

**ANSELM; OR, THE  
CONFESSOR  
AND PENITENT**

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Anselm; or, the confessor and penitent by F. Slane

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**F. SLANE**

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THE CONFESSOR AND PENITENT.



By J. Sans.

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—  
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Dedicated to  
JOHN STONE, ESQ., OF WATERHOUSE LODGE,  
BY THE AUTHOR.

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THE above dedication accept, dear Stone,  
As a trifling tribute to thy virtues paid  
By a friend sincere, though nameless, unknown,  
With thy modesty may my peace be made  
At suit of thy kind heart, which not alone  
Shall plead, for thy charity to its aid  
Shall come, true charity of sentiment and deed,  
Which prompts kind thoughts, and hands outstretched  
to those in need.

But that which most endears thee to the good  
Is thy religion—gentle, pure, sincere ;  
Which scorns mere form, with all its vampire brood  
Of vile hypocrisies. We do not fear  
Creeds should be watered now with martyr-blood :  
But could such dreadful hour be ever here,  
Thou, the champion of evangelic truth, wouldst bear,  
Unmoved, the worst that fiendish, ruthless foes could  
dare.

Forgive me if, in a strain all too light,  
Subject so high and grave I seem to treat—  
Question of religious doctrine, wrong or right—  
Remember what says the moralist sweet,  
Of "blandi doctores," who hold in sight  
The much-longed for cake, nor their pupils beat,  
But hard lessons with jokes and smiles contrive to  
teach,  
While those fail who in orthodox style thrash and preach.



## INTRODUCTORY.

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Without introduction no book is complete,  
And preface too, Of course I don't allude  
To novels, and such light works, reading meet  
For minds as light; but to a serious, good,  
Respectable book, that would form a treat  
To sober-minded folks, who love to brood  
O'er a learned author, whose meaning lies so deep,  
That, ere you find it out, you 're apt to go to sleep.

Well then, an introduction I will write,  
And preface also, both into one  
Condensed. Now first I pray you don't take fright,  
And my poor book at once condemn and shun  
For its name's sake, but rather my invite  
Accept to read; I promise e'en in fun  
I will not give to any thought the slightest sound,  
Could possibly your very tenderest feelings wound.

Of another point I had best take note;  
Some knowing critic with sneer perhaps will cry,  
"Ah! by a Rhymer, who round his lank throat  
Wears à la Byron his collar and tie."

Good sir, you 're wrong. Some things that Byron  
wrote

I took as model I will not deny,  
Just as he took Berni, Pulci, and Whistlecraft ;  
But there ends all likeness : I'm not what Scotch call daft,

And so don't hope th' original to excel,  
Nor yet to most men's minds thoughts to recal  
Of the great master, but some can't tell  
Chalk from cheese, and into strange blunders fall,  
And these rugged lines are meant to repel  
Th' insinuations of such critics small—  
A kind of gentry ever ready a hole to pick ;  
Turn on them, bid them mend the hole, and there  
they 'll stick.

This too, believe : I sneer at no man's creed ;  
But when those who are set to guide, and teach  
Doctrines which from errors our fathers freed  
At peril of their lives, when those men preach  
Those very errors, and the people lead  
Astray, when they put forth their hands to reach  
Strange garments, and straightway as mummers quaint  
appear,  
Spectators then may surely hiss, or clap, or cheer.

And the merits of the actors, too, discuss :  
Tell of the man in green, how well he bowed ;

And of another, how with wondrous fuss  
He twirled about; how quaint a third one mowed;  
If featly or like a clown one did buss  
Maid Marion, who among the mumming crowd  
You 're sure to find. Thus on the players the talk will  
run,  
And, certes, I nothing more than this have done.

Now prithee, gentle reader, bear in mind  
That mild-eyed Mercy is a kingly grace.  
To my many faults be a little blind,  
And, if aught of goodness thou canst trace,  
To it be, not a little, but very kind.  
Though I cannot see the smile upon thy face,  
Nor hear your cheering voice, my publisher will be  
The medium through which thy spirit will speak to me.

A few words of praise, a bright smile or two,  
Will be like spring's genial rain and sunshine  
On the little plant, that just struggling through  
The still cold earth, feels the influence benigu,  
Springs upward and unfolds its flower to view,  
Which to wither storm and frost did once combine.  
And now with this simile, so flattering to all,  
I make my bow, and in next stanza open the ball.