and Scota are not.
8. Cf. 51/3, n. 18.

9. Mundus: a river on the west coast of Lusitania entering the sea between the Tagus and the Durius (Duora). Bracharas: Bracara (Braga), a city in Gallaecia to the north of classical Lusitania, today a part of Portugal.
10. Cf. Horace, *Ars poetica*, l. 48-72; Buchanan, too, was very conscious of the changing vocabularies within any language, but, unlike Melville, he also stressed the stability of place-names (*History of Scotland*, i, 99, 106).
11. Melville seems to suggest that Gathelus is a Druid, and that the Druids (and the Scots) are the heirs of Greek and Egyptian wisdom. See Appendix C.1, n. 2, and C.3, n. 3 above.
12. See n. 11 above.
13. Literally, by the civil oak. Melville stresses the role of the crown as the protector of the church. Furthermore, he skillfully combines the traditional image of the king doing justice under the royal oak with the *prisca theologica* of the Druids.
14. Trileucum: a promontory on the north coast of Hispania Tarraconensis, today Cape Ortegal.
15. Cantabri: a people living along the north coast of Roman Spain to the east of Gallaecia.
16. Caletes: Melville clearly refers to the Callaïci (or Gallaeci).
17. Although referring to the Pyrenees, Melville probably has in mind the Callaïci Bracarii and the Callaïci Lucenses, the two main peoples of the region. Clearly identified in classical sources, the river Minius in fact divided the two groups—both seen here as being founded by Gathelus. We have been unable to identify the map Melville appears to be using.
18. Boece also saw cultural continuity running from Egypt to Iberia to Scotland. See Williamson, 'Number and national consciousness', 187-90.
19. Brigantium: a city on the north west tip of Spain, today La Coruña.
20. Compostella: Santiago de Compostela actually lies to the south of Brigantium (La Coruña). Regarded as the seat of an apostolic church, it was indeed a major shrine for pilgrims.
21. See App. C.3, n.4.
22. Melville's reading of these events endorses Buchanan's view of political authority.
23. 'Patres': again following Buchanan, Melville looks to a kin-based civic aristocracy rather than a formal parliament (cf. Williamson, SNC, ch. 1). 'æquitas rerum habenas': more than a check on the crown, the aristocracy actually shares the 'reins' of governance (cf. *De jure regni apud Scotos: dialogus*).
24. Visibly anticipating Habsburg Spain in the sixteenth century. The classical Iberus or Hiberio is today the Ebro.
25. Hemecus was lesser by birth as Gathelus's second son. But his greater virtue again anticipated the Spanish empire's Scoto-Britannic rival.
26. The pillars of Hercules: Calpe Mons (Gibraltar) and Abyla Mons (modern Jebel Musa at Ceuta in Africa). The rivers in l. 124 are today the Miño, the Mondego, the Guadalquivir, and the Ebro.
27. Cf. *De Sphæra*, 12/2, l. 189.
28. Like Buchanan, Melville inverts the Iberian preoccupation with purity of blood. Cf. 'To Henry II, king of France, on the relief of the siege of Metz', 15/2, l. 17 ('sub semimauro Cæsare'). 'The Punic right hand' in the subsequent line reinforces the North African linkage and recalls Charles V's capture of Tunis (i.e., Carthage) in 1535. Cf. 'To the Emperor Charles V...', 71/5, ll. 16-7. John Knox, too, had addressed this obsession in *The First Blast of the Trumpet against the Monstrous Regiment of Women* (1558), when he noted that Spaniards in general and the ruling family in particular were descended from the Jews. *The Works of John Knox*, ed. D. Laing, 6 vols. (Edinburgh, 1855), iv, 411-12; R.A. Mason, (ed.), *John Knox: On Rebellion* (Cambridge, 1994), 40. The reaction of the courts at Madrid and Lisbon might easily be imagined.
29. Cf. Williamson, 'Number and national consciousness', 187-90. Memphis was regarded in classical antiquity and thus in the Renaissance as the Egyptian centre of religion and wisdom. See, for example, Heliodorus's *Æthiopia*. With regard to the Egyptian wisdom and the reference to Moses in the following line, see Acts 7.22.
30. That is, from the pharaoh Ammunhotep.
31. See notes 4 and 15.

32. Antique sites of learning and religion; Cadmus (legendary Phoenician or, occasionally, Egyptian founder of the citadel of Boetian Thebes; in some accounts he introduced the alphabet and the Dionysian religion to Greece); Helicon (Boetian mountain range, abode of the Muses, containing the spring of Aganippe); Cynosarges (a sanctuary of Hercules east of Athens); Gelphyra (a location on the road to Eleusis, associated with its initiates); Tanagra (a town in Boetia whose earliest inhabitants were said to be Gelphraei); we have been unable to identify Lebratemis and Thanais.

33. See notes 4, 11 and 12 above.

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SCOTTISH HISTORY SOCIETY

108th ANNUAL REPORT

*Presented to the Annual General Meeting
by the Council, 10 December 1994*

The text of the 1993 volume, *History of the Union of Scotland and England* by Sir John Clerk of Penicuik (edited by Douglas Duncan) will be distributed to members very shortly. The volume includes translated extracts from a history of Anglo-Scottish relations written in Latin in the 1720s. It covers the period from earliest times, with particular attention devoted to the Scottish parliament's debate on the Union of 1707. The complete text of the delayed 1992 volume, edited by Ian Levitt, *The Scottish Office: Depression and Reconstruction 1919-59*, has now been received and it is hoped that this will go to press early in the new year. A number of proposals for a *Miscellany* volume were accepted during the year: 'Three thirteenth-century charters' (edited by W.W. Scott); 'Debate in the general council of 1364' (edited by A.A.M. Duncan); 'Ane brieff information for the thesaurer, 1616' (edited by J. Goodare); and '1st marquis of Tweeddale: autobiographical fragment' (edited by M. Lee Jr). Other proposals for the *Miscellany* are under discussion. Possible delays in two other volumes (*The Black Book of Coldingham*, edited by Joseph Donnelly, and *Scottish Migration 1740-1920*, edited by Allan Macinnes and Margaret Storrie) mean that the first two of these three projects to be submitted will appear as the 1994 and 1995 volumes. The 1996 volume, *British Linen Company Papers*, edited by Alastair Durie, is now close to completion and should be published on time.

The Society's financial position continues to be healthy. Council warmly thanks the member (who wishes to remain anonymous) who generously donated £3000 to the Society early in 1994.

Professor S.J. Brown has been elected by Council as liaison officer to the British National Committee (committee of the Royal Historical Society) of the International Historical Congress. Council thanks Mr Bruce Webster for many years of dedication as the Society's representative. Dr Alan Borthwick retires as Minute Secretary; and Mrs Virginia Wills, Bridge of Allan Books, continues to hold our stock of past volumes and to deal with all purchasing queries. Council extends its thanks to both.

The two members of Council to retire by rotation are Dr Jane Dawson and Dr Alan Borthwick. To replace them Council recommends the election by the Annual General Meeting of Miss Marion Stewart (Dumfries Archive Centre) and Dr John B. Tuckwell (Tuckwell Press Ltd.) Any other nominations,

made by at least two other members of the Society, should reach the Honorary Secretary not less than seven days before the Annual General Meeting.

The membership of the Society stands at 491 individual and 207 institutional members.

SCOTTISH HISTORY SOCIETY
INCOME AND EXPENDITURE FOR THE YEAR TO 30 SEPTEMBER 1994

1993		1994
£		£
9045.22	Subscriptions	7561.81
500.00	Income Tax on Covenants Recoverable (estimate)	500.00
972.15	Sales of Past Publications	481.75
-77.94	Less: Insurance	-82.19
0.00	Royalties	0.00
2792.44	Interest on Bank Premier Account	2985.06
189.05	Interest on Bank Current Account	76.61
<hr style="width: 100%; border: 0.5px solid black;"/>		<hr style="width: 100%; border: 0.5px solid black;"/>
13420.92	NET INCOME	11523.04
	Costs of year's publication:	
-11400.00	Printing	0.00
-182.16	Editorial Expenses	-197.77
-1167.25	Postage & Packing	0.00
0.00	Purchase of Software	-343.43
-104.07	Special Lecture	0.00
0.00	Printing Leaflets	-410.00
-151.00	AGM Expenses	-156.00
-148.23	AGM Postage	-124.94
-127.58	Other expenses	-140.85
-25.00	Subscriptions & Donations	<u>-50.00</u>
		-1622.99
<hr style="width: 100%; border: 0.5px solid black;"/>		<hr style="width: 100%; border: 0.5px solid black;"/>
115.63	CURRENT ACCOUNT SURPLUS	9900.05
3000.00	Bequests & Donations	3000.00
<hr style="width: 100%; border: 0.5px solid black;"/>		<hr style="width: 100%; border: 0.5px solid black;"/>
<u>3115.63</u>	TOTAL SURPLUS FOR YEAR	<u>12900.05</u>

BALANCE SHEET AS AT 30 SEPTEMBER 1994

1993		1994
£		£
1.00	Stocks of Unsold Publications	1.00
1000.00	Debtors (Income Tax Recoverable)	1500.00
52313.16	Bank—Premier Account	65198.22
3359.17	Bank—Current Account	2874.16
0.00	Creditors	0.00
<u>56673.33</u>	NET CURRENT ASSETS	<u>69573.38</u>
	CAPITAL ACCOUNT	
53557.70	Balance at 1 October 1993	56673.33
3115.63	Surplus for Year	12900.05
56673.33	Balance at 30 September 1994	69573.38

ABSTRACT ACCOUNT OF THE CHARGE AND DISCHARGE OF THE
INTROMISSIONS OF THE HONORARY TREASURER

1 October 1993 to 30 September 1994

CHARGE

1	Cash in Bank at 1 October 1993		£
a	Sum at credit of Premier Account with Bank of Scotland	52313.16	
b	Sum at credit of Current (Treasurer's) Account with Bank of Scotland	<u>3359.17</u>	
			55672.33
2	Subscriptions received		7576.81
3	Past publications sold		481.75
4	Interest on Premier Account		2985.06
5	Interest on Current (Treasurer's) Account		76.61
6	Donation		3000.00
7	Sums drawn from Bank Premier Account		0.00
8	Sums drawn from Bank Current Account		<u>8620.18</u>
			<u>69792.56</u>

DISCHARGE

		£
1	Subscriptions refunded	15.00
2	Cost of publications during year	0.00
3	Printing leaflet	410.00
4	Editorial expenses	197.77
5	Costs of insuring stock of unsold books	82.19
6	Costs of AGM	156.00
7	Costs of postage re AGM	124.94
8	Office bearers' expenses	140.80
9	Purchase of software	543.46
10	British National Committee	50.00
11	Sums lodged in Bank Premier Account	12885.06
	Sums lodged in Bank Current Account	8135.17
		<hr/> 1720.16
12	Funds at close of this account	68072.38
a	Sum at credit of Premier Account with Bank of Scotland	65198.22
b	Sum at credit of Current (Treasurer's) Account with Bank of Scotland	2874.16
		<hr/> 69792.54

STIRLING, 31 October 1994

I have audited the Account of the Honorary Treasurer of the Scottish History Society and certify that I am satisfied that proper records appear to have been kept and that the above Account is a correct statement of the transactions recorded during the year.

H.B. PEBBLES
C.A.



