

Their gold his own. Is this the secret why
He pleases—he's humorous and witty?
These are the reasons, but the chief one is,
He pleases all—*He does not please himself.*

This learned person was cut off in the midst of his years, and we are told when dying, in answer to the interrogatories of friends who attended him, he expressed his abhorrence of popery. His writings were so highly esteemed in some of the colleges in Germany, that the professors when they had occasion to refer to them, were wont to raise their right hand to their cap in token of their veneration for the author's memory. Besides Turnebus, Buchanan had other able coadjutors in the college of Le Moine with whom he remained for several years. The political state of Europe was now very threatening; we find it mentioned that the people of Geneva were so much alarmed, that Calvin at this time had much work to fortify their minds, and as Buchanan was only a literary person, and of principles not fitted to recommend him to the favor of men in power, he was doubtless more easily persuaded to remove from one place to another. It appears that the King of Portugal had lately founded the University of Coimbra, and invited Andrew Govea mentioned above, to fill the office of Principal, and to bring with him other learned men from France to occupy the Professorships. On the invitation of his friend Govea, Buchanan accompanied him into that kingdom in the year 1547. He appears also to have had such good hopes of the promising aspect of the field before him, that he persuaded his brother Patrick to join with them. So long as Govea lived, the new professors seem to have had no reason to complain of the change they had made. And doubtless to men ardent in the love of learning, it was a source of much satisfaction to reflect, that they were promoting education in a country where the people were groping in darkness, but Govea died in the year 1548, and after this event they were exposed to the persecutions of the priesthood. Three of them were imprisoned, and of these Buchanan had drawn upon himself their special resentment by the report which had reached them of his poem against the Franciscans. He had eaten too, it was alleged, flesh in Lent, and he had said, what was doubtless true, that Augustine favored the opinions which the church of Rome condemned. Buchanan was now in the power of the Inquisitors, and they had him confined within the dark walls of their prison, and without doubt he would have shared the fate of many others who never came out again

to tell the sad story of their sufferings. But evil men who would not be influenced by better motives, may be restrained by fear. It was so in the present case. Buchanan had risen to great distinction. He was known by the learned, as well as by nobles and princes,—it would not therefore have been wise for the holy fathers to have made any attempt upon his life. They were induced therefore after having harassed him and themselves for a year and a half, to confine him for several months in a monastery, to receive instruction from the monks.—In the brief narrative drawn up by his own pen, he tells with admirable candor, that he found these men, neither wicked nor inhumane but wholly ignorant of religion. It is the province of genius to turn even untoward events to good account—and our poet excluded from the society of learned wits which he seems so much to have enjoyed, and immured in the gloom of a monastery, is led to turn his mind to themes of higher import than human learning. Notwithstanding his farewell to the muses, it might be truly said that the love of song was too dear to him to be in earnest. The lyre was still his joy, but instead of using it on common themes, he now tuned it to sing the songs of Zion. It was at this time he commenced his Latin version of the Psalms of David. It does not appear how far he went on with the work in his confinement. His own words are general, it was chiefly he says at this time, that he translated into various kinds, of verse the Psalms of David. After a confinement of nearly two years, the poet was released. The King of Portugal seems to have wished to retain him, that he might promote him to some station worthy of his learning, but Buchanan longed to be in a country where men of his profession were more highly valued, and where he should be less under the power of the Jesuits. He accordingly embarked in a Candian vessel and came to England, and here though he was assured that a fit situation would readily be provided for him, he was bent on returning to that country where he had spent so many of his years, and where he had so many men of learning as his friends. He accordingly proceeded to France and landed there in the beginning of the year 1553. Doubtless it was a pleasant sight to the poet who had been tossed about for two long years on a sea of troubles to see again the Gallic coast. There are few associations so deep and lasting as those we receive in the academic groves, and in converse with men of learning and talent. Buchanan doubtless under the influence of these, penned an ode