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THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
ROBERT SOUTHEY.

VOL. I.

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THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
ROBERT SOUTHEY,

COLLECTED BY HIMSELF.

IN TEN VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

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P R E F A C E.

AT the age of sixty-three I have undertaken to collect and edite my Poetical Works, with the last corrections that I can expect to bestow upon them. They have obtained a reputation equal to my wishes; and I have this ground for hoping it may not be deemed hereafter more than commensurate with their deserts, that it has been gained without ever accommodating myself to the taste or fashion of the times. Thus to collect and revise them is a duty which I owe to that part of the Public by whom they have been auspiciously received, and to those who will take a lively concern in my good name when I shall have departed.

The arrangement was the first thing to be considered. In this the order wherein the respective poems were written has been observed, so far as was compatible with a convenient classification. Such order is useful to those who read critically, and desire to trace the progress of an author's mind

in his writings ; and by affixing dates to the minor pieces, under whatever head they are disposed, the object is sufficiently attained.

Next came the question of correction. There was no difficulty with those poems which were composed after the author had acquired his art (so far as he has acquired it), and after his opinions were matured. It was only necessary to bear in mind the risk there must ever be of injuring a poem by verbal alterations made long after it was written ; inasmuch as it must be impossible to recall the precise train of thought in which any passage was conceived, and the considerations upon which not the single verse alone but the whole sentence, or paragraph, had been constructed : but with regard to more important changes, there could be no danger of introducing any discrepance in style. With juvenile pieces the case is different. From these the faults of diction have been weeded, wherever it could be done without more trouble than the composition originally cost, and than the piece itself was worth. But inherent faults of conception and structure are incurable ; and it would have been mere waste of time to recompose what it was impossible otherwise to amend.

If these poems had been now for the first time to be made public, there are some among them which,

look back upon my intellectual life, I cannot estimate too highly. I owe him much also for his notes, not only for the information concerning other Italian romances which they imparted, but also for introducing me to Spenser;—how early, an incident which I well remember may show. Going with a relation into Bull's circulating library at Bath, (an excellent one for those days), and asking whether they had the "Faery Queen," the person who managed the shop said, "yes, they had it, but it was in obsolete language, and the young gentleman would not understand it." But I, who had learned all I then knew of the history of England from Shakespear, and who had moreover read Beaumont and Fletcher, found no difficulty in Spenser's English, and felt in the beauty of his versification a charm in poetry of which I had never been fully sensible before. From that time I took Spenser for my master. I drank also betimes of Chaucer's well. The taste which had been acquired in that school was confirmed by Percy's "Reliques" and Warton's "History of English Poetry;" and a little later by Homer and the Bible. It was not likely to be corrupted afterwards.

My school-boy verses savoured of Gray, Mason, and my predecessor Warton; and in the best of my juvenile pieces it may be seen how much the writer's

mind had been imbued by Akenside. I am conscious also of having derived much benefit at one time from Cowper, and more from Bowles; for which, and for the delight which his poems gave me at an age when we are most susceptible of such delight, my good friend at Bremhill, to whom I was then and long afterwards personally unknown, will allow me to make this grateful and cordial acknowledgement.

My obligation to Dr. Sayers is of a different kind. Every one who has an ear for metre and a heart for poetry, must have felt how perfectly the metre of Collins's "Ode to Evening" is in accordance with the imagery and the feeling. None of the experiments which were made of other unrhymed stanzas proved successful. They were either in strongly marked and well-known measures which unavoidably led the reader to expect rhyme, and consequently balked him when he looked for it; or they were in stanzas as cumbrous as they were ill constructed. Dr. Sayers went upon a different principle and succeeded admirably. I read his "Dramatic Sketches of Northern Mythology" when they were first published, and convinced myself when I had acquired some skill in versification, that the kind of verse in which his choruses were composed was not less applicable to narration than to lyrical poetry.

Soon after I had begun the Arabian romance, for which this measure seemed the most appropriate vehicle, "Gebir" fell into my hands, and my verse was greatly improved by it, both in vividness and strength. Several years elapsed before I knew that Walter Landor was the author, and more before I had the good fortune to meet the person to whom I felt myself thus beholden. The days which I have passed with him in the Vale of Ewias, at Como, and lastly in the neighbourhood of Bristol, are some of those which have left with me "a joy for memory."

I have thus acknowledged all the specific obligations to my elders or contemporaries in the art, of which I am distinctly conscious. The advantages arising from intimate intercourse with those who were engaged in similar pursuits cannot be in like manner specified, because in their nature they are imperceptible; but of such advantages no man has ever possessed more or greater, than at different times it has been my lot to enjoy. Personal attachment first, and family circumstances afterwards, connected me long and closely with Mr. Coleridge; and three-and-thirty years have ratified a friendship with Mr. Wordsworth, which we believe will not terminate with this life, and which it is a pleasure for us to know will be continued and cherished as an heir-loom by those who are dearest to us both.

When I add what has been the greatest of all advantages, that I have passed more than half my life in retirement, conversing with books rather than men, constantly and unweariably engaged in literary pursuits, communing with my own heart, and taking that course which upon mature consideration seemed best to myself, I have said every thing necessary to account for the characteristics of my poetry, whatever they may be.

It was in a mood resembling in no slight degree that wherewith a person in sound health, both of body and mind, makes his will and sets his worldly affairs in order, that I entered upon the serious task of arranging and revising the whole of my poetical works. What, indeed, was it but to bring in review before me the dreams and aspirations of my youth, and the feelings whereto I had given that free utterance which by the usages of this world is permitted to us in poetry, and in poetry alone? Of the smaller pieces in this collection there is scarcely one concerning which I cannot vividly call to mind when and where it was composed. I have perfect recollection of the spots where many not of the scenes only, but of the images which I have described from nature, were observed and noted. And how would it be possible for me to forget the interest taken in these poems, especially the longer

and more ambitious works, by those persons nearest and dearest to me then, who witnessed their growth and completion? Well may it be called a serious task thus to resuscitate the past! But serious though it be, it is not painful to one who knows that the end of his journey cannot be far distant, and, by the blessing of God, looks on to its termination with sure and certain hope.

Keswick, 10th May, 1837.

JOAN OF ARC.

BY

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

ΕΙΣ ΟΙΩΝΟΣ ΑΡΙΣΤΟΣ ΑΜΤΝΕΣΘΑΙ ΠΕΡΙ ΠΑΤΡΗΣ.—*Home*

Perlege, cognosces animum sine viribus alas
Ingenii explicuisse leves, nam vera fatebor ;
Implumen tepido præceps me gloria nido
Expulit, et cælo jussit volitare remoto.
Pœnitet incepti, cursum revocare juventæ
Si liceat, mansisse domi cum tempore nervos
Consolidasse velim.

PETRARCA.

PREFACE TO JOAN OF ARC.

EARLY in July, 1793, I happened to fall in conversation, at Oxford, with an old schoolfellow upon the story of Joan of Arc, and it then struck me as being singularly well adapted for a poem. The long vacation commenced immediately afterwards. As soon as I reached home I formed the outline of a plan, and wrote about three hundred lines. The remainder of the month was passed in travelling, and I was too much engaged with new scenes and circumstances to proceed, even in thought, with what had been broken off. In August I went to visit my old schoolfellow, Mr. Grosvenor Bedford, who, at that time, resided with his parents at Brixton Causeway, about four miles on the Surrey side of the metropolis. There, the day after completing my nineteenth year, I resumed the undertaking, and there, in six weeks from that day, finished what I called an Epic Poem in twelve books.

My progress would not have been so rapid had

it not been for the opportunity of retirement which I enjoyed there, and the encouragement that I received. In those days London had not extended in that direction farther than Kennington, beyond which place the scene changed suddenly, and there was an air and appearance of country which might now be sought in vain at a far greater distance from town. There was nothing indeed to remind one that London was so near, except the smoke which overhung it. Mr. Bedford's residence was situated upon the edge of a common, on which shady lanes opened leading to the neighbouring villages (for such they were then) of Camberwell, Dulwich, and Clapham, and to Norwood. The view in front was bounded by the Surrey hills. Its size and structure showed it to be one of those good houses built in the early part of the last century by persons who, having realized a respectable fortune in trade, were wise enough to be contented with it, and retire to pass the evening of their lives in the enjoyment of leisure and tranquillity. Tranquil indeed the place was, for the neighbourhood did not extend beyond half a dozen families, and the London style and habits of visiting had not obtained among them. Uncle Toby himself might have enjoyed his rood and a half of ground there, and not have had it known. A fore-court separated the house from the foot-path and

the road in front ; behind, there was a large and well-stocked garden, with other spacious premises, in which utility and ornament were in some degree combined. At the extremity of the garden, and under the shade of four lofty linden trees, was a summer-house looking on an ornamented grass-plot, and fitted up as a conveniently habitable room. That summer-house was allotted to me, and there my mornings were passed at the desk. Whether it exists now or not I am ignorant. The property has long since passed into other hands. The common is inclosed and divided by rectangular hedges and palings ; rows of brick houses have supplanted the shade of oaks and elms ; the brows of the Surrey hills bear a parapet of modern villas, and the face of the whole district is changed.

I was not a little proud of my performance. Young poets are, or at least used to be, as ambitious of producing an epic poem, as stage-stricken youths of figuring in Romeo or Hamlet. It had been the earliest of my day-dreams. I had begun many such ; but this was the first which had been completed, and I was too young and too ardent to perceive or suspect that the execution was as crude as the design. In the course of the autumn I transcribed it fairly from the first draught, making no other alterations or corrections of any kind than such as

suggested themselves in the act of transcription. Upon showing it to the friend in conversation with whom the design had originated, he said, "I am glad you have written this; it will serve as a store where you will find good passages for better poems." His opinion of it was more judicious than mine; but what there was good in it or promising, would not have been transplantable.

Toward the close of 1794, it was announced as to be published by subscription in a quarto volume, price one guinea. Shortly afterwards I became acquainted with my fellow-townsmen, Mr. Joseph Cottle, who had recently commenced business as a bookseller in our native city of Bristol. One evening I read to him part of the poem, without any thought of making a proposal concerning it, or expectation of receiving one. He, however, offered me fifty guineas for the copyright, and fifty copies for my subscribers, which was more than the list amounted to; and the offer was accepted as promptly as it was made. It can rarely happen that a young author should meet with a bookseller as inexperienced and as ardent as himself, and it would be still more extraordinary if such mutual indiscretion did not bring with it cause for regret to both. But this transaction was the commencement of an intimacy which has continued, without the slightest

shade of displeasure at any time, on either side, to the present day.

At that time, few books were printed in the country, and it was seldom indeed that a quarto volume issued from a provincial press. A font of new types was ordered for what was intended to be the handsomest book that Bristol had ever yet sent forth; and when the paper arrived, and the printer was ready to commence his operations, nothing had been done toward preparing the poem for the press, except that a few verbal alterations had been made. I was not, however, without misgivings, and when the first proof-sheet was brought me, the more glaring faults of the composition stared me in the face. But the sight of a well-printed page, which was to be set off with all the advantages that fine wove paper and hot-pressing could impart, put me in spirits, and I went to work with good-will. About half the first book was left in its original state; the rest of the poem was re-cast and re-composed while the printing went on. This occupied six months. I corrected the concluding sheet of the poem, left the Preface in the publisher's hands, and departed for Lisbon by way of Coruña and Madrid.

The Preface was written with as little discretion as had been shown in publishing the work itself.

It stated how rapidly the poem had been produced, and that it had been almost re-composed during its progress through the press. This was not said as taking merit for haste and temerity, nor to excuse its faults,—only to account for them. But here I was liable to be misapprehended, and likely to be misrepresented. The public indeed care neither for explanations nor excuses; and such particulars might not unfitly be deemed unbecoming in a young man, though they may be excused and even expected from an old author, who, at the close of a long career, looks upon himself as belonging to the past. Omitting these passages, and the specification of what Mr. Coleridge had written in the second book (which was withdrawn in the next edition), the remainder of the Preface is here subjoined. It states the little which I had been able to collect concerning the subject of the poem, gives what was then my own view of Joan of Arc's character and history, and expresses with overweening confidence the opinions which the writer entertained concerning those poets whom it was his ambition not to imitate, but to follow. . . It cannot be necessary to say, that some of those opinions have been modified, and others completely changed, as he grew older.

ORIGINAL PREFACE.

The history of Joan of Arc is as mysterious as it is remarkable. That she believed herself inspired, few will deny; that she was inspired, no one will venture to assert; and it is difficult to believe that she was herself imposed upon by Charles and Du-nois. That she discovered the King when he disguised himself among the courtiers to deceive her, and that, as a proof of her mission, she demanded a sword from a tomb in the church of St. Catharine, are facts in which all historians agree. If this had been done by collusion, the Maid must have known herself an impostor, and with that knowledge could not have performed the enterprise she undertook. Enthusiasm, and that of no common kind, was necessary, to enable a young maiden at once to assume the profession of arms, to lead her troops to battle, to fight among the foremost, and to subdue with an inferior force an enemy then believed invincible. It is not possible that one who felt herself the puppet of a party, could have performed these things. The artifices of a court could not have persuaded her that she discovered Charles in disguise; nor could they have prompted her to demand the sword which they might have hidden,

without discovering the deceit. The Maid then was not knowingly an impostor; nor could she have been the instrument of the court; and to say that she believed herself inspired, will neither account for her singling out the King, or prophetically claiming the sword. After crowning Charles, she declared that her mission was accomplished, and demanded leave to retire. Enthusiasm would not have ceased here; and if they who imposed on her could persuade her still to go with their armies, they could still have continued her delusion.

This mysteriousness renders the story of Joan of Arc peculiarly fit for poetry. The aid of angels and devils is not necessary to raise her above mankind; she has no gods to lackey her, and inspire her with courage, and heal her wounds: the Maid of Orleans acts wholly from the workings of her own mind, from the deep feeling of inspiration. The palpable agency of superior powers would destroy the obscurity of her character, and sink her to the mere heroine of a fairy tale.

The alterations which I have made in the history are few and trifling. The death of Salisbury is placed later, and of the Talbots earlier than they occurred. As the battle of Patay is the concluding action of the Poem, I have given it all the previous solemnity of a settled engagement. Whatever ap-

pears miraculous is asserted in history, and my authorities will be found in the notes.

It is the common fault of Epic Poems, that we feel little interest for the heroes they celebrate. The national vanity of a Greek or a Roman might have been gratified by the renown of Achilles or Æneas; but to engage the unprejudiced, there must be more of human feelings than is generally to be found in the character of a warrior. From this objection, the *Odyssey* alone may be excepted. Ulysses appears as the father and the husband, and the affections are enlisted on his side. The judgment must applaud the well-digested plan and splendid execution of the *Iliad*, but the heart always bears testimony to the merit of the *Odyssey*: it is the poem of nature, and its personages inspire love rather than command admiration. The good herdsman Eumæus is worth a thousand heroes. Homer is, indeed, the best of poets, for he is at once dignified and simple; but Pope has disguised him in foppery, and Cowper has stripped him naked.

There are few readers who do not prefer Turnus to Æneas; a fugitive, suspected of treason, who negligently left his wife, seduced Dido, deserted her, and then forcibly took Lavinia from her betrothed husband. What avails a man's piety to the gods, if in all his dealings with men he prove him-

self a villain? If we represent Deity as commanding a bad action, this is not exculpating the man, but criminating the God.

The ill chosen subjects of Lucan and Statius have prevented them from acquiring the popularity they would otherwise have merited; yet in detached parts, the former of these is perhaps unequalled, certainly unexcelled. I do not scruple to prefer Statius to Virgil; with inferior taste, he appears to me to possess a richer and more powerful imagination; his images are strongly conceived, and clearly painted, and the force of his language, while it makes the reader feel, proves that the author felt himself.

The power of story is strikingly exemplified in the Italian heroic poets. They please universally, even in translations, when little but the story remains. In proportioning his characters, Tasso has erred; Godfrey is the hero of the poem, Rinaldo of the poet, and Tancred of the reader. Secondary characters should not be introduced, like Gyas and Cloanthus, merely to fill a procession; neither should they be so prominent as to throw the principal into shade.

The lawless magic of Ariosto, and the singular theme as well as the singular excellence of Milton, render it impossible to deduce any rules of epic.

poetry from these authors. So likewise with Spenser, the favourite of my childhood, from whose frequent perusal I have always found increased delight.

Against the machinery of Camoens, a heavier charge must be brought than that of profaneness or incongruity. His floating island is but a floating brothel, and no beauty can make atonement for licentiousness. From this accusation, none but a translator would attempt to justify him; but Camoens had the most able of translators. The *Lusiad*, though excellent in parts, is uninteresting as a whole: it is read with little emotion, and remembered with little pleasure. But it was composed in the anguish of disappointed hopes, in the fatigues of war, and in a country far from all he loved; and we should not forget, that as the Poet of Portugal was among the most unfortunate of men, so he should be ranked among the most respectable. Neither his own country or Spain has yet produced his equal: his heart was broken by calamity, but the spirit of integrity and independence never forsook Camoens.

I have endeavoured to avoid what appears to me the common fault of epic poems, and to render the *Maid of Orleans* interesting. With this intent I have given her, not the passion of love, but the remembrance of subdued affection, a lingering of

human feelings not inconsistent with the enthusiasm and holiness of her character.

The multitude of obscure epic writers copy with the most gross servility their ancient models. If a tempest occurs, some envious spirit procures it from the God of the winds or the God of the sea. Is there a town besieged? the eyes of the hero are opened, and he beholds the powers of Heaven assisting in the attack; an angel is at hand to heal his wounds, and the leader of the enemy in his last combat is seized with the sudden cowardice of Hector. Even Tasso is too often an imitator. But notwithstanding the censure of a satirist, the name of Tasso will still be ranked among the best heroic poets. Perhaps Boileau only condemned him for the sake of an antithesis; it is with such writers, as with those who affect point in their conversation, they will always sacrifice truth to the gratification of their vanity.

I have avoided what seems useless and wearying in other poems, and my readers will find no descriptions of armour, no muster-rolls, no geographical catalogues, lion, tiger, bull, bear, and boar similes, Phœbuses or Auroras. And where in battle I have particularized the death of an individual, it is not, I hope, like the common lists of killed and wounded.

It has been established as a necessary rule for the epic that the subject should be national. To this rule I have acted in direct opposition, and chosen for the subject of my poem the defeat of the English. If there be any readers who can wish success to an unjust cause, because their country was engaged in it, I desire not their approbation.

In Millin's National Antiquities of France, I find that M. Laverdy was, in 1791, occupied in collecting whatever has been written concerning the Maid of Orleans. I have anxiously looked for his work, but it is probable, considering the tumults of the intervening period, that it has not been accomplished. Of the various productions to the memory of Joan of Arc, I have only collected a few titles, and, if report may be trusted, need not fear a heavier condemnation than to be deemed equally bad. A regular canon of St. Euverte has written what is said to be a very bad poem, entitled the Modern Amazon. There is a prose tragedy called *La Pucelle d'Orleans*, variously attributed to Benserade, to Boyer, and to Menardiere. The abbé Daubignac published a prose tragedy with the same title in 1642. There is one under the name of Jean Baruel of 1581, and another printed anonymously at Rouen 1606. Among the manuscripts of the queen of Sweden in the Vatican, is a dramatic

piece in verse called *Le Mystere du Siege d'Orleans*. In these modern times, says Millin, all Paris has run to the theatre of Nicolet to see a pantomime entitled *Le Fameux Siege de la Pucelle d'Orleans*. I may add, that, after the publication of this poem, a pantomime upon the same subject was brought forward at Covent-Garden Theatre, in which the heroine, like Don Juan, was carried off by devils and precipitated alive into hell. I mention it, because the feelings of the audience revolted at such a catastrophe, and, after a few nights, an angel was introduced to rescue her.

But among the number of worthless poems upon this subject, there are two which are unfortunately notorious,—the Pucelles of Chapelain and Voltaire. I have had patience to peruse the first, and never have been guilty of looking into the second; it is well said by George Herbert,

Make not thy sport abuses, for the fly
That feeds on dung, is coloured thereby.

On the eighth of May, the anniversary of its deliverance, an annual fête is held at Orleans; and monuments have been erected there and at Rouen to the memory of the Maid. Her family was ennobled by Charles; but it should not be forgotten in the history of this monarch, that in the hour of

misfortune he abandoned to her fate the woman who had saved his kingdom.

Bristol, November, 1795.

The poem thus crudely conceived, rashly prefaced, and prematurely hurried into the world, was nevertheless favourably received, owing chiefly to adventitious circumstances. A work of the same class, with as much power and fewer faults, if it were published now, would attract little or no attention. One thing which contributed to bring it into immediate notice was, that no poem of equal pretension had appeared for many years, except Glover's *Athenaid*, which, notwithstanding the reputation of his *Leonidas*, had been utterly neglected. But the chief cause of its favourable reception was, that it was written in a republican spirit, such as may easily be accounted for in a youth whose notions of liberty were taken from the Greek and Roman writers, and who was ignorant enough of history and of human nature to believe, that a happier order of things had commenced with the independence of the United States, and would be accelerated by the French Revolution. Such opinions were then as unpopular in England as they deserved to

be ; but they were cherished by most of the critical journals, and conciliated for me the good-will of some of the most influential writers who were at that time engaged in periodical literature, though I was personally unknown to them. They bestowed upon the poem abundant praise, passed over most of its manifold faults, and noticed others with indulgence. Miss Seward wrote some verses upon it in a strain of the highest eulogy and the bitterest invective ; they were sent to the Morning Chronicle, and the editor (Mr. Perry) accompanied their insertion with a vindication of the opinions which she had so vehemently denounced. Miss Seward was then in high reputation ; the sincerity of her praise was proved by the severity of her censure, and nothing could have been more serviceable to a young author than her notice thus indignantly but also thus generously bestowed. The approbation of the reviewers served as a passport for the poem to America, and it was reprinted there while I was revising it for a second edition.

A work, in which the author and the bookseller had engaged with equal imprudence, thus proved beneficial to both. It made me so advantageously known as a poet, that no subsequent hostility on the part of the reviews could pull down the reputation which had been raised by

their good offices. Before that hostility took its determined character, the charge of being a hasty and careless writer was frequently brought against me. Yet to have been six months correcting what was written in six weeks, was some indication of patient industry; and of this the second edition gave farther evidence. Taking for a second motto the words of Erasmus, *Ut homines ita libros, indices seipsis meliores fieri oportet*, I spared no pains to render the poem less faulty both in its construction and composition; I wrote a new beginning, threw out much of what had remained of the original draught, altered more, and endeavoured from all the materials which I had means of consulting, to make myself better acquainted with the manners and circumstances of the fifteenth century. Thus the second edition differed almost as much from the first, as that from the copy which was originally intended for publication. Less extensive alterations were made in two subsequent editions; the fifth was only a reprint of the fourth; by that time I had become fully sensible of its great and numerous faults, and requested the reader to remember, as the only apology which could be offered for them, that the poem was written at the age of nineteen, and published at one-and-twenty. My intention then was, to take no farther pains in correcting a work

of which the inherent defects were incorrigible, and I did not look into it again for many years.

But now, when about to perform what at my age may almost be called the testamentary task of revising, in all likelihood for the last time, those works by which it was my youthful ambition "to be for ever known," and part whereof I dare believe has been "so written to aftertimes as they should not willingly let it die," it appeared proper that this poem, through which the author had been first made known to the public, two-and-forty years ago, should lead the way; and the thought that it was once more to pass through the press under my own inspection, induced a feeling in some respects resembling that with which it had been first delivered to the printer, ..and yet how different? For not in hope and ardour, nor with the impossible intention of rendering it what it might have been had it been planned and executed in middle life, did I resolve to correct it once more throughout; but for the purpose of making it more consistent with itself in diction, and less inconsistent in other things with the well-weighed opinions of my maturer years. The faults of effort, which may generally be regarded as hopeful indications in a juvenile writer, have been mostly left as they were. The faults of language which remained from the first edition

have been removed, so that in this respect the whole is sufficiently in keeping. And for those which expressed the political prejudices of a young man who had too little knowledge to suspect his own ignorance, they have either been expunged, or altered, or such substitutions have been made for them as harmonize with the pervading spirit of the poem, and are nevertheless in accord with those opinions which the author has maintained for thirty years through good and evil report, in the maturity of his judgement as well as in the sincerity of his heart.

Keswick, August 30. 1837.

TO

EDITH SOUTHEY.

EDITH ! I brought thee late a humble gift,
The songs of earlier youth ; it was a wreath
With many an unripe blossom garlanded
And many a weed, yet mingled with some flowers
Which will not wither. Dearest ! now I bring
A worthier offering ; thou wilt prize it well,
For well thou know'st amid what painful cares
My solace was in this : and though to me
There is no music in the hollowness
Of common praise, yet well content am I
Now to look back upon my youth's green prime,
Nor idly, nor unprofitably past,
Imping in such adventurous essay
The wing, and strengthening it for steadier flight.

Burton, near Christ Church, 1797.

JOAN OF ARC.

THE FIRST BOOK.

THERE was high feasting held at Vaucouleur,
For old Sir Robert had a famous guest,
The Bastard Orleans ; and the festive hours,
Cheer'd with the Trobador's sweet minstrelsy,
Pass'd gaily at his hospitable board. 5
But not to share the hospitable board
And hear sweet minstrelsy, Dunois had sought
Sir Robert's hall ; he came to rouse Lorraine,
And glean what force the wasting war had left
For one last effort. Little had the war 10
Left in Lorraine, but age, and youth unripe
For slaughter yet, and widows, and young maids
Of widow'd loves. And now with his great guest
The Lord of Vaucouleur sat communing
On what might profit France, and found no hope,
Despairing of their country, when he heard 16
An old man and a maid awaited him
In the castle-hall. He knew the old man well,
His vassal Claude ; and at his bidding Claude
Approach'd, and after meet obeisance made, 20
Bespoke Sir Robert.

" Good my Lord, I come
 With a strange tale ; I pray you pardon me
 If it should seem impertinent, and like
 An old man's weakness. But, in truth, this Maid
 Hath with such boding thoughts impress'd my heart,
 I think I could not longer sleep in peace 26
 Gainsaying what she sought. She saith that God
 Bids her go drive the Englishmen from France !
 Her parents mock at her and call her crazed,
 And father Regnier says she is possess'd ; . . 30
 But I, who know that never thought of ill
 Found entrance in her heart, . . for, good my Lord,
 From her first birth-day she hath been to me
 As mine own child, . . and I am an old man,
 Who have seen many moon-struck in my time, 35
 And some who were by evil Spirits vex'd, . .
 I, Sirs, do think that there is more in this.
 And who can tell but, in these perilous times,
 It may please God, . . . but hear the Maid yourselves,
 For if, as I believe, this is of Heaven, 40
 My silly speech doth wrong it."

While he spake,
 Curious they mark'd the Damsel. She appear'd
 Of eighteen years ; there was no bloom of youth
 Upon her cheek, yet had the loveliest hues
 Of health with lesser fascination fix'd 45
 The gazer's eye ; for wan the Maiden was,
 Of saintly paleness, and there seem'd to dwell
 In the strong beauties of her countenance
 Something that was not earthly.

" I have heard
 Of this your niece's malady," replied 50

The Lord of Vaucouleur, "that she frequents
 The loneliest haunts and deepest solitude,
 Estranged from human kind and human cares
 With loathing like to madness. It were best
 To place her with some pious sisterhood, 55
 Who duly morn and eve for her soul's health
 Soliciting Heaven, may likeliest remedy
 The stricken mind, or frenzied or possess'd."

So as Sir Robert ceased, the Maiden cried,
 "I am not mad. Possess'd indeed I am! 60
 The hand of GOD is strong upon my soul,
 And I have wrestled vainly with the LORD,
 And stubbornly, I fear me. I can save
 This country, Sir! I can deliver France! 64
 Yea.. I must save the country!.. GOD is in me;
 I speak not, think not, feel not of myself.
 HE knew and sanctified me ere my birth;
 HE to the nations hath ordained me;
 And whither HE shall send me, I must go;
 And whatso HE commands, that I must speak; 70
 And whatso is HIS will, that I must do;
 And I must put away all fear of man,
 Lest HE in wrath confound me."

At the first

With pity or with scorn Dunois had heard
 The Maid inspired; but now he in his heart 75
 Felt that misgiving which precedes belief
 In what was disbelieved and scoff'd at late
 For folly. "Damsel!" said the Chief, "methinks
 It would be wisely done to doubt this call,

Haply of some ill Spirit prompting thee 80
To self destruction."

"Doubt!" the Maid exclaim'd,
It were as easy when I gaze around
On all this fair variety of things,
Green fields and tufted woods, and the blue depth
Of heaven, and yonder glorious sun, to doubt 85
Creating wisdom! When in the evening gale
I breathe the mingled odours of the spring,
And hear the wild wood melody, and hear
The populous air vocal with insect life, 89
To doubt God's goodness! There are feelings, Chief,
Which cannot lie; and I have oftentimes
Felt in the midnight silence of my soul
The call of God."

They listen'd to the Maid,
And they almost believed. Then spake Dunois,
"Wilt thou go with me, Maiden, to the King, 95
And there announce thy mission?" thus he said,
For thoughts of politic craftiness arose
Within him, and his faith, yet unconfirm'd,
Determin'd to prompt action. She replied,
"Therefore I sought the Lord of Vaucouleur, 100
That with such credence as prevents delay,
He to the King might send me. Now beseech you
Speed our departure!"

Then Dunois address'd
Sir Robert, "Fare thee well, my friend and host!
It were ill done to linger here when Heaven 105
Vouchsafes such strange assistance. Let what force
Lorraine can raise to Chinon follow us;
And with the tidings of this holy Maid,

Sent by the LORD, fill thou the country; soon
 Therewith shall France awake as from the sleep
 Of death. Now Maid! depart we at thy will." 111

"God's blessing go with ye!" exclaim'd old Claude,
 "Good Angels guard my girl!" and as he spake
 The tears stream'd fast adown his aged cheeks.
 "And if I do not live to see thee more, 115
 As sure I think I shall not, . . yet sometimes
 Remember thine old Uncle. I have loved thee
 Even from thy childhood Joan! and I shall lose
 The comfort of mine age in losing thee.
 But God be with thee, Child!"

Nor was the Maid,
 Though all subdued of soul, untroubled now 121
 In that sad parting; . . but she calm'd herself,
 Painfully keeping down her heart, and said,
 "Comfort thyself, my Uncle, with the thought
 Of what I am, and for what enterprize 125
 Chosen from among the people. Oh! be sure
 I shall remember thee, in whom I found
 A parent's love, when parents were unkind!
 And when the ominous broodings of my soul
 Were scoff'd and made a mock of by all else, 130
 Thou for thy love didst hear me and believe.
 Shall I forget these things?" . . . By this Dunois
 Had arm'd, the steeds stood ready at the gate.
 But then she fell upon the old man's neck 134
 And cried, "Pray for me!.. I shall need thy prayers!
 Pray for me, that I fail not in my hour!"
 Thereat awhile, as if some awful thought
 Had overpower'd her, on his neck she hung;

Then rising with flush'd cheek and kindling eye,
"Farewell!" quoth she, "and live in hope! Anon
Thou shalt hear tidings to rejoice thy heart, 141
Tidings of joy for all, but most for thee!
Be this thy comfort!" The old man received
Her last embrace, and weeping like a child, 144
Scarcely through tears could see them on their steeds
Spring up, and go their way.

So on they went,
And now along the mountain's winding path
Upward they journey'd slow, and now they paused
And gazed where o'er the plain the stately towers
Of Vaucouleur arose, in distance seen, 150
Dark and distinct; below its castled height,
Through fair and fertile pastures, the deep Meuse
Roll'd glittering on. Domremi's cottages
Gleam'd in the sun hard by, white cottages,
That in the evening traveller's weary mind 155
Had waken'd thoughts of comfort and of home,
Making him yearn for rest. But on one spot,
One little spot, the Virgin's eye was fix'd,
Her native Arc; embower'd the hamlet lay
Upon the forest edge, whose ancient woods, 160
With all their infinite varieties,
Now form'd a mass of shade. The distant plain
Rose on the horizon rich with pleasant groves,
And vineyards in the greenest hue of spring, 164
And streams now hidden on their winding way,
Now issuing forth in light.

The Maiden gazed
Till all grew dim upon her dizzy eye.
"Oh what a blessed world were this!" she cried,

" But that the great and honourable men
 Have seized the earth, and of the heritage 170
 Which God, the Sire of all, to all had given,
 Disherited their brethren ! Happy those
 Who in the after-days shall live when Time
 Hath spoken, and the multitude of years 174
 Taught wisdom to mankind ! . . Unhappy France !
 Fiercer than evening wolves thy bitter foes
 Rush o'er the land, and desolate, and kill ;
 Long has the widow's and the orphan's groan
 Accused Heaven's justice ;—but the hour is come !
 God hath inclined his ear, hath heard the voice
 Of mourning, and his anger is gone forth." 181

Then said the Son of Orleans, " Holy Maid !
 Fain would I know, if blameless I may seek
 Such knowledge, how the heavenly call was heard
 First in thy waken'd soul ; nor deem in me 185
 Aught idly curious, if of thy past life
 I ask the story. In the hour of age,
 If haply I survive to see this realm
 Deliver'd, precious then will be the thought
 That I have known the delegated Maid, 190
 And heard from her the wondrous ways of Heaven."

" A simple tale," the mission'd Maid replied ;
 " Yet may it well employ the journeying hour,
 And pleasant is the memory of the past 194

" See'st thou, Sir Chief, where yonder forest skirts
 The Meuse, that in its winding mazes shows,
 As on the farther bank, the distant towers

Of Vaucouleur? there in the hamlet Arc
 My father's dwelling stands; a lowly hut,
 Yet nought of needful comfort did it lack, 200
 For in Lorraine there lived no kinder Lord
 Than old Sir Robert, and my father Jaques
 In flocks and herds was rich; a toiling man,
 Intent on worldly gains, one in whose heart
 Affection had no root. I never knew 205
 A parent's love; for harsh my mother was,
 And deem'd the care which infancy demands
 Irksome, and ill-repaid. Severe they were,
 And would have made me fear them; but my soul
 Possess'd the germ of inborn fortitude, 210
 And stubbornly I bore unkind rebuke
 And angry chastisement. Yet was the voice
 That spake in tones of tenderness most sweet
 To my young heart; how have I felt it leap
 With transport, when my Uncle Claude approach'd!
 For he would take me on his knee, and tell 216
 Such wondrous tales as childhood loves to hear,
 Listening with eager eyes and open lips
 Devoutly in attention. Good old man!
 Oh if I ever pour'd a prayer to Heaven 220
 Unhallow'd by the grateful thought of him,
 Methinks the righteous winds would scatter it!
 He was a parent to me, and his home
 Was mine, when in advancing years I found
 No peace, no comfort in my father's house. 225
 With him I pass'd the pleasant evening hours,
 By day I drove my father's flock afield,
 And this was happiness.

“ Amid these wilds

Often to summer pasture have I driven 229
 The flock; and well I know these woodland wilds,
 And every bosom'd vale, and valley stream
 Is dear to memory. I have laid me down
 Beside yon valley stream, that up the ascent
 Scarce sends the sound of waters now, and watch'd
 The beck roll glittering to the noon-tide sun, 235
 And listened to its ceaseless murmuring,
 Till all was hush'd and tranquil in my soul,
 Fill'd with a strange and undefined delight
 That pass'd across the mind like summer clouds
 Over the vale at eve; their fleeting hues 240
 The traveller cannot trace with memory's eye,
 Yet he remembers well how fair they were,
 How beautiful.

“ In solitude and peace

Here I grew up, amid the loveliest scenes
 Of unpolluted nature. Sweet it was, 245
 As the white mists of morning roll'd away,
 To see the upland's wooded heights appear
 Dark in the early dawn, and mark the slope
 With gorse-flowers glowing, as the sun illumed
 Their golden glory with his deepening light; 250
 Pleasant at noon beside the vocal brook
 To lay me down, and watch the floating clouds,
 And shape to fancy's wild similitudes
 Their ever-varying forms; and oh how sweet!
 To drive my flock at evening to the fold, 255
 And hasten to our little hut, and hear
 The voice of kindness bid me welcome home.

" Amid the village playmates of my youth
 Was one whom riper years approved a friend.
 A gentle maid was my poor Madelon ; 260
 I loved her as a sister, and long time
 Her undivided tenderness possess'd,
 Until a better and a holier tie
 Gave her one nearer friend ; and then my heart
 Partook her happiness, for never lived 265
 A happier pair than Arnaud and his wife.

" Lorraine was call'd to arms, and with her youth
 Went Arnaud to the war. The morn was fair,
 Bright shone the sun, the birds sung cheerfully,
 And all the fields seem'd joyous in the spring ; 270
 But to Domremi wretched was that day,
 For there was lamentation, and the voice
 Of anguish, and the deeper agony
 That spake not. Never can my heart forget 274
 The feelings that shot through me, when the horn
 Gave its last call, and through the castle-gate
 The banner moved, and from the clinging arms
 Which hung on them, as for a last embrace,
 Sons, brethren, husbands, went.

" More frequent now
 Sought I the converse of poor Madelon, 280
 For now she needed friendship's soothing voice.
 All the long summer did she live in hope
 Of tidings from the war ; and as at eve
 She with her mother by the cottage door
 Sat in the sunshine, if a traveller 285
 Appear'd at distance coming o'er the brow,
 Her eye was on him, and it might be seen

By the flush'd cheek what thoughts were in her heart,
And by the deadly paleness which ensued,
How her heart died within her. So the days 290
And weeks and months pass'd on; and when the leaves
Fell in the autumn, a most painful hope
That reason own'd not, that with expectation
Did never cheer her as she rose at morn,
Still linger'd in her heart, and still at night 295
Made disappointment dreadful. Winter came,
But Arnaud never from the war return'd,
He far away had perish'd; and when late
The tidings of his certain death arrived,
Sore with long anguish underneath that blow 300
She sunk. Then would she sit and think all day
Upon the past, and talk of happiness
That never could return, as though she found
Best solace in the thoughts which minister'd
To sorrow: and she loved to see the sun 305
Go down, because another day was gone,
And then she might retire to solitude
And wakeful recollections, or perchance
To sleep more wearying far than wakefulness,
Dreams of his safety and return, and starts 310
Of agony; so neither night nor day
Could she find rest, but pined and pined away.

“DEATH! to the happy thou art terrible;
But how the wretched love to think of thee
Oh thou true comforter, the friend of all 315.
Who have no friend beside! By the sick bed
Of Madelon I sat, when sure she felt
The hour of her deliverance drawing near;

I saw her eye kindle with heavenly hope,
I had her latest look of earthly love, 320
I felt her hand's last pressure. . . . Son of Orleans!
I would not wish to live to know that hour,
When I could think upon a dear friend dead,
And weep not: but they are not bitter tears, . . .
Not painful now; for Christ hath risen, first fruits
Of them that slept; and we shall meet again, 326
Meet, not again to part: the Grave hath lost
It's victory.

“ I remember as her bier
Went to the grave, a lark sprung up aloft,
And soar'd amid the sunshine, carolling 330
So full of joy, that to the mourner's ear
More mournfully than dirge or passing bell,
The joyous carol came, and made us feel
That of the multitude of beings, none
But man was wretched.

“ Then my soul awoke,
For it had slumber'd long in happiness, 336
And never feeling misery, never thought
What others suffer. I, as best I might,
Solaced the keen regret of Elinor; 339
And much my cares avail'd, and much her son's,
On whom, the only comfort of her age,
She center'd now her love. A younger birth,
Aged nearly as myself was Theodore,
An ardent youth, who with the kindest care
Had sooth'd his sister's sorrow. We had knelt 345
By her death-bed together, and no bond
In closer union knits two human hearts
Than fellowship in grief.

“ It chanced as once

Beside the fire of Elinor I sat, 349
 The night was comfortless, the loud blast howl'd,
 And 'as we drew around the social hearth,
 We heard the rain beat hard. Driven by the storm
 A warrior mark'd our distant taper's light ;
 We heapt the fire, and spread the friendly board.
 ‘ 'Tis a rude night ;’ the stranger cried ; ‘ safe housed
 Pleasant it is to hear the pelting rain. 356
 I too could be content to dwell in peace,
 Resting my head upon the lap of love,
 But that my country calls. When the winds roar,
 Remember sometimes what a soldier suffers, 360
 And think on Conrade.’

“ Theodore replied,

‘ Success go with thee! Something we have known
 Of war, and tasted its calamity ;
 And I am well content to dwell in peace,
 Albeit inglorious, thanking the good God 365
 Who made me to be happy.’

“ Did that God’

Cried Conrade, ‘ form thy heart for happiness,
 When Desolation royally careers
 Over thy wretched country ? Did that God
 Form thee for Peace when Slaughter is abroad, 370
 When her brooks run with blood, and Rape, and
 Murder,
 Stalk through her flaming towns? Live thou in peace,
 Young man ! my heart is human : I must feel
 For what my brethren suffer.’ While he spake
 Such mingled passions character'd his face 375
 Of fierce and terrible benevolence,

That I did tremble as I listen'd to him.
 And in my heart tumultuous thoughts arose
 Of high achievements, indistinct, and wild,
 And vast, . . yet such they were as made me pant
 As though by some divinity possess'd. 381

'But is there not some duty due to those
 We love?' said Theodore; 'Is there an employ
 More righteous than to cheer declining age,
 And thus with filial tenderness repay 385
 Parental care?'

"Hard is it," Conrade cried,
 Ay, hard indeed, to part from those we love;
 And I have suffer'd that severest pang.
 I have left an aged mother; I have left
 One upon whom my heart has fasten'd all 390
 Its dearest, best affections. Should I live
 Till France shall see the blessed hour of peace,
 I shall return; my heart will be content,
 My duties then will have been well discharged,
 And I may then be happy. There are those 395
 Who deem such thoughts the fancies of a mind
 Strict beyond measure, and were well content,
 If I should soften down my rigid nature
 Even to inglorious ease, to honour me.
 But pure of heart and high in self-esteem 400
 I must be honour'd by myself: all else,
 The breath of Fame, is as the unsteady wind
 Worthless.'

"So saying from his belt he took
 The encumbering sword. I held it, listening to him,
 And wistless what I did, half from the sheath 405

Drew forth its glittering blade. I gazed upon it,
 And shuddering, as I touch'd its edge, exclaim'd,
 How horrible it is with the keen sword
 To gore the finely-fibred human frame! 409
 I could not strike a lamb.

“ He answer'd me

‘ Maiden, thou sayest well. I could not strike
 A lamb! . . . But when the merciless invader
 Spares not grey age, and mocks the infant's shriek
 As it doth writhe upon his cursed lance,
 And forces to his foul embrace the wife 415
 Even where her slaughter'd husband bleeds to death,
 Almighty God! I should not be a man
 If I did let one weak and pitiful feeling
 Make mine arm impotent to cleave him down. 419
 Think well of this, young man!’ he cried, and took
 The hand of Theodore; ‘ think well of this;
 As you are human, as you hope to live
 In peace, amid the dearest joys of home,
 Think well of this! You have a tender mother;
 As you do wish that she may die in peace, 425
 As you would even to madness agonize
 To hear this maiden call on you in vain
 For help, and see her dragg'd, and hear her scream
 In the blood-reeking soldier's lustful grasp, 429
 Think that there are such horrors! that even now,
 Some city flames, and haply, as in Roan,
 Some famish'd babe on his dead mother's breast
 Yet hangs and pulls for food! . . . Woe be to those
 By whom the evil comes! And woe to him, . . .
 For little less his guilt, . . . who dwells in peace, 435
 When every arm is needed for the strife!’

" When we had all betaken us to rest,
 Sleepless I lay, and in my mind revolved
 The high-soul'd warrior's speech. Then Madelon
 Rose in remembrance ; over her the grave 440
 Had closed ; her sorrows were not register'd
 In the rolls of fame ; but when the tears run down
 The widow's cheek, shall not her cry be heard
 In Heaven against the oppressor ? will not God
 In sunder smite the unmerciful, and break 445
 The sceptre of the wicked ? . . Thoughts like these
 Possess'd my soul, till at the break of day
 I slept ; nor did my heated brain repose
 Even then ; for visions, sent, as I believe, 449
 From the Most-High, arose. A high-tower'd town
 Hemm'd in and girt with enemies, I saw,
 Where Famine on a heap of carcasses,
 Half envious of the unutterable feast,
 Mark'd the gorged raven clog his beak with gore.
 I turn'd me then to the besieger's camp, 455
 And there was revelry : a loud lewd laugh
 Burst on mine ear, and beheld the chiefs
 Sit at their feast, and plan the work of death.
 My soul grew sick within me ; I look'd up, 459
 Reproaching Heaven, . . lo ! from the clouds an arm
 As of the avenging Angel was put forth,
 And from his hand a sword, like lightning, fell.

" From that night I could feel my burthen'd soul
 Heaving beneath incumbent Deity.
 I sate in silence, musing on the days 465
 To come, unheeding and unseeing all
 Around me, in that dreaminess of thought

When every bodily sense is as it slept,
And the mind alone is wakeful. I have heard 469
Strange voices in the evening wind; strange forms
Dimly discover'd throug'd the twilight air.
The neighbours wonder'd at the sudden change,
They call'd me crazed; and my dear Uncle too,
Would sit and gaze upon me wistfully,
A heaviness upon his aged brow, 475
And in his eye such sorrow, that my heart
Sometimes misgave me. I had told him all
The mighty future labouring in my breast,
But that the hour, methought, not yet was come.

“ At length I heard of Orleans, by the foe 480
Wall'd in from human help: thither all thoughts
All hopes were turn'd; that bulwark beaten down,
All were the invaders. Then my troubled soul
Grew more disturb'd, and shunning every eye,
I loved to wander where the woodland shade 485
Was deepest, there on mightiest deeds to brood
Of shadowy vastness, such as made my heart
Throb loud: anon I paused, and in a state
Of half expectance, listen'd to the wind.

“ There is a fountain in the forest call'd 490
The Fountain of the Fairies: when a child
With a delightful wonder I have heard
Tales of the Elfin tribe who on its banks
Hold midnight revelry. An ancient oak,
The goodliest of the forest, grows beside; 495
Alone it stands, upon a green grass plat,
By the woods bounded like some little isle.

It ever hath been deem'd their favourite tree,
 They love to lie and rock upon its leaves, 499
 And bask in moonshine. Here the Woodman leads
 His boy, and shewing him the green-sward mark'd
 With darker circlets, says their midnight dance
 Hath traced the rings, and bids him spare the tree.
 Fancy had cast a spell upon the place
 Which made it holy ; and the villagers 505
 Would say that never evil thing approach'd
 Unpunish'd there. The strange and fearful pleasure
 Which fill'd me by that solitary spring,
 Ceased not in riper years ; and now it woke
 Deeper delight, and more mysterious awe. 510

“ A blessed spot ! Oh how my soul enjoy'd
 Its holy quietness, with what delight
 Escaping from mankind I hasten'd there
 To solitude and freedom ! Thitherward
 On a spring eve I had betaken me, 515
 And there I sat, and mark'd the deep red clouds
 Gather before the wind . . the rising wind,
 Whose sudden gusts, each wilder than the last,
 Appear'd to rock my senses. Soon the night
 Darken'd around, and the large rain-drops fell 520
 Heavy ; anon tempestuously the gale
 Swept o'er the wood. Methought the thunder-shower
 Fell with refreshing coolness on my head,
 And the hoarse dash of waters, and the rush
 Of winds that mingled with the forest roar, 525
 Made a wild music. On a rock I sat,
 The glory of the tempest fill'd my soul ;
 And when the thunders peal'd, and the long flash

Hung durable in heaven, and on my sight 529
Spread the grey forest, memory, thought, were gone,
All sense of self annihilate, I seem'd
Diffused into the scene.

“ At length a light
Approach'd the spring ; I saw my Uncle Claude ;
His grey locks dripping with the midnight storm,
He came, and caught me in his arms, and cried
' My God ! my child is safe ! '

“ I felt his words
Pierce in my heart ; my soul was overcharged ;
I fell upon his neck and told him all ; 538
God was within me, as I felt, I spake,
And he believed.

“ Aye, Chieftain ! and the world
Shall soon believe my mission ; for the LORD
Will raise up indignation and pour on't
His wrath, and they shall perish who oppress.”

JOAN OF ARC.

THE SECOND BOOK.

AND now beneath the horizon westering slow
Had sunk the orb of day: o'er all the vale
A purple softness spread, save where some tree
Its lengthen'd shadow stretch'd, or winding stream
Mirror'd the light of Heaven, still traced distinct 5
When twilight dimly shrouded all beside.
A grateful coolness freshen'd the calm air,
And the hoarse grasshoppers their evening song
Sung shrill and ceaseless, as the dews of night
Descended. On their way the travellers wend, 10
Cheering the road with converse, till at length
They mark a cottage lamp whose steady light
Shone through the lattice; thitherward they turn
There came an old man forth; his thin grey locks
Moved to the breeze and on his wither'd face
The characters of age were written deep. 16
Them, louting low with rustic courtesy,
He welcomed in; on the white-ember'd hearth
Heapt up fresh fuel, then with friendly care
Spread out his homely board, and fill'd the bowl 20
With the red produce of the vine that arch'd

His evening seat ; they of the plain repast
Partook, and quaff'd the pure and pleasant draught.

“ Strangers, your fare is homely,” said their Host,
“ But such it is as we poor countrymen 25
Earn with our toil: in faith ye are welcome to it!
I too have borne a lance in younger days ;
And would that I were young again to meet
These haughty English in the field of fight ;
Such as I was when on the fatal plain 30
Of Agincourt I met them.

“ Wert thou then
A sharer in that dreadful day's defeat ? ”
Exclaim'd the Bastard : “ Didst thou know the Lord
Of Orleans ? ”

“ Know him ? ” cried the veteran,
“ I saw him ere the bloody fight began 35
Riding from rank to rank, his beaver up,
The long lance quivering in his mighty grasp.
His eye was wrathful to an enemy,
But for his countrymen it had a smile 39
Would win all hearts. Looking at thee, Sir Knight,
Methinks I see him now ; such was his eye,
Gentle in peace, and such his manly brow.”

“ No tongue but speaketh honour of that name ! ”
Exclaim'd Dunois. “ Strangers and countrymen
Alike revered the good and gallant Chief. 45
His vassals like a father loved their Lord ;
His gates stood open to the traveller ;
The pilgrim when he saw his towers rejoiced,

For he had heard in other lands the fame
 Of Orleans. . . And he lives a prisoner still ! 50
 Losing all hope because my arm so long
 Hath fail'd to win his liberty !”

He turn'd

His head away, hiding the burning shame
 Which flush'd his face. “ But he shall live, Dunois,”
 The mission'd Maid replied ; “ but he shall live 55
 To hear good tidings ; hear of liberty,
 Of his own liberty, by his brother's arm
 Atchieved in well-won battle. He shall live
 Happy, the memory of his prison'd years
 Shall heighten all his joys, and his grey hairs 60
 Go to the grave in peace.”

“ I would fain live

To see that day,” replied their aged host :
 “ How would my heart leap to behold again
 The gallant generous chieftain ! I fought by him,
 When all our hopes of victory were lost, 65
 And down his batter'd arms the blood stream'd fast
 From many a wound. Like wolves they hemm'd us in,
 Fierce in unhoped-for conquest : all around
 Our dead and dying countrymen lay heap'd ;
 Yet still he strove ; . . I wonder'd at his valour ! 70
 There was not one who on that fatal day
 Fought bravelier.”

“ Fatal was that day to France,”

Exclaim'd the Bastard ; “ there Alençon fell,
 Valiant in vain ; there D'Albert, whose mad pride
 Brought the whole ruin on. There fell Brabant,
 Vaudemont, and Marle, and Bar, and Faquenbergh,
 Our noblest warriors ; the determin'd foe 77

Fought for revenge, not hoping victory,
 Desperately brave ; ranks fell on ranks before them ;
 The prisoners of that shameful day out-summ'd 80
 Their conquerors !”

“ Yet believe not,” Bertram cried,
 “ That cowardice disgraced thy countrymen !
 They by their leaders arrogance led on
 With heedless fury, found all numbers vain,
 All effort fruitless there ; and hadst thou seen, 85
 Skilful as brave, how Henry's ready eye
 Lost not a thicket, not a hillock's aid ;
 From his hersed bowmen how the arrows flew 88
 Thick as the snow-flakes and with lightning force ;
 Thou wouldst have known such soldiers, such a chief,
 Could never be subdued.

“ But when the field
 Was won, and they who had escaped the fight
 Had yielded up their arms, it was foul work
 To turn on the defenceless prisoners
 The cruel sword of conquest. Girt around 95
 I to their mercy had surrender'd me,
 When lo ! I heard the dreadful cry of death.
 Not as amid the fray, when man met man
 And in fair combat gave the mortal blow ;
 Here the poor captives, weaponless and bound, 100
 Saw their stern victors draw again the sword,
 And groan'd and strove in vain to free their hands,
 And bade them think upon their plighted faith,
 And pray'd for mercy in the name of God,
 In vain : the King had bade them massacre, 105
 And in their helpless prisoners' naked breasts

They drove the weapon. Then I look'd for death,
 And at that moment death was terrible, . .
 For the heat of fight was over ; of my home
 I thought, and of my wife and little ones 110
 In bitterness of heart. But the brave man,
 To whom the chance of war had made me thrall,
 Had pity, loosed my hands, and bade me fly.
 It was the will of Heaven that I should live
 Childless and old to think upon the past, 115
 And wish that I had perish'd !”

The old man

Wept as he spake. “ Ye may perhaps have heard
 Of the hard siege that Roan so long endur'd.
 I dwelt there, strangers ; I had then a wife,
 And I had children tenderly beloved, 120
 Who I did hope should cheer me in old age
 And close mine eyes. The tale of misery
 May-hap were tedious, or I could relate
 Much of that dreadful time.”

The Maid replied,

Wishing of that devoted town to hear. 125
 Thus then the veteran:

“ So by Heaven preserved,

From the disastrous plain of Agincourt
 I speeded homewards, and abode in peace.
 Henry, as wise as brave, had back to England
 Led his victorious army ; well aware 130
 That France was mighty, that her warlike sons,
 Impatient of a foreigner's command,
 Might rise impetuous, and with multitudes
 Tread down the invaders. Wisely he return'd,
 For our proud barons in their private broils 135

Wasted the strength of France. I dwelt at home,
And with the little I possess'd content,
Lived happily. A pleasant sight it was
To see my children, as at eve I sat 139
Beneath the vine, come clustering round my knee,
That they might hear again the oft-told tale
Of the dangers I had past: their little eyes
Would with such anxious eagerness attend
The tale of life preserved, as made me feel
Life's value. My poor children! a hard fate 145
Had they! But oft and bitterly I wish
That God had to his mercy taken me
In childhood, for it is a heavy lot
To linger out old age in loneliness!

Ah me! when war the masters of mankind, 150
Woe to the poor man! if he sow his field,
He shall not reap the harvest; if he see
His offspring rise around, his boding heart
Aches at the thought that they are multiplied 154
To the sword! Again from England the fierce foe
Came on our ravaged coasts. In battle bold,
Merciless in conquest, their victorious King
Swept like the desolating tempest round.
Dambieres submits; on Caen's subjected wall
The flag of England waved. Roan still remain'd,
Embattled Roan, bulwark of Normandy; 161
Nor unresisted round her massy walls
Pitch'd they their camp. I need not tell, Sir Knight
How oft and boldly on the invading host
We burst with fierce assault impetuous forth, 165

For many were the warlike sons of Roan.
 One gallant Citizen was famed o'er all
 For daring hardihood pre-eminent,
 Blanchard. He, gathering round his countrymen,
 With his own courage kindling every breast, 170
 Had made them vow before Almighty God
 Never to yield them to the usurping foe.
 Before the God of Hosts we made the vow ;
 And we had baffled the besieging power,
 Had not the patient enemy drawn round 175
 His wide intrenchments. From the watch-tower's top
 In vain with fearful hearts along the Seine
 We strain'd the eye, and every distant wave
 Which in the sun-beam glitter'd, fondly thought
 The white sail of supply. Alas ! no more 180
 The white sail rose upon our aching sight ;
 For guarded was the Seine, and our stern foe
 Had made a league with Famine. How my heart
 Sunk in me when at night I carried home
 The scanty pittance of to-morrow's meal ! 185
 You know not, strangers, what it is to see
 The asking eye of hunger !

" Still we strove,
 Expecting aid ; nor longer force to force,
 Valour to valour, in the fight opposed,
 But to the exasperate patience of the foe, 190
 Desperate endurance. Though with christian zeal
 Ursino would have pour'd the balm of peace
 Into our wounds, Ambition's ear, best pleased
 With the war's clamour and the groan of death,
 Was deaf to prayer. Day after day pass'd on ; 195

We heard no voice of comfort. From the walls
 Could we behold their savage Irish Kerns,
 Ruffians half-clothed, half-human, half-baptized,
 Come with their spoil, mingling their hideous shouts
 With moan of weary flocks, and piteous low 200
 Of kine sore-laden, in the mirthful camp
 Scattering abundance; while the loathliest food
 We prized above all price; while in our streets
 The dying groan of hunger, and the cries
 Of famishing infants echoed, . . and we heard, 205
 With the strange selfishness of misery,
 We heard, and heeded not.

“ Thou wouldst have deem'd
 Roan must have fallen an easy sacrifice,
 Young warrior! hadst thou seen our meagre limbs
 And pale and shrunken cheeks, and hollow eyes;
 Yet still we struggled bravely! Blanchard still
 Spake of the obdurate temper of the foe, 212
 Of Harfleur's wretched people driven out
 Houseless and destitute, while that stern King
 Knelt at the altar, and with impious prayer 215
 Gave God the glory, even while the blood
 That he had shed was reeking up to Heaven.
 He bade us think what mercy they had found
 Who yielded on the plain of Agincourt,
 And what the gallant sons of Caen, by him, 220
 In cold blood slaughter'd: then his scanty food
 Sharing with the most wretched, he would bid us
 Bear with our miseries manfully.

“ Thus press'd,
 Lest all should perish thus, our chiefs decreed
 Women and children, the infirm and old, 225

All who were useless in the work of war,
 Should forth and take their fortune. Age, that makes
 The joys and sorrows of the distant years
 Like a half-remember'd dream, yet on my heart
 Leaves deep impress'd the horrors of that hour. 230
 Then as our widow-wives clung round our necks,
 And the deep sob of anguish interrupted
 The prayer of parting, even the pious priest
 As he implored his God to strengthen us,
 And told us we should meet again in Heaven, 235
 He groan'd and curs'd in bitterness of heart
 That merciless King. The wretched crowd pass'd on;
 My wife. . my children. . through the gates they pass'd,
 Then the gates closed . . Would I were in my grave
 That I might lose remembrance !

“ What is man
 That he can hear the groan of wretchedness 241
 And feel no fleshly pang ! Why did the All-Good
 Create these warrior scourges of mankind,
 These who delight in slaughter ? I did think
 There was not on this earth a heart so hard 245
 Could hear a famish'd woman ask for food,
 And feel no pity. As the outcast train
 Drew near, relentless Henry bade his troops
 Drive back the miserable multitude.
 They drove them to the walls ; . . it was the depth
 Of winter, . . . we had no relief to grant. 251
 The aged ones groan'd to our foe in vain,
 The mother pleaded for her dying child,
 And they felt no remorse !”

The mission'd Maid
 Rose from her seat, . . “The old and the infirm, 255

The mother and her babes! . . . and yet no lightning
Blasted this man!"

"Aye, Lady," Bertram cried,
"And when we sent the herald to implore
His mercy on the helpless, his stern face
Assum'd a sterner smile of callous scorn, 260
And he replied in mockery. On the wall
I stood and watch'd the miserable outcasts,
And every moment thought that Henry's heart,
Hard as it was, would melt. All night I stood, . . .
Their deep groans came upon the midnight gale;
Fainter they grew, for the cold wintry wind 266
Blew bleak; fainter they grew, and at the last
All was still, save that ever and anon
Some mother raised o'er her expiring child
A cry of frenzying anguish.

"From that hour
On all the busy turmoil of the world 271
I look'd with strange indifference; bearing want
With the sick patience of a mind worn out.
Nor when the traitor yielded up our town
Aught heeded I as through our ruin'd streets, 275
Through putrid heaps of famish'd carcasses,
The pomp of triumph pass'd. One pang alone
I felt, when by that cruel King's command
The gallant Blanchard died: calmly he died,
And as he bow'd beneath the axe, thank'd God 280
That he had done his duty.

"I survive,
A solitary, friendless, wretched one,
Knowing no joy save in the certain hope
That I shall soon be gather'd to my sires,

And soon repose, there where the wicked cease
From troubling, and the weary are at rest." 286

"And happy," cried the delegated Maid,
And happy they who in that holy faith
Bow meekly to the rod! A little while
Shall they endure the proud man's contumely, 290
The injustice of the great: a little while
Though shelterless they feel the wintry wind,
The wind shall whistle o'er their turf-grown grave,
And all be peace below. But woe to those,
Woe to the Mighty Ones who send abroad 295
Their ministers of death, and give to Fury
The flaming firebrand; these indeed shall live
The heroes of the wandering minstrel's song;
But they have their reward; the innocent blood
Steams up to Heaven against them: God shall hear
The widow's groan."

"I saw him," Bertram cried,
"Henry of Agincourt, this mighty King, 302
Go to his grave. The long procession pass'd
Slowly from town to town, and when I heard
The deep-toned dirge, and saw the banners wave
A pompous shade, and the tall torches cast 306
In the mid-day sun a dim and gloomy light,
I thought what he had been on earth who now
Was gone to his account, and blest my God
I was not such as he!"

So spake the old man, 310
And then his guests betook them to repose.

JOAN OF ARC.

THE THIRD BOOK.

FAIR dawn'd the morning, and the early sun
Pour'd on the latticed cot a cheerful gleam,
And up the travellers rose, and on their way
Hasten'd, their dangerous way, through fertile tracks
Laid waste by war. They pass'd the Auxerrois; 5
The autumnal rains had beaten to the earth
The unreap'd harvest; from the village church
No even-song bell was heard; the shepherd's dog
Prey'd on the scatter'd flock, for there was now
No hand to feed him, and upon the hearth 10
Where he had slumber'd at his master's feet
Weeds grew and reptiles crawl'd. Or if they found
Sometimes a welcome, those who welcomed them
Were old and helpless creatures, lingering there
Where they were born, and where they wish'd to die,
The place being all that they had left to love. 16
They pass'd the Yonne, they pass'd the rapid Loire,
Still urging on their way with cautious speed,
Shunning Auxerre, and Bar's embattled wall,
And Romorantin's towers.

So journeying on,
Fast by a spring, which welling at his feet 21

With many a winding crept along the mead,
 A Knight they saw, who there at his repast
 Let the west wind play round his ungirt brow.
 Approaching near, the Bastard recognised 25
 That faithful friend of Orleans, the brave chief
 Du Chastel; and their mutual greeting pass'd,
 They on the streamlet's mossy bank reclined
 Beside him, and his frugal fare partook, 29
 And drank the running waters.

“ Art thou bound
 For the Court, Dunois?” exclaim'd the aged Knight;

“ I thought thou hadst been far away, shut up
 In Orleans, where her valiant sons the siege
 Right loyally endure !”

“ I left the town,”

Dunois replied, “ thinking that my prompt speed
 Might seize the enemy's stores, and with fresh force
 Re-enter. Fastolffe's better fate prevail'd, 37
 And from the field of shame my maddening horse
 Bore me, an arrow having pierced his flank.
 Worn out and faint with that day's dangerous toil,
 My deep wounds bleeding, vainly with weak hand
 I check'd the powerless rein. Nor aught avail'd 42
 When heal'd at length, defeated and alone
 Again to enter Orleans. In Lorraine
 I sought to raise new powers, and now return'd 45
 With strangest and most unexpected aid
 Sent by high Heaven, I seek the Court, and thence
 To that beleaguer'd town shall lead such force,
 That the proud English in their fields of blood
 Shall perish.” 50.

" I too," Tanneguy reply'd,
 In the field of battle once again perchance
 May serve my royal Master ; in his cause
 My youth adventur'd much, nor can my age
 Find better close than in the clang of arms 55
 To die for him whom I have lived to serve.
 Thou art for the Court. Son of the Chief I loved !
 Be wise by my experience. He who seeks
 Court-favour, ventures like a boy who leans
 Over the brink of some high precipice 60
 To reach the o'er-hanging fruit. Thou seest me here
 A banish'd man, Dunois ! so to appease
 Richemont, who jealous of the royal ear,
 With midnight murder leagues, and down the Loire
 Sends the black carcass of his strangled foe. 65
 Now confident of strength, at the King's feet
 He stabs the King's best friends, and then demands,
 As with a conqueror's imperious tone,
 The post of honour. Son of that good Duke
 Whose death my arm avenged, may all thy days 70
 Be happy ; serve thy country in the field,
 But in the hour of peace amid thy friends
 Dwell thou without ambition."

So he spake.

But when the Bastard told his wonderous tale,
 How interposing Heaven had its high aid 75
 Vouchsafed to France, the old man's eyes flash'd fire,
 And rising from the bank, his ready steed
 That grazed beside he mounted. " Farewell friend,
 And thou, the Delegate of Heaven !" he cried.
 " I go to do my part, and we shall meet 80
 At Orleans." Saying thus, he spurr'd away.

They journey on their way till Chinon's towers
 Rose on the distant view ; the royal seat
 Of Charles, while Paris with her servile sons,
 A headstrong, mutable, ferocious race, 85
 Bow'd to the invader's yoke ; City even then
 Above all Cities noted for dire deeds !
 Yet doom'd to be the scene of blacker guilt,
 Opprobry more enduring, crimes that call'd
 For heavier vengeance, than in those dark days 90
 When the Burgundian faction fill'd thy streets
 With carnage. Twice hast thou since then been made
 A horror and a warning to all lands ;
 When kingly power conspired with papal craft
 To plot and perpetrate that massacre, 95
 Which neither change of kalendar, nor lapse
 Of time, shall hide from memory, or efface ;
 And when in more enlighten'd days, . . so deem'd,
 So vaunted, . . the astonish'd nations saw
 A people, to their own devices left, 100
 Therefore as by judicial frenzy stricken,
 Lawless and godless, fill the whole wide realm
 With terror, and with wickedness and woe, . .
 A more astounding judgement than when Heaven
 Shower'd on the cities of the accursed plain 105
 Its fire and sulphur down.

In Paris now

The Invader triumph'd. On an infant's head
 Had Bedford placed the crown of Charlemagne,
 And factious nobles bow'd the subject knee,
 And own'd an English infant for their King, 110
 False to their own liege Lord.

“ Beloved of Heaven,”

Then said the Son of Orleans to the Maid,
 “ Lo these the walls of Chinon, this the abode
 Of Charles our monarch. Here in revelry
 He of his armies vanquish'd, his fair towns 115
 Subdued, hears careless and prolongs the dance.
 And little marvel I that to the cares
 Of empire still he turns the unwilling ear,
 For loss on loss, defeat upon defeat,
 His strong holds taken, and his bravest Chiefs 120
 Or slain or captured, and the hopes of youth
 All blasted have subdued the royal mind
 Undisciplined in Fortitude's stern school.
 So may thy voice arouse his sleeping virtue !”

The mission'd Maid replied, “ Do thou, Dunois,
 Announce my mission to the royal ear. 126
 I on the river's winding bank the while
 Will roam, collecting for the interview
 My thoughts, though firm, yet troubled. Who essays
 Achievements of great import will perforce 130
 Feel the heart heave ; and in my breast I own
 Such perturbation.”

On the banks of Vienne
 Devious the Damsel turn'd, while through the gate
 The Son of Orleans press'd with hasty step
 To seek the King. Him from the public view 135
 He found secluded with his blameless Queen,
 And his partaker of the unlawful bed,
 The lofty-minded Agnes.

“ Son of Orleans !”
 So as he enter'd cried the haughty fair,

Thou art well come to witness the disgrace, 140
 The weak, unmanly, base despondency
 Of this thy Sovereign Liege. He will retreat
 To distant Dauphiny and fly the war!
 Go then, unworthy of thy rank! retreat
 To distant Dauphiny, and fly the war, 145
 Recreant from battle! I will not partake
 A fugitive's fate; when thou hast lost thy crown
 Thou lovest Agnes.—Do'st not blush, Dunois!
 To bleed in combat for a Prince like this,
 Fit only like the Merovingian race 150
 On a May morning deck'd with flowers, to mount
 His gay-bedizen'd car, and ride abroad
 And make the multitude a holiday.
 Go Charles! and hide thee in a woman's garb,
 And these long locks will not disgrace thee then!" 155

"Nay, Agnes!" Charles replied, "reproach me not!
 I have enough of sorrow. Look around,
 See this fair country ravaged by the foe,
 My strong holds taken, and my bravest friends
 Fallen in the field, or captives far away. 160
 Dead is the Douglas; cold thy gallant heart,
 Illustrious Buchan! ye from Scotland's hills,
 Not mindless of your old ally distress'd,
 Came to his succour; in his cause ye fought, 164
 For him ye perish'd. Rash impetuous Narbonne!
 Thy mangled corse waves to the winds of Heaven.
 Cold, Graville, is thy sinewy arm in death;
 Fallen is Ventadaur; silent in the grave
 Rambouillet sleeps. Bretagne's unfaithful chief
 Leagues with my foes; and Richemont, or in arms 170

Defies my weak controul, or from my side,
 A friend more dreaded than the enemy,
 Scares my best servants with the assassin's sword.
 Soon must beleaguer'd Orleans fall. — But now
 A truce to these sad thoughts! We are not yet 175
 So utterly despoil'd but we can spread
 The friendly board, and giving thee, Dunois,
 Such welcome as befits thy father's son
 Win from our public cares a day for joy.

Dunois replied, " So may thy future years 180
 Pass from misfortune free, as all these ills
 Shall vanish like a vision of the night !
 I come to thee the joyful messenger
 Of aid from Heaven ; for Heaven hath delegated
 A humble Maiden to deliver France. 185
 That holy Maiden asks an audience now ;
 And when she promises miraculous things,
 I feel it is not possible to hear
 And disbelieve."

Astonish'd by his speech
 Stood Charles. " At one of meaner estimation 190
 I should have smiled, Dunois," the King replied ;
 " But thy known worth, and the tried loyalty
 Of thy father's house, compel me even to this
 To lend a serious ear. A woman sent 194
 To rescue us, when all our strength hath fail'd !
 A humble Maiden to deliver France !
 One whom it were not possible to hear,
 And disbelieve ! . . Dunois, ill now beseems
 Aught wild and hazardous. And yet our state
 Being what it is, by miracle alone 200

Deliverance can be hoped for. Is my person
Known to this woman?"

" That it cannot be,
Unless it be by miracle made known,"
Dunois replied ; " for she hath never left
Her native hamlet in Lorraine till now." 205

" Here then," rejoin'd the King, " we have a test
Easy, and safe withal. Abide thou here ;
And hither by a speedy messenger
Summon the Prophetess. Upon the throne
Let some one take his seat and personate 210
My presence, while I mingle in the train.
If she indeed be by the Spirit moved,
That Spirit, certes, will direct her eyes
To the true Prince whom she is sent to serve :
But if she prove, as likeliest we must deem, 215
One by her own imaginations crazed,
Thus failing and convinced, she may return
Unblamed to her obscurity, and we
Be spared the shame of farther loss incurr'd 219
By credulous faith. Well might the English scoff,
If on a frantic woman we should rest
Our last reliance." Thus the King resolved,
And with a faith half-faltering at the proof,
Dunois dispatch'd a messenger, to seek 224
Beside the banks of Vienne, the mission'd Maid.

Soon is the court convened : the jewell'd crown
Shines on a courtier's head. Amid the train
The Monarch undistinguish'd takes his place,
Expectant of the event. The Virgin comes,
And as the Bastard led her to the throne, 230

Quick glancing o'er the mimic Majesty,
With gesture and with look like one inspired
She fix'd her eye on Charles: "Thou art the King!"
Then in a tone that thrill'd all hearts, pursued;
"I come the appointed Minister of Heaven, 235
To wield a sword before whose fated edge,
Far, far from Orleans shall the English wolves
Speed their disastrous flight. Monarch of France!
Send thou the tidings over all the realm,
Great tidings of deliverance and of joy; 240
The Maid is come, the mission'd Maid, whose hand
Shall in the consecrated walls of Rheims
Crown thee, anointed King."

* In wonder mute

The courtiers heard. Astonish'd Charles exclaim'd,
"This is indeed the agency of Heaven! 245
Hard, Maiden, were I of belief," he said,
"Did I not now, with full and confirm'd faith,
Receive thee as a Prophetess raised up
For our deliverance. Therefore, not in doubt
Of Providence or thee do I delay 250
At once to marshal our brave countrymen
Beneath thy banner; but to satisfy
Those who at distance from this most clear proof
Might hear and disbelieve, or yield at best
A cold assent. These fully to confirm, 255
And more to make thy calling manifest,
Forthwith with all due speed I will convene
The Doctors of Theology, wise men,
And learned in the mysteries of Heaven.
By them thy mission studied and approved, 260
As needs it must, their sanction to all minds

Will bring conviction, and the sure belief
 Lead on thy favour'd troops to mightiest deeds,
 Surpassing human possibility."

Well pleas'd the Maiden heard. Her the King
 leads

From the disbanding throng, meantime to dwell
 With Mary. Watchful for her Lord's return 267
 She sat with Agnes; Agnes proud of heart,
 Majestically fair, whose large full eye
 Or flashing anger, or with scornful scowl 270
 Too oft deform'd her beauty. Yet with her
 The lawless idol of the Monarch's heart,
 The Queen, obedient to her husband's will,
 Dwelt meekly in accord. With them the Maid
 Was left to sojourn; by the gentle Queen 275
 With cordial affability received;
 By Agnes courteously, whose outward show
 Of graciousness concealed an inward awe,
 For while she hoped and trusted through her means
 Charles should be re-establish'd in his realm, 280
 She felt rebuked before her.

Through the land
 Meantime the King's convoking voice went forth,
 And from their palaces and monasteries
 The theologians came, men who had grown
 In midnight studies grey; Prelates and Priests 285
 And Doctors: teachers grave and with great names,
 Seraphic, Subtile, or Irrefragable,
 By their admiring scholars dignified.

They met convened at Chinon, to the place

Of judgement, in St. Katharine's fane assign'd. 290
 The floor with many a monumental stone
 Was spread, and brass-ensculptured effigies
 Of holy abbots honour'd in their day,
 Now to the grave gone down. The branching arms
 Of many a ponderous pillar met aloft, 295
 Wreath'd on the roof emboss'd. Through storied
 panes

Of high arch'd windows came the tinctured light ;
 Pure water in a font beneath reflects
 The many-colour'd rays ; around that font
 The fathers stand, and there with rites ordain'd 300
 And signs symbolic strew the hallowing salt,
 Wherewith the limpid water, consecrate,
 So taught the Church, became a spell approved
 Against the fiends of Satan's fallen crew ;
 A licit spell of mightier potency 305
 Than e'er the hell-hags taught in Thessaly ;
 Or they who sitting on the rifled grave,
 By the blue tomb-fire's lurid light dim seen,
 Share with the Gouls their banquet.

This perform'd,

The Maid is summon'd. Round the sacred font,
 Mark'd with the mystic tonsure and enrobed 311
 In sacred vests, a venerable train,
 They stand. The delegated Maid obeys
 Their summons. As she came, a blush suffused
 Her pallid cheek, such as might well beseem 315
 One mindful still of maiden modesty,
 Though to her mission true. Before the train
 In reverent silence waiting their sage will,
 With half-averted eye she stood composed.

So have I seen a single snow-drop rise 320
 Amid the russet leaves that hide the earth
 In early spring, so seen it gently bend
 In modest loveliness alone amid
 The waste of winter.

By the Maiden's side

The Son of Orleans stood, prepared to vouch 325
 That when on Charles the Maiden's eye had fix'd,
 As led by power miraculous, no fraud,
 Nor juggling artifice of secret sign
 Dissembled inspiration. As he stood
 Steadily viewing the mysterious rites, 330
 Thus to the attentive Maid the President
 Severely spake.

“ If any fiend of Hell

Lurk in thy bosom, so to prompt the vaunt
 Of inspiration, and to mock the power
 Of God and holy Church, thus by the virtue 335
 Of water hallowed in the name of God
 Adjure I that foul spirit to depart
 From his deluded prey.”

Slowly he spake

And sprinkled water on the virgin's face.
 Indignant at the unworthy charge the Maid 340
 Felt her cheek flush, but soon, the transient glow
 Fading, she answer'd meek.

“ Most holy Sires,

Ye reverend Fathers of the Christian church,
 Most catholic ! I stand before you here
 A poor weak woman ; of the grace vouchsafed, 345
 How far unworthy, conscious ; yet though mean,
 Innocent of fraud, and call'd by Heaven to be

It's minister of aid. Strange voices heard,
 The dark and shadowing visions of the night,
 And feelings which I may not dare to doubt, 350
 These portents make me certain of the God
 Within me; He who to these eyes reveal'd
 My royal Master, mingled with the crowd
 And never seen till then. Such evidence
 Given to my mission thus, and thus confirm'd 355
 By public attestation, more to say,
 Methinks, would little boot, . . and less become
 A silly Maid."

"Thou speakest," said the Priest,
 "Of dark and shadowing visions of the night.
 Canst thou remember, Maid, what vision first 360
 Seem'd more than fancy's shaping? From such tale,
 Minutely told with accurate circumstance,
 Some judgement might be form'd."

The Maid replied:

"Amid the mountain vallies I had driven
 My father's flock. The eve was drawing on, 365
 When by a sudden storm surprised, I sought
 A chapel's neighbouring shelter; ruin'd now,
 But I remember when its vesper bell
 Was heard among the hills, a pleasant sound,
 That made me pause upon my homeward road, 370
 Awakening in me comfortable thoughts
 Of holiness. The unsparing soldiery
 Had sack'd the hamlet near, and none was left
 Duly at sacred seasons to attend
 St. Agnes' chapel. In the desolate pile 375
 I drove my flock, with no irreverent thoughts,
 Nor mindless that the place on which I trod

Was holy ground. It was a fearful night !
 Devoutly to the virgin Saint I pray'd, 379
 Then heap'd the wither'd leaves which autumn winds
 Had drifted in, and laid me down upon them,
 And sure I think I slept. But so it was
 That, in the dead of night, Saint Agnes stood
 Before mine eyes, such and so beautiful
 As when, amid the house of wickedness, 385
 The Power whom with such fervent love she served
 Veil'd her with glory. And I saw her point
 To the moss-grown altar, and the crucifix
 Half hid by weeds and grass; .. and then I thought
 I could have wither'd armies with a look, 390
 For from the present Saint such divine power
 I felt infused. . . . 'T was but a dream perhaps.
 And yet methought that when a louder peal
 Burst o'er the roof, and all was left again
 Utterly dark, the bodily sense was clear 395
 And accurate in every circumstance
 Of time and place."

Attentive to her words

Thus the Priest answer'd :

" Brethren ye have heard

The woman's tale. Behoves us now to ask
 Whether of holy Church a duteous child 400
 Before our court appears, so not unlike
 Heaven might vouchsafe its gracious miracle ;
 Or misbelieving heretic whose thoughts,
 Erring and vain, easily might stray beyond 404
 All reason, and conceit strange dreams and signs
 Impossible. Say, woman, from thy youth
 Hast thou, as rightly mother Church demands,

Confess'd at stated times thy secret sins,
And, from the priestly power conferr'd by Heaven,
Sought absolution ? ”

“ Father,” she replied,

“ The forms of worship in mine earlier years 411
Waked my young mind to artificial awe,
And made me fear my GOD. Warm with the glow
Of health and exercise, whene'er I pass'd
The threshold of the house of prayer, I felt 415
A cold damp chill me ; I beheld the tapers
That with a pale and feeble glimmering
Dimm'd the noon-light ; I heard the solemn mass,
And with strange feelings and mysterious dread
Telling my beads, gave to the mystic prayers 420
Devoutest meaning. Often when I saw
The pictured flames writhe round a penanced soul,
I knelt in fear before the Crucifix
And wept and pray'd, and trembled, and adored
A GOD of Terrors. But in riper years, 425
When as my soul grew strong in solitude,
I saw the eternal energy pervade
The boundless range of nature, with the sun
Pour life and radiance from his flamey path,
And on the lowliest flowret of the field 430
The kindly dew-drops shed. And then I felt
That HE who form'd this goodly frame of things
Must needs be good, and with a FATHER's name
I call'd on HIM, and from my burthen'd heart
Pour'd out the yearnings of unmingled love. 435
Methinks it is not strange then, that I fled
The house of prayer, and made the lonely grove
My temple, at the foot of some old oak

Watching the little tribes that had their world
 Within its mossy bark ; or laid me down 440
 Beside the rivulet whose murmuring
 Was silence to my soul, and mark'd the swarm
 Whose light-edged shadows on the bedded sand
 Mirror'd their mazy sports, . . the insect hum,
 The flow of waters, and the song of birds 445
 Making a holy music to mine ear :
 Oh ! was it strange, if for such scenes as these,
 Such deep devoutness, such intense delight
 Of quiet adoration, I forsook
 The house of worship ? strange that when I felt
 How GOD had made my spirit quick to feel 451
 And love whate'er was beautiful and good,
 And from aught evil and deform'd to shrink
 Even as with instinct ; . . father ! was it strange
 That in my heart I had no thought of sin 455
 And did not need forgiveness ? ”

As she spake

The Doctors stood astonish'd, and some while
 They listen'd still in wonder. But at length
 A Monk replied,

“ Woman, thou seem'st to scorn

The ordinances of our holy Church ; 460
 And, if I rightly understand thy words,
 Nature, thou say'st, taught thee in solitude
 Thy feelings of religion, and that now
 Masses and absolution and the use
 Of the holy wafer, are to thee unknown. 465
 But how could Nature teach thee true religion,
 Deprived of these ? Nature doth lead to sin,
 But 'tis the Priest alone can teach remorse,

Can bid St. Peter ope the gates of Heaven,
 And from the penal fires of purgatory 470
 Set the soul free. Could Nature teach thee this?
 Or tell thee that St. Peter holds the keys,
 And that his successor's unbounded power
 Extends o'er either world? Although thy life
 Of sin were free, if of this holy truth 475
 Ignorant, thy soul in liquid flames must rue
 It's error."

Thus he spake ; applauding looks
 Went round. Nor dubious to reply the Maid
 Was silent.

" Fathers of the holy Church,
 If on these points abstruse a simple maid 480
 Like me should err, impute not you the crime
 To self-will'd reason, vaunting its own strength
 Above eternal wisdom. True it is
 That for long time I have not heard the sound
 Of mass high-chaunted, nor with trembling lips 485
 Partook the holy wafer : yet the birds
 Who to the matin ray prelusive pour'd
 Their joyous song, methought did warble forth
 Sweeter thanksgiving to Religion's ear
 In their wild melody of happiness, 490
 Than ever rung along the high-arch'd roofs
 Of man : . . yet never from the bending vine
 Pluck'd I its ripen'd clusters thanklessly,
 Or of that God unmindful, who bestow'd 494
 The bloodless banquet. Ye have told me, Sirs,
 That Nature only teaches man to sin !
 If it be sin to seek the wounded lamb,
 To bind its wounds, and bathe them with my tears,

This is what Nature taught ! No, Fathers, no !
 It is not Nature that doth lead to sin : 500
 Nature is all benevolence, all love,
 All beauty ! In the greenwood's quiet shade
 There is no vice that to the indignant cheek
 Bids the red current rush ; no misery there ;
 No wretched mother, who with pallid face 505
 And famine-fallen hangs o'er her hungry babes,
 With such a look, so wan, so woe-begone,
 As shall one day, with damning eloquence,
 Against the oppressor plead ! . . . Nature teach sin !
 Oh blasphemy against the Holy One, 510
 Who made us in the image of Himself,
 Who made us all for happiness and love,
 Infinite happiness, infinite love,
 Partakers of his own eternity."

Solemn and slow the reverend Priest replied, 515
 " Much, woman, do I doubt that all-wise Heaven
 Would thus vouchsafe its gracious miracles
 On one fore-doom'd to misery ; for so doom'd
 Is that deluded one, who, of the mass
 Unheeding, and the Church's saving power, 520
 Deems nature sinless. Therefore, mark me well !
 Brethren, I would propose this woman try
 The holy ordeal. Let her, bound and search'd,
 Lest haply in her clothes should be conceal'd
 Some holy relic so profaned, be cast 525
 In some deep pond ; there if she float, no doubt
 The fiend upholds, but if at once she sink,
 It is a sign that Providence displays
 Her free from witchcraft. This done, let her walk
 Blindfold and bare o'er ploughshares heated red, 530

And o'er these past her naked arm immerse
 In scalding water. If from these she come
 Unhurt, to holy father of the church,
 Most blessed Pope, we then refer the cause 534
 For judgement: and this Chief, the Son of Orleans,
 Who comes to vouch the royal person known
 By her miraculous power, shall pass with her
 The sacred trial."

"Grace of God!" exclaim'd
 The astonish'd Bastard; "plunge me in the pool,
 O'er red-hot ploughshares make me skip to please
 Your dotard fancies! Fathers of the church, 541
 Where is your gravity? what! elder-like
 Would ye this fairer than Susannah eye?
 Ye call for ordeals; and I too demand
 The noblest ordeal, on the English host 545
 By victory to approve her mission sent
 From favouring Heaven. To the Pope refer
 For judgement! Know ye not that France even now
 Stands tottering on destruction!"

Starting then
 With a wild look, the mission'd Maid exclaim'd,
 "The sword of God is here! the grave shall speak
 To manifest me!"

Even as she spake,
 A pale blue flame rose from the trophied tomb 553
 Beside her: and within that house of death
 A sound of arms was heard, as if below 555
 A warrior buried in his armour, stirr'd.

"Hear ye?" the Damsel cried; "these are the
 arms

Which shall flash terror o'er the hostile host.
These, in the presence of our Lord the King,
And of the assembled people, I will take 560
Here from the sepulchre, where many an age,
They, incorruptible, have lain conceal'd,
For me reserved, the Delegate of Heaven."

Recovering from amaze, the Priest replied :
" Thou art indeed the Delegate of Heaven ! 565
What thou hast said surely thou shalt perform.
We ratify thy mission. Go in peace."

JOAN OF ARC.

THE FOURTH BOOK.

THE feast was spread, the sparkling bowl went round,
And in the assembled court the minstrel harp'd
A song of other days. Sudden they heard
The horn's loud blast. "This is no time for cares;
Feast ye the messenger without!" cried Charles, 5
"Enough hath of the wearying day been given
To the public weal."

Obedient to the King

The guard invites the way-worn messenger.
"Nay, I will see the monarch," he replied,
"And he must hear my tidings; duty-urged, 10
I have for many a long league hasten'd on,
Not thus to be repell'd." Then with strong arm
Removing him who barr'd his onward way,
The hall he enter'd.

"King of France! I come
From Orleans, speedy and effectual aid 15
Demanding for her gallant garrison,
Faithful to thee, though thinn'd in many a fight,
And now sore pressed by want. Rouse thou thyself,

And with the spirit that becomes a King
 Responsive to his people's loyalty, 20
 Bring succour to the brave who in thy cause
 Abide the extremity of war."

He said,

And from the hall departing, in amaze
 At his audacious bearing left the court.
 The King exclaim'd, " But little need to send 25
 Quick succour to this gallant garrison,
 If to the English half so firm a front
 They bear in battle !"

" In the field, my liege,"

Dunois replied, " yon Knight hath serv'd thee well.
 Him have I seen the foremost of the fight, 30
 Wielding so manfully his battle-axe,
 That wheresoe'er he turn'd, the affrighted foe
 Let fall their palsied arms with powerless stroke,
 Desperate of safety. I do marvel much
 That he is here : Orleans must be hard press'd 35
 To send the bravest of her garrison,
 On such commission."

Swift the Maid exclaim'd,

" I tell thee, Chief, that there the English wolves
 Shall never raise their yells of victory !
 The will of God defends those fated walls, 40
 And resting in full faith on that high will,
 I mock their efforts. But the night draws on ;
 Retire we to repose. To-morrow's sun,
 Breaking the darkness of the sepulchre,
 Shall on that armour gleam, through many an age 45
 There for this great emergency reserved."
 She said, and rising from the board, retired.

Meantime the herald's brazen voice proclaim'd
 Coming solemnity, and far and wide
 Spread the glad tidings. Then all labour ceased; 50
 The ploughman from the unfinish'd furrow hastes;
 The armourer's anvil beats no more the din
 Of future slaughter. Through the thronging streets
 The buzz of asking wonder hums along.

On to St. Katharine's sacred fane they go; 55
 The holy fathers with the imaged cross
 Leading the long procession. Next, as one
 Suppliant for mercy to the King of Kings,
 And grateful for the benefits of Heaven,
 The Monarch pass'd, and by his side the Maid; 60
 Her lovely limbs robed in a snow-white vest,
 Wistless that every eye on her was bent,
 With stately step she moved; her labouring soul
 To high thoughts elevate; and gazing round
 With a full eye, that of the circling throng 65
 And of the visible world unseeing, seem'd
 Fix'd upon objects seen by none beside.
 Near her the warlike Son of Orleans came
 Pre-eminent. He, nerving his young frame
 With exercise robust, had scaled the cliff, 70
 And plunging in the river's full-swoln stream,
 Stemm'd with broad breast its current; so his form,
 Sinewy and firm, and fit for deeds of arms,
 Tower'd above the throng effeminate.
 No dainty bath had from his hardy limbs 75
 Effaced the hauberk's honourable marks;
 His helmet bore of hostile steel the dints
 Many and deep; upon his pictured shield

A Lion vainly struggled in the toils,
 Whilst by his side the cub with pious rage, 80
 Assail'd the huntsman. Tremouille followed them,
 Proud of the favour of a Prince who seem'd
 Given up to vain delights; conspicuous he
 In arms with azure and with gold anneal'd,
 Gaudily graceful, by no hostile blade 85
 Defaced, nor e'er with hostile blood distain'd;
 Trimly accoutred court-habiliments,
 Gay lady-dazzling armour, fit to adorn
 Tourney, or tilt, the gorgeous pageantry
 Of mimic warfare. After him there came 90
 A train of courtiers, summer flies that sport
 In the sunbeam of favour, insects sprung
 From the court dunghill, greedy blood-suckers,
 The foul corruption-gender'd swarm of state.

As o'er some flowery field the busy bees 95
 Fill with their happy hum the fragrant air,
 A grateful music to the traveller,
 Who in the shade of some wide-spreading tree
 Rests on his way awhile; or like the sound
 Of many waters down some far-off steep 100
 Holding their endless course, the murmur rose
 Of admiration. Every gazing eye
 Dwelt on the Prophetess; of all beside,
 The long procession and the gorgeous train,
 Though glittering they with gold and sparkling gems.
 And their rich plumes high waving to the air, 106
 Heedless.

The consecrated dome they reach,
 Rear'd to St. Katharine's holy memory

Her tale the altar told ; how Maximin,
 His raised lip kindled with a savage smile, 110
 In such deep fury bade the tenter'd wheel
 Rend her life piecemeal, that the very face
 Of the hard executioner relax'd
 With pity ; calm she heard, no drop of blood
 Forsook her cheek, her steady eye was turn'd 115
 Heaven-ward, and hope and meekest piety
 Beam'd in that patient look. Nor vain her trust,
 For lo ! the Angel of the LORD descends
 And crumbles with his fiery touch the wheel !
 One glance of holy triumph Katharine cast, 120
 Then bow'd her to the sword of martyrdom.

Her eye averting from the pictured tale,
 The delegated damsel knelt and pour'd
 To Heaven her earnest prayer.

A trophied tomb

Stood near the altar where some warrior slept 125
 The sleep of death beneath. A massy stone
 And rude-ensculptured effigy o'erlaid
 The sepulchre. In silent wonderment
 The expectant multitude with eager eye
 Gaze, listening as the mattock's heavy stroke 130
 Invades the tomb's repose : the heavy stroke
 Sounds hollow ; over the high-vaulted roof
 Roll the repeated echoes : soon the day
 Dawns on the grave's long night, the slant sunbeam
 Falls on the arms inshrined, the crested helm, 135
 The baudrick, and the shield, and sacred sword.
 A sound of awe-repress'd astonishment
 Rose from the crowd. The delegated Maid

Over her robes the hallowed breast-plate threw,
 Self-fitted to her form ; on her helm'd head 140
 The white plumes nod, majestically slow ;
 She lifts the buckler and the sacred sword,
 Gleaming portentous light.

The wondering crowd

Raiseth their loud shout of transport. "God of Heaven,"
 The Maid exclaim'd, "Father all merciful ! 145
 Devoted to whose holy will, I wield
 The sword of vengeance ; go before our host !
 All-just avenger of the innocent,
 Be thou our Champion ! God of Peace, preserve
 Those whom no lust of glory leads to arms." 150

She ceased, and with an eager hush the crowd
 Still listen'd ; a brief while throughout the dome
 Deep silence dwelt ; then with a sudden burst
 Devout and full, they raised the choral hymn,
 "Thee LORD we praise, our GOD !" the throng
 without
 Catch the strange tidings, join the hymn of joy, 156
 And thundering transport peals along the heaven.

As through the parting crowd the Virgin pass'd,
 He who from Orleans on the yesternight 159
 Demanded succour, clasp'd with warmth her hand,
 And with a bosom-thrilling voice exclaim'd,
 "Ill-omen'd Maid ! victim of thine own worth,
 Devoted for this king-curst realm of France,
 Ill-omen'd Maid, I pity thee !" so saying,
 He turn'd into the crowd. At his strange words
 Disturb'd, the warlike Virgin pass'd along, 166

And much revolving in her troubled mind,
Retrod the court.

And now the horn announced
The ready banquet ; they partook the feast,
Then rose and in the cooling water cleansed 170
Their hands, and seated at the board again
Enjoy'd the bowl, or scented high with spice,
Or flavour'd with the fragrant summer fruit,
Or luscious with metheglin mingled rich.
Meantime the Trouveur struck the harp ; he sung
Of Lancelot du Lake, the truest Knight 176
That ever loved fair Lady ; and the youth
Of Cornwall underneath whose maiden sword
The strength of Ireland fell ; and he who struck
The dolorous stroke, the blameless and the brave,
Who died beneath a brother's erring arm. 181
Ye have not perish'd, Chiefs of Carduel !
The songs of earlier years embalm your fame ;
And haply yet some Poet shall arise,
Like that divinest Tuscan, and enwreath 185
The immortal garland for himself and you.

The harp still rung beneath the high-arch'd roof,
And listening eager to the favourite lay,
The guests sat silent, when into the hall
The Messenger from that besieged town, 190
Re-enter'd. " It is pleasant, King of France,"
Said he, " to sit and hear the harper's song ;
Far other music hear the men of Orleans !
Famine is there ; and there the imploring cry
Of Hunger ceases not."

" Insolent man !" 195

**Exclaim'd the Monarch, "cease to interrupt
Our hour of festival ; it is not thine
To instruct me in my duty,"**

Of reproof

Careless, the stranger to the minstrel cried, 199
 " Why harpest thou of good King Arthur's fame
 Amid these walls ? Virtue and genius love
 That lofty lay. Hast thou no loose lewd tale
 To pamper and provoke the appetite ?
 Such should procure thee worthy recompence !
 Or rather sing thou of that wealthy Lord, 205
 Who took the ewe lamb from the poor man's bosom,
 That was to him even as a daughter ! Charles,
 This parable would I tell, prophet-like,
 And look at thee and say, 'Thou art the man !'"

He said, and with a quick and troubled step 210
 Withdrew. Astonish'd at his daring guise,
 The guests sat heedless of the lay awhile,
 Pondering his words mysterious, till at length
 The Court dispersed. Retiring from the hall,
 Charles and the delegated damsel sought 215
 The inner palace. There the gentle Queen
 Awaited them : with her Joan lov'd to pass
 Her intervals of rest ; for she had won
 The Virgin's heart by her mild melancholy,
 The calm and duteous patience that deplored. 220
 A husband's cold half-love. To her she told
 With what strange words the messenger from Orleans
 Had roused uneasy wonder in her mind ;
 For on her ear yet vibrated his voice,

When lo ! again he came, and at the door 225
 Stood scowling round.

“ Why dost thou haunt me thus,”
 The monarch cried, “ Is there no place secure
 From thy rude insolence ? unmanner’d man !
 I know thee not !”

“ Then learn to know me, Charles !”
 Solemnly he replied ; “ read well my face, 230
 That thou may’st know it on that dreadful day,
 When at the Throne of God I shall demand
 His justice on thee !” Turning from the King,
 To Agnes as she enter’d, in a tone
 More low, more mournfully severe, he cried, 235
 Dost thou too know me not !”

She glanced on him,
 And pale and breathless hid her head convulsed
 In the Maid’s bosom.

“ King of France !” he said,
 “ She loved me, and by mutual word and will
 We were betroth’d, when, in unhappy hour, 240
 I left her, as in fealty bound, to fight
 Thy battles. In mine absence thou didst come
 To tempt her then unspotted purity . . .
 For pure she was ; .. Alas ! these courtly robes
 Hide not the indelible stain of infamy ! 245
 Thou canst not with thy golden belt put on
 An honourable name, O lost to me,
 And to thyself, for ever, ever lost,
 My poor polluted Agnes ! .. Charles, that faith
 Almost is shaken, which should be henceforth. 250
 My only hope : thou hast thy wicked will,
 While I the victim of her guilt and thine.

Though meriting alike from her and thee
 Far other guerdon, bear about with me
 A wound for which this earth affords no balm, 255
 And doubt Heaven's justice."

So he said, and frown'd
 Austere as he who at Mahommed's door
 Knock'd loud and frequent, at whose dreadful mien
 Stricken with terror, all beholders fled.
 Even the prophet almost terrified, 260
 Scarcely could bear his presence ; for he knew
 That this was the Death-Angel AZRAEL,
 And that his hour was come. Conscious of guilt
 The Monarch sate, nor could endure to face
 His bosom-probing frown. The Maid of Arc 265
 Meantime had read his features, and she cried
 " I know thee, Conrade !" Rising from her seat,
 She took his hand, for he stood motionless,
 Gazing on Agnes now with steady eye, 269
 Severe though calm : him from the Court she drew,
 And to the river side resisting not,
 Both sad and silent, led ; till at the last
 As from a dream awaking, Conrade look'd
 Full on the Maid, and falling on her neck, 274
 He wept.

" I know thee, Damsel !" he exclaim'd,
 " Dost thou remember that tempestuous night,
 When I, a weather-beaten traveller, sought
 Your hospitable door ? ah me ! I then
 Was happy ! you too sojourn'd then in peace.
 Fool that I was ! I blamed such happiness, 280
 Arraign'd it as a guilty selfish sloth,
 Unhappily prevailing, so I fear me,

Or why art thou at Chinon?"

Him the Maid

Answering, address'd, "I do remember well,
That night; for then the holy Spirit first, 285
Waked by thy words, possess'd me."

Conrade cried,

"Poor Maiden, thou wert happy! thou hadst lived
Blessing and blest, if I had never stray'd,
Needlessly rigid from my peaceful path. 289
And thou hast left thine home then, and obey'd
The feverish fancies of an ardent brain!
And hast thou left him too, the youth whose eye
For ever glancing on thee, spake so well
Affection's eloquent tale?"

So as he said,

Rush'd the warm purple to the Virgin's cheek. 295
"I am alone," she answered, "for this realm
Devoted." Nor to answer more the Maid
Endured, for many a melancholy thought
Throng'd on her aching memory. Her mind's eye
Beheld Domremi and the fields of Arc: 300
Her burthen'd heart was full; such grief she felt
Yet such sweet solacing of self-applause
As cheers a banish'd Patriot's lonely hours
When Fancy pictures to him all he loved,
Till the big tear-drop rushes o'er its orb, 305
And drowns the soft enchantment.

With a look

That spake solicitous wonder, Conrade eyed
The silent Maid; nor would the Maid repress
The thoughts that swell'd within her, or from him
Hide her soul's workings. " 'Twas on the last day

Before I left Domremi ; eve had closed, 311
 I sate beside the brook, my soul was full,
 As if inebriate with Divinity.
 Then Conrade ! I beheld a ruffian herd
 Circle a flaming pile, where at the stake 315
 A woman stood ; the iron bruised her breast,
 And round her limbs half-garmented, the fire
 Curl'd its fierce flakes. I saw her countenance,
 I knew MYSELF." Then, in a tone subdued 319
 Of calmness, " There are moments when the soul
 From her own impulse with strange dread recoils,
 Suspicious of herself ; but with a full
 And perfect faith I know this vision sent
 From Heaven, and feel of its unerring truth,
 As that God liveth, that I live myself, 325
 The feeling that deceives not."

By the hand
 Her Conrade held and cried, " Ill-fated Maid,
 That I have torn thee from affection's breast,
 My soul will groan in anguish. Thou wilt serve
 Like me, the worthless Court, and having served,
 In the hour of ill abandon'd, thou wilt curse 331
 The duty that deluded. Of the world
 Fatigued, and loathing at my fellow-men,
 I shall be seen no more. There is a path . . .
 The eagle hath not mark'd it, the young wolf 335
 Knows not its hidden windings : I have trod
 That path, and found a melancholy den,
 Fit place for penitence and hopeless woe,
 Where sepulchred, the ghost of what he was,
 Conrade may pass his few and evil days, 340

Waiting the wish'd-for summons to lay down
His weary load of life."

But then the Maid

Fix'd on the warrior her reproving eye;
" I pass'd the fertile Auxerrois," she said,
" The vines had spread their interwoven shoots
Over the unpruned vineyards, and the grape 346
Rotted beneath the leaves ; for there was none
To tread the vintage, and the birds of Heaven
Had had their fill. I saw the cattle start
As they did hear the loud alarum bell, 350
And with a piteous moaning vainly seek
To fly the coming slaughterers. I look'd back
Upon the cottage where I had partaken
The peasant's meal, .. and saw it wrapt in flames.
And then I thank'd my God that I had burst 355
The ties, strong as they are, which bind us down
To selfish happiness, and on this earth
Was as a pilgrim . . . Conrade ! rouse thyself !
Cast the weak nature off ! A time like this
Is not for gentler feelings, for the glow 360
Of love, the overflowings of the heart.
There is oppression in thy country, Conrade !
There is a cause, a holy cause, that needs
The brave man's aid. Live for it, and enjoy
Earth's noblest recompense, thine own esteem ;
Or die in that good cause, and thy reward 366
Shall sure be found in Heaven."

He answer'd not,
But pressing to his heart the virgin's hand,
Hasten'd across the plain. She with dim eyes,
For gushing tears obscured them, follow'd him 370

Till lost in distance. With a weight of thought
 Opprest, along the poplar-planted Vienne
 Awhile she wander'd, then upon the bank
 She laid her down, and watch'd the tranquil stream
 Flow with a quiet murmuring, by the clouds 375
 Of evening purpled. The perpetual flow,
 The ceaseless murmuring, lull'd her to such dreams
 As memory in her melancholy mood
 Loves best. The wonted scenes of Arc arose ;
 She saw the forest brook, the weed that waved 380
 Its long green tresses in the stream, the crag
 Which overbrow'd the spring, and that old yew
 Which through the bare and rifted rock had forced
 Its twisted trunk, the berries cheerful red 384
 Starring its gloomy green. Her pleasant home
 She saw, and those who made that home so dear,
 Her lov'd lost friends. The mingled feelings fill'd
 Her eyes, when from behind a voice was heard,
 " O Lady ! canst thou tell me where to find 389
 The Maid whom Heaven hath sent to rescue
 France ?"
 Thrill'd by the well-known tones, she started up,
 And fell upon the neck of Theodore.

" Have I then found thee !" cried the impassioned youth ;
 " Henceforth we part no more ; but where thou
 goest
 Thither go I. Beloved ! in the front 395
 Of battle thou shalt find me at thy side ;
 And in the breach this breast shall be thy shield
 And rampart. Oh, ungenerous ! Why from me

Conceal the inspiration? why from me
 Hide thy miraculous purpose? Am I then 400
 So all-unworthy that thou shouldst set forth
 Beneath another's guidance?"

Thus he cried,

Mingling reproach with tenderness, yet still
 Claspings in warm embrace the maid beloved.
 She of her bidding and futurity 405
 Awhile forgetful, patient of the embrace,
 With silent tears of joy bedew'd his neck.
 At length, "I hope," she cried, "thou art not come
 With heavier fault and breach of nearer tie!
 How did thy mother spare thee, . . . thou alone 410
 The stay and comfort of her widowed age?
 Did she upon thy parting steps bestow
 Her free-will blessing, or hast thou set forth,
 Which Heaven forbid, unlicensed, and unblest?"

"Oh, surely not unblest!" the youth replied; 415
 Yet conscious of his unrepented fault,
 With countenance flush'd, and faltering in reply:
 "She wept at my departure, she would fain
 Have turn'd me from my purpose, and my heart
 Perhaps had fail'd me, if it had not glow'd 420
 With ardour like thine own; the sacred fire
 With which thy bosom burns had kindled me;
 High in prophetic hope, I bade her place
 Her trust in Heaven; I bade her look to hear
 Good tidings soon of glorious victory; 425
 I told her I should soon return, . . . return
 With thee, and thou wouldst be to her old age
 What Madelon had been."

As thus he spake,
 Warm with the imaginary bliss, he clasp'd
 The dear one closer to his yearning heart. 430
 But the devoted Virgin in his arms
 Started and shudder'd, for the flaming pile
 Flash'd on remembrance now, and on her soul
 The whole terrific vision rose again.
 A death-like paleness at the dreadful thought 435
 Wither'd her cheek; cold damps suffused her brow,
 And falling on the neck of Theodore,
 Feeble and faint she hung. His eager eye
 Concentring all the anguish of the soul,
 And strain'd in anxious love, gazed fearfully 440
 With wondering anguish; till ennobling thoughts
 Of her high mission roused her, and her soul
 Collected, and she spake.

“ My Theodore,
 Thou hast done ill to quit thy mother's home!
 Alone and aged she will weep for thee, 445
 Wasting her little that is left of life
 In anguish. Now go back again to Arc,
 And cheer her wintry hours of widowhood,
 And love my memory there.”

Swift he exclaim'd,
 “ Nay, Maid! the pang of parting is o'erpast, 450
 And my dear mother looks for the glad hour
 When we shall both return. Amid the war
 How many an arm will seek thy single life,
 How many a sword and spear... I will go with thee
 And spread the guardian shield!”

“ Nay,” she replied,
 “ I shall not need thy succour in the war. 456
 Me, Heaven, if so seem good to its high will,

Will save. I shall be happier, Theodore,
Thinking that thou dost sojourn safe at home,
And make thy mother happy."

The youth's cheek

A rapid blush disorder'd. "Oh! the court 461
Is pleasant then, and thou wouldst fain forget
A humble villager, who only boasts
The treasure of the heart!"

She look'd at him

With a reproaching eye of tenderness : 465
"Injurious man! devoted for this realm,
I go a willing victim. The dark veil
Hath been withdrawn for me, and I have seen
The fearful features of Futurity.
Yes, Theodore, I shall redeem my country, 470
Abandoning for it the joys of life,
Yea, life itself!" Then on his neck she fell,
And with a faltering voice, "Return to Arc!
I do not tell thee there are other maids
As fair; for thou wilt love my memory, 475
Hallowing to me the temple of thy heart.
Worthy a happier, not a better love,
My Theodore!" — Then, pressing his pale lips,
A last and holy kiss the virgin fix'd, 479
And fled across the plain.

She reach'd the court

Breathless. The mingled movements of her mind
Shook every fibre. Sad and sick at heart,
Fain to her lonely chamber's solitude
The Maiden had retired; but her the King
Met on the threshold. He of the late scene 485
Forgetful and his crime, as cheerful seem'd

As though there had not been a God in Heaven !
 " Enter the hall," he said, " the masquers there
 Join in the dance. Why, Maiden, art thou sad ?
 Has that rude madman shook thy gentle frame 490
 With his strange speeches ? "

Ere the Maid replied,
 The Son of Orleans came with joyful speed,
 Poising his massy javelin. " Thou hast roused
 The sleeping virtue of the sons of France, 494
 They crowd around the standard," cried the chief.
 " Our brethern pent in Orleans, every moment
 Gaze from the watch-tower with the sickening eye
 Of expectation."

Then the King exclaim'd,
 " O chosen by Heaven ! defer one day thy march,
 That humbled at the altar we may join 500
 The general prayer. Be these our holy rites
 To-morrow's task ; — to night for merriment !"

The Maid replied, " The wretched ones in Orleans,
 In fear and hunger and expiring hope,
 Await my succour, and my prayers would plead 505
 In Heaven against me, did they waste one hour
 When active duty calls. For this night's mirth
 Hold me excused ; in truth I am not fit
 For merriment ; a heavy charge is on me,
 And I must put away all mortal thoughts." 510
 Her heart was full, and pausing, she repress'd
 The unbidden anguish. " Lo ! they crowd around
 The standard ! Thou, Dunois, the chosen troops
 Marshal in speed, for early with the dawn
 We march to rescue Orleans from the foe." 515

JOAN OF ARC.

THE FIFTH BOOK.

SCARCE had the early dawn from Chinon's towers
Made visible the mist that curl'd along
The river's winding way, when from her couch
The martial Maid arose. She mail'd her limbs ;
The white plumes nodded o'er her helmed head ; 5
She girt the sacred falchion by her side,
And, like a youth who from his mother's arms,
For his first field impatient, breaks away,
Poising the lance went forth.

Twelve hundred men,
Rearing in order'd ranks their glittering spears, 10
Await her coming. Terrible in arms
Before them tower'd Dunois, his manly face
O'er-shadow'd by the helmet's iron cheeks.
The assembled court gazed on the marshall'd train,
And at the gate the aged prelate stood 15
To pour his blessing on the chosen host.
And now a soft and solemn symphony
Was heard, and chaunting high the hallow'd hymn,
From the near convent came the vestal maids.
A holy banner, woven by virgin hands, 20
Snow-white they bore. A mingled sentiment
Of awe and eager ardor for the fight,

Thrill'd through the army, as the reverend man
Took the white standard, and with heaven-ward eye
Call'd on the God of Justice, blessing it. 25

The Maid, her brows in reverence unhelm'd,
Her dark hair floating on the morning gale,
Knelt to his prayer, and stretching forth her hand
Received the mystic banner. From the host
A loud and universal shout burst forth, 30
As rising from the ground, upon her brow
She placed the plumed casque, and waved on high
The banner'd lilies. On their way they march,
And dim in distance, soon the towers of Chinon
Fade from the eye reverted.

The sixth sun, 35

Purpling the sky with his dilated light,
Sunk westering; when embosom'd in the depth
Of that old forest, which for many a league
Shadow'd the hills and vales of Orleannois,
They pitch their tents. The hum of occupation 40
Sounds ceaseless. Waving to the evening gale
The streamers flutter; and ascending slow
Beneath the foliage of the forest trees,
With many a light hue tinged, the curling smoke
Melts in the impurpled air. Leaving her tent, 45
The martial Maiden wander'd through the wood;
There, by a streamlet, on the mossy bank
Reclined, she saw a damsel, her long locks
With willow wreathed; upon her lap there lay
A dark-hair'd man, listening the while she sung 50
Sad ditties, and entwreathed to bind his brow
The melancholy garland. At the sound,
Of one in arms approaching, she had fled;

But Conrade, looking upward, recognized
 The Maid of Arc. "Nay, fear not, Isabel," 55
 Said he, "for this is one of gentle kind,
 Whom even the wretched need not fear to love."

So saying, he arose and took her hand,
 And press'd it to his bosom. "My weak heart, 59
 Though school'd by wrongs to loath at human kind,
 Will beat, rebellious to its own resolves.
 Come hither, outcast one! and call her friend,
 And she will be thy friend more readily
 Because thou art unhappy."

Isabel

Saw a tear starting in the virgin's eye, 65
 And glancing upon Conrade, she too wept,
 Wailing his wilder'd senses.

"Mission'd Maid!"

The warrior cried, "be happy! for thy power
 Can make this sufferer so. From Orleans driven,
 Orphan'd by war, and of her only friend 70
 Bereft, I found her wandering in the wilds,
 Worn out with want and wretchedness. Thou, Joan,
 Wilt his beloved to the youth restore;
 And trust me, Maid! the miserable feel
 When they on others bestow happiness, 75
 Their happiest consolation."

She replied,
 Pressing the damsel's hand, in the mild tone
 Of equal friendship, solacing her cares.
 "Soon shall we enter Orleans," said the Maid;
 A few hours in her dream of victory 80
 England shall triumph, then to be awaked

By the loud thunder of Almighty wrath !
 Irksome meantime the busy camp to me
 A solitary woman. Isabel,
 Wert thou the while companion of my tent, 85
 Lightlier the time would pass. Return with me ;
 I may not long be absent."

So she spake.

The wanderer in half-utter'd words express'd
 Grateful assent. " Art thou astonish'd, then,
 That one though powerful is benevolent? 90
 In truth thou well mayest wonder !" Conrade cried.
 But little cause to love the mighty ones
 Hath the low cottager ; for with its shade
 Too oft doth POWER, a death-dew-dropping tree,
 Blast every herb beneath its baleful boughs ! 95
 Tell thou thy sufferings, Isabel ! Relate
 How warr'd the chieftains, and the people died.
 The mission'd Virgin hath not heard thy woes ;
 And pleasant to mine ear the twice-told tale
 Of sorrow."

Gazing on the martial Maid 100

She read her wish, and spake. " A wanderer now,
 Friendless and hopeless, still I love to think
 Upon my native home, and call to mind
 Each haunt of careless youth ; the woodbined wall,
 The jessamine that round the straw-roof'd cot 105
 Its fragrant branches wreathed, beneath whose shade
 I wont to sit and watch the setting sun,
 And hear the thrushes song. Nor far remote,
 As o'er the subject landskip round I gazed,
 The towers of Yenville rose upon the view. 110
 A foreign master holds my father's home !

I, far away, remember the past years,
And weep.

Two brethren form'd our family ;
Humble we were, and happy ; honest toil
Procured our homely sustenance ; our herds 115
Duly at morn and evening to my hand
Gave their full stores ; the vineyard we had rear'd
Purpled its clusters in the southern sun,
And, plenteous produce of my father's toil,
The yellow harvest billow'd o'er the plain. 120
How cheerfully around the blazing hearth
When all the labour of the day was done,
We past the evening hours ; for they would sing
Or merry roundelay, or ditty sad
Of maid forsaken and the willow weed, 125
Or of the doughty Paladins of France
Some warlike fit, the while my spinning wheel
A fitting music made.

Thus long we lived,
And happy. To a neighbouring youth my hand
In holy wedlock soon to be consign'd 130
Was plighted : my poor Francis !” Here she paused,
And here she wept awhile.

“ We did not think
The desolating stream of war would reach
To us ; but soon as with the whirlwind's speed
Ruin rush'd round us. Mehun, Clery, fell, 135
The banner'd Leopard waved on Gergeau's wall ;
Baugenci yielded ; soon the foe approach'd
The towers of Yenville.

Fatal was the hour
To me and mine : for from the wall, alas !

The rusty sword was taken, and the shield 140
 Which long had moulder'd on the mouldering nail,
 To meet the war repair'd. No more was heard
 The ballad, or the merry roundelay ;
 The clattering hammer's clank, the grating file
 Harsh sounded through the day a dismal din ; 145
 I never shall forget their mournful sound !

“ My father stood encircling his old limbs
 In long-forgotten arms. ‘ Come, boys,’ he cried,
 I did not think that this grey head again 149
 Should bear the helmet's weight ; but in the field
 Better to bravely die a soldier's death,
 Than here be tamely butcher'd. Isabel,
 Go to the abbey ! if we should survive,
 We soon shall meet again ; if not, my child, 154
 There is a better world ! ’

In broken words,
 Lifting his eyes to Heaven, my father breathed
 His blessing on me. As they went away,
 My brethren gazed on me and wrung my hand
 In silence, for they loved their sister well.
 From the near cottage Francis join'd the troop. 160
 Then did I look on our forsaken home,
 And almost sob my very soul away ;
 For all my hopes of happiness were fled,
 Even like a dream ! ”

“ Perish these mighty ones,”
 Cried Conrade, “ these who let destruction loose,
 Who walk elated o'er their fields of fame, 166
 And count the thousands that lie slaughter'd there,
 And with the bodies of the innocent, rear

Their pyramid of glory ! perish these,
 The epitome of all the pestilent plagues 170
 That Egypt knew ! who send their locust swarms
 O'er ravaged realms, and bid the brooks run blood.
 Fear and Destruction go before their path,
 And Famine dogs their footsteps. God of Justice,
 Let not the innocent blood cry out in vain !” 175

Thus while he spake, the murmur of the camp
 Rose on their ear ; first like the distant sound
 When the full-foliaged forest to the storm
 Shakes its hoarse head ; anon with louder din ; 179
 And through the opening glade gleam'd many a fire.
 The Virgin's tent they enter'd ; there the board
 Was spread, the wanderer of the fare partook,
 Then thus her tale renew'd : —

“ Slow o'er the hill

Whose rising head conceal'd our cot I past,
 Yet on my journey paused awhile, and gazed 185
 And wept ; for often had I crost the hill
 With cheerful step, and seen the rising smoke
 Of hospitable fire ; alas ! no smoke
 Curl'd o'er its melancholy chimneys now !
 Orleans I reach'd. There in the suburbs stood 190
 The abbey ; and ere long I learnt the fall
 Of Yenville.

On a day, a soldier ask'd
 For Isabel. Scarce could my faltering feet
 Support me. It was Francis, and alone . . .
 The sole survivor of that company ! 195

“ And soon the foes approach'd : impending war

Soon sadden'd Orleans. There the bravest chiefs
 Assemble : Thouars, Coarase, Chabannes,
 And the Sire Chapelle, in successful war 199
 Since wounded to the death ; and that good Knight
 Giresme of Rhodes, who in a better cause
 Can never wield the crucifix that hilts
 His hallowed sword ; and Xaintrailles ransom'd now,
 And Fayette late released, and that young Duke
 Who at Verneuil senseless with many a wound 205
 Fell prisoner, and La Hire, the merriest man
 That ever yet did win his soldiers' love,
 And over all for hardihood renown'd
 The Bastard Orleans.

These within the town

Expect the foe. Twelve hundred chosen men 210
 Well tried in war, uprear the guardian shield
 Beneath their banners. Dreadful was the sight
 Of preparation. The wide suburbs stretch'd
 Along the pleasant borders of the Loire, 214
 Late throng'd with multitudes, now feel the hand
 Of ruin. These preventive care destroys,
 Lest England, shelter'd by the friendly walls,
 Securely should approach. The monasteries
 Fell in the general waste. The holy monks
 Unwillingly their long-accustom'd haunts 220
 Abandon, haunts where every gloomy nook
 Call'd to awaken'd memory some trace
 Of vision seen, or sound miraculous.
 Trembling and terrified, their noiseless cells,
 For the rude uproar of a world unknown, 225
 The nuns desert : their abbess, more composed,
 Collects her maids around, and tells her beads,

And pours the timid prayer of piety.
 The pioneers, by day and night employ'd,
 Throw up the violated earth, to impede 230
 The foe : the hollow chambers of the dead
 Echo'd beneath their stroke. The brazen tomb
 Which late recorded death, in the furnace cast
 Is made to inflict it now. Sad sight it was
 To see so wide a waste ; the aged ones 235
 Hanging their heads, and weeping as they went
 O'er the fallen dwellings of their happier years ;
 The stern and sullen silence of the men
 Musing on vengeance : and but ill repress,
 The mother's fears as to her breast she clasp'd, 240
 Her ill-doom'd infant. Soon the suburbs lay
 One ample ruin ; whence the stones were borne
 Within the town to serve in its defence.

“ And now without the walls the desolate space
 Appear'd, a rough and melancholy waste, 245
 With upturn pavements and foundations deep
 Of many a ruin'd dwelling. Nor within
 Less dreary was the scene ; at evening hour
 No more the merry viol's note was heard ;
 No more the aged matron at her door 250
 Humm'd cheery to her spinning wheel, and saw
 Her children dancing to the roundelay.
 The chieftains strengthening still the ancient walls,
 Survey them every where with prying eye ;
 The eager youth in anxious preparation 255
 Practise the arts of war ; silent and stern,
 With the hurrying restlessness of fear, they urge
 Their gloomy labours. In the city dwelt

The precious relics of the holy dead,
 The monks and nuns pour'd many an earnest prayer,
 Devoutly join'd by all. Saint Aignan's shrine 290
 Was throng'd by supplicants, the general voice
 Call'd on Saint Aignan's name again to save
 His people, as of yore, before he past
 Into the fulness of eternal rest ;
 When by the Spirit to the lingering camp 295
 Of Ætius borne, he brought the timely aid,
 And Attila with all his multitudes
 Far off retreated to their field of shame."

And now Dunois, for he had seen the camp 299
 Well-order'd, enter'd. " One night more in peace
 England shall rest," he cried, " ere yet the storm
 Burst on her guilty head ! then their proud vaunts
 Forgotten, or remember'd to their shame,
 Vainly her chiefs shall curse the hour when first
 They pitch'd their tents round Orleans."

" Of that siege,"

The Maid of Arc replied, " gladly I hear 306
 The detail. Isabel proceed ! for soon
 Destined to rescue this devoted town,
 The tale of all the ills shè hath endured
 I listen, sorrowing for the past, and feel 310
 Joy and contentment in the merciful task
 For which I am sent forth."

Thus spake the Maid,

And Isabel pursued. " And now more near
 The hostile host advancing pitch their tents. 314
 Unnumber'd streamers wave, and clamorous shouts,
 Anticipating conquest, rend the air

With universal uproar. From their camp
 A herald came ; his garb emblazon'd o'er
 With leopards and the lilies of our realm, 319
 Foul shame to France ! The summons of the foe
 He brought."

The Bastard interrupting cried,

" I was with Gaucour and the assembled chiefs,
 When by his office privileged and proud
 That herald spake, as certain of success
 As he had made a league with Victory. 325
 " Nobles of France rebellious ! from the chief
 Of yon victorious host, the mighty Earl
 Of Salisbury, now there in place of him
 Your Regent John of Bedford : in his name
 I come, and in our sovereign Lord the King's, 330
 Henry. Ye know full well our master's claim,
 Incontrovertible to this good realm,
 By right descent, and solemnly confirm'd
 By your great monarch and our mighty king
 Fifth Henry, in the treaty ratified 335
 At Troyes, wherein your monarch did disclaim
 All future right and title to this crown,
 His own exempted, for his son and heirs
 Down to the end of time. This sign'd and seal'd
 At the holy altar, and by nuptial knot 340
 Of Henry and your princess, gives the realm,
 Charles dead and Henry, to his infant son
 Henry of Windsor. Who then dares oppose
 My Master's title, in the face of God,
 Of wilful perjury, most atrocious crime, 345
 Stands guilty, and of flat rebellion 'gainst
 The Lord's anointed. He at Paris crown'd

With loud acclaim of duteous multitudes,
 Thus speaks by me. Deliver up your town
 To Salisbury, and yield yourselves and arms, 350
 So shall your lives be safe : and such his grace,
 If of your free accord to him you pay
 Due homage as your sovereign lord and King,
 Your rich estates, your houses shall be safe,
 And you in favour stand, as is the Duke, 355
 Philip of Burgundy. But . . mark me well !
 If obstinately wilful, you persist
 To scorn his proffer'd mercy, not one stone
 Upon another of this wretched town
 Shall then be left ; and when the English host 360
 Triumphant in the dust have trod the towers
 Of Orleans, who survive the dreadful war
 Shall die like traitors by the hangman's hand.
 Ye men of France, remember Caen and Roan !”

“ He ceased : nor Gaucour for a moment paused
 To form reply.

‘ Herald ! to all thy vaunts
 Of English sovereignty let this suffice 367
 For answer : France will only own as King
 Her own legitimate Lord. On Charles's brow,
 Transmitted through a long and good descent, 370
 The crown remains. We know no homage due
 To English robbers, and disclaim the peace
 Inglorious made at Troyes by factious men
 Hostile to France. Thy master's proffer'd grace
 Meets the contempt it merits. Herald, yes, 375
 Be sure we shall remember Caen and Roan !
 Go tell the mighty Earl of Salisbury,

That as like Blanchard, Gaucour dares his power,
 Like Blanchard, he can brave his cruelty,
 And triumph by enduring. Speak I well, 380
 Ye men of Orleans ?'

“ Never did I hear

A shout so universal as ensued
 Of approbation. The assembled host
 As with one voice pour'd forth their loyalty, 384
 And struck their sounding shields; and walls and
 towers,

Echoed the loud uproar. The herald went.
 The work of war began.

A fearful scene,”

Cried Isabel. “ The iron storm of death 388
 Clash'd in the sky; the mighty engines hurl'd
 Huges stones which shook the ground where'er they fell.
 Then was there heard at once the clang of arms,
 The thundering cannons, and the soldier's shout,
 The female's shriek, the affrighted infant's cry,
 The groan of death, . . discord of dreadful sounds
 That jarr'd the soul.

Nor while the encircling foe
 Leager'd the walls of Orleans, idly slept 396
 Our friends: for winning down the Loire its way
 The frequent vessel with provision fraught,
 And men, and all the artillery of death, 399
 Cheer'd us with welcome succour. At the bridge
 These safely landed mock'd the foeman's force.
 This to prevent, Salisbury, their watchful chief,
 A mighty work prepares. Around our walls,
 Encircling walls he builds, surrounding thus
 The city. Firm'd with massiest buttresses, 405

At equal distance, sixty forts protect
The English lines. But chief where in the town
The six great avenues meet in the midst,
Six castles there he rear'd impregnable,
With deep-dug moats and bridges drawn aloft, 410
Where over the strong gate suspended hung
The dread portcullis. Thence the gunner's eye
From his safe shelter could with ease survey
Intended sally, or approaching aid,
And point destruction.

It were long to tell 415
And tedious, how in many a bold assault
The men of Orleans sallied on their foes ;
How after difficult fight the enemy
Possess'd the Tournelles, and the embattled tower
That shadows from the bridge the subject Loire; 420
Though numbering now three thousand daring men,
Frequent and fierce the garrison repell'd
Their far out-numbering foes. From every aid
Included, they in Orleans groan'd beneath
All ills accumulate. The shatter'd roofs 425
Allow'd the dews of night free passage there ;
And ever and anon the ponderous stone,
Ruining where'er it fell, with hideous crash
Came like an earthquake, startling from his sleep
The affrighted soldier. From the brazen slings 430
The wild-fire balls hiss'd through the midnight sky ;
And often their huge engines cast among us
The dead and loathsome cattle of their camp,
As though our enemies, to their deadly league 434
Forcing the common air, would make us breathe
Poisonous pollution. Through the streets were seen,

The frequent fire, and heaps of dead, in haste
 Piled up and steaming to infected Heaven.
 For ever the incessant storm of death 439
 Pours down, and crowded in unwholesome vaults
 The wretched females hide, not idle there,
 Wasting the hours in tears, but all employ'd,
 Or to provide the hungry soldier's meal,
 Or tear their garments to bind up his wounds :
 A sad equality of wretchedness ! 445

" Now came the worst of ills, for Famine came :
 The provident hand deals out its scanty dole,
 Yielding so little a supply to life
 As but protracted death. The loathliest food
 Hunted with eager eye and dainty deem'd, 450
 The dog is slain, that at his master's feet
 Howling with hunger lay ; with jealous fear,
 Hating a rival's look, the husband hides
 His miserable meal ; the famish'd babe
 Clings closely to his dying mother's breast ; 455
 And .. horrible to tell ! .. where, thrown aside,
 There lay unburied in the open streets
 Huge heaps of carcasses, the soldier stands
 Eager to mark the carrion crow for food. 459

" O peaceful scenes of childhood ! pleasant fields !
 Haunts of mine infancy, where I have stray'd
 Tracing the brook along its winding way,
 Or pluck'd the primrose, or with giddy speed
 Chaced the gay butterfly from flower to flower !
 O days in vain remember'd ! how my soul, 465
 Sick with calamity, and the sore ills

Of hunger, dwelt on you and on my home !
 Thinking of you amid the waste of war,
 I could in bitterness have cursed the great
 Who made me what I was, a helpless one, 470
 Orphan'd, and wanting bread !”

“ And be they curst !”

Conrade exclaim'd, his dark eye flashing rage ;
 “ And be they curst ! O groves and woodland shades,
 How blest indeed were you, if the iron rod 474
 Should one day from Oppression's hand be wrench'd
 By everlasting Justice ! Come that hour,
 When in the Sun the Angel of the Lord
 Shall stand and cry to all the fowls of Heaven,
 ‘ Gather ye to the supper of your God,
 That ye may eat the flesh of mighty men, 480
 Of captains, and of kings !’ Then shall be peace.”

“ And now, lest all should perish,” she pursued,
 The women and the infirm must from the town
 Go forth and seek their fate.

I will not now

Recall the moment, when on my poor Francis 485
 With a long look I hung. At dead of night,
 Made mute by fear, we mount the secret bark,
 And glide adown the stream with silent oars :
 Thus thrown upon the mercy of mankind,
 I wandered reckless where, till wearied out, 490
 And cold at heart, I laid me down to die ;
 So by this warrior found. Him I had known
 And loved, for all loved Conrade who had known him ;
 Nor did I feel so pressing the hard hand

Of want in Orleans, ere he parted thence 495
 On perilous envoy. For of his small fare" —

"Of this enough," said Conrade; "Holy Maid!
 One duty yet awaits me to perform.
 Orleans her envoy sent me, to demand
 Aid from her idle sovereign. Willingly 500
 Did I achieve the hazardous enterprize,
 For rumour had already made me fear
 The ill that hath fallen on me. It remains,
 Ere I do banish me from human kind,
 That I re-enter Orleans, and announce 505
 Thymarch. 'Tis night, and hark! how dead a silence!
 Fit hour to tread so perilous a path!"

So saying, Conrade from the tent went forth.

JOAN OF ARC.

THE SIXTH BOOK.

THE night was calm, and many a moving cloud
Shadow'd the moon. Along the forest glade
With swift foot Conrade past, and now had reach'd
The plain, where whilome by the pleasant Loire,
Cheer'd with the song, the rustics had beheld 5
The day go down upon their merriment :
No song of peace now echoed on its banks.
There tents were pitch'd, and there the sentinel,
Slow pacing on his sullen rounds, beheld
The frequent corse roll down the tainted stream. 10
Conrade with wider sweep pursued his way,
Shunning the camp, now hush'd in sleep and still.
And now no sound was heard save of the Loire,
Murmuring along. The noise of coming feet
Alarm'd him ; nearer drew the rapid steps 15
As of pursuit ; anon . . the clash of arms !
That instant breaking through a rifted cloud
The moonlight show'd, where two with force combined
Prest on a single foe, who, warding still
Their swords, retreated in unequal fight, 20
As he would make the city. Hastening

With timely help to save him, Conrade sped.
 One with an unexpected stroke he slew ;
 The other fled : " Now let us speed our best,
 Frenchman ! " he cried. On to the Loire they ran,
 And making way with practised arms across, 26
 Ere long in safety gain'd the opposite shore.

" Whence art thou ? " cried the warrior ; " and on
 what
 Commission'd ! "

" Is it not the voice of Conrade ? "
 Francis replied ; " and dost thou bring to us 30
 Tidings of succour ? oh ! that it had come
 A few hours earlier ! Isabel is gone ! "

" Nay she is safe," cried Conrade ; " her I found
 Bewilder'd in the forest, and consign'd her
 To the protection of the holy Maid, 35
 Whom Heaven hath sent to rescue us. Now say
 Wherefore alone ? A fugitive from Orleans,
 Or sent on dangerous service from the town ! "

" There is no food in Orleans," he replied, 39
 " Scarce a meal more. The assembled chiefs resolve,
 If thou shouldst bring no tidings of near aid,
 To cut their way to safety, or by death
 Prevent the pang of famine. One they sought
 Who venturing to the English lines should spy
 Where best to venture on this desperate chance ; 45
 And I believing all I loved was lost
 Offer'd myself."

So saying, they approach'd

The gate. The sentinel, soon as he heard
 Thitherward footsteps, with uplifted lance 49
 Challenged the darkling travellers. At their voice
 He drew the strong bolts back, and cautiously
 Open'd the wicket. To the careful chiefs
 Who sate in midnight council, they were led,
 And Conrade thus address'd them :

“Sirs, the Lord,
 In this our utmost need, hath sent us aid. 55
 A holy Maid hath been raised up by Heaven ;
 Her mission is by miracles confirm'd,
 And hither with twelve hundred chosen men,
 Led by Dunois, she comes. I am myself
 A witness to the truth of what I tell ; 60
 And by to-morrow's noon, before these walls
 Her banner will be seen.”

Thereat the chiefs
 Were fill'd with wonder and with joy, by doubt
 Little repress'd. “Open the granaries !”
 Xaintrailles exclaim'd ; “give we to all the host 65
 “With hand unsparing now a plenteous meal ;
 To-morrow we are safe ! for Heaven all-just
 Hath seen our sufferings and decreed their end.
 Let the glad tidings echo through the town !
 God is with us !”

“Be not too confident,” 70
 Graille replied, “in this miraculous aid.
 Some frantic woman this who gives belief
 To idle dreams, and with her madness then
 Infects the simple ! That Dunois is there,
 Leading in arms twelve hundred chosen men, 75
 Affords a better hope ; yet lavish not

Our stores, lest in the enterprise he fail,
 And Orleans then be fain to bear the yoke
 Of England !”

“ Chief ! I tell thee,” Conrade cried,
 “ I did myself behold the sepulchre, 80
 Fulfilling what she spake, give up those arms
 Which surely for no common end the grave
 Through many an age hath held inviolate.
 She is the Prophetess of the Most High,
 And will deliver Orleans !”

Gaucour then, 85
 “ Be it as thou hast said. For I must think,
 That surely to no vulgar tale these chiefs
 Would yield a light belief ; and our poor stores
 Must speedily, ye know, be clean consumed. 89
 Spread then the joyful tidings through the troops
 That God hath to deliver the oppress’d,
 As in old time, raised up a Prophetess,
 And the belief itself will make them fight
 With irresistible courage.”

Thus the chief,
 And what he said seem’d good. The men of Orleans,
 Long by their foemen bay’d, such transport felt, 96
 As when the Mexicans, with eager eye
 Gazing to Huixachtla’s distant top,
 On that last night, doubtful if ever morn
 Again shall cheer them, mark the mystic fire 100
 Flame on the breast of some brave prisoner,
 A dreadful altar. As they see the blaze
 Beaming on Iztapalapan’s near towers,
 Or on Tezcuco’s calmy lake flash’d far,
 Songs of thanksgiving and the shout of joy. 105

Wake the loud echo; the glad husband tears
 The mantling aloe from his consort's face,
 And children, now deliver'd from the dread
 Of everlasting darkness, look abroad,
 Hail the good omen, and expect the sun 110
 Uninjur'd still to run his flaming race.

While thus in Orleans hope had banished sleep,
 The Maiden's host perform'd their evening prayer,
 And in the forest took their rest secure.
 And now the morning came. At earliest dawn 115
 Lightly upstarting and bedight in arms,
 The Bastard moved along, with provident eye
 Marshalling the troops. All high in hope they march;
 And now the sun shot from the southern sky
 His noontide radiance, when afar they hear 120
 The hum of men, and see the distant towers
 Of Orleans, and the bulwarks of the foe,
 And many a streamer wantoning in air.
 These as they saw and thought of all the ills
 Their brethren had endured, closely pent there 125
 For many a month, such ardor for the fight
 Burnt in each bosom, as young Ali felt
 Then when Mohammed of the assembled tribe
 Ask'd who would be his Vizir. Fierce in faith,
 Forth from the race of Hashem stept the youth, 130
 "Prophet of God! lo . . . I will be the man!"
 And well did Ali merit that high post,
 Victorious upon Beder's fertile vale,
 And on mount Ohud, and before the walls
 Of Chaibar, when down-cleaving to the chest 135
 His giant foe, he grasp'd the massy gate,

Shook with strong arm and tore it from the fort,
And lifted it in air, portentous shield !

“ Behold the towers of Orleans,” cried Dunois.
“ Lo ! this the vale where on the banks of Loire,
Of yore, at close of day the rustic band 141
Danced to the roundelay. In younger years
As oft I glided down the silver stream,
Frequent upon the lifted oar I paused,
Listening the sound of far-off merriment. 145
There wave the hostile banners ! martial Maid,
Give thou the signal ! . . let us fall upon
These merciless invaders, who have sack'd
Village and town, and made the hamlet haunts
Silent, or hearing but the widow's groan. 150
Give but the signal, Maiden !”

Her dark eye

Fix'd sadly on the foe, the holy Maid
Answer'd him ; “ Ere the avenging sword be drawn,
And slaughter be let loose, befits us send 154
Some peaceful messenger, who shall make known
The will of Heaven : so timely warn'd, our foes
Haply may yet repent, and quit in peace
Besieged Orleans, for I fain would spare
The bloody price of victory.”

So she said ;

And as she spake, a soldier from the ranks 160
Came forward. “ I will be thy messenger,
O Prophetess ! and to the English camp
Will bear thy bidding.”

“ Go,” the Virgin cried ;
“ Say to the Lord of Salisbury, and the chiefs

Of England, Suffolk, Fastolffe, Talbot, Scales, 165
 Invaders of the country, say, thus says
THE MAID OF ORLEANS: ' With your troops retire
 In peace. Of every captured town the keys
 Restore to Charles ; so bloodless you may seek
 Your native island ; for the God of Hosts 170
 Thus hath decreed. To Charles the rightful heir,
 By long descent and by the willing choice
 Of duteous subjects, hath the Lord assign'd
 The kingdom. In His name the Virgin comes
 Arm'd with the sword, yet not of mercy void. 175
 Depart in peace : for ere the morrow dawns,
 Victorious upon yonder wall shall wave
 Her holy banner.' " To the English camp
 Fearless the herald went.

At mid-day meal,
 With all the dissonance of boisterous mirth, 180
 The British chiefs caroused and quaff'd the bowl,
 When by the sentinel conducted there
 The Maiden's herald came.

" Chiefs," he began,
 " Salisbury, and ye the representatives
 Of the English King, usurper of this realm, 185
 To ye the leaders of the English host
 I come, no welcome messenger. Thus saith
THE MAID OF ORLEANS: ' With your troops retire
 In peace. Of every captured town the keys
 Restore to Charles ; so bloodless you may seek 190
 Your native island ; for the God of Hosts
 Thus hath decreed. To Charles the rightful heir,
 By long descent and by the willing choice
 Of duteous subjects, hath the Lord assign'd

The kingdom. In His name the Virgin comes, 195
 Arm'd with the sword, yet not of mercy void.
 Depart in peace : for ere the morrow dawns,
 Victorious upon yonder wall shall wave
 Her holy banner.' ”

Wonder made a pause ;
 To this a laugh succeeds. “ What ! ” Fastolfe cried,
 “ A virgin warrior hath your monarch sent 201
 To save devoted Orleans ? By the rood,
 I thank his grace. If she be young and fair,
 No worthless prize, my lords ! Go, tell your Maid,
 Joyful we wait her coming.”

There was one
 Among the English chiefs who had grown old 206
 In arms, yet had not age unnerved his limbs,
 But from the flexile nimbleness of youth
 To unyielding stiffness braced them. One who saw
 Him seated at the board, might well have deem'd
 That Talbot with his whole collected might 211
 Wielded the sword in war, for on his neck
 The veins were full, and every muscle bore
 The character of strength. He his stern eye
 Fix'd on the herald, and before he spake 215
 His silence threaten'd.

“ Get thee gone ! ” exclaim'd
 The indignant chief : “ away ! nor think to scare
 With girlish phantasies the English host
 That scorns your bravest warriors. Hie thee thence,
 And tell this girl she may expect to meet 220
 The mockery of the camp ! ”

“ Nay, seare her not,”
 Replied their chief : “ go, tell this Maid of Orleans,

That Salisbury longs to meet her in the fight.
 Nor let her fear that cords or iron chains
 Shall gall her tender limbs ; for I myself 225
 Will be her prison, and ——”

“ Contemtuouſ man !

No more !” the Herald cried, as to his cheek
 Ruſh'd the red anger : “ bearing words of peace
 And timely warning came I to your camp ;
 And here have been with insolent ribaldry 230
 Received. Bear witness, chieftains ! that the French,
 Free from blood-guiltineſs, ſhall meet the war.”

“ And who art thou ?” cried Suffolk, and his eye
 Grew fierce and wrath-inflamed : “ What fool art thou,
 Who at this woman's bidding comest to brave 235
 The hoſt of England ? Thou ſhalt have thy meed !”
 Then turning to the ſentinel he cried,
 “ Prepare a ſtake ! and let the men of Orleans,
 And let this woman who believes her name
 May privilege her herald, ſee the fire 240
 Conſume him. Plant a ſtake ! for by my God
 He ſhall be kalendered of this new faith
 Firſt martyr.”

As he ſpoke, a ſudden flush
 Came o'er the herald's cheek, and his heart beat
 With quicker action ; but the ſudden flush, 245
 Nature's inſtinctive impulse, faded ſoon
 To ſuch a ſteady hue as ſpake the ſoul
 Roused up with all its powers, and unſubdued,
 And ſtrengthen'd for endurance. Through the camp,
 Soon as the tidings ſpread, a ſhout aroſe, 250
 A hideous ſhout, more ſavage than the howl

Of midnight wolves, around him as they throng'd,
 To gaze upon their victim. He pass'd on ;
 And as they led him to the appointed place
 Look'd round, as though forgetful of himself, 255
 And cried aloud, " Oh ! woe it is to think
 So many men shall never see the sun
 Go down ! Ye English mothers mourn ye now !
 Daughters of England weep ! for hard of heart
 Still your mad leaders urge this impious war ; 260
 And for their folly and their wickedness,
 Your sons, your husbands, by the sword must fall.
 Long-suffering is the Lord, and slow to wrath,
 But heavy are his judgements ! "

He who spake 264

Was young and comely ; had his cheek been pale
 With dread, and had his eye look'd fearfully,
 Sure he had won compassion ; but the blood
 Gave now a livelier meaning to his cheek, 268
 As with a prophet's look and prophet's voice
 He raised his ominous warning : they who heard
 Wonder'd, and they who rear'd the stake perform'd
 With half-unwilling hands their slacken'd toil,
 And doubted what might follow.

Not unseen

Rear'd they the stake, and piled around the wood ;
 In sight of Orleans and the Maiden's host, 275
 Had Suffolk's arrogant fierceness bade the work
 Of death be done. The Maiden's host beheld ;
 At once in eager wrath they raised the loud
 And general clamour, " Lead us to the foe ! "
 " Not upon us, O God ! " the Maid exclaim'd, 280

“ Not upon us cry out the innocent blood ! ”
 And bade the signal sound. In the English camp
 The clarion and the trumpet's blare was heard ;
 In haste they seize their arms, in haste they form,
 Some by bold words seeking to hide their fear 285
 Even from themselves, some silently in prayer,
 For much their hearts misgave them.

But the rage
 Of Suffolk swell'd within him. “ Speed your work ! ”
 Exclaim'd the injurious earl ; “ kindle the pile,
 That France may see the fire, and in defeat 290
 Feel aggravated shame ! ”

And now they bound
 The herald to the stake : he cried aloud,
 And fix'd his eye on Suffolk, “ Let not him
 Who girdeth on his harness boast himself 294
 As he that puts it off ! They come ; they come !
 God and the Maid ! ”

The host of France approach'd,
 And Suffolk eagerly beheld the fire
 Brought near the pile ; when suddenly a shout
 Toward Orleans call'd his eye, and thence he saw
 A man-at-arms upon a barded steed 300
 Come thundering on.

As when Chederles comes
 To aid the Moslem on his deathless horse,
 Swaying the sword with such resistless arm,
 Such mightiest force, as he had newly quaff'd
 The hidden waters of eternal youth, 305
 Till with the copious draught of life and strength
 Inebriate ; such, so fierce, so terrible,
 Came Conrade through the camp. Aright, aleft,

The affrighted foemen scatter from his spear ;
 Onward he comes, and now the circling throng 310
 Fly from the stake, and now he checks his course,
 And cuts the herald's bonds, and bids him live
 To arm, and fight, and conquer.

“ Haste thee hence
 To Orleans,” cried the warrior. “ Tell the chiefs
 There is confusion in the English camp. 315
 Bid them come forth.” On Conrade's steed the youth
 Leapt up, and hasten'd onward. He the while
 Turn'd to the war.

Like two conflicting clouds,
 Pregnant with thunder, moved the hostile hosts.
 Then man met man, then on the batter'd shield 320
 Rung the loud lance, and through the darken'd sky
 Fast fell the arrowy storm. Amid his foes
 The Bastard's arm dealt irresistibly
 The strokes of death ; and by his side the Maid
 Led the fierce fight, the Maid, though all unused
 To such rude conflict, now inspired by Heaven, 326
 Flashing her flamy falchion through the troops,
 That like the thunderbolt, where'er it fell,
 Scatter'd the trembling ranks. The Saracen,
 Though arm'd from Cashbin or Damascus, wields
 A weaker sword ; nor might that magic blade 331
 Compare with this, which Oriana saw
 Flame in the ruffian Ardan's robber hand.
 When, sick and cold as death, she turn'd away
 Her dizzy eyes, lest they should see the fall 335
 Of her own Amadis. Nor plated shield,
 Nor the strong hauberk, nor the crested casque,
 Stay that descending sword. Dreadful she moved,

Like as the Angel of the Lord went forth
 And smote his army, when the Assyrian king, 340
 Haughty of Hamath and Sepharvaim fallen,
 Blasphemed the God of Israel.

Yet the fight

Hung doubtful, where exampling hardiest deeds,
 Salisbury struck down the foe, and Fastolffe strove,
 And in the hottest doings of the war 345
 Towered Talbot. He, remembering the past day
 When from his name the affrighted sons of France
 Fled trembling, all astonish'd at their force
 And wontless valour, rages round the field
 Dreadful in anger ; yet in every man 350
 Meeting a foe fearless, and in the faith
 Of Heaven's assistance firm.

The clang of arms

Reaches the walls of Orleans. For the war
 Prepared, and confident of victory,
 Forth speed the troops. Not when afar exhaled
 The hungry raven snuffs the steam of blood 356
 That from some carcass-cover'd field of fame
 Taints the pure air, flies he more eagerly
 To feed upon the slain, than the Orleanites,
 Impatient now for many an ill endured 360
 In the long siege, to wreak upon their foes
 Due vengeance. Then more fearful grew the fray ;
 The swords that late flash'd to the evening sun
 Now quench'd in blood their radiance.

O'er the host

Howl'd a deep wind that ominous of storms 365
 Roll'd on the lurid clouds. The blacken'd night
 Frown'd, and the thunder from the troubled sky

Roar'd hollow. Javelins clash'd and bucklers rang;
Shield prest on shield; loud on the helmet jarr'd
The ponderous battle axe; the frequent groan 370
Of death commingling with the storm was heard,
And the shrill shriek of fear. Even such a storm
Before the walls of Chartres quell'd the pride
Of the third Edward, when the heavy hail 374
Smote down his soldiers, and the conqueror heard
God in the tempest, and remembered then
With a remorseful sense of Christian fear
What misery he had caused, and in the name
Of blessed Mary vowed a vow of peace.

Lo! where the holy banner waved aloft, 380
The lambent lightnings play. Irradiate round,
As with a blaze of glory, o'er the field
It stream'd miraculous splendour. Then their hearts
Sunk, and the English trembled; with such fear
Possess'd, as when the Canaanites beheld 385
The sun stand still on Gibeon, at the voice
Of that king-conquering warrior, he who smote
The country of the hills, and of the south,
From Baal-gad to Halak, and their chiefs,
Even as the Lord commanded. Swift they fled 390
From that portentous banner, and the sword
Of France; though Talbot with vain valiancy
Yet urged the war, and stemm'd alone the tide
Of battle. Even their leaders felt dismay;
Fastolffe fled first, and Salisbury in the rout 395
Mingled, and all impatient of defeat,
Borne backward Talbot turns. Then echoed loud
The cry of conquest, deeper grew the storm,

And darkness, hovering o'er on raven wing,
 Brooded the field of death.

Nor in the camp 400

Deem themselves safe the trembling fugitives ;
 On to the forts they haste. Bewilder'd there
 Amid the moats by fear and the thick gloom
 Of more than midnight darkness, plunge the troops,
 Crush'd by fast following numbers who partake 405
 The death they give. As swoln with vernal snows
 A mountain torrent hurries on its way,
 Till at the brink of some abrupt descent
 Arrived, with deafening clamour down it falls .
 Thus borne along, tumultuously the troops 410
 Driven by the force behind them, plunge amid
 The liquid death. Then rose the dreadful cries
 More dreadful, and the dash of breaking waters
 That to the passing lightning as they broke
 Open'd their depth.

Nor of the host so late 415

Exultant in the pride of long success,
 A remnant had escaped, had not their chief,
 Slow as he moved unwilling from the field,
 What most might profit the defeated ranks 419
 Bethought him. He, when he had gain'd the fort
 Named from St. John, there kindled up on high
 The guiding fire. Not unobserved it rose ;
 The watchful guards on Tournelles, and the pile
 Of that proud city in remembrance fond
 Call'd London, light their beacons. Soon the fires
 Flame on the summit of the circling forts
 Which with their moats and crenellated walls,
 Included Orleans. Far across the plain

They cast a lurid splendor ; to the troops
Grateful, as to the way-worn traveller, 430
Wandering with parch'd feet o'er Arabian sands,
The far-seen cistern ; he for many a league
Travelling the trackless desolate, where heaved
With tempest swell the desert billows round,
Pauses, and shudders at his perils past, 435
Then wild with joy speeds on to taste the wave
So long bewail'd.

Swift as the affrighted herd
Scud o'er the plain, when rattling thunder-cracks
Upon the bolted lightning follow close,
The English hasten to their sheltering forts,
Even there of safety doubtful, still appall'd 441
And trembling, as the pilgrim who by night
On his way wilder'd, to the wolf's deep howl
Hears the wood echo, when from close pursuit
Escaped, the topmost branch of some tall tree 445
He grasps close clinging, still of the wild beast
Fearful, his teeth jar, and the cold sweat stands
Upon his clammy limbs.

Nor now the Maid
Greedy of vengeance presses the pursuit.
She bids the trumpet of retreat resound ; 450
A welcome note to the affrighted foe
Blew that loud blast, whereat obediently
The French, though eager on the invaders' heads
To wreak their wrath, stay the victorious sword.

Loud is the cry of conquest as they turn 455
To Orleans. There what few to guard the town
Unwilling had remain'd, haste forth to meet

The triumph. Many a blazing torch they held,
 Which raised aloft amid the midnight storm 459
 Flash'd far a festive light. The Maid advanced ;
 Deep through the sky the hollow thunders roll'd ;
 Innocuous lightnings round the hallowed banner
 Wreath'd their red radiance.

Through the city gate

Then as the laden convoy pass'd was heard
 The shout of exultation ; and such joy 465
 The men of Orleans at that welcome sight
 Possess'd, as when from Bactria late subdued,
 The mighty Macedonian led his troops
 Amid the Sogdian desert, where no stream
 Wastes on the wild its fertilizing waves. 470
 Fearful alike to pause, or to proceed ;
 Scorch'd by the sun that o'er their morning march
 Steam'd his hot vapours, heart-subdued and faint ;
 Such joy as then they felt, when from the heights
 Burst the soul-gladdening sound, for thence was seen
 The evening sun silvering the fertile vale, 476
 Where Oxus roll'd below.

Clamours of joy

Echo along the streets of Orleans, wont
 Long time to hear the infant's feeble cry, 479
 The mother's frantic shriek, or the dread sound,
 When from the cannon burst its stores of death.
 Far flames the fire of joy on ruin'd piles
 And high heap'd carcasses, whence scared away
 From his abhorred meal, on clattering wing 484
 Rose the night-raven slow.

In the English forts

Sad was the scene. There all the livelong night

Steal in the straggling fugitives ; as when
Past is the storm, and o'er the azure sky
Serenely shines the sun, with every breeze
The waving branches drop their gather'd rain, 490
Renewing the remembrance of the storm.

JOAN OF ARC.

THE SEVENTH BOOK.

STRONG were the English forts, by daily toil
Of thousands rear'd on high, when to ensure
His meditated conquest Salisbury
Resolved from Orleans to shut out all means
Of human succour. Round the city stretch'd 5
Their line continuous, massy as the wall
Erst by the fearful Roman on the bounds
Of Caledonia raised, when soul-enlaved
The race degenerate fear'd the car-borne chiefs
Who moved from Morven down.

Broad battlements

Crested the bulwark, and safe standing place 11
For archer or for man-at-arms was there.
The frequent buttress at just distance rose
Declining from its base, and sixty forts
Seem'd in their strength to render all secure. 15
But loftier and massier than the rest,
As though of some large castle each the keep,
Stood six square fortresses with turrets flank'd,
Piles of unequal'd strength, though now deem'd weak
'Gainst puissance more than mortal. Safely thence
The skilful bowman, entering with his eye 21

The city, might, himself the while unseen,
Through the long opening aim his winged deaths.
Loire's waves diverted fill'd the deep-dug moat
Circling the whole ; a bulwark vast it was 25
As that which round their camp and stranded ships
The Achaians raised, a common sepulchre
Of thousands slaughter'd, and the doom'd death-place
Of many a chief, when Priam's virtuous son
Assail'd them, then in hope, with favouring Jove.

But cowering now amid their sheltering forts 31
Trembled the invading host. Their leader's care
In anxious vigilance prepares to ward
The assault expected. Rightly he ared
The Maid's intent, but vainly did he seek 35
To kindle in their breasts the wonted flame
Of valour ; for, by prodigies unmann'd,
They wait the morn. The soldiers' pride was gone ;
The blood was on their swords, their bucklers lay
Defiled and unrepair'd, they sharpen'd not 40
Their blunted spears, the affrighted archer's hand
Relax'd not his bent bow. To them, confused
With fears of unknown danger, the long night
Was dreadful, but more dreadful dawn'd the day.

The morning came ; the martial Maid arose ; 45
Lovely in arms she moved. Around the gate,
Eager again for conquest, throng the troops.
High tower'd the Son of Orleans, in his strength
Poising the ponderous spear. His batter'd shield,
Witnessing the fierce fray of yesternight, 50
Hung on his sinewy arm.

“ Maiden of Arc,”

So as he spake approaching, cried the chief,
 “ Well hast thou proved thy mission, as by words
 And miracles attested when dismay’d
 The grave theologians dismiss’d their doubts, 55
 So in the field of battle now confirm’d.
 Yon well-fenced forts protect the fugitives,
 And seem as in their strength they mock’d our force.
 Yet must they fall.”

“ And fall they shall!” replied
 The Maid of Orleans. “ Ere the sun be set 60
 The lily on that shattered wall shall wave
 Triumphant.—Men of France! ye have fought well
 On yon blood-reeking plain. Your humbled foes
 Lurk trembling now behind their massy walls.
 Wolves that have ravaged the neglected flock! 65
 The Shepherd—the Great Shepherd is arisen!
 Ye fly! yet shall not ye by flight escape
 His vengeance. Men of Orleans! it were vain
 By words to waken wrath within your breasts. 69
 Look round! Your holy buildings and your homes—
 Ruins that choke the way! your populous town—
 One open sepulchre! who is there here
 That does not mourn a friend, a brother slain,
 A parent famished, . . or his dear loved wife
 Torn from his bosom . . outcast . . broken-hearted . .
 Cast on the mercy of mankind?”

She ceased; 76

A cry of indignation from the host
 Burst forth, and all impatient for the war
 Demand the signal. These Dunois arrays
 In four battalions. Xaintrailles, tried in war, 80

Commands the first; Xaintrailles, who oftentimes
 Defeated, oft a prisoner, and as oft
 Released for ransom, both with friend and foe
 Growing repute of active hardihood,
 And martial skill obtained; so erst from earth 85
 Antæus vaunting in his giant bulk,
 When graspt by force Herculean, down he fell
 Vanquish'd, anon uprose more fierce for war.

Gaucour the second battle led, true friend
 And faithful servant of the imprison'd Duke; 90
 In counsel provident, in action prompt,
 Collected always, always self-controul'd,
 He from the soldiers' confidence and love
 Prompter obedience gain'd, than ever fear
 Forced from the heart reluctant.

The third band

Alençon leads. On Verneuil's fatal field 96
 The day when Buchan and the Douglas died,
 Wounded and senseless with the loss of blood,
 He fell, and there being found, was borne away
 A prisoner, in the ills of that defeat 100
 Participant, partaking not the shame:
 But for his rank and high desert, the King
 Had ransom'd him, doom'd now to meet the foe
 With better fortune.

O'er the last presides

The bastard son of Orleans, great in arms. 105
 His prowess knew the foes, and his fair fame
 Acknowledged, since before his stripling arm
 Fled Warwick; Warwick, he whose wide renown
 Greece knew and Antioch and the holy soil

Of Palestine, since there in arms he went 110
 On gallant pilgrimage; yet by Dunois
 Baffled, and yielding him the conqueror's praise.
 And by his side the martial Maiden pass'd,
 Lovely in arms as that Arcadian boy
 Parthenopæus, when the war of beasts 115
 Disdaining, he to cope with men went forth,
 Bearing the bow and those Dictæan shafts
 Diana gave, when she the youth's fair form
 Saw, soften'd, and forgave the mother's fault. 119

Loup's was the nearest fort. Here Gladdisdale
 Commands the English, who as the enemy
 Moved to the assault, from bow and arbalist
 Their shafts and quarrels shower'd. Nor did they use
 Hand-weapons only and hand-engines here,
 Nor by the arm alone, or bow-string sped 125
 The missile flew, but driven by the strain'd force
 Of the balista, in one body spent
 Stay'd not; through arms and men it made its way,
 And leaving death behind, still held its course 129
 By many a death unclogg'd. With rapid march
 Onward the assailants came, and now they reach'd
 Where by the bayle's embattled wall in arms
 The knights of England stood. There Poynings shook
 His lance, and Gladdisdale his heavy mace
 For the death-blow prepared. Alençon here, 135
 And here the Bastard came, and by the Maid,
 That daring man who to the English host
 Then insolent of many a conquest gain'd,
 Had borne her bidding. A rude coat of mail
 Unhosed, unhooded, as of lowly line 140

He wore, though here amid the high-born chiefs
Pre-eminent for prowess. On his head
A black plume shadow'd the rude-featured helm.
Then was the war of men, when front to front
They rear'd the hostile hand, for low the wall 145
Where an assailant's upward-driven spear
Might reach his enemy.

As Alençon moved,
On his crown-crested helm with ponderous blow
Fell Gladdisdale's huge mace. Back he recoil'd
Astounded; soon recovering, his sharp lance 150
Thrust on the warrior's shield: there fast-infixed,
Nor could Alençon the deep-driven spear
Recover, nor the foeman from his grasp
Wrench the contended weapon. Fierce again
He lifts the mace, that on the ashen hilt 155
Fell full; it shiver'd, and the Frenchman held
A pointless truncheon. Where the Bastard fought,
The spear of Poynings, through his plated mail
Pierced, and against the iron fence beneath
Blunted its point. Again he thrust the spear; 160
At once Dunois on his broad buckler met
The unharmed stroke, and aim'd with better hap
His javelin. Through his sword-arm did it pierce
Maugre the mail: hot from the streaming wound
He pluck'd the weapon forth, and in his breast 165
Clean through the hauberk drove.

But there the war
Raged fiercest where the martial Maiden moved
A minister of wrath; for thither throng'd
The bravest champions of the adverse host.

And on her either side two warriors stood 170
 Protecting her, and aiming at her foes
 Watchful their weapons, of themselves the while
 Little regarding: on the one side he
 Who to the English had her bidding borne;
 Firmly he stood, untired and undismay'd, 175
 Though many a spear against his burget
 Was thrust, and on his arm the buckler hung
 Heavy, thick-bristled with the hostile shafts,
 Even like a porcupine when in his rage
 Roused, he collects within him all his force, 180
 Himself a quiver. On the other hand
 Competing with him to protect the Maid,
 Conrade maintain'd the fight; at all points arm'd,
 A jazerant of double mail he wore,
 Its weight in little time had wearied one 185
 Of common strength; but unencumber'd he
 And unfatigued, alertly moved in it,
 And wielded with both hands a battle-axe,
 Which gave no second stroke; for where it fell,
 Not the strong buckler nor the plated mail 190
 Might save, nor crested casque. On Molyn's head,
 As at the Maid he aim'd his javelin,
 Forceful it fell, and shiver'd with the blow
 The iron helm, and to his brain-pan drove
 The fragments. At his fall the enemy, 195
 Stricken with instantaneous fear, gave way.
 That instant Conrade, with an active bound,
 Sprung on the battlements; and there he stood,
 Keeping the ascent. The herald and the Maid
 Follow'd, and soon the exulting cry of France 200
 Along the lists was heard, as there they saw

Her banner planted. Gladdisdale beheld,
And hastened from his well-defended post,
That where immediate danger more required
There he might take his stand ; against the Maid
He bent his way, and hoped one happy blow 206
Might end at once the new-raised hopes of France,
And by her death, to the English arms their old
Ascendancy restore. Nor did not Joan
Areed his purpose, but with lifted shield 210
Prepared she stood, and poised her sparkling spear.
The English chief came on ; he raised his mace ;
With circling force the iron weight swung high,
And Gladdisdale with his collected strength
Impell'd the blow. The man of lowly line 215
That instant rush'd between, and rear'd his shield
And met the broken stroke, and thrust his lance
Clean through the gorget of the English knight.
A gallant man, of no ignoble line,
Was Gladdisdale. His sires had lived in peace ; 220
They heap'd the hospitable hearth, they spread
The feast, their vassals loved them, and afar
The traveller told their fame. In peace they died,
And to their ancient burial-place were borne 224
With book and bell, torches, and funeral chaunt ;
And duly for their souls the neighbouring monks
The solemn office sung. Now far away
Their offspring falls, the last of all his race,
Slain in a foreign land, and doom'd to share
A common grave.

Then terror seized the host, 230
Their chieftain dead. And lo ! where on the wall,
Maintain'd of late by Gladdisdale so well,

The Son of Orleans stands, and sways around
 His falchion, keeping thus at bay the foe,
 Till on the battlements his comrades climb 235
 And raise the shout of conquest. Then appall'd
 The English fled: nor fled they unpursued,
 For mingling with the foremost fugitives,
 The gallant Conrade rush'd; and with the throng
 The knights of France together o'er the bridge 240
 Press'd forward. Nor the garrison within
 Durst let the ponderous portcullis fall,
 For in the entrance of the fort the fight
 Raged fiercely, and together through the gate
 The vanquish'd English and their eager foes 245
 Pass'd in the flying conflict.

Well I deem

And wisely did the heroic Spaniard act
 At Vera-Cruz, when he his yet sound ships
 Dismantling, left no spot where treacherous fear
 Might still with wild and wistful eye look back:
 For knowing no retreat, his desperate troops 251
 In conquest sought their safety; victors hence
 At Tlascala, and o'er the Cholulans,
 And by Otompan, on that bloody field
 When Mexico her patriot thousands pour'd, 255
 Fierce in vain valour, on their dreadful foes.
 There was a portal in the English fort
 Which open'd on the wall; a speedier path
 In the hour of safety, whence the soldier's eye
 Might overlook the river's pleasant course. 260
 Fierce in the gate-way raged the deadly war;
 For there the Maiden strove, and Conrade there,
 And he of lowly line, bravelier than whom

Fought not in that day's battle. Of success
 Desperate, for from above the garrison 265
 (Lest upon friend and enemy alike
 The indiscriminating blow should light,
 Could give no aid, the English of that way
 Bethought them; by that egress they forsook
 St. Loup's, and the Orleanites with shouts of joy
 Beheld the Virgin's banner on its height 271
 In triumph planted. Swift along the wall
 The English haste to St. John's neighbouring fort,
 Flying with fearful speed. Nor from pursuit
 The victors ceased, but with the fugitives 275
 Mingled and waged the war; and combatants,
 Lock'd in each other's grasp, together fell
 Precipitate.

But foremost of the French,
 Dealing destruction, Conrade made his way
 Along the wall, and to the nearest fort 280
 Came in pursuit; nor did not then the chief
 What most might serve bethink him; but he took
 His stand in the portal, and first looking back,
 Lifted his voice aloud; three times he raised,
 Cheering and calling on his countrymen, 285
 That voice o'er all the uproar heard afar,
 Then to the strife address himself, assail'd
 By numerous foes, who clamorously now
 Menaced his single person. He the while
 Stood firm, not vainly confident, or rash, 290
 But in his vantage more than his own strength
 Trusting; for narrow was the portal way,
 To one alone fit passage, from above
 Not overbrow'd by jutting parapet,
 Whence aught might crush him. He in double mail

Was arm'd ; a massy burgonet, well tried 296
 In many a hard-fought field, helming his head ;
 And fenced with iron plates, a buckler broad
 Hung from his neck. Nor to dislodge the chief
 Could the English bring their numbers, for the way
 By upward steps presented from the fort 301
 A narrow ascent, where one alone could meet
 The war. Yet were they of their numbers proud,
 Though useless numbers were in that strait path,
 Save by assault unceasing to out-last 305
 A single warrior, who at length must sink
 Fatigued with slaughter, and by toil foredone
 Succumb.

There was amid the garrison
 A gallant knight who at Verneuil had fought,
 And good renown for feats of arms achieved 310
 Had gain'd in that day's victory. For him
 His countrymen made way, and he his lance
 Thrust upward against Conrade, who perceived
 The intent, and as the weapon touch'd his shield
 Smote with his battle-axe the ashen shaft ; 315
 Then plucking from the shield the severed head,
 He threw it back. With wary bend the foe
 Shrunk from the flying death ; yet not in vain
 From that strong hand the fate-fraught weapon flew :
 Full on the corslet of a meaner man 320
 It fell, and pierced him where the heaving lungs,
 In vital play distended, to the heart
 Roll back their brighten'd tide : from the deep wound
 The red blood gush'd ; prone on the steps he fell,
 And in the strong convulsive grasp of death 325
 Grasp'd his long pike. Of unrecorded name

The soldier died ; and yet he left behind
 One who then never said her daily prayers
 Of him forgetful ; who to every tale
 Of the distant war lending an eager ear, 330
 Grew pale and trembled. At her cottage door
 The wretched one shall sit, and with fix'd eye
 Gaze on the path, where on his parting steps
 Her last look hung. Nor ever shall she know
 Her husband dead, but cherishing a hope, 335
 Whose falsehood inwardly she knows too well,
 Feel life itself with that false hope decay ;
 And wake at night from miserable dreams
 Of his return, and weeping o'er her babe,
 Too surely think that soon that fatherless child 340
 Must of its mother also be bereft.

Dropping his broken spear, the exasperate knight
 Drew forth the sword, and up the steps advanced,
 Like one who disregarded in his strength
 The enemy's vantage, destined to abide 345
 That rashness dearly. Conrade stood prepared,
 Held forth his buckler, and his battle-axe
 Uplifted. Where the buckler was beneath
 Rounded, the falchion struck, a bootless blow
 To pierce its plated folds ; more forcefully 350
 Full on his crested helm the battle-axe
 Descended, driving in both crest and crown ;
 From the knight's eyes at that death-stroke, the blood
 Started ; with blood the chambers of the brain
 Were fill'd ; his breast-plate with convulsive throes
 Heaved as he fell. Victorious, he the prize 356
 At many a tournament had borne away

In mimic war ; happy, if so content
 With bloodless glory, he had never left
 The mansion of his sires.

But terrified 360

The English stood, nor durst adventure now
 Near that death-doing foe. Amid their host
 Was one who well could from the stubborn yew
 Send his sharp shafts ; well skill'd in wood-craft he,
 Even as the merry outlaws who their haunts 365
 In Sherwood held, and bade their bugles rouse
 The sleeping stag, ere on the web-woven grass
 The dew-drops sparkled to the rising sun.
 He safe in distance at the warrior aim'd
 The feather'd dart ; with force he drew the bow ;
 Loud on his bracer struck the sounding string, 371
 And swift and strong the well-fledged arrow flew.
 It pierced the shield, and reach'd, but reach'd in vain,
 The breast-plate : while he fitted to the bow
 A second arrow, Conrade raised his voice, 375
 Shouting for timely succour to secure
 The entrance he had gain'd. Nor was the call
 Unheard, nor unbey'd ; responsive shouts
 Announced assistance nigh ; the Orleanites
 From St. Loup's captured fort along the wall 380
 Sped to support him ; cheering was the sound
 Of their near footsteps to the chief ; he drew
 His falchion forth, and down the steps he went.
 Then terror seized the English, for their foes
 Press'd thro' the open portal, and the sword 385
 Of Conrade was among them making way.
 Not to the Trojans when their ships were lost
 More dreadful the Rutilian hero seem'd,

Then hoping well to right himself in arms ;
 Nor with more fury through the streets of Paris
 Rush'd the fierce king of Sarza, Rodomont, 391
 Clad in his dragon mail.

Like some tall rock,
 Around whose billow-beaten foot the waves
 Spend their vain force, unshaken Conrade stood,
 When drawing courage from despair the foe 395
 Renew'd the contest. Through the throng he hew'd
 His way unhurt amid the arrowy shower,
 Though on his shield and helm the darts fell fast,
 As the sear'd leaves that from the trembling tree
 The autumnal whirlwind shakes. Nor did he pause
 Till to the gate he came, and with strong hand 401
 Seized on the massy bolts. These as he drew,
 Full on his helm a weighty English sword
 Descended ; swift he turn'd to wreak his wrath,
 When lo ! the assailant gasping on the ground, 405
 Cleft by the Maiden's falchion : she herself
 To the foe opposing with her herald's aid,
 For they alone, following the adventurous steps
 Of Conrade, still kept pace as he advanced,
 Shielded him while with eager hand he drew 410
 The bolts : the gate turn'd slow ; forth leapt the chief,
 And shiver'd with his battle-axe the chains
 That held on high the bridge : down fell the bridge
 Rebounding ; the victorious troops rush'd in ;
 And from their walls the Orleanites with shouts
 And tears of joy beheld on Fort St. John 416
 The lilies wave.

“ On to Fort London ! on ! ”
 Cried Conrade ; “ Xaintrailles ! while the day endures
 Once more advance to certain victory !

Force ye the lists, and fill the moat, and bring 420
The battering-ram against their gates and walls.
Anon I shall be with you." Thus he said;
Then to the damsel. "Maid of Arc! awhile
Let thou and I withdraw, and by short rest
Renew our strength." So saying he his helm 425
Unlaced, and in the Loire's near flowing stream
Cool'd his hot face. The Maid her head unhelm'd,
And stooping to the stream, reflected there
Saw her white plumage stain'd with human blood!
Shuddering she saw, but soon her steady soul 430
Collected: on the banks she laid her down,
Freely awhile respiring, for her breath
Still panted from the fight: silent they lay,
And gratefully the cooling breezes bathed
Their throbbing temples.

Eve was drawing on:

The sun-beams on the gently-waving stream 436
Danced sparkling. Lost in thought the warrior lay,
Then as if wakening from a dream he said,
"Maiden of Arc! at such an hour as this,
Beneath the o'er-arching forest's chequer'd shade,
With that lost woman have I wander'd on, 441
Talking of years of happiness to come!
Oh! hours for ever fled! delightful hopes
Of the unsuspecting heart! I do believe
If Agnes on a worthier one had fix'd 445
Her love, that though my heart had nurst till death
Its sorrows, I had never on her choice
Cast one upbraiding . . . but to stoop to him!
A harlot! . . . an adulteress!"

In his eye

Fieroe anger flash'd ; anon of what she was 450
Ere the contagious vices of the court
Polluted her, he thought. " Oh, happy age !"
He cried, " when all the family of man
Freely enjoy'd their goodly heritage,
And only bow'd the knee in prayer to God ! 455
Calm flow'd the unruffled stream of years along,
Till o'er the peaceful rustic's head the hair
Grew grey in full of time. Then he would sit
Beneath the coetaneous oak, while round,
Sons, grandsons and their offspring join'd to form
The blameless merriment ; and learnt of him 461
What time to yoke the oxen to the plow,
What hollow moanings of the western wind
Foretell the storm, and in what lurid clouds
The embryo lightning lies. Well pleased, he taught,
A heart-smile glowing on his aged cheek, 466
Mild as the summer sun's decaying light.
Thus quietly the stream of life flow'd on,
Till in the shoreless ocean lost at length.
Around the bed of death his numerous race 470
Listen'd, in no unprofitable grief,
His last advice, and caught his latest sigh :
And when he died, as he had fallen asleep,
In his own ground, and underneath the tree
Which, planted at his birth, with him had grown,
And flourish'd in its strength when he decay'd, 476
They delved the narrow house : where oft at eve
Their children's children gathered round to hear
The example of his life and death impress'd.
Maiden ! and such the evening of my days 480

Fondly I hoped ; and would that I had lived
In those old times, or till some better age
Slumber'd unborn ; for this is a hard race,
An evil generation ; nor by day
Nor in the night have respite from their cares 485
And wretchedness. But I shall be at rest
Soon, in that better world of peace and love
Where evil is not : in that better world,
Joan ! we shall meet, and he too will be there,
Thy Theodore."

Soothed by his words, the Maid
Had listen'd sadly, till at that loved name 491
She wept. "Nay, Maid !" he cried, "I did not think
To wake a tear ; . . . yet pleasant is thy grief !
Thou know'st not what it is, around thy heart
To have a false one wreath'd in viper folds. 495
But to the battle ! in the clang of arms,
We win forgetfulness."

Then from the bank
He sprung, and helm'd his head. The Maid arose
Bidding awhile adieu to gentle thoughts.
On to the fort they speed, whose name recall'd 500
England's proud capital to the English host,
Now half subdued, anticipating death,
And vainly wishing they from her white cliffs
Had never spread the sail. Cold terror creeps
Through every nerve : already they look round 505
With haggard eyes, as seeking where to fly,
Though Talbot there presided, with their chief,
The dauntless Salisbury.

"Soldiers tried in arms !

Thus, hoping to revive with gallant speech
 Their courage, Salisbury spake ; " Brave countrymen,
 Victorious in so many a hard-fought fight, 511
 What . . . shrink ye now dismay'd ? Oh call to mind
 The plains of Agincourt, where vanquish'd France
 Fled with her thousands from your fathers' arms ?
 Have ye forgotten how our English swords, 515
 On that illustrious day before Verneuil,
 Cut down the flower of all their chivalry ?
 Then was that noble heart of Douglas pierced,
 Bold Buchan bit the earth, and Narbonne died,
 And this Alençon, boaster as he is, 520
 Cried mercy to his conqueror. Shall I speak
 Of our victorious banner on the walls
 Of Yenville and Baugenci triumphing :
 And of that later hour of victory 524
 When Clermont and the Bastard plied their spurs ?
 Shame ! shame ! that beaten boy is here in arms,
 And ye will fly before the fugitives, . .
 Fly from a woman ! from a frantic girl !
 Who with her empty mummeries tries to blast
 Your courage ; or if miracles she bring, 530
 Aid of the Devil ! Who is there among you
 False to his country, . . to his former fame,
 To your old leader who so many a time
 Hath led ye on to glory ? "

From the host 534

There came a heartless shout ; then Talbot's cheek
 Grew red with indignation. " Earl ! " said he,
 Addressing Salisbury : " there is no hope
 From these white-liver'd dastards, and this fort
 Will fall an easy conquest. We must out

And gain the Tournelles, better fortified, 540
 Fit to endure a siege: that hope in view,
 Cow'd as they are, the men from very fear
 May gather what will do for this poor turn
 The work of courage."

Bravely thus he spake,
 Advising well, and Salisbury replied; 545
 " Rightly thou say'st. But, Talbot, could we reach
 The sorceress in the battle, one sure blow
 Might give us back, this hour, the mastery
 So marvellously lost: nor difficult
 To meet the wench, for from the battlements 550
 I have beheld her foremost in attack,
 Playing right valiantly the soldier's part.
 In her the enemy have their strength, with her
 Their strength would fall. And had we her but once
 Within arm-stroke, wight though she be, methinks
 Her devilry could neither blunt the edge 556
 Of thy good sword, or mine."

Thus communed they,
 And through the host the gladdening tidings ran,
 That they should seek the Tournelles. Then their
 hearts

Gather'd new strength, placing on those strong walls
 Dependence; oh vain hope! for neither wall, 561
 Nor moat, nor fort can save, if fear within
 Palsy the soldier's arm.

Them issuing forth,
 As from the river's banks they pass'd along, 564
 The Maid beheld. "Lo! Conrade!" she exclaim'd,
 "The foe advance to meet us.. look! they lower
 The bridge! and now they rush upon the troops:..

A gallant onset! Dost thou mark the man
 Who all this day has by our side endured
 The hottest conflict? Often I beheld 570
 His feats with wonder, but his prowess now
 Makes all his actions in the former fight
 Seem as of no account: knowest thou him?
 There is not one amid the host of France,
 Of fairer promise."

" He," the chief replied, 575

" Wretched and prodigal of life, achieves
 The exploits of despair; a gallant youth,
 Widow'd like me of hope, and but for whom
 I had been seen among mankind no more.
 Maiden! with me thy comrade in the war, 580
 His arm is vow'd to heaven. Lo! where he stands
 Bearing the battle's brunt!"

Nor paused they now

In farther converse, to the perilous fray
 Speeding, not unobserved; for Salisbury saw
 And call'd on Talbot. Six, the bravest knights
 And sworn with them, against the virgin's life 586
 Address'd their course. She by the herald's side
 Now urged the war, when on her white-plumed helm
 The hostile falchion fell. On high she lifts
 That hallowed sword, which in the tomb for her
 Age after age, by miracle reserved, 591
 Had lain, which time itself could not corrode,
 How then might shield, or breast-plate, or close mail
 Retund its edge? Beneath that edge her foe
 Fell; and the knight who to avenge him came, 595
 Smitten by Conrade's battle-axe, was fell'd
 Upon his dying friend. With Talbot here

The daring herald urged unequal fight ;
 For like some oak that in its rooted strength
 Defies the storm, the undaunted Earl endured 600
 His quick assault. The herald round him wheels
 Rapidly, now on this side, now on that,
 With many a feign'd and many a frustrate aim
 Flashing his falchion ; now, as he perceives
 With wary eye the Earl's intended stroke, 605
 Bending, or leaping, lithe of limb, aside,
 Then quick and agile in assault again.
 Ill-fated man ! one deed of glory more
 Shall with the short-lived lightning's splendor grace
 This thy death-day ; for SLAUGHTER even now
 Stands o'er thy loom of life, and lifts his sword. 611

Upon her shield the martial Maid received
 An English warrior's blow, and in his side,
 Beneath the arm upraised, in prompt return
 Pierced him : that instant Salisbury sped his sword,
 Which glancing from her helm fell on the folds 616
 That arm'd her neck, and making there its way,
 Stain'd with her blood its edge. The herald saw,
 And turn'd from Talbot, heedless of himself,
 And lifting up his falchion, all his force 620
 Concenter'd. On the breast of Salisbury
 It fell, and cleft his mail, and thro' the plate
 Beneath it drove, and in his heart's-blood plunged.
 Lo ! as he struck the mighty Talbot came,
 And smote his helmet : slant the weapon fell ; 625
 The strings gave way, the helmet dropt, the Earl
 Repeated on that head disarm'd his blow :
 Too late to interpose the Maiden saw,

And in that miserable moment knew
Her Theodore.

Him Conrade too had seen, 630
And from a foe whom he had beaten down
Turn'd terrible in vengeance. Front to front
They stood, and each for the death-blow prepared
His angry might. At once their weapons fell,
The Frenchman's battle-axe, and the good sword
Of Talbot. He, stunn'd by the weighty blow, 636
Sunk senseless, by his followers from the field
Convey'd with timely speed: nor had his blade
Fallen vainly on the Frenchman's crested helm,
Tho' weak to wound; for from his eyes the fire
Sparkled, and back recoiling with the blow, 641
He in the Maiden's arms astounded fell.

But now their troops all captainless confused,
Fear seized the English. Not with more dismay
When over wild Caffraria's wooded hills 645
Echoes the lion's roar, the timid herd
Fly the death-boding sound. The forts they seek,
Now reckless which, so from that battle's rage
A present refuge. On their flying ranks
The victors press, and mark their course with blood.

But loud the trumpet of retreat resounds, 651
For now the westering sun with many a hue
Streak'd the gay clouds.

“Dunois!” the Maiden cried,
“Form now around yon stronger pile the siege,
There for the night encamping.” So she said. 655
The chiefs to Orleans for their needful food,

And enginery to batter that huge pile,
Dismiss'd a troop, and round the Tournelles led
The host beleaguering. There they pitch their tents,
And plant their engines for the morrow's war, 660
Then to their meal, and o'er the cheerful bowl
Recount the tale of danger; soon to rest
Betaking them, for now the night drew on.

JOAN OF ARC.

THE EIGHTH BOOK.

Now was the noon of night, and all was still,
Save where the sentinel paced on his rounds
Humming a broken song. Along the camp
High flames the frequent fire. The Frenchmen there,
On the bare earth extended, rest their limbs 5
Fatigued, their spears lay by them, and the shield
Pillow'd the helmed head : secure they slept,
And busy in their dreams they fought again
The fight of yesterday.

But not to Joan,
But not to her, most wretched, came thy aid, 10
Soother of sorrows, Sleep ! no more her pulse,
Amid the battle's tumult throbbing fast,
Allow'd no pause for thought. With clasp'd hands now
And with fix'd eyes she sat, and in her mind
The spectres of the days departed rose, 15
A melancholy train ! Upon the gale
The raven's croak was heard ; she started then,
And passing through the camp with hasty step
She sought the field of blood.

The night was calm ;

Nor ever clearer welkin canopied 20
 Chaldea, while the watchful shepherd's eye
 Survey'd the host of heaven, and mark'd them rise
 Successive, and successively decay,
 Lost in the stream of light, as lesser springs
 Amid Euphrates' current. The high wall 25
 Cast a deep shadow, and the Maiden's feet
 Stumbled o'er carcasses and broken arms;
 And sometimes did she hear the heavy groan
 Of one yet struggling in the pangs of death.
 She reach'd the spot where Theodore was slain 30
 Before Fort London's gate; but vainly there
 Sought she the youth, on every clay-cold face
 Gazing with such a look as though she fear'd
 The thing she sought. And much she marvell'd then,
 For there the victim of his vengeful arm, 35
 And close beside where he himself had fallen,
 Known by the buckler's blazon'd heraldry,
 Salisbury lay dead. So as the Virgin stood
 Looking around the plain, she mark'd a man
 Pass slowly on, as burthen'd. Him to aid 40
 She sped, and soon with unencumber'd speed
 O'ertaking, thus bespake him: "Dost thou bear
 Some slaughter'd friend? or is it one whose wounds
 Leave yet a hope of life? oh! if he lives,
 I will with earnest prayer petition heaven 45
 To shed its healing on him!"

So she said,

And as she spake stretch'd forth her careful hands
 To ease the burthen. "Warrior!" he replied,
 "Thanks for thy proffer'd aid: but he hath ceased
 To suffer, and my strength may well suffice 50

To bear him hence for burial. Fare thee well!
 The night is far advanced; thou to the camp
 Return: it fits not darkling thus to stray."

"Conrade!" the Maid exclaim'd, for well she knew
 His voice: . . . With that she fell upon his neck 55
 And cried, "my Theodore! . . . But wherefore thus
 Through the dead midnight dost thou bear his corse?"

"Peace, Maiden!" Conrade cried, "collect thy soul!
 He is but gone before thee to that world
 Whither thou soon must follow! Yesternorn, 60
 Ere yet from Orleans to the war we went,
 He pour'd his tale of sorrow on mine ear.
 Lo, Conrade, where she moves! beloved Maid!
 Devoted for the realm of France she goes,
 Abandoning for this the joys of life, 65
 Yea . . . life itself! Yet on my heart her words
 Vibrate. If she must perish in the war,
 I will not live to bear the thought that I
 Perhaps might have preserved her. I will go
 In secret to protect her. If I fall, . . . 70
 And trust me I have little love of life, . . .
 Do thou in secret bear me from the field,
 Lest haply I might meet her wandering eye
 A mangled corpse. She must not know my fate.
 Do this last act of friendship, and in the stream 75
 Cast me, . . . she then may think of Theodore
 Without a pang." Maiden, I vow'd with him
 To take our place in battle by thy side,
 And make thy safety our peculiar care.
 And now I hoped thou hadst not seen him fall." 80

Saying thus he laid the body on the ground.
 With steady eye the wretched Maiden view'd
 That life-left tenement: his batter'd arms
 Were with the night-dews damp; his brown hair clung
 Gore-clotted in the wound, and one loose lock 85
 Play'd o'er his cheek's black paleness. "Gallant youth!"
 She cried, "I would to God the hour were come
 When I might meet thee in the bowers of bliss!
 No, Theodore! the sport of winds and waves
 Thy body shall not float adown the stream! 90
 Bear him with me to Orleans, there to rest
 In holy ground, where priests may say their prayers
 And hymn the requiem to his parted soul.
 So will not Elinor in bitterness
 Lament that no dear friend to her dead child 95
 Paid the last office."

From the earth they lift
 Their mournful burthen, and along the plain
 Pass with slow footsteps to the city gate.
 The obedient centinel, knowing Conrade's voice,
 Admits them at that hour, and on they go, 100
 Till in the neighbouring abbey's porch arrived
 They rest the lifeless load.

Loud rings the bell;
 The awaken'd porter turns the heavy door.
 To him the Virgin! "Father, from the slain
 On yonder field, a dear-loved friend we bring 105
 Hither for Christian sepulture: chant ye
 The requiem to his soul: to-morrow eve
 I will return, and in the narrow house
 Will see him laid to rest." The father knew
 The Prophetess, and humbly bow'd assent. 110

Now from the city, o'er the shadowy plain,
 Backward they bend their way. From silent thoughts
 The Maid awakening cried, " There was a time,
 When thinking on my closing hour of life, 114
 Though with a mind resolved, some natural fears
 Shook my weak frame : but now the happy hour,
 When this emancipated soul shall burst
 The cumbrous fetters of mortality,
 I look for wishfully. Conrade! my friend,
 This wounded heart would feel another pang 120
 Shouldst thou forsake me."

" Joan!" the chief replied,
 " Along the weary pilgrimage of life
 Together will we journey, and beguile
 The painful way with hope, . . such hope as fix'd
 On heavenly things, brings with it no deceit, 125
 Lays up no food for sorrow, and endures
 From disappointment safe."

Thus communing
 They reach'd the camp, yet hush'd; there separating,
 Each in the post allotted, restless waits 129
 The day-break.

Morning came : dim through the shade
 The twilight glimmers; soon the brightening clouds
 Imbibe the rays, and o'er the landscape spread
 The dewy light. The soldiers from the earth
 Arise invigorate, and each his food
 Receives, impatient to renew the war. 135
 Dunois his javelin to the Tournelles points,
 " Soldiers of France! behold your foes are there!"
 As when a band of hunters, round the den
 Of some wood-monster, point their spears, elate

In hope of conquest and the future feast, 140
 When on the hospitable board their spoil
 Shall smoke, and they, as foaming bowls go round,
 Tell to their guests their exploits in the chase ;
 They with their shouts of exultation make
 The forest ring ; so elevate of heart, 145
 With such loud clamours for the fierce assault
 The French prepare. Nor, keeping now the lists
 Dare the disheartened English man to man
 Meet the close conflict. From the barbican,
 Or from the embattled wall at random they 150
 Their arrows and their death-fraught enginery
 Discharged ; meantime the Frenchmen did not cease
 With well-directed shafts their loftier foes
 To assail : behind the guardian pavais fenced,
 They at the battlements their arrows aim'd, 155
 Showering an iron storm, whilst o'er the bayle,
 The bayle now levell'd by victorious France,
 The assailants pass'd with all their mangonels ;
 Or tortoises, beneath whose roofing safe,
 They, filling the deep moat, might for the towers
 Make fit foundation ; or with petraries, 161
 War-wolves, and beugles, and that murderous sling
 The matafund, from whence the ponderous stone
 Made but one wound of him whom in its way,
 It met ; no pious hand might then compose 165
 The crush'd and mangled corpse to be conveyed
 To where his fathers slept : a dreadful train
 Prepared by Salisbury o'er the town besieged
 For hurling ruin ; but that dreadful train
 Must hurl its ruin on the invader's head, 170
 Such retribution righteous heaven decreed.

Nor lie the English trembling, for the fort
 Was ably garrison'd. Glacidas, the chief,
 A gallant man, sped on from place to place
 Cheering the brave ; or if an archer's hand, 175
 Palsied with fear, shot wide his ill-aim'd shaft,
 Driving him from the ramparts with reproach
 And shame. He bore an arbalist himself,
 A weapon for its sure destructiveness
 Abominated once ; wherefore of yore 180
 The assembled fathers of the Christian church
 Pronounced the man accursed whose impious hand
 Should use the murderous engine. Such decrees
 Befitted them as ministers of peace,
 To promulgate, and with a warning voice, 185
 To cry aloud and spare not, ' woe to them
 Whose hands are full of blood ! '

An English king,

The lion-hearted Richard, their decree
 First broke, and rightly was he doom'd to fall
 By that forbidden weapon ; since that day 190
 Frequent in fields of battle, and from far
 To many a good knight bearing his death wound
 From hands unknown. With such an instrument
 Arm'd on the ramparts, Glacidas his eye
 Cast on the assailing host. A keener glance 195
 Darts not the hawk when from the feather'd tribe
 He marks his prey.

A Frenchman for his aim

He chose, who kneeling by the trebuchet,
 Charged its long sling with death. .. Him Glacidas
 Secure behind the battlements, beheld, 200
 And strung his bow ; then bending on one knee,

He in the groove the feather'd quarrel placed,
 And levelling with sure eye, his victim mark'd.
 The bow-string twang'd, swift on its way the dart
 Whizz'd, and it struck, there where the helmet's clasps
 Defend the neck; a weak protection now, 206
 For through the tube which draws the breath of life
 Pierced the keenshaft; blood down the unwonted way
 Gush'd to the lungs: prone fell the dying man
 Grasping, convulsed, the earth; a hollow groan 210
 In his throat struggled, and the dew's of death
 Stood on his livid cheek. The days of youth
 He had pass'd peaceful, and had known what joys
 Domestic love bestows, the father once
 Of two fair children; in the city hemm'd 215
 During the siege, he had beheld their cheeks
 Grow pale with famine, and had heard their cries
 For bread. His wife, a broken-hearted one,
 Sunk to the cold grave's quiet, and her babes
 With hunger pined, and follow'd; he survived, 220
 A miserable man, and heard the shouts
 Of joy in Orleans, when the Maid approach'd,
 As o'er the corpse of his last little one
 He heap'd the unhallowed earth. To him the foe
 Perform'd a friendly part, hastening the hour 225
 Grief else had soon brought on.

The English chief,

Pointing again his arbalist, let loose
 The string; the quarrel, by that impact driven,
 True to its aim, fled fatal: one it struck
 Dragging a tortoise to the moat, and fix'd 230
 Deep in his liver; blood and mingled gall
 Flow'd from the wound, and writhing with keen pangs,

Headlong he fell. He for the wintry hour
 Knew many a merry ballad and quaint tale,
 A man in his small circle well-beloved. 235
 None better knew with prudent hand to guide
 The vine's young tendrils, or at vintage time
 To press the full-swoln clusters; he, heart-glad,
 Taught his young boys the little all he knew,
 Enough for happiness. The English host 240
 Laid waste his fertile fields: he, to the war,
 By want compell'd, adventured, in his gore
 Now weltering.

Nor the Gallic host remit
 Their eager efforts; some, the watery fence,
 Beneath the tortoise roof'd, with engines apt 245
 Drain painful; part, laden with wood, throw there
 Their buoyant burthens, labouring so to gain
 Firm footing: some the mangonels supply,
 Or charging with huge stones the murderous sling,
 Or petrary, or in the espringal 250
 Fix the brass-winged arrows: hoarse around
 The uproar and the din of multitudes
 Arose. Along the ramparts Gargrave went,
 Cheering the English troops; a bow he bore;
 The quiver rattled as he moved along. 255
 He knew aright to aim his feather'd shafts,
 Well-skill'd to pierce the mottled roebuck's side,
 O'ertaken in his speed. Him passing on,
 A ponderous stone from some huge martinet,
 Struck: on his breast-plate falling, the huge weight
 Shattered the bone, and to his mangled lungs 261
 Drove in the fragments. On the gentle brow
 Of a fair hill, wood-circled, stood his home,

A stately mansion, far and wide from whence
The sight ranged unimpeded, and survey'd 265
Streams, hills, and forests, fair variety !
The traveller knew its hospitable towers,
For open were the gates, and blazed for all
The friendly fire. By glory lured, the youth 269
Went forth ; and he had bathed his falchion's edge
In many a Frenchman's blood ; now crush'd beneath
The ponderous fragments force, his lifeless limbs
Lie quivering.

Lo ! towards the levelled moat,
A moving tower the men of Orleans wheel
Four stages elevate. Above was hung, 275
Equalling the walls, a bridge ; in the lower stage
A battering-ram : within a chosen troop
Of archers, through the opening, shot their shafts.
In the loftiest part was Conrade, so prepared
To mount the rampart ; for, no hunter he, 280
He loved to see the dappled foresters
Browze fearless on their lair, with friendly eye,
And happy in beholding happiness,
Not meditating death : the bowman's art
Therefore he little knew, nor was he wont 285
To aim the arrow at the distant foe,
But uprear in close conflict, front to front,
His battle-axe, and break the shield and helm,
First in the war of men. There too the Maid
Awaits, impatient on the wall to wield 290
Her falchion. Onward moves the heavy tower,
Slow o'er the moat and steady, though the foe
Shower'd there their javelins, aim'd their engines there,
And from the arbalist the fire-tipt dart

Shot burning through the sky. In vain it flamed,
For well with many a reeking hide secured, 296
Pass'd on the dreadful pile, and now it reach'd
The wall. Below, with forceful impulse driven,
The iron-headed engine swings its stroke,
Then back recoils ; while they within who guide,
In backward step collecting all their strength, 301
Anon the massy beam with stronger arm
Drive full and fierce. So rolls the swelling sea
Its curly billows to the unmoved foot
Of some huge promontory, whose broad base 305
Breaks the rough wave ; the shiver'd surge rolls back,
Till, by the coming billow borne, it bursts
Again, and foams with ceaseless violence :
The wanderer, on the sunny clift outstretch'd,
Harks to the roaring surges, as they rock 310
His weary senses to forgetfulness.

But nearer danger threatens the invaders now,
For on the ramparts, lower'd from above
The bridge reclines. An universal shout
Rose from the hostile hosts. The exultant French
Break out in loud rejoicing, whilst the foe 316
Raise a responsive cry, and call aloud
For speedy succour there, with deafening shout
Cheering their comrades. Not with louder din
The mountain-torrent flings precipitate 320
Its bulk of waters, though amid the fall
Shatter'd, and dashing silvery from the rock.

Lo ! on the bridge forth comes the undaunted man,
Conrade ! the gather'd foes along the wall

Throng opposite, and on him point their pikes, 325
Cresting with armed men the battlements.
He undismay'd, though on that perilous height,
Stood firm, and hurl'd his javelin ; the keen point
Pierced through the destined victim, where his arm
Join'd the broad breast : a wound which skilful care
Haply had heal'd ; but, him disabled now 331
For farther service, the unpitying throng
Of his tumultuous comrades from the wall
Thrust headlong. Nor did Conrade cease to throw
His deadly javelins fast, for well within 335
The tower was stored with weapons, to his hand
Quickly supplied. Nor did the mission'd Maid
Rest idle from the combat ; she, secure,
Aim'd the keen quarrel, taught the cross-bow's use
By the willing mind that what it well desires 340
Gains aptly : nor amid the numerous throng,
Though haply erring from their destin'd mark,
Sped her sharp arrows frustrate. From the tower
Ceaseless the bow-strings twang : the knights below,
Each by his pavais bulwark'd, thither aim'd 345
Their darts, and not a dart fell woundless there ;
So thickly throng'd they stood, and fell as fast
As when the monarch of the East goes forth
From Gemna's banks and the proud palaces
Of Delhi, the wild monsters of the wood 350
Die in the blameless warfare : closed within
The still-contracting circle, their brute force
Wasting in mutual rage, they perish there,
Or by each other's fury lacerate,
The archer's barbed arrow, or the lance 355
Of some bold youth of his first exploits vain,

Rajah or Omrah, in the war of beasts
 Venturous, and learning thus the love of blood.

Shouts of alarm ring now along the wall, 359
 For now the French their scaling ladders place,
 And bearing high their bucklers, to the assault
 Mount fearless : from above the furious troops
 Fling down such weapons as inventive care
 Or frantic rage supplies : huge stones and beams
 Crush the assailants ; some, thrust from the height,
 Fall living to their death ; tormented some 366
 And writhing wildly as the liquid lead
 Consumes their flesh, leap desperately down,
 To end their pain by death. Still others mount,
 And by their fellows' fate unterrified, 370
 Still dare the perilous way. Nor dangerless
 To the English was the fight, though where they stood
 The vantage-place was theirs ; for them amidst
 Fast fled the arrows there ; and brass-wing'd darts,
 There driven resistless from the espringal, 375
 Keeping their impulse even in the wound,
 Whirl as they pierce the victim. Some fall crush'd
 Beneath the ponderous fragment that descends
 The heavier from its height : some the long lance,
 Whizzing impetuous on its viewless way, 380
 Transfix'd. The cannon ever and anon
 With thunder rent the air ; conflicting shouts
 And war-cries French and English rung around,
 And Saints and Devils were invoked in prayers
 And execrations, Heaven and Hell adjured. 385

Conrade, meantime, who stood upon the bridge,

With many a well-aim'd javelin dealing death,
 Made way upon the rampart and advanced
 With wary valour o'er his slaughter'd foes.
 Two youths, the boldest of the English host, 390
 Essay'd to thrust him from that perilous height;
 At once they press'd upon him: he, his axe
 Dropping, the dagger drew: one through the throat
 He pierced, and swinging his broad buckler round,
 Struck down his comrade. Even thus unmoved,
 Stood Corineus, the sire of Guendolen, 396
 When grappling with his monstrous enemy
 He the brute vastness held aloft, and bore,
 And headlong hurl'd, all shatter'd to the sea,
 Down from the rock's high summit, since that day
 Him, hugest of the giants, chronicling, 401
 Called Langoemagog.

Behold the Maid

Bounds o'er the bridge, and to the wind displays
 Her hallowed banner. At that welcome sight
 A general shout of acclamation rose, 405
 And loud, as when the tempest-tossing forest
 Roars to the roaring wind. Then terror seized
 The garrison; and fired anew with hope,
 The fierce assailants to their prize rush on
 Resistless. Vainly do their English foes 410
 Hurl there their beams, and stones, and javelins,
 And fire-brands; fearless in the escalade,
 The assailants mount, and now upon the wall
 Wage equal battle.

Burning at the sight

With indignation, Glacidas beheld 415
 His troops fly scatter'd; fast on every side

The foe up-rushing eager to their spoil ;
 The holy standard waving ; and the Maid
 Fierce in pursuit. " Speed but this arrow, Heaven !"
 The chief exclaim'd, " and I shall fall content."
 So saying, he his sharpest quarrel chose, 421
 And fix'd the bow-string, and against the Maid
 Levelling, let loose : her arm was raised on high
 To smite a fugitive ; he glanced aside,
 Shunning her deadly stroke, and thus received 425
 The chieftain's arrow : through his ribs it pass'd,
 And cleft that vessel whence the purer blood
 Through many a branching channel o'er the frame
 Meanders.

" Fool !" the exasperate knight exclaim'd,
 " Would she had slain thee ! thou hast lived too long."
 Again he aim'd his arbalist : the string 431
 Struck forceful : swift the erring arrow sped
 Guiltless of blood, for lightly o'er the court
 Bounded the warrior Virgin. Glacidas
 Levell'd his bow again ; the fated shaft 435
 Fled true, and difficultly through the mail
 Pierced to her neck, and tinged its point with blood.
 " She bleeds ! she bleeds !" exulting cried the chief ;
 " The sorceress bleeds ! nor all her hellish arts
 Can charm my arrows from their destin'd course."
 Ill-fated man ! in vain with eager hand 441
 Placing thy feather'd quarrel in its groove,
 Dream'st thou of Joan subdued ! She from her neck
 Plucking the shaft unterrified, exclaim'd,
 " This is a favour ! Frenchmen, let us on ! 445
 Escape they cannot from the hand of God !"

But Conrade, rolling round his angry eyes,
 Beheld the English chieftain as he arm'd
 Again the bow : with rapid step he strode ;
 And Glacidas perceiving his approach, 450
 At him the quarrel turn'd, which vainly sent,
 Fell blunted from his buckler. Conrade came
 And lifting high the deadly battle-axe,
 Through pouldron and through shoulder deeply driven
 Buried it in his bosom : prone he fell, 455
 The cold air rush'd upon his heaving heart.
 One whose low lineage gave no second name
 Was Glacidas, a gallant man, and still
 His memory in the records of the foe
 Survives.

And now dishearten'd at his fall 460
 The vanquish'd English fly towards the gate,
 Seeking the inner court, as yet in hope
 To abide a second siege, and with their friends
 Find present refuge there. Mistaken men !
 The vanquish'd have no friends ! defeated thus,
 Press'd by pursuit, in vain with eager voice 466
 They call their comrades in the suppliant tones
 Of pity now, now with the bitter curse
 Of fruitless anger ; they indeed within
 Fast from the ramparts cast upon the French 470
 Beams, stones, and javelins, .. but the gate is barr'd,
 The huge portcullis down !

Then terror seized
 Their hopeless hearts : some, furious in despair,
 Turn on their foes ; fear-palsied some await
 The coming death ; some drop the useless sword,
 And cry for mercy.

Then the Maid of Arc 476
 Took pity on the vanquish'd; and she call'd
 Aloud, and cried unto the host of France,
 And bade them cease from slaughter. They obey'd
 The delegated Damsel. Some there were 480
 Apart who communed murmuring, and of those
 Graville address'd her: "Prophetess! our troops
 Are few in number; and to well secure
 These many prisoners such a force demands,
 As should we spare might shortly make us need
 The mercy we bestow; not mercy then, 386
 Rather to these our soldiers, cruelty.
 Justice to them, to France, and to our king,
 And that regard wise nature hath in each
 Implanted of self-safety, all demand 490
 Their deaths."

"Foul fall such evil policy!"

The indignant Maid exclaim'd. "I tell thee, chief,
 GOD is with us! but GOD shall hide his face
 From them, short-sighted they, as hard of heart,
 Who disregarding all that mitigates, 495
 All that ennobles dreadful war, shed blood
 Like water; who in the deceitful scales
 Of worldly wisdom, dare to counterpoise
 The right with the expedient, and resolve
 Without compunction, as the beam inclines 500
 Held in a faltering or a faithless hand.
 These men shall live to see their homes again,
 Some to be welcomed there with tears of joy
 By those who to the latest hour of life
 Will in their grateful prayers remember us. 505
 And when that hour shall come to us, that comes

To all, how gladly should we then exchange
 Renown however splendid, for the thought
 That we have saved one victim from the sword, . .
 If only one, . . who begs for us from Heaven 510
 That mercy which to others we have shown !”

Turning to Conrade, then she said, “ Do thou
 Appoint an escort for the prisoners.
 Thou need’st not be reminded they are men,
 Rather by fortune, or by fate, than choice, 515
 Brought hither from their homes to work our bale,
 And for their own not less ; but yielded thus
 Whom we must neither treat as enemies
 Nor trust as friends, but in safe keeping hold,
 Both for their own security and ours.” 520

She said : when Conrade cast his eyes around,
 And saw from man to man where Francis ran,
 Bidding them spare the vanquish’d ; him he hail’d.
 “ The Maid hath bade me chuse a leader forth
 To guard the prisoners ; thou shalt be the man ;
 For thou wilt guard them with due diligence, 526
 Yet not forgetful of humanity.”

Meantime the garrison of that strong-hold,
 Who lest the French should enter, had exposed
 Their comrades to the sword, sustain’d the siege
 In desperate valour. Fast against the walls 531
 The battering-ram was driven ; the mangonels
 Plied at the ramparts fast ; the catapults
 Drove there their dreadful darts ; the war-wolfs there

Hurl'd their huge stones; and, through the kindled sky,
The engines shower'd their sheets of liquid fire. 536

“ Feel ye not, comrades, how the ramparts shake?”
Exclaim'd a daring Englishman. “ Our foes
In woman-like compassion, have dismiss'd
A powerful escort, weakening thus themselves, 540
And giving us fair hope, in equal field,
Of better fortune. Sorely here annoy'd,
And slaughter'd by their engines from afar,
We perish. Vainly may the soldier boast
Undaunted courage and the arm of strength, 545
If thus pent up, like some wild beast he falls,
Mark'd for the hunter's arrows. Let us out
And meet them in the battle, man to man,
Either to conquer, or at least to die 549
A soldier's death.”

“ Nay, nay . . . not so,” replied
One of less hopeful courage. “ Though they point
Their engines here, our archers not in vain
Discharge their quarrels. Let the walls and works
Still be defended; it will then be time
To meet them in the battle man to man, 555
When these shall fail us.”

Scarcely had he said,
When a huge stone, thrown from some petrary
Smote him upon the breast, and with dismay
Fill'd all around; for as it shattered him,
His blood besprinkled them, and they beheld 560
His mangled lungs lie quivering.

“ Such the fate
Of those who trust them to their walls' defence!”

Again exclaim'd the soldier: " Thus they fall,
Betray'd by their own fears. Courage alone
Can save us."

Nor to draw them from the fort
Now needed eloquence ; with one accord 566
They bade him lead the onset. Forth they rush'd
Impetuous. With such fury o'er the plain,
Swoln by the autumnal tempest, Vega rolls
His rapid waters, when the gathered storm, 570
On the black heights of Hatteril bursting, swells
The tide of desolation.

Then the Maid

Spake to the son of Orleans, " Let our troops
Fall back, so shall the English in pursuit
Leave this strong fortress, thus an easy prey." 575
Time was not for long counsel. From the court,
Obedient to Dunois, the French retire
As if at the irruption of their foes
Dishearten'd ; they, with shouts and loud uproar,
Haste to their fancied conquest : Joan, the while
Placing a small but gallant garrison, 581
Bade them secure the gates ; then sallying forth,
With such fierce onset charged them in the rear,
That terror smote the English, and they wish'd
Again that they might hide them in their walls 585
Rashly abandoned, for now wheeling round
Dunois attack'd their flank. All captainless,
Ill-marshall'd, ill-directed, in vain rage
They waste their furious efforts, falling fast
Before the Maid's good falchion and the arm 590
Of Conrade : loud was heard the mingled sound
Of arms and men ; the soil, that trampled late

By multitudes, sent up its stifling clouds
Of dust, was miry now with human blood.

On the fort's summit Talbot mark'd the fight,
And calling for his arms impatiently, 596
Eager to issue forth, was scarce withheld,
For now, dishearten'd and discomfited,
The troops took flight.

Upon the bridge there stood
A strong-built tower, commanding o'er the Loire.
The traveller sometimes linger'd on his way, 601
Marking the playful tenants of the stream,
Seen in its shadow, stem the sea-ward tide :
This had the invaders won in hard assault,
Before the delegate of Heaven came forth 605
And made them fear who never fear'd till then.
Thither the English troops with hasty steps
Retired, not utterly defeated yet,
But mindful of defence : the garrison
Them thus retreating saw, and open threw 610
Their guarded gates, and on the Gallic host,
Covering their vanquish'd fellows, pour'd their shafts.
Check'd in pursuit they stop. Then Graville cried,
" Ill, Maiden, hast thou done ! those valiant troops
Thy womanish pity has dismiss'd, with us 615
Conjoin'd might press upon the vanquish'd foe,
Though aided thus, and plant the liliated flag
Victorious on yon tower."

" Dark-minded man ! "

The Maid of Orleans answer'd, " to act well
Brings with itself an ample recompence, 620
I have not rear'd the Oriflamme of death . .

Now God forbid! The banner of the Lord
 Is this, and come what will, me it behoves,
 Mindful of Him whose minister I am,
 To spare the fallen foe: that gracious God 625
 Sends me a messenger of mercy forth,
 Sends me to save this ravaged realm of France,
 To England friendly as to all the world,
 Only to those an enemy, whose lust
 Of sway makes them the enemies of man." 630

She said, and suddenly threw off her helm;
 Her bosom heaved, . . her cheek grew red, . . her eyes
 Beam'd with a wilder lustre. "Thou dost deem
 That I have illy spared so large a band,
 Disabling from pursuit our weaken'd troops; . . 635
 God is with us!" she cried . . "God is with us!
 Our champion manifest!"

Even as she spake,
 The tower, the bridge, and all its multitudes,
 Sunk with a mighty crash.

Astonishment

Seized on the French; an universal cry. 640
 Of terror burst from them. Crush'd in the fall,
 Or by their armour hopelessly weigh'd down,
 Or while they plied their unencumber'd arms,
 Caught by some sinking wretch, who grasp'd them fast,
 Shrieking they sunk, while frequent fragments huge
 Fell in the foaming current. From the fort 646
 Talbot beheld, and gnash'd his teeth, and cursed
 The more than mortal Virgin; whilst the towers
 Of Orleans echoed to the loud uproar,

And all who heard trembled, and cross'd their breasts,
And as they hasten'd to the city-walls, 651
Told fearfully their beads.

'T was now the hour
When o'er the plain the fading rays of eve
Their sober light effuse ; when the lowing herd,
Slow as they move to shelter, draw behind 655
Their lengthening shadows ; and toward his nest,
As heavily he flaps the dewy air,
The hoarse rook breathes his melancholy note.
“ Now then, Dunois, for Orleans !” cried the Maid,
“ And give we to the flames these monuments 660
Of sorrow and disgrace. The ascending flames
Will to the dwellers of yon rescued town
Rise with a joyful splendour, while the foe
Behold and tremble.”

As she spake, they ran 664
To burn the forts ; they shower their wild fire there,
And high amid the gloom the ascending flames
Blaze up ; then joyful of their finish'd toil
The host retire. Hush'd is the field of fight
As the calm'd ocean, when its gentle waves
Heave slow and silent, wafting tranquilly 670
The shatter'd fragments of some midnight wreck.

JOAN OF ARC.

THE NINTH BOOK.

FAR through the shadowy sky the ascending flames
Stream'd their fierce torrents, by the gales of night
Now curl'd, now flashing their long lightnings up
That made the stars seem pale ; less frequent now
Through the red volumes briefer splendours shot, 5
And blacker waves roll'd o'er the darken'd heaven.
Dismay'd amid the forts which yet remain'd
The invaders saw, and clamour'd for retreat,
Deeming that aided by invisible powers
The Maid went forth to conquer. Not a sound 10
Moved on the air but fill'd them with vague dread
Of unseen dangers ; if a sudden blast
Arose, through every fibre a deep fear
Crept shivering, and to their expecting minds
Silence itself was dreadful. One there was 15
Who, learning wisdom in the hour of ill,
Exclaim'd, " I marvel not that the Most High
Hath hid his face from England ! Wherefore thus
Quitting the comforts of domestic life,

Came we to desolate this goodly land, 20
Making the drench'd earth rank with human blood,
Scatter pollution on the winds of Heaven ?
Oh ! that the sepulchre had closed its jaws
On the proud prelate, that blood-guilty man,
Who, trembling for the church's ill-got wealth, 25
Bade our Fifth Henry claim the crown of France !
Oh ! that the grave had swallow'd him, ere he
Stirr'd up the sleeping claim, and sent him forth
To slaughter ! Sure that holy hermit spake
The Almighty's bidding, who in his career 30
Of conquest met the King, and bade him cease
The work of death, before the wrath divine
Fell heavy on his head. . . Full soon it fell
And sunk him to the grave ; . . and soon that wrath
On us, alike in guilt, alike shall fall ; 35
For thousands and ten thousands, by the sword
Cut off, and sent before the Eternal Judge,
With all their unrepented crimes upon them,
Cry out for vengeance ; for the widow's groan,
Though here she groan unpitied or unheard, 40
Is heard in heaven against us ; o'er this land
For hills of human slain, unsepulchred,
Steam pestilence, and cloud the blessed sun !
The wrath of God is on us, . . God hath raised
This Prophetess, and goes before her path ; . . 45
Our brethren, vainly valiant, fall beneath them,
Clogging with gore their weapons, or in the flood
Whelm'd like the Egyptian tyrant's impious host,
Mangled and swoln, their blacken'd carcasses
Float on the tainted current ! We remain, 50
For yet our rulers will pursue the war,

We still remain to perish by the sword,
 Soon to appear before the throne of God,
 Conscious, too late, of folly and of guilt,
 Uninjured, unprovoked, who dared to risk 55
 The life His goodness gave us, on the chance
 Of war, and in obedience to our chiefs
 Durst disobey our God."

Then terror seized
 The troops and late repentance; and they thought
 The spirits of the mothers and their babes 60
 Famish'd at Roan sat on the clouds of night,
 Circling the forts, to hail with gloomy joy
 The hour of vengeance.

Nor the English chiefs
 Heard these loud murmurs heedless; counselling
 They met despondent. Suffolk, now their chief, 65
 Since Salisbury fell, began.

"It now were vain
 Lightly of this our more than mortal foe
 To speak contemptuous. She hath vanquish'd us,
 Aided by Hell's leagu'd powers, nor aught avails
 Man unassisted 'gainst Infernal powers 70
 To dare the conflict. Were it best remain
 Waiting the doubtful aid of Burgundy,
 Doubtful and still delay'd? or from this place,
 Scene of our shame, retreating as we may,
 Yet struggle to preserve the guarded towns 75
 Of the Orleanois?"

He ceased, and with a sigh,
 Struggling with pride that heaved his gloomy breast,
 Talbot replied, "Our council little boots;
 For by their numbers now made bold in fear

The soldiers will not fight, they will not heed 80
 Our vain resolves, heart-wither'd by the spells
 Of this accursed sorceress. Soon will come
 The expected host from England; even now
 Perchance the tall bark scuds across the deep
 That bears my son: young Talbot comes,.. he comes
 To find his sire disgraced! But soon mine arm, 86
 By vengeance nerved, and shame of such defeat,
 Shall from the crest-fall'n courage of yon witch,
 Regain its ancient glory. Near the coast
 Best is it to retreat, and there expect 90
 The coming succour."

Thus the warrior spake.

Joy ran through all the troops, as though retreat
 Were safety. Silently in order'd ranks
 They issue forth, favour'd by the thick clouds
 Which mantled o'er the moon. With throbbing hearts
 Fearful they speeded on; some in sad thoughts 96
 Of distant England, and now wise too late,
 Cursing in bitterness the evil hour
 That led them from her shores; some in faint hope
 Thinking to see their native land again; 100
 Talbot went musing on his former fame,
 Sullen and stern, and feeding on dark thoughts,
 And meditating vengeance.

In the walls

Of Orleans, though her habitants with joy
 Humbly acknowledged the high aid of Heaven, 105
 Of many a heavy ill and bitter loss
 Mindful, such mingled sentiments they felt
 As one from shipwreck saved, the first warm glow
 Of transport past, who contemplates himself

Preserved alone, a solitary wretch, 110
 Possess'd of life indeed, but left of all
 That makes man love to live. The chieftains shared
 The social bowl, glad of the town relieved,
 And communing of that miraculous Maid,
 Who came the saviour of the realm of France, 115
 When vanquish'd in the frequent field of shame
 Her bravest warriors trembled.

Joan the while

Fasting and silent to the convent pass'd,
 Conrade with her, and Isabel; both mute,
 Yet gazing on her oft with anxious eyes, 120
 Looking the consolation that they fear'd
 To give a voice to. Now they reach'd the dome:
 The glaring torches o'er the house of death
 Stream'd a sad splendour. Flowers and funeral herbs
 Bedeck'd the bier of Theodore, . . the rue, 125
 The dark green rosemary, and the violet,
 That pluck'd like him wither'd in its first bloom.
 Dissolved in sorrow, Isabel her grief
 Pour'd copiously, and Conrade also wept:
 Joan only shed no tears, from her fix'd eye 130
 Intelligence was absent, and she seem'd,
 Though listening to the dirge of death, to hear
 And comprehend it not, till in the grave, . .
 In his last home, . . now Theodore was laid,
 And earth to earth upon the coffin thrown; 135
 Then the Maid started at that mortal sound,
 And her lip quiver'd, and on Isabel,
 Trembling and faint, she leant, and pale as death.

Then in the priest arose an earnest hope,

That weary of the world and sick with woe, 140
 The Maid might dwell with them a virgin vow'd.
 " Ah, damsel ! " slow he spake, and cross'd his breast,
 " Ah, damsel ! favour'd as thou art of heaven,
 Let not thy soul beneath its sorrow sink
 Despondent ; Heaven by sorrow disciplines 145
 The froward heart, and chastens whom it loves.
 Therefore, companion of thy way of life,
 Shall sorrow wean thee from this faithless world,
 Where happiness provokes the traveller's chase,
 And like the midnight meteor of the marsh 150
 Allures his long and perilous pursuit,
 Then leaves him dark and comfortless. O Maid !
 Fix thou thine eyes upon that heavenly dawn
 Beyond the night of life ! Thy race is run,
 Thou hast deliver'd Orleans : now perfect 155
 Thyself, accomplish all, and be the child
 Of God. Amid these sacred haunts the groan
 Of woe is never heard ; these hallow'd roofs
 Re-echo only to the pealing quire,
 The chaunted mass, and virgin's holy hymn, 160
 Celestial sounds ! Secluded here, the soul
 Receives a foretaste of her joys to come ;
 This is the abode of piety and peace ;
 Oh ! be their inmate, Maiden ! Come to rest, 164
 Die to the world, and live espoused to Heaven ! "

Then Conrade answered, " Father ! heaven has call'd
 This Maid to active duties."

" Active ! " cried
 The astonish'd Monk ; " thou dost not know the toils
 This holy warfare asks ; thou dost not know

How powerful the attacks that Satan makes 170
 By sinful Nature aided! Dost thou think
 It is an easy task from the fond breast
 To root affection out? to burst the cords
 Which grapple to society the heart
 Of social man? to rouse the unwilling spirit, 175
 That, rebel to devotion, faintly pours
 The cold lip-worship of the wearying prayer?
 To fear and tremble at Him, yet to love
 A God of Terrors? Maid beloved of Heaven,
 Come to this sacred trial! share with us 180
 The day of penance and the night of prayer!
 Humble thyself; feel thine own worthlessness,
 A reptile worm, before thy birth condemn'd
 To all the horrors of thy Maker's wrath,
 The lot of fallen mankind! Oh, hither come! 185
 Humble thyself in ashes. So thy name
 Shall live amid the blessed host of saints,
 And unborn pilgrims at thy hallowed shrine
 Pour forth their pious offerings."

"Hear me, father!"

Exclaim'd the awaken'd Maid. "Amid these tombs,
 Cold as their clayey tenants, know, my heart 191
 Must never grow to stone! Chill thou thyself,
 And break thy midnight rest, and tell thy beads,
 And labour through thy still repeated prayer;
 Fear thou thy God of Terrors; spurn the gifts 195
 He gave, and sepulchre thyself alive!
 But far more valued is the vine that bends
 Beneath its swelling clusters, than the dark
 And joyless ivy, round the cloister's wall
 Wreathing its barren arms. For me I know. 200

That I have faithfully obey'd my call,
 Confiding not in mine own strength, but His
 Who sent me forth to suffer and to do
 His will; and in that faith I shall appear
 Before the just tribunal of that God 205
 Whom grateful love has taught me to adore!"

Severe she spake, for sorrow in her heart
 Had wrought unwonted sternness. From the dome
 They pass'd in silence, when with hasty steps,
 Sent by the chiefs, a messenger they met, 210
 Who, in alarm, the mission'd Virgin sought,
 A bearer of ill tidings.

"Holy Maid!"

He said, "they ask thy counsel. Burgundy
 Comes in the cause of England, and his troops 214
 Scarce three leagues from the walls, a fearful power,
 Rest tented for the night."

"Say to the chiefs,

At morn I will be with them," she replied;
 "And to this urgency will give meantime
 My nightly thoughts."

So saying on she went
 In thoughtful silence. A brief while she mused, 220
 Brief, but sufficing to excite her soul,
 As with a power and impulse not its own,
 To some great purpose. "Conrade!" then she said,
 "I pray thee meet me at the eastern gate 224
 With a swift steed prepared, . . . for I must hence."

Her voice was calm, and Conrade through the gloom
 Saw not the flush that witness'd on her cheek

Inward emotion at some thought conceived.
 She to her quarters hastily repair'd,
 There with a light and unplumed casquetel 230
 She helm'd her head ; hung from her neck the shield,
 And forth she went. Her Conrade by the gate
 Awaited. " May I, Maiden, ask unblamed
 Whither this midnight journey ? may I share
 The peril ? " cried the warrior. She rejoin'd, 235
 " This, Conrade, must not be. Alone I go.
 That impulse of the soul which comes from God
 Sends me. But thou of this remain assured,
 If aught that I must enterprize required
 Associate firmness, thou shouldst be the man, 240
 Best, .. last, .. and only friend ! "

So up she sprung

And left him. He beheld the warden close
 The gate, and listen'd to her courser's tramp,
 Till soon upon his ear the far-off sound 244
 Fell faintly, and was lost.

Swift o'er the vale

Sped the good courser ; eagerly the Maid
 Gave the loose rein, and now her speed attain'd
 The dark encampment. Through the sleeping ranks
 Onward she past. The trampling of her steed
 Or mingled with the soldier's busy dreams, 250
 Or with vague terrors fill'd his startled sense,
 Prompting a secret prayer.

So on she past

To where in loftier shade arose the tent
 Of Burgundy : light leaping from her seat
 She enter'd.

On the earth the chieftain slept. 255

His mantle scarf'd around him ; near him hung
 His helmet and his shield, and at his side
 Within hand-reach his sword. Profound he slept,
 Nor heard the coming courser's sounding hoof, 259
 Nor entering footstep. " Burgundy !" she cried,
 " What, Burgundy ! awake !" He started up
 And saw the gleam of arms, and to his sword
 Reach'd a quick hand. But what he now beheld
 Thrill'd him, for full upon her face the lamp
 Cast its deep glare, and in her solemn look 265
 Was an unearthly meaning. Pale she was ;
 And in her eye a saintly lustre beam'd,
 And that most calm and holiest confidence 268
 That guilt knows never. " Burgundy, thou seest
 THE MAID OF ORLEANS !"

As she spake, a voice
 Exclaim'd, " Die, sorceress !" and a knight rush'd in,
 Whose name by her illustrated yet lives,
 Franquet of Arras. With uplifted arm
 Furious he came ; her buckler broke the blow, 274
 And forth she flash'd her sword, and with a stroke
 Swift that no eye could ward it, and of strength
 No mail might blunt, smote on his neck, his neck
 Unfenced, for he in haste aroused had cast
 An armet on ; resistless there she smote,
 And to the earth prone fell the headless trunk 280
 Of Franquet.

Then on Burgundy she fix'd
 Her eye severe. " Go, chief, and thank thy God
 That he with lighter judgements visits thee
 Than fell on Sisera, or by Judith's hand 284
 He wrought upon the Assyrian ! Thank thy God,

That when his vengeance smote the invading sons
Of England, equal though thou wert in guilt,
Thee he has spar'd to work by penitence
And better deeds atonement."

Thus she spake, 290

Then issued forth, and bounding on her steed
Sped o'er the plain. Dark on the upland bank
The hedge-row trees distinct and colourless
Rose on the grey horizon, and the Loire
Form'd in its winding way islands of light 295
Amid the shadowy vale, when now she reach'd
The walls of Orleans.

From the eastern clouds

The sun came forth, as to the assembled chiefs
The Maiden pass'd. Her bending thitherwards
The Bastard met. "New perils threaten us," 300
He said, "new toils await us; Burgundy, . . ."

"Fear not for Burgundy!" the Maid replied,
"Him will the Lord direct. Our earliest scouts
Shall tell his homeward march. What of the troops
Of England?"

"They," the son of Orleans cried,
"By darkness favour'd, fled; yet not by flight 306
Shall these invaders now escape the arm
Of retribution. Even now our troops,
By battle unfatigued, unsatisfied
With conquest, clamour to pursue the foe." 310

The delegated Damsel thus replied:
"So let them fly, Dunois! But other work
Than that of battle, now must be perform'd.

We move not in pursuit, till we have paid
 The rites of burial to our countrymen, 315
 And hymn'd our gratitude to that All-just
 Who gave the victory. Thou, meantime, dispatch
 Tidings to Chinon: let the King set forth,
 That crowning him before assembled France,
 In Rheims delivered from the enemy, 320
 I may accomplish all."

So said the Maid,
 Then to the gate moved on. The assembled troops
 Beheld her coming, and they smote their shields,
 And with one voice of greeting bless'd her name
 And pray'd her to pursue the flying foe. 325
 She waved her hand, and silently they stood,
 Attentive while she spake; . . . " Fellows in arms!
 We must not speed to joyful victory,
 And leave our gallant comrades where they lie,
 For dogs, and wolves, and carrion-birds a prey; 330
 Ere we advance, let us discharge to them
 The duty that is due."

So said the Maid ;
 And as she spake, the thirst of battles dies
 In every breast, such awe and love pervade 334
 The listening troops. They o'er the corpse-strewn plain
 Speed to their sad employment: some dig deep
 The house of death; some bear the lifeless load;
 Others the while search carefully around,
 If haply they may find surviving yet
 Some wounded wretches. As they labour thus, 340
 They mark far off the iron-blaze of arms;
 See distant standards waving on the air,
 And hear the clarion's clang. Then spake the Maid

To Conrade, and she bade him haste to espy
 The coming army ; or to meet their march 345
 With friendly greeting, or if foes they came
 With such array of battle as short space
 Allow'd : the warrior sped across the plain,
 And soon beheld the banner'd lilies wave. 349

Their chief was Richemont : he when as he heard
 What rites employed the Virgin, straightway bade
 His troops assist in burial ; they, though grieved
 At late arrival, and the expected day
 Of conquest past, yet give their willing aid :
 They dig the general grave, and thither bear 355
 English or French alike commingled now,
 And heap the mound of death.

Amid the plain

There was a little eminence, of old
 Raised o'er some honoured chieftain's narrow house.
 His praise the song had ceased to celebrate, 360
 And many an unknown age had the long grass
 Waved o'er that nameless mound, though barren now
 Beneath the frequent tread of multitudes.
 There elevate, the martial Maiden stood,
 Her brow unhelm'd, and floating on the wind 365
 Her long dark locks. The silent troops around
 Stood thickly throng'd, as o'er the fertile field
 Billows the ripen'd corn. The passing breeze
 Bore not a murmur from the numerous host,
 Such deep attention held them. She began. 370

“ Glory to those who in their country's cause
 Fall in the field of battle ! Countrymen,

I stand not here to mourn these gallant men,
Our comrades, nor with vain and idle phrase
Of sorrow and compassion, to console 375
The friends who loved them. They indeed who fall
Beneath oppression's banner, merit well
Our pity; may the God of Peace and Love
Be merciful to those blood-guilty men
Who came to desolate the realm of France, 380
To make us bow the knee, and crouch like slaves
Before a foreign master. Give to these,
And to their wives and orphan little-ones
That on their distant father vainly cry 384
For bread, give these your pity! . . . Wretched men,
Forced or inveigled from their homes, or driven
By need and hunger to the trade of blood;
Or, if with free and willing mind they came,
Most wretched, . . . for before the eternal throne
Guilty alike in act and will, they stand. 390
But our dead comrades for their country fought;
No arts they needed, nor the specious bribes
Of promise, to allure them to this fight,
This holy warfare! them their parents sent, 394
And as they raised their streaming eyes to Heaven,
Bade them go forth, and from the ruffian's sword
Save their grey hairs: them their dear wives sent out,
Fix'd their last kisses on their armed hands,
And bade them in the battle think they fought
For them and for their children. Thus inflamed,
By every milder feeling, they went forth, 401
They fought, they conquer'd. To this holy ground
The men of Orleans in the days to come
Shall bring their boys, and tell them of the deeds

Their countrymen achieved, and bid them learn 405
 Like them to love their country, and like them,
 Should usurpation pour again its tide
 Of desolation, to step forth and stem
 Fearless, the furious torrent. Men of France,
 Mourn not for these our comrades! boldly they 410
 Fought the good fight, and that Eternal One,
 Who bade the Angels harbinger his Word
 With 'Peace on earth,' rewards them. We survive,
 Honouring their memories to avenge their fall
 Upon the unjust invaders. They may drain 415
 Their kingdom's wealth and lavishly expend
 Its blood, insanely thinking to subdue
 This wide and populous realm; for easier were it
 To move the ancient mountains from their base,
 Than on a nation knowing its own strength 420
 To force a foreign yoke. France then is safe.
 My glorious mission soon will be fulfill'd,
 My work be done. But oh! remember ye,
 And in their generation let your sons
 Transmit to theirs the all-concerning truth, 425
 That a great people, wrongfully assail'd,
 If faithful to themselves, and resolute
 In duty to the last, betide what may, . .
 Although no signs be given, no miracles
 Vouchsafed as now, no Prophetess ordain'd, 430
 May yet with hope invincible hold on,
 Relying on their courage, and their cause,
 And the sure course of righteous Providence.

JOAN OF ARC.

THE TENTH BOOK.

THUS to the martyrs in their country's cause
The Maiden gave their fame; and when she ceased,
Such murmur from the multitude arose,
As when at twilight hour the summer breeze
Moves o'er the elmy vale. There was not one 5
Who mourn'd with feeble sorrow for his friend,
Slain in the fight of freedom; or if chance
Remembrance with a tear suffused the eye,
The patriot's joy shone through.

And now the rites
Of sepulture perform'd, the hymn to Heaven 10
They chaunted. To the town the Maid return'd,
Dunois, with her, and Richemont, and the man
Conrade, whose converse most the Virgin loved.
They of pursuit and of the future war
Sat communing; when loud the trumpet's voice 15
Proclaim'd a herald's coming.

“To the Maid,”
Such was his errand, “and to thee, Dunois,
Son of the chief he loved, Du Chastel sends

Greeting. The aged warrior hath not spared
 All active efforts to partake your toil, 20
 And serve his country; and though late arrived,
 He share not in the fame your arms acquire
 His heart is glad that he is late arrived,
 And France preserved thus early. He were here
 To join your host, and follow the pursuit, 25
 But Richemont is his foe. To that high Lord
 Thus says my master: We, though each to each
 Be hostile, are alike the embattled sons
 Of our dear country. Therefore do thou join
 The conquering troops, and prosecute success; 30
 I will the while assault what guarded towns
 Bedford yet holds in Orleannois: one day,
 Perhaps the Constable of France may learn
 He wrong'd Du Chastel."

As the herald spake,
 Richemont's cheek redden'd, partly with a sense 35
 Of shame, and partly anger half suppress.
 "Say to thy master," eagerly he said,
 "I am the foe of those court parasites
 Who poison the King's ear. Him who shall serve
 Our country in the field, I hold my friend: 40
 Such may Du Chastel prove."

So said the chief,
 And pausing as the herald went his way,
 Turn'd to the Virgin: "If I guess aright,
 It is not from a friendly tongue's report,
 That thou hast heard of me."

Dissembling not 45
 The unwelcome truth, "Yes, chieftain!" she replied,
 "Report bespeaks thee haughty, violent,

Suffering no rival, brooking no controul,
 And executing by unrighteous means
 The judgements of thine own unlawful will." 50

"But hear me, Maid of Orleans!" he exclaim'd ;
 "Should the wolf enter thy defenceless flock,
 Were it a crime if thy more mighty force
 Destroy'd the fell destroyer? If thy hand
 Had slain a ruffian as he burst thy door 55
 Prepared for midnight murder, should'st thou feel
 The weight of blood press heavy on thy soul?
 I slew the wolves of state, the murderers
 Of thousands. Joan! when rusted in its sheath
 The sword of justice hung, blamest thou the man
 That lent his weapon for the righteous deed?" 61

Conrade replied, "Nay, Richemont, it were well
 To slay the ruffian as he burst thy doors ;
 But if he bear the plunder safely thence, 64
 And thou should'st meet him on the future day,
 Vengeance must not be thine: there is the law
 To punish; and the law alloweth not,
 That the accuser take upon himself
 The judge's part; still less doth it allow
 That he should execute upon the accused 70
 Untried, unheard, a sentence, which so given
 Becomes, whate'er the case, itself a crime."

"Thou hast said wisely," cried the constable ;
 "But there are guilty ones above the law, 74
 Men whose black crimes exceed the utmost bound
 Of private guilt; court vermin that buzz round,
 And blow the King's ear, and make him waste,

In this most perilous time, his people's wealth
And blood ; immersed one while in sensual sloth,
Heedless though ruin threat the realm they rule ;
And now projecting some mad enterprize, 81
Sending their troops to sure defeat and shame.
These are the men who make the King suspect
His wisest, faithfullest, best counsellors ;
And for themselves and their dependents, seize 85
All places, and all profits ; and they wrest
To their own ends the statutes of the land,
Or safely break them ; thus, or indolent,
Or active, ruinous alike to France.
Wisely thou sayest, warrior, that the Law 90
Should strike the guilty ; but the voice of Justice
Cries out, and brings conviction as it cries,
Whom the laws cannot reach, the dagger should."

The Maid replied, " It seemeth then, O chief,
That reasoning to thine own conviction thus, 95
Thou standest self-acquitted of all wrong,
Self-justified, yea, self-approved. I ask not
Whether this public zeal hath look'd askaunt
To private ends ; men easily deceive
Others, and oft more easily themselves. 100
But what if one reasoning as thou hast done
Had in like course proceeded to the act,
One of the people, one of low degree,
In whom the strong desire of public good
Had grown to be his one sole sleepless thought, 105
A passion, and a madness ; raised as high
Above all sordid motives as thyself ;
Beneath such impulses of rivalry

And such ambitious projects, as perforce
 Men will impute to thee? had such a man 110
 Stood forth the self-appointed minister
 To execute his own decrees of death,
 The law on him had rightfully enforced
 That sentence, which the Almighty hath enjoind
 Of life for life. Thou, chief, art by thy rank 115
 And power exempted from the penalty:
 What then hast thou exempl'd, . . right and wrong
 Confounding thus, and making lawless might
 The judge in its own quarrel? Trust me, chief,
 That if a people sorely are oppress'd, 120
 The dreadful hour of overthrow will come
 Too surely and too soon! He best meanwhile
 Performs the sage's and the patriot's part,
 Who in the ear of rage and faction breathes
 The healing words of love."

Thus communed they.

Meantime, all panic-struck and terrified, 126
 The English urge their flight; by other thoughts
 Possess'd than when, elate with arrogance,
 They dreamt of conquest, and the crown of France
 At their disposal. Of their hard-fought fields, 130
 Of glory hardly-earn'd, and lost with shame,
 Of friends and brethren slaughter'd, and the fate
 Threatening themselves, they brooded sadly, now
 Repentant late and vainly. They whom fear
 Erst made obedient to their conquering march, 135
 Rise on them in defeat, while they retire,
 Marking their path with ruin, day by day
 Leaving the weak and wounded destitute
 To the foe's mercy; thinking of their home,

Though to that far-off prospect scarcely hope 140
 Could raise a sickly eye. Oh then what joy
 Inspired anew their bosoms, when, like clouds
 Moving in shadows down the distant hill,
 They saw their coming succours! In each heart
 Doubt raised a busy tumult; soon they knew 145
 The English standard, and a general shout
 Burst from the joyful ranks: yet came no joy
 To Talbot: he, with dark and downward brow,
 Mused sternly, till at length aroused to hope
 Of vengeance, welcoming his gallant son, 150
 He brake a sullen smile.

“ Son of my age,
 Welcome young Talbot to thy first of fields.
 Thy father bids thee welcome, though disgraced,
 Baffled, and flying from a woman’s arm!
 Yes, by my former glories, from a woman! 155
 The scourge of France, the conqueror of men,
 Flying before a woman! Son of Talbot,
 Had the winds wafted thee a few days sooner,
 Thou hadst seen me high in honour, and thy name
 Alone had scatter’d armies; yet, my son, 160
 I bid thee welcome! here we rest our flight,
 And face again the foe.”

So spake the chief;
 And well he counsell’d: for not yet the sun
 Had reach’d meridian height, when o’er the plain
 Of Patay, they beheld the troops of France 165
 Speed in pursuit. Soon as the troops of France
 Beheld the dark battalions of the foe
 Shadowing the distant plain, a general shout
 Burst from the expectant host, and on they prest,

Elate of heart and eager for the fight, 170
 With clamours ominous of victory.

Thus urging on, one from the adverse host
 Advanced to meet them : they his garb of peace
 Knew, and they halted as the herald spake
 His bidding to the chieftains. "Sirs!" he cried,
 "I bear defiance to you from the Earl 176
 William of Suffolk. Here on this fit ground,
 He wills to give you battle, power to power,
 So please you, on the morrow."

"On the morrow
 We will join battle then," replied Dunois, 180
 "And God befriend the right!" Then on the herald
 A robe rich-furr'd and broider'd he bestow'd,
 A costly guerdon. Through the army spread
 The unwelcome tidings of delay ; possess'd
 With agitating hopes they felt the hours 185
 Pass heavily ; but soon the night wain'd on,
 And the loud trumpets' blare from broken sleep
 Roused them ; a second time the thrilling blast
 Bade them be arm'd, and at the third long sound
 They ranged them in their ranks. From man to man
 With pious haste hurried the confessors 191
 To shrive them, lest with souls all unprepared
 They to their death might go. Dunois meantime
 Rode through the host, the shield of dignity
 Before him borne, and in his hand he held 195
 The white wand of command. The open helm
 Disclosed that eye which temper'd the strong lines
 Of steady valour, to obedient awe
 Winning the will's assent. To some he spake
 Of late-earn'd glory ; others, new to war, 200

He bade bethink them of the feats achieved
When Talbot, recreant to his former fame,
Fled from beleaguer'd Orleans. Was there one
Whom he had known in battle? by the hand
Him did he take, and bid him on that day 205
Summon his wonted courage, and once more
Support his chief and comrade. Happy he
Who caught his eye, or from the chieftain's lips
Heard his own name! joy more inspiring
Fills not the Persian's soul, when sure he deems 210
That Mithra hears propitiously his prayer,
And o'er the scattered cloud of morning pours
A brighter ray responsive.

Then the host
Partook due food, this their last meal belike
Receiving with such thoughtful doubts as make 215
The soul, impatient of uncertainty,
Rush eager to the event; being thus prepared,
Upon the grass the soldiers laid themselves,
Each in his station, waiting there the sound
Of onset, that in undiminish'd strength 220
Strong, they might meet the battle; silent some
Pondering the chances of the coming day,
Some whiling with a careless gaiety
The fearful pause of action.

Thus the French
In such array and high in confident hope 225
Await the signal; whilst with other thoughts,
And ominous awe, once more the invading host
Prepare them in the field of fight to meet
The Prophetess. Collected in himself
Appear'd the might of Talbot. Through the ranks

He stalks, reminds them of their former fame, 231
Their native land, their homes, the friends they loved,
All the rewards of this day's victory.
But awe had fill'd the English, and they struck
Faintly their shields; for they who had beheld 235
The hallowed banner with celestial light
Irradiate, and the mission'd Maiden's deeds,
Felt their hearts sink within them, at the thought
Of her near vengeance; and the tale they told
Roused such a tumult in the new-come troops, 240
As fitted them for fear. The aged Earl
Beheld their drooping valour, and his brow,
Wrinkled with thought, bewray'd his inward doubts:
Still he was firm, though all might fly, resolved
That Talbot should retrieve his old renown, 245
And end his life with glory. Yet some hope
Inspired the veteran, as across the plain
Casting his eye, he mark'd the embattled strength
Of thousands; archers of unequalled skill,
Brigans and pikemen, from whose lifted points 250
A fearful radiance flash'd, and young esquires,
And high-born warriors, bright in blazon'd arms.

Nor few, nor fameless were the English chiefs.
In many a field victorious, he was there, 254
The garter'd Fastolffe; Hungerford, and Scales,
Men who had seen the hostile squadrons fly
Before the arms of England; Suffolk there,
The haughty chieftain tower'd; blest had he fallen
Ere yet a courtly minion he was mark'd
By public hatred, and the murderer's guilt! 260
There too the son of Talbot, young in arms,

Heir of a noble race and mighty name :
 At many a tilt and tournament had he
 Approved his skill and prowess ; confident
 In strength, and jealous of his future fame, 265
 His heart beat high for battle. Such array
 Of marshall'd numbers fought not on the field
 Of Cressy, nor at Poitiers ; nor such force
 Led Henry to the fight of Agincourt
 When thousands fell before him.

Onward move

The host of France. It was a goodly sight 271
 To see the embattled pomp, as with the step
 Of stateliness the barded steeds came on, . .
 To see the pennons rolling their long waves
 Before the gale, and banners broad and bright 275
 Tossing their blazonry, and high-plumed chiefs
 Vidames and Seneschalls and Chastellains,
 Gay with their bucklers' gorgeous heraldry,
 And silken surcoats to the mid-day sun 279
 Glittering.

And now the knights of France dismount,
 For not to brutal strength they deem'd it right
 To trust their fame and their dear country's weal ;
 Rather to manly courage, and the glow
 Of honourable thoughts, such as inspire
 Ennobling energy. Unhorsed, unspurr'd, 285
 Their javelins shorten'd to a wieldy length,
 They to the foe advanced. The Maid alone,
 Conspicuous on a coal-black courser, meets
 The war. They moved to battle with such sound
 As rushes o'er the vaulted firmament, 290
 When from his seat, on the utmost verge of heaven

That overhangs the void, the Sire of Winds,
 Hræsvelger starting, rears his giant bulk,
 And from his eagle pinions shakes the storm.

High on her stately steed the martial Maid 295
 Rode foremost of the war; her burnish'd arms
 Shone like the brook that o'er its pebbled course
 Runs glittering gayly to the noon-tide sun.
 The foaming courser, of her guiding hand
 Impatient, smote the earth, and toss'd his mane,
 And rear'd aloft with many a froward bound, 301
 Then answered to the rein with such a step,
 As, in submission, he were proud to show
 His spirit unsubdued. Slow on the air
 Waved the white plumes that shadow'd o'er her helm.
 Even such, so fair, so terrible in arms, 306
 Pelides moved from Scyros, where, conceal'd,
 He lay obedient to his mother's fears
 A seemly damsel; thus the youth appear'd
 Terribly graceful, when upon his neck 310
 Deidameia hung, and with a look
 That spake the tumult of her troubled soul,
 Fear, anguish, and upbraiding tenderness,
 Gazed on the father of her unborn babe.

An English knight, who eager for renown 315
 Late left his peaceful mansion, mark'd the Maid.
 Her power miraculous and portentous deeds
 He from the troops had heard incredulous,
 And scoff'd their easy fears, and vow'd that he,
 Proving the magic of this dreaded girl 320
 In equal battle, would dissolve the spell,

Powerless opposed to valor. Forth he spurr'd
 Before the ranks ; she mark'd the coming foe,
 And fix'd her lance in rest, and rush'd along.
 Midway they met ; full on her buckler driven, 325
 Shiver'd the English spear : her better force
 Drove the brave foeman senseless from his seat.
 Headlong he fell, nor ever to the sense
 Of shame awoke, for crowding multitudes 329
 Soon crush'd the helpless warrior.

Then the Maid
 Rode through the thickest battle ; fast they fell,
 Pierced by her forceful spear. Amid the troops
 Plunged her strong war-horse, by the noise of arms
 Elate and roused to rage, he tramples o'er,
 Or with the lance protended from his front, 335
 Thrusts down the thronging squadrons. Where she
 turns

The foe tremble and die. Such ominous fear
 Seizes the traveller o'er the trackless sands,
 Who marks the dread Simoom across the waste
 Sweep its swift pestilence : to earth he falls, 340
 Nor dares give utterance to the inward prayer,
 Deeming the Genius of the desert breathes
 The purple blast of death.

Such was the sound
 As when a tempest, mingling air and sea,
 Flies o'er the uptorn ocean : dashing high 345
 Their foamy heads amid the incumbent clouds,
 The madden'd billows with their deafening roar
 Drown the loud thunder's peal. In every form
 Of horror, death was there. They fall, transfix'd
 By the random arrow's point, or fierce-thrust lance,

Or sink, all battered by the ponderous mace : 351
Some from their coursers thrown, lie on the earth,
Helpless because of arms, that weak to save,
Lengthened the lingering agonies of death.
But most the English fell, by their own fears 355
Betray'd, for fear the evil that it dreads
Increaseth. Even the chiefs, who many a day
Had met the war and conquer'd, trembled now,
Appall'd before the Maid miraculous.
As the blood-nurtur'd monarch of the wood, 360
That o'er the wilds of Afric in his strength
Resistless ranges, when the mutinous clouds
Burst, and the lightnings through the midnight sky
Dart their red fires, lies fearful in his den,
And howls in terror to the passing storm. 365

But Talbot, fearless where the bravest fear'd
Mow'd down the hostile ranks. The chieftain stood
Like a strong oak, amid the tempest's rage,
That stands unharm'd, and while the forest falls
Uprooted round, lifts his high head aloft, 370
And nods majestic to the warring wind.
He fought, resolved to snatch the shield of death
And shelter him from shame. The very herd
Who fought near Talbot, though the Virgin's name
Made their cheeks pale and drove the curdling blood
Back to their hearts, caught from his daring deeds
New force, and went like eaglets to the prey 377
Beneath their mother's wing : to him they look'd,
Their tower of strength, and follow'd where his sword
Made through the foe a way. Nor did the son 380
Of Talbot shame his lineage ; by his sire

Emulous he strove, like the young lionet
 When first he bathes his murderous jaws in blood.
 They fought intrepid, though amid their ranks
 Fear and confusion triumph'd ; for such dread 385
 Possess'd the English, as the Etruscans felt,
 When self-devoted to the infernal gods
 The awful Decius stood before the troops,
 Robed in the victim garb of sacrifice, 389
 And spake aloud, and call'd the shadowy powers
 To give to Rome the conquest, and receive
 Their willing prey ; then rush'd amid the foe,
 And died upon the hecatombs he slew.

But hope inspired the assailants. Xaintrailles there
 Spread fear and death, and Orleans' valiant son 395
 Fought as when Warwick fled before his arm.
 O'er all pre-eminent for hardest deeds
 Was Conrade. Where he drove his battle-axe,
 Weak was the buckler or the helm's defence,
 Hauberk, or plated mail, through all it pierced, 400
 Resistless as the fork'd flash of heaven.
 The death-doom'd foe, who mark'd the coming chief,
 Felt such a chill run through his shivering frame,
 As the night-traveller of the Pyrenees,
 Lone and bewild'rd on his wintry way, 405
 When from the mountains round reverberates
 The hungry wolves' deep yell : on every side,
 Their fierce eyes gleaming as with meteor fires,
 The famish'd pack come round ; the affrighted mule
 Snorts loud with terror, on his shuddering limbs 410
 The big sweat starts, convulsive pant his sides,
 Then on he gallops, wild in desperate speed.

Him dealing death an English knight beheld,
 And spurr'd his steed to crush him : Conrade leap'd
 Lightly aside, and through the warrior's grieves 415
 Fix'd a deep wound : nor longer could the foe,
 Disabled thus, command his mettled horse,
 Or his rude plunge endure ; headlong he fell,
 And perish'd. In his castle-hall was hung
 On high his father's shield, with many a dint 420
 Graced on the glorious field of Agincourt.
 His deeds the son had heard ; and when a boy,
 Listening delighted to the old man's tale,
 His little hand would lift the weighty spear
 In warlike pastime : he had left behind 425
 An infant offspring, and had fondly deem'd
 He too in age the exploits of his youth
 Should tell, and in the stripling's bosom rouse
 The fire of glory.

Conrade the next foe

Smote where the heaving membrane separates 430
 The chambers of the trunk. The dying man,
 In his lord's castle dwelt, for many a year,
 A well-beloved servant : he could sing
 Carols for Shrove-tide, or for Candlemas,
 Songs for the wassel and when the boar's head, 435
 Crown'd with gay garlands and with rosemary,
 Smoked on the Christmas board : he went to war
 Following the lord he loved, and saw him fall
 Beneath the arm of Conrade, and expired,
 Slain on his master's body.

Nor the fight 440

Was doubtful long. Fierce on the invading host
 Press the French troops impetuous, as of old,

When pouring o'er his legion slaves on Greece,
 The eastern despot bridged the Hellespont,
 The rushing sea against the mighty pile 445
 Roll'd its full weight of waters; far away
 The fearful Satrap mark'd on Asia's coasts
 The floating fragments, and with ominous fear
 Trembled for the great king.

Still Talbot strove,

His foot firm planted, his uplifted shield 450
 Fencing that breast which never yet had known
 The throb of fear. But when the warrior's eye,
 Glancing around the fight, beheld the French
 Pressing to conquest, and his heartless troops
 Striking with feebler force in backward step, 455
 Then o'er his cheek he felt the indignant flush
 Of shame, and loud he lifted up his voice,
 And cried, " Fly, cravens ! leave your aged chief
 Here in the front to perish ! his old limbs
 Are not like yours so supple in the flight. 460
 Go tell your countrymen how ye escaped
 When Talbot fell !"

In vain the warrior spake,

In the uproar of the fight his voice was lost ;
 And they, the nearest, who had heard, beheld
 The Prophetess approach, and every thought
 Was overwhelm'd in terror. But the son 466
 Of Talbot mark'd her thus across the plain
 Careering fierce in conquest, and the hope
 Of glory rose within him. Her to meet
 He spurr'd his horse, by one decisive deed 470
 Or to retrieve the battle, or to fall
 With honour. Each beneath the others' blow

Bow'd down ; their lances shiver'd with the shock :
To earth their coursers fell : at once they rose,
He from the saddle bow his falchion caught 475
Rushing to closer combat, and she bared
The lightning of her sword. In vain the youth
Essay'd to pierce those arms which even the power
Of time was weak to injure : she the while 479
Through many a wound beheld her foeman's blood
Ooze fast. " Yet save thyself ! " the Maiden cried.
" Me thou canst not destroy : be timely wise,
And live ! " He answer'd not, but lifting high
His weapon, smote with fierce and forceful arm
Full on the Virgin's helm : fire from her eyes 485
Flash'd with the stroke : one step she back recoil'd,
Then in his breast plunged deep the sword of death.

Talbot beheld his fall ; on the next foe,
With rage and anguish wild, the warrior turn'd ;
His ill-directed weapon to the earth 490
Drove down the unwounded Frank : he strikes again
And through his all-in-vain imploring hands
Cleaves the poor suppliant. On that dreadful day
The sword of Talbot, clogg'd with hostile gore,
Made good its vaunt. Amid the heaps his arm 495
Had slain, the chieftain stood and sway'd around
His furious strokes : nor ceased he from the fight,
Though now discomfited the English troops
Fled fast, all panic-struck and spiritless,
And mingling with the routed, Fastolffe fled, 500
Fastolffe, all fierce and haughty as he was,
False to his former fame ; for he beheld
The Maiden rushing onward, and such fear

Ran through his frame, as thrills the African,
 When, grateful solace in the sultry hour, 505
 He rises on the buoyant billow's breast,
 And then beholds the inevitable shark
 Close on him, open-mouth'd.

But Talbot now

A moment paused, for bending thitherward
 He mark'd a warrior, such as well might ask 510
 His utmost force. Of strong and stately port
 The onward foeman moved, and bore on high
 A battle-axe, in many a field of blood
 Known by the English chieftain. Over heaps 514
 Of slaughter'd, he made way, and bade the troops
 Retire from the bold earl: then Conrade spake.
 "Vain is thy valour, Talbot! look around,
 See where thy squadrons fly! but thou shalt lose
 No honour, by their cowardice subdued,
 Performing well thyself the soldier's part." 520

"And let them fly!" the indignant Earl exclaim'd,
 "And let them fly! and bear thou witness, chief!
 That guiltless of this day's disgrace, I fall.
 But, Frenchman! Talbot will not tamely fall,
 Nor unrevenged."

So saying, for the war 525

He stood prepared: nor now with heedless rage
 The champions fought, for either knew full well
 His foeman's prowess: now they aim the blow
 Insidious, with quick change then drive the steel
 Fierce on the side exposed. The unfaithful arms 530
 Yield to the strong-driven edge; the blood streams
 down

Their batter'd mail. With swift eye Conrade mark'd
 The lifted buckler, and beneath impell'd
 His battle-axe; that instant on his helm
 The sword of Talbot fell, and with the blow 535
 It broke. "Yet yield thee, Englishman!" exclaim'd
 The generous Frank, "vain is this bloody strife:
 Me should'st thou conquer, little would my death
 Avail thee, weak and wounded!"

"Long enough
 Talbot has lived," replied the sullen chief: 540
 "His hour is come; yet shalt not thou survive
 To glory in his fall!" So, as he spake,
 He lifted from the ground a massy spear,
 And came again to battle.

Now more fierce
 The conflict raged, for careless of himself, 545
 And desperate, Talbot fought. Collected still
 Was Conrade. Whereso'er his foeman aim'd
 The well-thrust javelin, there he swung around
 His guardian shield: the long and vain assault
 Exhausted Talbot now; foredone with toil 550
 He bare his buckler low for weariness,
 The buckler now splinter'd with many a stroke
 Fell piecemeal; from his riven arms the blood
 Stream'd fast: and now the Frenchman's battle-axe
 Came unresisted on the shieldless mail. 555
 But then he held his hand. "Urge not to death
 This fruitless contest!" he exclaim'd: "Oh chief!
 Are there not those in England who would feel
 Keen anguish at thy loss? a wife perchance
 Who trembles for thy safety, or a child 560
 Needing a father's care!"

Then Talbot's heart

Smote him. "Warrior!" he cried, "if thou dost think
That life is worth preserving, hie thee hence,
And save thyself: I loathe this useless talk."

So saying, he address'd him to the fight, 565
Impatient of existence: from their arms
Fire flash'd, and quick they panted; but not long
Endured the deadly combat. With full force
Down through his shoulder even to the chest,
Conrade impell'd the ponderous battle-axe; 570
And at that instant underneath his shield
Received the hostile spear. Prone fell the Earl,
Even in his death rejoicing that no foe
Should live to boast his fall.

Then with faint hand
Conrade unlaced his helm, and from his brow 575
Wiping the cold dews ominous of death,
He laid him on the earth, thence to remove,
While the long lance hung heavy in his side,
Powerless. As thus beside his lifeless foe
He lay, the herald of the English Earl 580
With faltering step drew near, and when he saw
His master's arms, "Alas! and is it you,
My lord?" he cried. "God pardon you your sins!
I have been forty years your officer,
And time it is I should surrender now 585
The ensigns of my office!" So he said,
And paying thus his rite of sepulture,
Threw o'er the slaughter'd chief his blazon'd coat.

Then Conrade thus bespake him: "Englishman,
Do for a dying soldier one kind act! 590
Seek for the Maid of Orleans, bid her haste

Hither, and thou shalt gain what recompence
It pleaseth thee to ask."

The herald soon
Meeting the mission'd Virgin, told his tale.
Trembling she hasten'd on, and when she knew 595
The death-pale face of Conrade, scarce could Joan
Lift up the expiring warrior's heavy hand,
And press it to her heart.

" I sent for thee,
My friend!" with interrupted voice he cried,
That I might comfort this my dying hour 600
With one good deed. A fair domain is mine,
Let Francis and his Isabel possess
That, mine inheritance." He paused awhile,
Struggling for utterance; then with breathless speed,
And pale as him he mourn'd for, Francis came, 605
And hung in silence o'er the blameless man,
Even with a brother's sorrow: he pursued,
" This Joan will be thy care. I have at home
An aged mother—Francis, do thou soothe
Her childless age. Nay, weep not for me thus:
Sweet to the wretched is the tomb's repose!" 611

So saying, Conrade drew the javelin forth,
And died without a groan.

By this the scouts,
Forerunning the king's march, upon the plain
Of Patay had arrived, of late so gay 615
With marshall'd thousands in their radiant arms,
And streamers glittering in the noon-tide sun,
And blazon'd shields and gay accoutrements,
The pageantry of war: but now defiled

With mingled dust and blood, and broken arms,
 And mangled bodies. Soon the monarch joins 621
 His victor army. Round the royal flag,
 Uprear'd in conquest now, the chieftains flock
 Proffering their eager service. To his arms,
 Or wisely fearful, or by speedy force 625
 Compell'd, the embattled towns submit and own
 Their rightful king. Baugenci strives in vain :
 Yenville and Mehun yield ; from Sully's wall
 Hurl'd is the banner'd lion : on they pass, 629
 Auxerre, and Troyes, and Chalons, ope their gates,
 And by the mission'd Maiden's rumour'd deeds
 Inspirited, the citizens of Rheims
 Feel their own strength ; against the English troops
 With patriot valour, irresistible,
 They rise, they conquer, and to their liege lord 635
 Present the city keys.

The morn was fair

When Rheims re-echoed to the busy hum
 Of multitudes, for high solemnity
 Assembled. To the holy fabric moves 639
 The long procession, through the streets bestrewn
 With flowers and laurel boughs. The courtier throng
 Were there, and they in Orleans, who endured
 The siege right bravely ; Gaucour, and La Hire,
 The gallant Xaintrilles, Boussac, and Chabannes,
 Alenson, and the bravest of the brave, 645
 The Bastard Orleans, now in hope elate,
 Soon to release from hard captivity
 His dear-beloved brother ; gallant men,
 And worthy of eternal memory,
 For they, in the most perilous times of France, 650

Despair'd not of their country. By the king
 The delegated Damsel pass'd along
 Clad in her batter'd arms. She bore on high
 Her hallow'd banner to the sacred pile,
 And fix'd it on the altar, whilst her hand 655
 Pour'd on the monarch's head the mystic oil,
 Wafted of yore by milk-white dove from heaven,
 (So legends say) to Clovis when he stood
 At Rheims for baptism; dubious since that day,
 When Tolbiac plain reek'd with his warrior's blood,
 And fierce upon their flight the Almanni prest, 661
 And rear'd the shout of triumph; in that hour
 Clovis invoked aloud the Christian God
 And conquer'd: waked to wonder thus, the chief
 Became love's convert, and Clotilda led 665
 Her husband to the font.

The mission'd Maid

Then placed on Charles's brow the crown of France,
 And back retiring, gazed upon the king
 One moment, quickly scanning all the past,
 Till in a tumult of wild wonderment 670
 She wept aloud. The assembled multitude
 In awful stillness witness'd: then at once,
 As with a tempest-rushing noise of winds,
 Lifted their mingled clamours. Now the Maid
 Stood as prepared to speak, and waved her hand, 675
 And instant silence followed.

“ King of France ! ”

She cried, “ At Chinon, when my gifted eye
 Knew thee disguised, what inwardly the spirit
 Prompted, I promised, with the sword of God,
 To drive from Orleans far the English wolves, 680

And crown thee in the rescued walls of Rheims.
All is accomplish'd. I have here this day
Fulfill'd my mission, and anointed thee
King over this great nation. Of this charge,
Or well perform'd or carelessly, that God 685
Of Whom thou holdest thine authority
Will take account; from Him all power derives.
Thy duty is to fear the Lord, and rule,
According to His word and to the laws,
The people thus committed to thy charge: 690
Theirs is to fear Him and to honour Thee,
And with that fear and honour to obey
In all things lawful; both being thus alike
By duty bound, alike restricted both
From wilful license. If thy heart be set 695
To do His will and in His ways to walk,
I know no limit to the happiness
Thou may'st create. I do beseech thee, King!"
The Maid exclaim'd, and fell upon the ground
And clasp'd his knees, "I do beseech thee, King!
By all the thousands that depend on thee, 701
For weal or woe, . . . consider what thou art,
By Whom appointed! If thou dost oppress
Thy people, if to aggrandize thyself
Thou tear'st them from their homes, and sendest them
To slaughter, prodigal of misery; 706
If when the widow and the orphan groan
In want and wretchedness, thou turnest thee
To hear the music of the flatterer's tongue;
If when thou hear'st of thousands who have fallen,
Thou say'st, 'I am a King! and fit it is 711
That these should perish for me;' . . . if thy realm

Should, through the counsels of thy government,
Be fill'd with woe, and in thy streets be heard
The voice of mourning and the feeble cry 715
Of asking hunger ; if in place of Law
Iniquity prevail ; if Avarice grind
The poor ; if discipline be utterly
Relax'd, Vice charter'd, Wickedness let loose ;
Though in the general ruin all must share, 720
Each answer for his own peculiar guilt,
Yet at the Judgement-day, from those to whom
The power was given, the Giver of all power
Will call for righteous and severe account.
Chuse thou the better part, and rule the land 725
In righteousness ; in righteousness thy throne
Shall then be stablish'd, not by foreign foes
Shaken, nor by domestic enemies,
But guarded then by loyalty and love, 729
True hearts, Good Angels, and All-seeing Heaven."

Thus spake the Maid of Orleans, solemnly
Accomplishing her marvellous mission here.

NOTES.

Page 1. line 3. -- *The Bastard Orleans.*

“ Lewes duke of Orleance murdered in Paris, by Jhon duke of Burgoyne, was owner of the castle of Concy, on the frontiers of Fraunce toward Arthoys, whereof he made constable the lord of Cauny, a man not so wise as his wife was faire, and yet she was not so faire, but she was as well beloved of the duke of Orleance, as of her husband. Betwene the duke and her husband (I cannot tell who was father), she conceived a child, and brought furthe a prety boye called Jhon, whiche child beyng of the age of one yere, the duke deceased, and not long after the mother and the lord of Cawny ended their lives. The next of kynne to the lord Cawny chalenged the inheritance, which was worth foure thousande crounes a yere, alledgyng that the boye was a bastard: and the kynred of the mother’s side, for to save her honesty, it plainly denied. In conclusion, this matter was in contencion before the presidentes of the parliament of Paris, and there hang in controversie till the child came to the age of eight years old. At whiche tyme it was demanded of hym openly whose sonne he was; his frendes of his mother’s side advertised hym to require a day, to be advised of so great an answer, whiche he asked, and to hym it was granted. In the mean season, his said frendes persuaded him to claime his inheritance as sonne to the lorde of Cawny, whiche was an honorable livyng, and an auncient patrimony, affirming that if he said contrary, he not only slaunders his mother, shamed hymself, and stained his bloud, but also should have no livyng, nor any thing to take to.

The scholemaster thinkyng that his disciple had well learned his lesson, and would reherse it according to his instruccion, brought hym before the judges at the daie assigned, and when the question was repeted to hym again, he boldly answered, " My harte geveth me, and my tonge telleth me, that I am the sonne of the noble duke of Orleauce, more glad to be his bastarde, with a meane livyng, than the lawful sonne of that ooward cuckolde Cawny, with his four thousand crownes." The judges much marveiled at his bolde answeare, and his mother's cosyns detested hym for shamyng of his mother, and his father's supposed kinne rejoysed in gaining the patrimony and possessions. Charles duke of Orleauce heryng of this judgment, took hym into his family, and gave hym greate offices and fees, whiche he well deserved, for (during his captivitie), he defended his landes, expulsed the Englishmen, and in conclusion, procured his deliverance. — *Hal*, ff. 104.

There can be no doubt that Shakespeare had this anecdote in his mind when he wrote the first scene wherein the bastard Falconbridge is introduced.

When the duke of Orleans was so villainously assassinated by order of the duke of Burgundy, the murder was thought at first to have been perpetrated by sir Aubert de Cauny, says Monstrellet (Johnes's translation, vol. i. p. 198,) from the great hatred he bore the duke for having carried off his wife ; but the truth was soon known who were the guilty persons, and that sir Aubert was perfectly innocent of the crime. Marietta d'Enguien was the name of the adulteress.

“ On rapporte que la duchesse d'Orleans, Valentine de Milan, princesse célébré par son esprit et par son courage, ayant à la nouvelle de la morte sanglante de son époux, rassemblé toute sa maison et les principaux seigneurs de son parti, leur adressa ces paroles : ‘ Qui de vous marchera le premier pour venger la mort du frère de son Roy ? ’ Frappé de terreur, chacun gardait un morne silence. Indigné de voir que personne ne répondit à ce noble appel, le petit Jean d'Orleans (Dunois), alors âgé de six ans et demi, s'avança tout à coup au milieu de l'assemblée, et s'écria d'une voix animée : ‘ Ce sera moy, madame, et je me mon-

streray digne d'estre son fils.' Depuis ce moment, Valentine oubliant la naissance illégitime de ce jeune prince, avait conçu pour lui une affection vraiment maternelle. On lui avait entendu dire au lit de la mort, et par une espèce de présentiment de la grandeur future de ce héros, ' Qu'il luy avoit esté emblé, et qu'il n'y avoit nul de ses enfans qui fust si bien taillé à venger la mort de son père.' Cette ardeur de vengeance l'entraîna même d'abord trop loin, et c'est à peu près l'unique reproche qu'on puisse faire à la jeunesse de ce guerrier. Il se vanta quelquefois, dans la première moitié de sa vie d'avoir immolé de sa main dix mille Bourguignons aux mânes de son père."

Le Brun de Charmettes. T. i. 99.

Page 1. line 4. — *Cheer'd with the Trobador's sweet minstrelsy.*

Lorraine, according to Chaucer, was famous for its singers.

There mightest thou se these flutours,
Minstrallis and eke jogelours,
That wel to singin did ther paine;
Some songin songis of Loraine,
For in Loraine ther notis be
Full swetir than in this contre.

Romaunt of the Rose.

No mention is made of the Lorraine songs in the corresponding lines of the original.

*Là estoient herpeurs, fleuteurs,
Et de moult d'instrumens jongleurs;
Les uns disoient chansons faictes,
Les autres nottes nouvelletes.*

v. 770—8.

Page 2. line 27.— *Gainsaying what she sought.*

The following account of *Joan of Arc* is extracted from a history of the siege of Orleans, *prise de mot à mot, sans aucun changement de langage, d'un vieil exemplaire escrit a la main en parchemin, et trouvé en la maison de la dicte ville d'Orleans. Troyes. 1621.*

“Or en ce temps avoit une jeune fille au pais de Lorraine, aagee de dix-huict ans ou environ, nommee Janne, natifue d'un paroisse nomme Dompne, fille d'un Laboureur nomme Jacques Tart; qui jamais n'avoit fait autre chose que garder les bestes aux champs, a la quelle, ainsi qu'elle disoit, avoit esté revelé que Dieu vouloit qu'elle allast devers le Roi Charles septiesme, pour luy aider et le conseiller a recouvrer son royaume et ses villes et places que les Anglois avoient conquises en ses pays. La quelle revelation elle n'osa dire ses pere et mere, pource qu'elle sçavoit bien que jamais n'eussent consenty qu'elle y fust allee; et le persuada tant qu'il la mena devers un gentelhomme nomme Messire Robert de Baudricourt, qui pour lors estoit Cappitaine de la ville, on chasteau de Vaucouleur, qui est assez prochain de la : auquel elle pria tres instantment qu'il la fist mener devers le Roy de France, en leur disant qu'il estoit tres necessaire qu'elle parlast a luy pour le bien de son royaume, et que elle luy feroit grand secours et aide a recouvrer son dict royaume, et que Dieu le vouloit ainsi, et que il luy avoit esté revelé par plusieurs fois. Des quelles parolles il ne faisoit que rire et se mocquer et la reputoit incensee : toutes-fois elle persevera tant et si longuement qu'il luy bailla un gentelhomme, nommè Ville Robert, et quelque nombre de gens, les quels la menerent devers le Roy que pour lors estoit a Chinon.”

Page 2. line 42. — *Of eighteen years.*

This agrees with the account of her age given by Holinshed, who calls her “a young wench of an eighteene years old; of favour was she counted likesome, of person stronglie made and manlie, of courage great, hardie, and stout withall; an understander of counsels though she were not at them, greet semblance of chastitie both of bodie and behaviour, the name of Jesus in hir mouth about all her businesses, humble, obedient, and fasting divers days in the weeke.”— *Holinshed*, 600.

De Serres speaks thus of her, “A young maiden named Joan of Arc, born in a village upon the Marches of Barre called Domremy, neere to Vaucouleurs, of the age of eighteene or twenty years, issued from base parents, her father was named James of Arc, and her mother Isabel, poore countrie

folkes, who had brought her up to keep their cattell. She said with great boldnesse that she had a revelation how to succour the king, how he might be able to chase the English from Orleance, and after that to cause the king to be crowned at Rheims, and to put him fully and wholly in possession of his realme.

“ After she had delivered this to her father, mother, and their neighbours, she presumed to go to the lord of Baudricourt, provost of Vaucouleurs ; she boldly delivered unto him, after an extraordinary manner, all these great mysteries, as much wished for of all men as not hoped for : especially coming from the mouth of a poore country maide, whom they might with more reason beleve to be possessed of some melancholy humour, than divinely inspired ; being the instrument of so many excellent remedies, in so desperat a season, after the vaine striving of so great and famous personages. At the first he mocked and reproved her, but having heard her with more patience, and judging by her temperate discourse and modest countenance that she spoke not idely, in the end he resolves to present her to the king for his discharge. So she arrives at Chinon the sixt day of May, attired like a man.

“ She had a modest countenance, sweet, civill, and resolute ; her discourse was temperate, reasonable and retired, her actions cold, shewing great chastity. Having spoken to the king, or noblemen with whom she was to negociate, she presently retired to her lodging with an old woman that guided her, without vanity, affectation, babling or courtly lightnesse. These are the manners which the Original attributes to her.”

Edward Grimeston, the translator, calls her in the margin, “ Joane the Virgin, or rather Witch.”

Page 3. line 73. — *Lest he in wrath confound me.*

Then the word of the Lord came unto me, saying, “ Before I formed thee in the belly, I knew thee ; and before thou camest forth out of the womb I sanctified thee, and I ordained thee a prophet unto the nations.”

Then said I, Ah, LORD GOD, behold I cannot speak, for I am a child.

But the Lord said unto me, say not I am a child, for thou shalt go to all that I shall send thee, and whatsoever I command thee, thou shalt speak.

Thou therefore gird up thy loins, and arise, and speak unto them all that I command thee: be not dismayed at their faces lest I confound thee before them. — *Jeremiah*, chap. i.

Page 7. line 175. — *Taught wisdom to mankind!*

But as for the mighty man he had the earth, and the honourable man dwelt in it.

Days should speak, and multitude of years should teach wisdom. — *Job*.

Page 7. line 177. — *Rush o'er the land and desolate and kill.*

“ While the English and French contend for dominion, sovereignty and life itself, men’s goods in France were violently taken by the license of war, churches spoiled, men every where murdered or wounded, others put to death or tortured, matrons ravished, maids forcibly drawn from out their parents’ arms to be deflowered; towns daily taken, daily spoiled, daily defaced, the riches of the inhabitants carried whether the conquerors think good; houses and villages round about set on fire, no kind of cruelty is left unpractised upon the miserable French, omitting many hundred kind of other calamities which all at once oppressed them. Add here unto that the commonwealth, being destitute of the help of laws (which for the most part are mute in times of war and mutiny), floateth up and down without any anchorage at right or justice. Neither was England herself void of these mischiefs, who every day heard the news of her valiant children’s funerals, slain in perpetual skirmishes and bickerings, her general wealth continually ebbd and wained, so that the evils seemed almost equal, and the whole western world echoed the groans and

sighs of either nation's quarrels, being the common argument of speech and compassion through christendom."— *Speed*.

Page 8. line 198. — *There in the hamlet Are
My father's dwelling stands.*

When Montaigne saw it in 1580, the front of the house was covered with paintings representing the history of the Maid. He says, *Ses descendans furent annoblis par faveur du Roi, et nous monstrarent les armes que le Roi leur donna, qui sont d'azur à un' espée droite couronnée et poignée d'or, et deux fleurs de lis d'or au coté de ladite espée; de quoy un receveur de Vaucouleur donna un escusson peint à M. de Caselis. Le devant de la maisonnette où elle naquit est toute peinte de ses gestes; mais l'aage en a fort corrompu la peinture. Il y a aussi un arbre long d'une vigne qu'on nomme l'arbre de la Pucelle, qui n'a nulle autre chose à remarquer.* — *Voyages de Montaigne*, i. p. 17.

Ce n'était qu'une maisonnette; et cependant elle a subsisté jusqu'à nos jours, grâce au zèle national du maire et des habitans de Domremy, qui pendant les dernières années du gouvernement impérial, voyant qu'on refusait de leur allouer la somme nécessaire pour son entretien, y suppléèrent par une souscription volontaire; tant le respect et la vénération que les vertus inspirent, peuvent quelquefois prolonger la durée des monumens les plus simples et les plus fragiles. — *Le Brun de Charmettes*. T. i. 244.

It appears, however, that whatever might be the respect and veneration of the inhabitants for this illustrious heroine and martyr, they allowed the cottage in which she was born to be villainously desecrated, very soon after their national feeling had been thus praised. The author, whose book was published only in the second year (1817) after the overthrow of the Imperial Government, adds the following note to this passage: *Depuis l'époque où ce passage a été écrit, il paraît que les choses sont fort changées. On lit ce qui suit dans le Narrateur de la Meuse; "Les chambres où logèrent cette héroïne et ses parens sont converties en étables; de vils animaux occupent l'emplacement*

de lit de Jeanne d'Arc, son armoire verroullée renferme des ustensiles d'écurie."

Page 8. line 227. — *By day I drove my father's flock afield,*

"People found out a nest of miracles in her education, says old Fuller, that so lion-like a spirit should be bred among sheep like David."

Page 9. line 249. — *With gorse-flowers glowing, as the sun
illumed*

Their golden glory.

It is said that when Linnæus was in England he was more struck with the splendid appearance of the furze in blossom, than with any other of our native plants. — *Mrs. Bray's Letters*, i. 316.

Page 11. line 313. — *Death! to the happy thou art terrible,
But how the wretched love to think of thee
O thou true comforter, the friend of all
Who have no friend beside!*

O Death, how bitter is the remembrance of thee to a man that liveth at rest in his possessions, unto the man that hath nothing to vex him, and that hath prosperity in all things; yea unto him that is yet able to receive meat!

O Death, acceptable is thy sentence unto the needy, and unto him whose strength faileth, that is now in the last age, and is vexed with all things, and to him that despaireth, and hath lost patience! — *Ecclesiasticus*, xli. 1, 2.

Page 15. line 429. — *Think well of this, young man!*

Dreadful indeed must have been the miseries of the French from vulgar plunderers, when the manners of the highest classes were marked by hideous grossness and vices that may not be uttered.

"Of acts so ill examples are not good."

Sir William Alexander.

Yet it may be right to justify the saying in the text by an extract from the notes to Andrews's History of Great Britain.

“Agricola quilibet, sponsam juvenem acquisitus, ac in vicinia alicujus iri nobilis et præpotentis habitans, crudelissime vexatur. Nempe nonnunquam in ejus domum irruens iste optimas, magnâ comitante catervâ, pretium ingens redemptionis exigeret, ac si non protinus solveret colonus, istum miserum in magna arca protrudens, venustæ ac teneræ uxori suæ (super ipsam arcam prostratæ) vim vir nobilis adferret; voce exclamans horrenda, ‘Audine Rustice! jamjam, super hanc arcam constupratur dilecta tua sponsa!’ atque peracto hoc scelere nefando relinqueretur (horresco referens) suffocatione expirans maritus, nisi magno pretio sponsa nuper vitiata liberationem ejus redimeret.”—

J. de Paris.

Let us add to this the detestable history of a great commander under Charles VII. of France, the bastard of Bourbon, who (after having committed the most execrable crimes during a series of years with impunity), was drowned in 1441, by the constable Richemont (a treacherous assassin himself, but a mirror of justice when compared to some of his contemporaries,) on its being proved against him *“Quod super ipsum maritum vi prostratum, uxori, frustra repugnanti, vim adtulerat. Ensuite il avoit fait battre et decouper le mari, tant que c'etoit pitie a voir.”* —*Mém. de Richemont.*

Page 15. line 430. — *Think that there are such horrors.*

I translate the following anecdote of the Black Prince from Froissart:—

The Prince of Wales was about a month, and not longer, before the city of Lymoges, and he did not assault it, but always continued mining. When the miners of the prince had finished their work, they said to him, “Sir, we will throw down a great part of the wall into the moat whenever it shall please you, so that you may enter into the city at your ease, without danger.” These words greatly pleased the prince, who said to them, “I chuse that your work should be manifested to-morrow at the hour of day-break.” Then the miners set fire to their mines the next morning as the prince had

commanded, and overthrew a great pane of the wall, which filled the moat where it had fallen. The English saw all this very willingly, and they were there all armed and ready to enter into the town; those who were on foot could enter at their ease, and they entered and ran to the gate and beat it to the earth and all the barriers also; for there was no defence, and all this was done so suddenly, that the people of the town were not upon their guard. And then you might have seen the prince, the duke of Lancaster, the count of Canterbury, the count of Pembroke, Messire Guischart Dangle, and all the other chiefs and their people who entered in; and ruffians on foot who were prepared to do mischief, and to run through the town, and to kill men and women and children, and so they had been commanded to do. There was a full pitiful sight, for men and women and children cast themselves on their knees before the prince and cried "mercy!" but he was so enflamed with so great rage, that he heard them not; neither man nor woman would he hear, but they were all put to the sword wherever they were found, and these people had not been guilty. I know not how they could have no pity upon poor people, who had never been powerful enough to do any treason. There was no heart so hard in the city of Lymoges which had any remembrance of God, that did not lament the great mischief that was there; for more than three thousand men and women and children were put to death that day; God has their souls, for indeed they were martyred. In entering the town a party of the English went to the palace of the bishop and found him there, and took him and led him before the prince, who looked at him with a murderous look, (*felonneusement*) and the best word that he could say to him was that his head should be cut off, and then he made him be taken from his presence. — I. 235.

The crime which the people of Lymoges had committed was that of surrendering when they had been besieged by the duke of Berry, and in consequence *turning French*. And this crime was thus punished at a period when no versatility of conduct was thought dishonourable. The phrases *tourner*

Anglois — tourner François — retourner Anglois, occur repeatedly in Froissart. I should add that of all the heroes of this period the Black Prince was the most generous and the most humane.

After the English had taken the town of Montereau, the seigneur de Guitery, who commanded there, retired to the castle; and Henry V. threatened, unless he surrendered, to hang eleven gentlemen, taken in the town. These poor men intreated the governor to comply, for the sake of saving their lives, letting him at the same time know how impossible it was that his defence could be of any avail. He was not to be persuaded; and when they saw this, and knew that they must die, some of them requested that they might first see their wives and their friends. This was allowed: *la y eut de piteux regrets au prendre congé*, says Pierre de Fanin, and on the following morning they were executed as Henry had threatened. The governor held out for fifteen days, and then yielded by a capitulation which secured himself. — (*Coll. des Mémoires*, t. v. p. 456.)

In the whole history of these dreadful times I remember but one man whom the cruelty of the age had not contaminated, and that was the Portugueze hero Nuno Alvares Pereira, a man who appears to me to have been a perfect example of patriotism, heroism, and every noble and lovely quality, above all others of any age or country

Atrocious, however, as these instances are, they seem as nothing when compared to the atrocities which the French exercised upon each other. When Soissons was captured by Charles VI. (1414) in person, “in regard to the destruction committed by the king’s army (says Monstrellet), it cannot be estimated; for after they had plundered all the inhabitants, and their dwellings, they despoiled the churches and monasteries. They even took and robbed the most part of the sacred shrines of many bodies of saints, which they stripped of all the precious stones, gold and silver, together with many other jewels and holy things appertaining to the aforesaid churches. There is not a christian but would have shuddered at the atrocious

excesses committed by the soldiery in Soissons : married women violated before their husbands ; young damsels in the presence of their parents and relatives ; holy nuns, gentlewomen of all ranks, of whom there were many in the town ; all, or the greater part, were violated against their wills by divers nobles and others, who after having satiated their own brutal passions, delivered them over without mercy to their servants : and there is no remembrance of such disorder and havoc being done by christians, considering the many persons of high rank that were present, and who made no efforts to check them. There were also many gentlemen in the king's army who had relations in the town, as well secular as churchmen ; but the disorder was not the less on that account."—Vol. iv. p. 31.

What a national contrast is there between the manner in which the English and French have conducted their civil wars ! Even in the wars of the Fronde, when all parties were alike thoroughly unprincipled, cruelties were committed on both sides which it might have been thought nothing but the strong feelings of a perverted religious principle could have given birth to.

Page 15. line 433. — *Yet hangs and pulls for food.*

Holinshed says, speaking of the siege of Roan, " If I should rehearse how deerlie dogs, rats, mice, and cats were sold within the towne, and how greedilie they were by the poore people eaten and devoured, and how the people dailie died for fault of food, and young infants laie sucking in the streets on their mother's breasts, being dead starved for hunger, the reader might lament their extreme miseries."—p. 566.

Page 16. line 446. — *The sceptre of the wicked ?*

" Do not the tears run down the widow's cheek ? and is not her cry against him that causeth them to fall ?

" The Lord will not be slack till he have smitten in sunder the loins of the unmerciful, till he have taken away the multitude of the proud, and broken the sceptre of the unrighteous." — *Ecclesiasticus.*

Page 17. line 491.—*The fountain of the Fairies.*

In the Journal of Paris in the reigns of Charles VI. and VII. it is asserted that the Maid of Orleans, in answer to an interrogatory of the doctors, whether she had ever assisted at the assemblies held at the Fountain of the Fairies near Domperein, round which the evil spirits dance, confessed that she had often repaired to a beautiful fountain in the country of Lorraine, which she named the good Fountain of the Fairies of our Lord. — *From the notes to the English version of Le Grand's Fables*

Page 18. line 499.—*They love to lie and rock upon its leaves.*

Being asked whether she had ever seen any fairies, she answered no; but that one of her god-mothers pretended to have seen some at the Fairy-tree, near the village of Dompre. — *Rapin.*

Page 19. line 530.—*Memory, thought, were gone.*

“ In this representation which I made to place myself near to Christ (says St. Teresa), there would come suddenly upon me, without either expectation or any preparation on my part, such an evident feeling of the presence of God, as that I could by no means doubt, but that either he was within me, or else I all engulfed in him. This was not in the manner of a vision, but I think they call it Mystical Theology; and it suspends the soul in such sort, that she seems to be wholly out of herself. The Will is in act of loving, the Memory seems to be in a manner lost, the understanding, in my opinion, discourses not; and although it be not lost, yet it works not as I was saying, but remains as it were amazed to consider how much it understands.”—*Life of St. Teresa written by herself.*

Teresa was well acquainted with the feelings of enthusiasm. I had, however, described the sensations of the Maid of Orleans before I had met with the life of the saint.

Page 29. line 543. — *and they shall perish who oppress.*

“ Raise up indignation, and pour out wrath, and let them perish who oppress the people ! ” — *Ecclesiasticus*, xxxvi.

Page 20. line 8. — *The hoarse grasshoppers their evening song
Sung shrill and ceaseless.*

The epithets *shrill* and *hoarse* will not appear incongruous to one who has attended to the grasshopper's chirp. Gazæus has characterised the sound by a word certainly accurate, in his tale of a grasshopper who perched upon St. Francis's finger, and sung the praise of God and the wonders of his own body in his vernacular tongue, St. Francis and all the grasshoppers listening with equal edification.

Cicada

Canebat (ut sic efferam) cicadicè.

Pia Hilaria Angelini Gazæi.

Perhaps he remembered two lines in the Zanitonella of the Macaronic poet,

Sentis an quantæ cicigant Cigale,

Quæ mihi rumpunt cicigando testam.

The marginal note says, *Cicigare, vox cicadæ vel cigalæ.*

St. Francis laboured much in the conversion of animals. In the fine series of pictures representing his life, lately painted for the new Franciscan convent at Madrid, I recollect seeing him preach to a congregation of birds. Gazæus has a poem upon his instructing a ewe. His advice to her is somewhat curious :

Vide ne arietes, neve in obvios ruas ;

Cave devovendos flosculos altaribus

Vel ore laceres, vel bifurcato pede,

Male feriatæ felis instar, proteras.

There is another upon his converting two lambs, whose prayers were more acceptable to God, Marot! says he, than your psalms. If the nun, who took care of them in his absence, was inclined to lie a-bed —

Frater Agnus hanc beë beë suo

Devotus excitabat.

O agne jam non agne sed doctor bone!

Page 22. line 59. — *The memory of his prison'd years.* —

The Maid declared upon her trial, that God loved the duke of Orleans, and that she had received more revelations concerning him, than any person living, except the king. — *Rapin.*

Orleans, during his long captivity, “ had learnt to court the fair ladies of England in their native strains.” Among the Harleian MSS. is a collection of “ love poems, roundels and songs,” composed by the French prince during his confinement.

Page 23. line 80. — *The prisoners of that shameful day outsumm'd
Their conquerors!*

According to Hollinshed the English army consisted of only 15,000 men, harassed with a tedious march of a month, in very bad weather, through an enemy's country, and for the most part sick of a flux. He states the number of French at 60,000, of whom 10,000 were slain, and 1500 of the higher order taken prisoners. Some historians make the disproportion in numbers still greater. Goodwin says, that among the slain there were one archbishop, three dukes, six earls, ninety barons, fifteen hundred knights, and seven thousand esquires or gentlemen.

Page 23. line 88. — *From his hersed bowmen how the arrows
flew.*

This was the usual method of marshalling the bowmen. At Cressy “ the archers stood in manner of an herse, about two

hundred in front and but forty in depth, which is undoubtedly the best way of embattelling archers, especially when the enemy is very numerous, as at this time: for by the breadth of the front the extension of the enemies front is matched; and by reason of the thinness in flank, the arrows do more certain execution, being more likely to reach home."— *Barnes*.

The victory at Poitiers is chiefly attributed to the herse of archers. After mentioning the conduct and courage of the English leaders in that battle, Barnes says, "but all this courage had been thrown away to no purpose, had it not been seconded by the extraordinary gallantry of the English archers, who behaved themselves that day with wonderful constancy, alacrity, and resolution. So that by their means, in a manner, all the French battails received their first foil, being by the barbed arrows so galled and terrified, that they were easily opened to the men of arms."

"Without all question, the guns which are used now-a-days are neither so terrible in battle, nor do such execution, nor work such confusion as arrows can do: for bullets being not seen only hurt when they hit, but arrows enrage the horse, and break the array, and terrify all that behold them in the bodies of their neighbours. Not to say that every archer can shoot thrice to a gunner's once, and that whole squadrons of bows may let fly at one time, when only one or two files of musqueteers can discharge at one once. Also, that whereas guns are useless when your pikes join, because they only do execution point blank, the arrows which will kill at random, may do good service even behind your men of arms. And it is notorious, that at the famous battle of Lepanto, the Turkish bows did more mischief than the Christian artillery. Besides it is not the least observable, that whereas the weakest may use guns as well as the strongest, in those days your lusty and tall yeomen were chosen for the bow, whose hose being fastened with one point, and their jackets long and easy to shoot in, they had their limbs at full liberty, so that they might easily draw bows of great strength, and shoot arrows of a yard long beside the head."— *Joshua Barnes*.

Page 23. line 94. — *To turn on the defenceless prisoners
The cruel sword of conquest.*

During the heat of the combat, when the English had gained the upper hand, and made several prisoners, news was brought to king Henry that the French were attacking his rear, and had already captured the greater part of his baggage and sumpter-horses. This was indeed true, for Robinet de Bournonville, Riffart de Clamasse, Ysambart d'Azincourt, and some other men at arms, with about six hundred peasants, had fallen upon and taken great part of the king's baggage, and a number of horses, while the guard was occupied in the battle. This distressed the king very much, for he saw that though the French army had been routed, they were collecting on different parts of the plain in large bodies, and he was afraid they would resume the battle: he therefore caused instant proclamation to be made by sound of trumpet, that every one should put his prisoners to death, to prevent them from aiding the enemy, should the combat be renewed. This caused an instantaneous and general massacre of the French prisoners, occasioned by the disgraceful conduct of Robinet de Bournonville, Ysambart d'Azincourt, and the others, who were afterwards punished for it, and imprisoned a very long time by duke John of Burgundy, notwithstanding they had made a present to the count de Charolois of a most precious sword, ornamented with diamonds, that had belonged to the king of England. They had taken this sword, with other rich jewels, from king Henry's baggage, and had made this present, that in case they should at any time be called to an account for what they had done, the count might stand their friend. — *Monstrelet*, vol. iv. p. 180.

When the king of England had on this Saturday begun his march towards Calais, many of the French returned to the field of battle, where the bodies had been turned over more than once, some to seek for their lords, and carry them to their own countries for burial, others to pillage what the English

had left. King Henry's army had only taken gold, silver, rich dresses, helmets, and what was of value, for which reason the greater part of the armour was untouched, and on the dead bodies; but it did not long remain thus, for it was very soon stripped off, and even the shirts and all other parts of their dress were carried away by the peasants of the adjoining villages.

The bodies were left exposed as naked as when they came into the world. On the Saturday, Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, the corpses of many princes were well washed and raised, namely, the dukes of Brabant, Bar, and Alençon, the counts de Nevers, de Blaumont, de Vaudemont, de Faulquemerge, the lord de Dampierre, admiral sir Charles d'Albreth, constable, and buried in the church of the Friars Minors at Hesdin. Others were carried by their servants, some to their own countries, and others to different churches. All who were recognised were taken away, and buried in the churches of their manors.

When Philippe count de Charolois heard of the unfortunate and melancholy disaster of the French, he was in great grief; more especially for the death of his two uncles, the duke of Brabant and count de Nevers. Moved by compassion, he caused all that had remained exposed on the field of battle to be interred, and commissioned the abbot de Rousianville and the bailiff of Aire to have it done. They measured out a square of twenty-five yards, wherein were dug three trenches twelve feet wide, in which were buried, by an account kept, five thousand eight hundred men. It was not known how many had been carried away by their friends, nor what number of the wounded had died in hospitals, towns, villages, and even in the adjacent woods; but, as I have before said, it must have been very great.

This square was consecrated as a burying-ground by the bishop of Guines, at the command and as procurator of Louis de Luxembourg, bishop of Therounne. It was surrounded by a strong hedge of thorns, to prevent wolves or dogs from entering it, and tearing up and devouring the bodies.

In consequence of this sad event, some learned clerk of the realm made the following verses :

A chief by dolorous mischance oppress'd,
 A prince who rules by arbitrary will,
 A royal house by discord sore distress'd,
 A council prejudiced and partial still,
 Subjects by prodigality brought low,
 Will fill the land with beggars, well we trow.

Nobles made noble in dame Nature's spite
 A timorous clergy fear, and truth conceal ;
 While humble commoners forego their right,
 And the harsh yoke of proud oppression feel :
 Thus, while the people mourn, the public woe
 Will fill the land with beggars, well we trow.

Ah feeble woe ! whose impotent commands
 The very vassals boldly dare despise :
 Ah, helpless monarch ! whose enervate hands
 And wavering counsels dare no high emprize,
 Thy hapless reign will cause our tears to flow,
 And fill the land with beggars, well we trow.

Johnes's Monstrelet, vol. iv. p. 195.

According to Pierre de Fenin, the English did not bury their own dead ; but their loss was so small that this is very unlikely. He says, *Après cette douloureuse journée, et que toutes les deux parties se furent retirées, Louys de Luxembourg, qui estoit Evesque de Terouane, fit faire en la place où la bataille avoit esté donnée plusieurs charniers, où il fit assembler tous les morts d'un coste et d'autre ; et là les fit enterrer, puis il bénit la place, et la fit enclorre de fortes hayes tout autour, pour la garantir du bestial.*

After the battle of Agincourt Henry lodged at Maisoncelle ; *le lendemain au matin il en deslogea, et alla passer tout au milieu des morts qui avoient esté tuez en ce combat ; là il s'arresta grand*

espace de temps, et tirèrent ses gens encor des prisonniers hors du nombre des morts, qu'ils emmenèrent avec eux. — Coll. des Mémoires, t. v. p. 384.

Page 24. line 127. — *From the disastrous plain of Agincourt.*

Perhaps one consequence of the victory at Agincourt is not generally known. Immediately on his return Henry sent his legates to the council of Constance: "at this councell, by the assent of all nations there present, it was authorised and ordained, that England should obtaine the name of a nation, and should be said one of the five nations that owe their devotion to the church of Rome, which thing untill that time men of other nations, for envy, had delayed and lettèd." — *Stowe, Elmham.*

Page 24. line 129. — *Henry as wise as brave had back to England —*

Henry judged, that by fomenting the troubles of France, he should procure more certain and lasting advantages than by means of his arms. The truth is, by pushing the French vigorously, he ran the risk of uniting them all against him; in which case, his advantages, probably, would have been considerable; but by granting them some respite, he gave them opportunity to destroy one another: therefore, contrary to every one's expectation, he laid aside his military affairs for near eighteen months, and betook himself entirely to negotiation, which afforded him the prospect of less doubtful advantages. — *Rapin.*

Page 26. line 166. — *For many were the warrior sons of Roan*

" Yet although the armie was strong without, there lacked not within both hardie capteins and manfull soldiers, and as for people, they had more than inough: for as it is written by some that had good cause to know the truth, and no occasion

to erre from the same, there were in the citie at the time of thé siege 210,000 persons. Dailie were issues made out of the citie at diverse gates, sometime to the losse of the one partie and sometimes of the other, as chances of warre in such adventures happen." — *Holinshed*, 566.

Page 26. line 171.— *Had bade them vow before Almighty God.*

" The Frenchmen indeed preferring fame before worldlie riches, and despising pleasure (the enemy to warlike prowesse), sware ech to other never to render or deliver the citie, while they might either hold sword in hand or speare in rest." — *Holinshed*, 566.

Page 26. line 183.— *Had made a league with famine.*

" The king of England advertised of their hautie courages, determined to conquer them by famine which would not be tamed by weapon. Wherefore he stopped all the passages, both by water and land, that no vittels could be conveied to the citie. He cast trenches round about the walls, and set them full of stakes, and defended them with archers, so that there was left neither waie for them within to issue out, nor for anie that were abroad to enter in without his license. — The king's coosine germane and alie (the king of Portugale), sent a great navie of well-appointed ships unto the mouth of the river of Seine, to stop that no French vessel should enter the river and passe up the same, to the aid of them within Rouen.

" Thus was the faire citie of Rouen compassed about with enemies, both by water and land, having neither comfort nor aid of king, dolphin, or duke. — *Holinshed*, 566. .

King Henry of England marched a most powerful army, accompanied by a large train of artillery and warlike stores, in the month of June, before the noble and potent town of Rouen, to prevent the inhabitants and garrison from being supplied with new corn. The van of his army arrived there at mid-

night, that the garrison might not make any sally against them. The king was lodged at the Carthusian convent; the duke of Gloucester was quartered before the gate of St. Hilaire; the duke of Clarence at the gate of Caen; the earl of Warwick at that of Martinville; the duke of Exeter and earl of Dorset at that of Beauvais: in front of the gate of the castle were the lord marshal and sir John de Cornwall. At the gate leading to Normandy were posted the earls of Huntingdon, Salisbury, Kyme, and the lord Neville, son to the earl of Westmoreland. On the hill fronting St. Catherine's were others of the English barons. Before the English could fortify their quarters, many sallies were made on them, and several severe skirmishes passed on both sides. But the English, so soon as they could, dug deep ditches between the town and them, on the top of which they planted a thick hedge of thorns, so that they could not otherwise be annoyed than by cannon shot and arrows. They also built a jette on the banks of the Seine, about a cannon shot distant from the town, to which they fastened their chains, one of them half a foot under the water, another level with it, and a third two feet above the stream, so that no boats could bring provision to the town, nor could any escape from it that way. They likewise dug deep galleries of communication from one quarter to another, which completely sheltered those in them from cannon or other warlike machines. — *Monstrelet*, vol. v. p. 40.

Page 26. line 191. — *Desperate endurance.*

“ After he had prosecuted the siege of this place for some time, the cardinal Ursino repaired to his camp, and endeavoured to persuade him to moderate his terms, and agree to an equitable peace; but the king's reply plainly evinced his determination of availing himself of the present situation of public affairs; ‘ Do you not see,’ said he, ‘ that God has brought me hither, as it were by the hand? The throne of France may be said to be vacant; I have a good title to that crown; the whole kingdom is involved in the utmost disorder and confu-

sion ; few are willing, and still fewer are able, to resist me. Can I have a more convincing proof of the interposition of heaven in my favour, and that the Supreme Ruler of all things has decreed that I should ascend the throne of France ?' — *Hist. of England, by Hugh Clarendon.*

Page 27. line 197. — *Could we behold their savage Irish Kernes.*

“ With the English sixteen hundred Irish Kernes were enrolled from the prior of Kilmainham ; able men, but almost naked ; their arms were targets, darts, and swords ; their horses little, and bare no saddle, yet nevertheless nimble, on which upon every advantage they plaid with the French, in spoiling the country, rifeling the houses, and carrying away children with their baggage upon their coves backs.” — *Speed, p. 638.*

The king of England had in his army numbers of Irish, the greater part of whom were on foot, having only a stocking and shoe on one leg and foot, with the other quite naked. They had targets, short javelins, and a strange sort of knives. Those who were on horseback had no saddles, but rode excellently well on small mountain horses, and were mounted on such paniers as are used by the carriers of corn in parts of France. They were, however, miserably accoutred in comparison with the English, and without any arms that could much hurt the French whenever they might meet them.

These Irish made frequent excursions during the siege over Normandy, and did infinite mischiefs, carrying back to their camp large booties. Those on foot took men, and even children from the cradle, with beds and furniture, and placing them on cows, drove all these things before them, for they were often met thus by the French. — *Monstrelet, v. p. 42.*

Page 27. line 197. — *Ruffians half-clothed, half-human, half-baptized.*

“ In some corners of Connaught, the people leave the right armes of their infants male unchristened (as they terme it), to

the end that at any time afterwards they might give a more deadly and ungracious blow when they strike; which things doe not only show how palpably they are carried away by traditious obscurities, but doe also intimate how full their hearts be of inveterate revenge."

The book from which this extract is taken wants the title. The title of the second part is, *A Prospect of the most famous Parts of the World. Printed for William Humble, in Pope's Head Place.* 1646.

Page 27. line 213. — *Of Harfleur's wretched people driven out.*

"Some writing of this yeelding up of Harfluer, doo in like sort make mention of the distresse whereto the people, then expelled out of their habitations, were driven: insomuch as parents with their children, yong maids, and old folke went out of the towne gates with heavie harts (God wot), as put to their present shifts to seek them a new abode."—*Holinshed*, 550.

This act of barbarity was perpetrated by Henry, that he might people the town with English inhabitants. "This doth Anglorum prælia report, saieng (not without good ground I believe), as followeth:

Tum flentes tenera cum prole parentes
Virgineusque chorus veteres liquère penates:
Tum populus cunctus de portis Gallicus exit
Mœstus, inarmatus, vacuus, miser, æger, inopsque,
Utque novas sedes quærat migrare coactus:
Oppidulo belli potiuntur jure Britanni!"—*Holinshed*.

There is a way of telling truth so as to convey falsehood. After the capture of Harfleur, Stowe says, "all the soldiers and inhabitants, both of the towne and towers, were suffered to goe freely, unharmed, whither they would." 348. Henry's conduct was the same at Caen: he "commanded all women and children to bee avoyded out of the towne, and so the towne was inhabited of new possessors."—*Stowe*.

Page 27. line 215. — *Knelt at the altar.*

Before Henry took possession of Harfleur, he went bare-footed to the church to give God thanks. — *De Serres.*

Page 27. line 221. — *In cold blood slaughter'd.*

Henry, not satisfied with the reduction of Caen, put several of the inhabitants to death, who had signalized their valour in the defence of their liberty. — *H. Clarendon.*

Page 28. line 236. — *He groan'd and curs'd in bitterness of heart.*

After the capture of the city “Luca Italico, the vicar generall of the archbishoprike of Rouen, for denouncing the king accursed, was delivered to him and detained in prison till he died.” — *Holinshed. Titus Livius.*

Page 28. line 249. — *Drive back the miserable multitude.*

“A great number of poore sillie creatures were put out of the gates, which were by the Englishmen that kept the trenches beaten and driven back again to the same gates, which they found closed and shut against them, and so they laie betweene the wals of the citie and the trenches of the enemies, still crieing for help and releefe, for lack whereof great numbers of them dailie died.” — *Holinshed.*

Page 29. line 258. — *And when we sent the herald to implore
His mercy.*

At this period, a priest of a tolerable age, and of clear understanding, was deputed, by those besieged in Rouen, to the king of France and his council. On his arrival at Paris, he caused to be explained, by an Augustin doctor, named Eustace de la Raville, in presence of the king and his ministers, the miserable situation of the besieged. He took for his text, “*Domine, quid faciemus?*” and harangued upon it very ably and eloquently. When he had finished, the priest addressed the king, saying, “Most excellent prince and lord, I am en-

joined by the inhabitants of Rouen to make loud complaints against you, and against you duke of Burgundy, who govern the king, for the oppressions they suffer from the English. They make known to you by me, that if, from want of being succoured by you, they are forced to become subjects to the king of England, you will not have in all the world more bitter enemies; and if they can, they will destroy you and your whole congregation." With these or with similar words did this priest address the king and his council. After he had been well received and entertained, and the duke of Burgundy had promised to provide succours for the town of Rouen as speedily as possible, he returned the best way he could to carry this news to the besieged. — *Monstrelet*, vol. v. p. 54.

One of the deputed citizens, "showing himself more rash than wise, more arrogant than learned, took upon him to show wherein the glorie of victorie consisted; advising the king not to show his manhood in famishing a multitude of poore simple and innocent people, but rather suffer such miserable wretches as laie betwixt the walls of the citie and the trenches of his siege, to passe through the camp, that theie might get their living in other places; then if he durst manfullie assault the place, and by force subdue it, he should win both worldlie fame, and merit great meed from the hands of Almighty God, for having compassion of the poore, needie, and indigent people. When this orator had said, the king with a fierce countenance and bold spirit, reproved them for their malapert presumption, in that they should seeme to go about to teach him what belonged to the dutie of a conqueror, and therefore since it appeared that the same was unknown to them, he declared that the goddesse of battell called Bellona had three handmaidens, ever of necessitie attending upon her, as Blood, Fire, and Famine, and whereas it laie in his choice to use them all three, he had appointed onelie the meekest maid of those three damsels to punish them of that citie till they were brought to reason. This answer put the French ambassador in a great studie, musing much at his excellent wit and hawtnesse of courage." — *Holinshed*.

While the court resided at Beauvais, four gentlemen and four citizens of Rouen were sent to lay before the king and council their miserable state: they told them that thousands of persons were already dead with hunger within their town; and that from the beginning of October, they had been forced to live on horses, dogs, cats, mice and rats, and other things unfit for human creatures. They had nevertheless driven full twelve thousand poor people, men, women and children, out of the place, the greater part of whom had perished wretchedly in the ditches of the town. That it had been frequently necessary to draw up in baskets new born children from mothers who had been brought to bed in these ditches, to have them baptized, and they were afterwards returned to their mothers; many, however, had perished without christening — all which things were grievous and pitiful to be related. They then added, “To you our lord and king, and to you noble duke of Burgundy, the loyal inhabitants of Rouen have before made known their distress: they now again inform you how much they are suffering for you, to which you have not yet provided any remedy according to your promises. We are sent to you for the last time, to announce to you, on the part of the besieged, that if within a few days they are not relieved, they shall surrender themselves and their town to the English king, and thenceforward renounce all allegiance, faith, and service, which they have sworn to you.” The king, duke, and council, courteously replied, that the ~~king's~~ forces were not as yet adequate to raise the siege, which they were exceedingly sorry for; but, with God's pleasure, they should very soon be relieved. The deputies asked by what time; the duke answered, before the fourth day after Christmas. They then returned to their town with difficulty, from the great danger of being taken by the besiegers, and related all that had passed.

The besieged now suffered the greatest distress; and it is impossible to recount the miseries of the common people from famine: it was afterward known that upwards of fifty thousand had perished of hunger. Some, when they saw meat carried through the street, in despair, ran to seize it, and so doing,

allowed themselves to be severely beaten, and even wounded. During the space of three months no provisions were seen in the markets, but every thing was sold secretly; and what before the siege was worth a farthing, was sold for twenty, thirty, or even forty; but those prices were too high for the common people, and hence the great mortality I have mentioned.—*Monstrelet*, vol. v. p. 61.

Page 29. line 269. — *A cry of frenzying anguish.*

The names of our Edwards and Henries are usually cited together, but it is disgracing the Black Prince and his father to mention them with Henry of Monmouth. He was a hard-hearted man. We have seen what was his conduct to the famished fugitives from Roan. The same circumstance occurred at the siege of Calais, and the difference between the monarchs cannot be better exemplified than in the difference of their conduct upon the same occasion. “When sir John de Vienne perceived that king Edward intended to lie long there, he thought to rid the town of as many useless mouths as he could; and so on a Wednesday, being the 13th of September, he forced out of the town more than seventeen hundred of the poorest and least necessary people, old men, women, and children, and shut the gates upon them: who being demanded, wherefore they came out of the town, answered with great lamentation, that it was ~~because~~ because they had nothing to live on. Then king Edward, who was so fierce in battle, showed a truly royal disposition by considering the sad condition of these forlorn wretches; for he not only would not force them back again into the town, whereby they might help to consume the victuals, but he gave them all a dinner and two pence a-piece, and leave to pass through the army without the least molestation: whereby he so wrought upon the hearts of these poor creatures, that many of them prayed to God for his prosperity.”
— *Joshua Barnes.*

Page 29. line 274. — *Nor when the traitor yielded up our town.*

Roan was betrayed by its Burgundian governor Bouthellier. During the siege fifty thousand men perished through fatigue, want, and the use of unwholesome provisions.

Page 29. line 279. — *The gallant Blanchard died.*

Roy d'Angleterre fist couper la teste à Allain Blanchart capitaine du commun. — Monstrellet, ff. cxvii.

Page 30. line 285. — *There where the wicked cease.*

There the wicked cease from troubling; and the weary be at rest. — *Job, iii. 17.*

Page 30. line 306. — *A pompous shade.*

Cent drapeaux funèbres

Étaioient en plein jour de pompeuses ténèbres.

Le Moyne. St. Louis. Liv. xvi.

Page 30. line 307. — *In the mid-day sun a dim and gloomy light.*

“ When all things necessary were prepared for the conveyance of the dead king into England, his body was laid in a chariot, which was drawn by four great horses: and above the dead corpse, they laid a figure made of boiled hides, or leather representing his person, as near to the semblance of him as could be devised, painted curiously to the similitude of a living creature; upon whose head was set an imperial diademe of gold and precious stones, on his body a purple robe furred with ermine, and in his right hand he held a sceptre royal, and in his left hand a ball of gold, with a cross fixed thereon. And in this manner adorned, was this figure laid in a bed in the said chariot, with his visage uncovered towards the heaven: and the coverture of his bed was red silke beaten with gold; and besides that, when the body should passe through any

good towne, a canopy of marvellous great value was borne over the chariot by men of great worship. In this manner, accompanied of the king of Scots and of all princes, lords, and knights of his house, he was brought from Roane to Abville, where the corpse was set in the church of Saint Ulfrane. From Abville he was brought to Hedin, and from thence to Monstrueil, so to Bulloigne, and so to Calice. In all this journey were many men about the chariot clothed all in white, which bare in their hands torches burning; after whome followed all the household servants in blacke, and after them came the princes, lords, and estates of the king's blood, adorned in vestures of mourning; and after all this, from the said corpse the distance of two English myles, followed the queene of England right honourably accompanied. In this manner they entered Calice."— *Stowe*.

At about a league distant followed the queen, with a numerous attendance. From Calais they embarked for Dover, and passing through Canterbury and Rochester, arrived at London on Martinmas-day.

When the funeral approached London, fifteen bishops dressed in *pontificalibus*, several mitred abbots and churchmen, with a multitude of persons of all ranks, came out to meet it. The churchmen chaunted the service for the dead as it passed over London-bridge, through Lombard-street, to St. Paul's cathedral. Near the car were the relations of the late king, uttering loud lamentations. On the collar of the first horse that drew the car were emblazoned the ancient arms of England; on that of the second, the arms of France and England quartered the same as he bore during his lifetime; on that of the third, the arms of France simply; on that of the fourth horse were painted the arms of the noble king Arthur, whom no one could conquer: they were three crowns *or*, on a shield *azure*.

When the funeral service had been royally performed in the cathedral, the body was carried to be interred at Westminster abbey with his ancestors. At this funeral, and in regard to every thing concerning it, greater pomp and expence were

made than had been done for two hundred years at the interment of any king of England; and even now as much honour and reverence is daily paid to his tomb, as if it were certain he was a saint in Paradise.

Thus ended the life of king Henry in the flower of his age, for when he died he was but forty years old. He was very wise and able in every business he undertook, and of a determined character. During the seven or eight years he ruled in France, he made greater conquests than any of his predecessors had done: it is true he was so feared by his princes and captains, that none dared to disobey his orders, however nearly related to him, more especially his English subjects. In this state of obedience were his subjects of France and England in general; and the principal cause was, that if any person transgressed his ordinances, he had him instantly punished without favour or mercy. — *Monstrelet*, vol. v. p. 375.

A noble knight of Picardy used a joking expression to his herald respecting king Henry, which was afterwards often repeated. Sir Sarrasin d'Arly, uncle to the Vidame of Amiens, who might be about sixty years of age, resided in the castle of Achere, which he had had with his wife, sister to the lord d'Offemont, near to Pas in Artois. He was laid up with the gout, but very eager in his inquiries after news of what was going on. One day his poursuivant, named Haurenas, of the same age as himself, and who had long served him, returned from making the usual inquiries; and on sir Sarrasin questioning him and asking him if he had heard any particulars of the death of the king of England, he said that he had, and had even seen his corpse at Abbeville, in the church of St. Ulfran; and then related how he was attired, nearly as has been before described. The knight then asked him on his faith if he had diligently observed him? On his answering that he had, "Now, on thy oath, tell me," added sir Sarrasin, "if he had his boots on?" "No, my lord, by my faith he had not." The knight then cried out, "Haurenas, my good friend, never believe me if he has not left them in France!"

This expression set the company a laughing, and then they talked of other matters. — *Monstrelet*, vol. v. p. 377.

Page 31. line 4. — *Their dangerous way.*

The governor of Vaucouleur appointed *deux gentilshommes* to conduct the Maid to Chinon. “ *Ils eurent peine à se charger de cette commission, à cause qu’il falloit passer au travers du pays ennemi; mais elle leur dit avec fermeté qu’ils ne craignissent rien, et que surement eux et elle arriveroient auprès du roi, sans qu’il leur arrivât rien de fâcheux.* ”

Ils partirent, passèrent par l’Auxerrois sans obstacle quoique les Anglois en fussent les maîtres, traversèrent plusieurs rivières à la nage, entrèrent dans les pays de la domination du roi, où les parties ennemies couroient de tous côtés, sans en rencontrer aucune: arrivèrent heureusement à Chinon où le Roi étoit, et lui donnèrent avis de leur arrivée et du sujet qui les amenoit. Tout le monde fut extrêmement surpris d’un si long voyage fait avec tant de bonheur. — P. Daniel.

Page 31. line 6. — *The autumnal rains had beaten to the earth.*

“ *Nil Galliâ perturbatus, nil spoliatus, nil egentius esset; sed neque cum milite melius agebatur, qui tametsi gaudebat prædâ, interim tamen trucidabatur passim, dum uterque rex civitates sua factionis principes in fide retinere studeret. Igitur jam cædium satietas utrumque populum ceperat, jamque tot damna utrinque illata erant, ut quisque generatim se oppressum, laceratum, perditum ingemisceret, doloreque summo angeretur, disrumperetur, cruciaretur, ac per id animi quamvis obstinatissimi ad pacem inclinarentur. Simul urgebat ad hoc rerum omnium inopia; passim enim agri devastati inculti manebant, cum præsertim homines pro vitâ tuendâ, non arva colere sed bello servire necessariò cogerentur. Ita tot urgentibus malis, neuter a pace abhorrebat, sed alter ab altero eam aut petere, vel admittere turpe putabat.* ” — *Polydore Virgil.*

The effect of this contest upon England was scarcely less ruinous. "In the last year of the victorious Henry V. there was not a sufficient number of gentlemen left in England to carry on the business of civil government.

"But if the victories of Henry were so fatal to the population of his country, the defeats and disasters of the succeeding reign were still more destructive. In the 25th year of this war, the instructions given to the cardinal of Winchester and other plenipotentiaries appointed to treat about a peace, authorise them to represent to those of France "that there haan been moo men slayne in these wars for the title and claime of the coroune of France, of oon nacion and other, than been at this daye in both landys, and so much christiene blode shed, that it is to grete a sorow and an orroure to think or here it."

Henry. Rymer's Fœdera.

Page 32. l. 37. — *Fastolffe's better fate prevail'd.*

Dunois was wounded in the battle of Herrings, or Rouvrai Saint-Denys.

Page 33. l. 56. — *To die for him whom I have liv'd to serve.*

Tanneguy du Châtel had saved the life of Charles when Paris was seized by the Burgundians. Lisle Adam, a man noted for ferocity even in that age, was admitted at midnight into the city with eight hundred horse. The partizans of Burgundy were under arms to assist them, and a dreadful slaughter of the Armagnacs ensued. Du Châtel, then governor of the Bastile, being unable to restrain the tumult, ran to the Louvre, and carried away the Dauphin in his shirt, in order to secure him in his fortress. — *Rapin.*

Page 33. l. 61. — *To reach the o'er-hanging fruit.*

High favours like as fig-trees are
That grow upon the sides of rocks, where they
Who reach their fruit adventure must so far
As to hazard their deep downfall. — *Daniel.*

Page 33. l. 62. — *A banish'd man, Dunois !*

De Serres says, "the king was wonderfully discontented for the departure of Tanneguy de Chastel, whom he called father ; A man beloved, and of amiable conditions. But there was no remedy. He had given the chief stroke to John Burgongne. So likewise he protested without any difficulty, to retire himself whithersoever his master should command him."

Page 33. l. 63. — *Richemont, who down the Loire*

Sends the black carcass of his strangled foe.

Richemont caused De Giac to be strangled in his bed, and thrown into the Loire, to punish the negligence that had occasioned him to be defeated by an inferior force at Avranches. The constable had laid siege to St. James de Beuvron, a place strongly garrisoned by the English. He had been promised a convoy of money, which De Giac, who had the management of the treasury, purposely detained to mortify the constable. Richemont openly accused the treasurer, and revenged himself thus violently. After this, he boldly declared that he would serve in the same manner any person whatsoever that should endeavour to engross the king's favour. The Camus of Beau-lieu accepted De Giac's place, and was by the constable's means assassinated in the king's presence.

Page 33. l. 70. — *Whose death my arm avenged.* ●

"The duke of Orleans was, on a Wednesday, the feast-day of pope St. Clement, assassinated in Paris, about seven o'clock in the evening, on his return from dinner. The murder was committed by about eighteen men, who had lodged at an hotel having for sign the image of our Lady, near the Porte Bar-bette, and who, it was afterwards discovered, had for several days intended this assassination.

On the Wednesday before mentioned, they sent one named Scas de Courteheuze, valet de chambre to the king, and one of their accomplices, to the duke of Orleans, who had gone to visit the queen of France at an hotel which she had lately

purchased from Montagu, grand master of the king's household, situated very near the *Porte Barbette*. She had lain in there of a child, which had died shortly after its birth, and had not then accomplished the days of her purification.

Scas, on his seeing the duke, said, by way of deceiving him, "My lord, the king sends for you, and you must instantly hasten to him, for he has business of great importance to you and him, which he must communicate to you." The duke, on hearing this message, was eager to obey the king's orders, although the monarch knew nothing of the matter, and immediately mounted his mule, attended by two esquires on one horse, and four or five valets on foot, who followed behind bearing torches; but his other attendants made no haste to follow him. He had made this visit in a private manner, notwithstanding at this time he had within the city of Paris six hundred knights and esquires of his retinue, and at his expence.

On his arrival at the *Porte Barbette*, the eighteen men, all well and secretly armed, were waiting for him, and were lying in ambush under shelter of a penthouse. The night was pretty dark, and as they sallied out against him, one cried out, "Put him to death!" and gave him such a blow on the wrist with his battle-axe as severed it from his arm.

The duke, astonished at this attack, cried out, "I am the duke of Orleans!" when the assassins continuing their blows, answered, "You are the person we were looking for." So many rushed on him that he was struck off his mule, and his scull was split that his brains were dashed on the pavement. They turned him over and over, and massacred him that he was very soon completely dead. A young esquire, a German by birth, who had been his page, was murdered with him: seeing his master struck to the ground, he threw himself on his body to protect him, but in vain, and he suffered for his generous courage. The horse which carried the two esquires that preceded the duke, seeing so many armed men advance

began to snort, and when he passed them set out on a gallop, so that it was some time before he could be checked.

When the esquires had stopped their horse, they saw their lord's mule following them full gallop: having caught him, they fancied the duke must have fallen, and were bringing it back by the bridle; but on their arrival where their lord lay, they were menaced by the assassins, that if they did not instantly depart they should share his fate. Seeing their lord had been thus basely murdered, they hastened to the hotel of the queen, crying out, Murder! Those who had killed the duke, in their turn, bawled out, Fire! and they had arranged their plan that while some were assassinating the duke, others were to set fire to their lodgings. Some mounted on horseback, and the rest on foot made off as they could, throwing behind them broken glass and sharp points of iron to prevent their being pursued.

Report said that many of them went the back way to the hotel d'Artois, to their master the duke of Burgundy, who had commanded them to do this deed, as he afterwards publicly confessed, to inform him of the success of their murder; when instantly afterward they withdrew to places of safety.

The chief of these assassins, and the conductor of the business, was one called Rollet d'Auctonville, a Norman, whom the duke of Orleans had a little before deprived of his office of commissioner of taxes, which the king had given to him at the request of the late duke of Burgundy: from that time the said Rollet had been considering how he could revenge himself on the duke of Orleans. His other accomplices were William Courteheuze and Scas Courteheuze, before mentioned, from the country of Guines, John de la Motte, and others, to the amount of eighteen.

Within half an hour the household of the duke of Orleans, hearing of this horrid murder, made loud complaints, and with great crowds of nobles and others hastened to the fatal spot, where they found him lying dead in the street. His knight and esquires, and in general all his dependants, made grievous lamentations, seeing him thus wounded and dis-

figured. With many groans they raised the body and carried it to the hotel of the lord de Rieux, marshal of France, which was hard by; and shortly afterward the body was covered with a white pall, and conveyed most honourably to the Guillemins, where it lay, as being the nearest church to where the murder had been committed.

Soon afterward the king of Sicily, and many other princes, knights and esquires, having heard of this foul murder of the only brother of the king of France, came with many tears to visit the body. It was put into a leaden coffin, and the monks of the church, with all the late duke's household, watched it all night, saying prayers, and singing psalms over it. On the morrow his servants found the hand which had been cut off, and collected much of the brains that had been scattered over the street, all of which were inclosed in a leaden case and placed by the coffin.

The whole of the princes who were at Paris, except the king and his children, namely, the king of Sicily, the dukes of Berry, Burgundy and Bourbon, the marquis du Pont, the counts de Nevers, de Clermont, de Vendôme, de St. Pol, de Dammartin, the constable of France, and several others, having assembled with a large body of the clergy and nobles, and a multitude of the citizens of Paris, went in a body to the church of the Guillemins. Then the principal officers of the late duke's household took the body and bore it out of the church, with a great number of lighted torches carried by the esquires of the defunct. On each side of the body were in due order, uttering groans and shedding tears, the king of Sicily, the dukes of Berry, Burgundy, and Bourbon, each holding a corner of the pall. After the body followed the other princes, the clergy and barons, according to their ranks, recommending his soul to his Creator; and thus they proceeded with it to the church of the Celestins. When a most solemn service had been performed, the body was interred in a beautiful chapel he himself had founded and built. After the service all the princes, and others who had attended it, returned to their homes. — *Monstrelet*, vol. i. p. 192.

Page 34. l. 91. — *When the Burgundian faction fill'd thy streets
With carnage.*

About four o'clock on the 12th day of June, the populace of Paris rose to the amount of about sixty thousand, fearing (as they said) that the prisoners would be set at liberty, although the new provost of Paris and other lords assured them to the contrary. They were armed with old mallets, hatchets, staves and other disorderly weapons, and paraded through the streets shouting, "Long live the king and the duke of Burgundy!" toward the different prisons in Paris, namely, the Palace, St. Magloire, St. Martin des Champs, the Chatelet, the Temple, and to other places wherein any prisoners were confined. They forced open all their doors, and killed Chepier and Chepiere, with the whole of the prisoners, to the amount of sixteen hundred or thereabouts, the principal of whom were the count de Armagnac, constable of France, master Henry de Marle, chancellor to the king, the bishops of Coutances, of Bayeux, of Evreux, of Senlis, of Saintes, the count de Grand-Pre, Raymonnet de la Guerre, the abbot de St. Conille de Compiègne, sir Hector de Chartres, sir Enguerrand de Marcoignet, Charlot Poupart, master of the king's wardrobe, the members of the courts of justice and of the treasury, and in general all they could find: among the number were several even of the Burgundian party confined for debt.

In this massacre several women were killed, and left on the spot where they had been put to death. This cruel butchery lasted until ten o'clock in the morning of the following day. Those confined in the grand Chatelet, having arms, defended themselves valiantly, and slew many of the populace; but on the morrow by means of fire and smoke they were conquered, and the mob made many of them leap from the battlements of the towers, when they were received on the points of the spears of those in the streets, and cruelly mangled. At this dreadful business were present the new provost of Paris, sir John de Luxembourg, the lord de Fosseaux, the lord de l'Isle-Adam,

the vidame of Amiens, the lord de Chevreuse, the lord de Chastellus, the lord de Cohen, sir James de Harcourt, sir Emond de Lombers, the lord d'Auxois, and others, to the amount of upward of a thousand combatants, armed and on horseback, ready to defend the murderers should there be any necessity. Many were shocked and astonished at such cruel conduct; but they dared not say any thing except, "Well, my boys!" The bodies of the constable, the chancellor, and of Raymonnet de la Guerre were stripped naked, tied together with a cord, and dragged for three days by the blackguards of Paris through the streets; the body of the constable had the breadth of two fingers of his skin cut off crosswise, like to a bend in heraldry, by way of derision: and they were thus publicly exposed quite naked to the sight of all; on the fourth day they were dragged out of Paris on a hurdle, and buried with the others in a ditch called la Louviere.

Notwithstanding the great lords after this took much pains to pacify the populace, and remonstrated with them, that they ought to allow the king's justice to take its regular course against offenders, they would not desist, but went in great crowds to the houses of such as had favoured the Armagnacs, or of those whom they disliked, and killed them without mercy, carrying away all they could find. In these times it was enough if one man hated another at Paris, of whatever rank he might be, Burgundian or not, to say, "There goes an Armagnac," and he was instantly put to death without further inquiry being made. — *Monstrelet*, vol. v. p. 20.

To add to the tribulations of these times the Parisians again assembled in great numbers, as they had before done, and went to all the prisons in Paris, broke into them, and put to death full three hundred prisoners, many of whom had been confined there since the last butchery. In the number of those murdered were sir James de Mommor, and sir Louis de Corail, chamberlain to the king, with many nobles and churchmen. They then went to the lower court of the bastille of St. Anthony, and demanded that six prisoners, whom they named, should be given up to them, or they would attack the place:

in fact, they began to pull down the wall of the gate, when the duke of Burgundy, who lodged near the bastille, vexed to the heart at such proceedings, to avoid worse, ordered the prisoners to be delivered to them, if any of their leaders would promise that they should be conducted to the Chatelet prison, and suffered to be punished according to their deserts by the king's court of justice. Upon this they all departed, and by way of glossing over their promise, they led the prisoners near to the Chatelet, when they put them to death, and stripped them naked. They then divided into several large companies and paraded the streets of Paris, entering the houses of many who had been Armagnacs, plundering and murdering all without mercy. In like manner as before, when they met any person they disliked he was slain instantly; and their principal leader was Cappeluche, the hangman of the city of Paris.

The duke of Burgundy, alarmed at these insurrections, sent for some of the chief citizens, with whom he remonstrated on the consequences these disturbances might have. The citizens excused themselves from being any way concerned, and said they were much grieved to witness them: they added, they were all of the lowest rank, and had thus risen to pillage the more wealthy; and they required the duke to provide a remedy by employing these men in his wars. It was then proclaimed, in the names of the king and the duke of Burgundy, under pain of death, that no person should tumultuously assemble, nor any more murders or pillage take place; but that such as had of late risen in the insurrection should prepare themselves to march to the sieges of Montlehery and Marcoussi, now held by the king's enemies. The commonalty made reply, that they would cheerfully do so if they had proper captains appointed to lead them.

Within a few days, to avoid similar tumults in Paris, six thousand of the populace were sent to Montlehery under the command of the lord de Cohen, sir Walter de Ruppess and sir Walter Raillart, with a certain number of men at arms, and store of cannon and ammunition sufficient for a siege. These

knights led them to Montlehery, where they made a sharp attack on the Dauphinois within the castle.

The duke of Burgundy, after their departure, arrested several of their accomplices, and the principal movers of the late insurrection, some of whom he caused to be beheaded, others to be hanged or drowned in the Seine; even their leader Cappeluche, the hangman, was beheaded in the market-place. When news of this was carried to the Parisians who had been sent to Montlehery, they marched back to Paris to raise another rebellion, but the gates were closed against them, so that they were forced to return to the siege.

Monstrelet, vol. v. p. 47.

To what is it owing that four centuries should have made so little difference in the character of the Parisians?

Page 36. l. 142. — *He will retreat*

To distant Dauphiny.

“ Charles, in despair of collecting an army which should dare to approach the enemy’s entrenchments, not only gave the city of Orleans for lost, but began to entertain a very dismal prospect with regard to the general state of his affairs. He saw that the country in which he had hitherto, with great difficulty, subsisted, would be laid entirely open to the invasion of a powerful and victorious enemy, and he already entertained thoughts of retiring with the remains of his forces into Languedoc and Dauphiny, and defending himself as long as possible in those remote provinces. But it was fortunate for this good prince, that as he lay under the dominion of the fair, the women whom he consulted had the spirit to support his sinking resolution in this desperate extremity. Mary of Anjou, his queen, a princess of great merit and prudence, vehemently opposed this measure, which she foresaw would discourage all his partizans, and serve as a general signal for deserting a prince who seemed himself to despair of success: his mistress too, the fair Agnes Sorel, who lived in entire amity with the queen, seconded all her remonstrances.”— *Hume*.

L'on fait honneur à la belle Agnès Sorel, Demoiselle de Touraine, maîtresse de ce Prince, d'avoir beaucoup contribué à l'encourager en cette occasion. On lui fait cet honneur principalement au sujet d'un quatrain rapporté par Saint Gelais, comme aiant été fait par le Roi François I. à l'honneur de cette Demoiselle.

*Plus de louange et d'honneur tu mérites,
La cause étant de France recouvrer,
Que ce que peut dedans un Cloître ouvrir
Clusé Nonnain, ou bien dévot Hermite. — P. Daniel.*

Page 36. l. 151.— *On a May morning deck'd with flowers.*

Here in this first race you shall see our kings but once a year, the first day of May, in their chariots deckt with flowres and greene, and drawn by four oxen. Whoso hath occasion to treat with them let him seeke them in their chambers, amidst their delights. Let him talke of any matters of state, he shall be sent to the Maire. — *De Serres.*

Fuller calls this race "a chain of idle kings, well linked together, who gave themselves over to pleasure privately, never coming abroad, but onely on May-day they showed themselves to the people, riding in a chariot, adorned with flowers, and drawn with oxen, slow cattel, but good enough for so lazy luggage."— *Holy Warre.*

*Ces Rois hideux en longue barbe espesse,
En longs cheveux, ornez, presse sur presse,
De chaisnes d'or et de carquans gravez,
Hauts dans un char en triomphe elevez,
Une fois l'an se feront voir en pompe
Enflez d'un fard qui le vulgaire trompe. — Ronsard.*

Page 36. l. 155.— *And these long locks will not disgrace thee then.*

Long hair was peculiar to the kings in the first ages of the French monarchy. When Fredegonda had murdered Clovis

and thrown him into the river, the fishermen who found his body knew it by the long hair. — *Mezeray*.

At a later period the custom seems to have become general. *Pasquier* says, “ *lors de mon jeune aage nul n'estoit tondu, fors les moines. Advint par mesadventure que le roy François premier de ce nom, ayant esté fortuitement blessé à la teste d'un tizon, par le capitaine Lorges, sieur de Montgoumery, les medecins furent d'avis de la tondre. Depuis il ne porta plus longs cheveux, estant le premier de nos roys, qui par un sinistre augure degenera de ceste venerable ancienneté. Sur son exemple, les princes premierement, puis les gentilshommes, et finalement tous les subjects se voulurent former, il ne fut pas que les Prestres ne se meissent de ceste partie. Sur la plus grande partie du regne de François premier, et devant, chacun portoit longue chevelure, et barbe ras, où maintenant chacun est tondu, et porte longue barbe.*”

Page 36. l. 166. — *Thy mangled corse waves to the winds of heaven.*

Le Viscomte de Narbonne y périt aussi, et porta la peine de sa témérité, qui avoit été une des principales causes de la perte de la bataille. Le duc de Betfort aiant fait chercher son corps, le fit écarteler et pendre à un gibet, parce qu'il passoit pour avoir été complice de la mort du duc de Bourgogne. — P. Daniel.

Page 36. l. 169.— *Bretagne's unfaithful chief
Leagues with my foes, and Richemont, &c.*

Richemont has left an honourable name, though he tied a prime minister up in a sack and threw him into the river. For this he had a royal precedent in our king John, but Richemont did openly what the monarch did in the dark, and there is some difference between a murderer and an executioner, even though the executioner be a volunteer. “ *Il mérita sa grace (says Daniel), par les services qu'il rendit au roi contre les Anglois, malgré ce prince même. Il fut un des principaux auteurs de la réforme de la milice Française, qui produisit la tranquillité de la France et les grands victoires dont elle fust*

suivie. L'autorité qu'il avoit par sa charge de connétable, jointe à sa fermeté naturelle, lui donna moyen de tenir la main à l'observation des ordonnances publiées par le roi pour la discipline militaire ; et les exemples de sévérité qu'il fit à cet égard, lui firent donner le surnom de justicier. Etant devenu duc de Bretagne, quelques Seigneurs de sa Cour lui conseillèrent de se démettre de sa charge de connétable, comme d'une dignité qui étoit au dessous de lui. Il ne la voulut pas, et il faisoit porter devant lui deux épées, l'une la pointe en haut, en qualité de duc de Bretagne, et l'autre dans le fourreau le pointe en bas, comme connétable de France. Son motive pour conserver la charge de connétable, étoit, disoit il d'honorer dans sa vieillesse une charge qui l'avoit honoré lui-même dans un âge moins avancé. On le peut compter au nombre des plus grands capitaines que la France ait eus à son service. Il avoit beaucoup de religion, il étoit liberal, aumônier, bienfaisant, et on ne peut guères lui reprocher que la hauteur et la violence, dont il usa envers les trois ministres."

Page 38. l. 220. — *Well might the English scoff.*

Yet in the preceding year 1428, the English women had concerned themselves somewhat curiously in the affairs of their rulers. "There was one Mistris Stokes with divers others stout women of London, of good reckoning, well-apparelled, came openly to the upper parliament, and delivered letters to the duke of Glocester, and to the archbishops, and to the other lords there present, containing matter of rebuke and sharp reprehension of the duke of Glocester, because he would not deliver his wife Jacqueline out of her grievous imprisonment, being then held prisoner by the duke of Burgundy, suffering her there to remain so unkindly, and for his public keeping by him another adultresse, contrary to the law of God, and the honourable estate of matrimony." — *Stowe.*

Page 39. l. 233. — *She fixed her eye on Charles.*

Of this I may say with Scudery,

O merveille estonnante, et difficile à croire ! —

Mais que nous rapportons sur la foy de l'Histoire.

Alaric, L. 2.

The matter (says De Serres), was found ridiculous both by the king and his counsell, yet must they make some triall. The king takes upon him the habit of a countriman to be disguised: this maid (being brought into the chamber), goes directly to the king in this attire, and salutes him *with so modest a countenance, as if she had been bred up in court all her life.* They telling her that she was mistaken, she assured them it was the king, although she had never seene him. She begins to deliver unto him this new charge, which, she sayes, she had received from the God of Heaven; so as she turned the eyes and minds of all men upon her."

Ce prince prit exprès ce jour-là un habit fort simple, et se mêla sans distinction dans la foule des courtizans. La fille entra dans la chambre sans paroître aucunement étonnée, et quoiqu' elle n' eût jamais vu le roi, elle lui adressa la parole, et lui dit d'un ton ferme, que Dieu l'envoyoit pour le secourir, pour faire lever le siège d'Orleans, et le conduire à Reims pour y être sacré. Elle l'assura que les Anglois seroient chassés du Royaume, et que s'ils ne le quittoient au plutôt, il leur en prendroit mal. — P. Daniel.

Page 39. l. 243. — *Crown thee anointed king.*

The anointing was a ceremony of much political and mystical importance. "King Henry III. of England, being desirous to know what was wrought in a king by his unction, consulted by letter about it with that great scholler of the age Robert Grossetest bishop of Lincoln, who answered him thus: — '*Quod autem in fine literæ vestræ nobis mandatis, videlicet quod intimaremus quid unctionis sacramentum videatur adjicere regiæ dignitati, cum multi sint reges qui nullatenus unctionis munera decorentur, non est nostræ modicitatis complere hoc. Tamen non ignoramus quod regalis inunctio signum est prerogativæ susceptionis septiformis doni Sacratissimi*

Pneumatis, quod septiformi munere tenetur rex inunctus præeminentius non unctis regibus omnes regias et regiminis sui actiones dirigere; ut videlicet non communiter sed eminentè et heroicè dono Timoris se primò, et deinceps, quantum in ipso est, suo regimini subjectos, ab omni cohibeat illicito; dono Pietatis defendat subveniat et subveniri faciat viduæ, pupillo, et generaliter omni oppresso; dono Scientiæ leges justas ad regnum justè regendum ponat, positas observet et observari faciat, erroneas destruat; dono Fortitudinis omnia regno adversantia repellat et pro salute reipublicæ mortem non timeat. Ad prædicta autem præcellenter agenda dono Concilii decoretur, quo artificialitèr et scientificè ordo hujus mundi sensibilis edocetur; deinde dono Intellectus, quo cætus Angelici ordo dinoscitur. Tandem verò dono Sapientiæ, quo ad dilucidam cognitionem Dei pertingitur, ut ad exemplar ordinis mundi et ordinis angelici secundum leges æternas in æterna Dei ratione descriptas, quibus regit universitatem creaturæ, rempublicam sibi subjectam ordinabiliter regat tandem et ipse. Adjicit igitur regis dignitati unctionis sacramentum quod rex unctus præ cæteris in suo genere debet, ut præactum est, ex septiformi Spiritus munere, in omnibus suis regiminis actibus, virtutibus divinis et heroicis pollere.'

“ And some other have conceived this anointing of such efficacy, that, as in baptisme all former sinnes are washt away, so also by this unction, as we see in that of Polyeuctus patriarch of Constantinople, who doubted not but that the emperor John Tzimisces was cleerd, before Heaven, of the death of Phocas, thro' his being anointed emperor.”

Selden's Titles of Honour.

The legend of the Ampulla made this ceremony peculiarly important in France. I quote the miracle from Desmarests. Clovis is on his knees waiting to be anointed by St. Remigius.

*Cependant le prelat attend les huiles saintes.
Un Diacre les porte, et fait un vain effort;
La foule impenetrable empesche son abord.
Du Pontife sacré la douce impatience,
Des mains et de la voix reut en vain qu'il s' avance.*

*Nul ne peut diviser, par la force des bras,
 De tant de corps pressez l'immobile ramas.
 Le prince humble, à genoux, languissoit dans l'attente,
 Alors qu'une clarté paroist plus éclatante,
 Esteint tous autres feux par sa vive splendeur,
 Et répand dans le temple une divine odeur.
 Dans un air lumineux une Colombe vole,
 En son bec de coral tenant une fiole.
 Elle apporte au prelat ce vase précieux,
 Plein d'un baume sacré, rare present des Cieux.— Clovis.*

Guillermus Brito says that the devil brake the viol^l of oil which Remigius held in his hand ready to anoint Clovis, and that the oil being so spilt, he obtained by prayer a supply of it from heaven. — *Selden.*

Page 39. l. 258.— *The doctors of theology.*

Ces paroles ainsi par elle dictes, la fist le roy remener honorablement en son logis, et assemble son grand conseil, au quel furent plusieurs prelats, chevaliers, escuyers et chefs de guerre, avecques aucuns docteurs en theologie en loix et en decret, qui tous ensemble adviserent qu'elle seroit interrogué par les docteurs, pour essayer si en elle se trouveroit evidente raison de pouvoir accomplir ce qu'elle disoit. Mais les docteurs la troverent de tant honneste contenance, et tant sage en ses paroles, que leur revelation faicte, on en tient tres grand conte.

Diverses interrogations luy furent faictes par plusieurs docteurs et autres gens de grand estat, a quoy elle respondit moult bien, et par especial a un docteur Jacobin, qui luy dist, que si Dieu vouloit que les Anglois s'en allassent, qu'il ne falloit point de armes ; a quoy elle respondit, qu'elle ne vouloit que peu de gens qui combattroient, et Dieu donneroit la victoire.

History of the siege of Orleans. Troyes, 1621.

In the *Gesta Joannæ Gallicæ* of Valerandus Varanius, one of the counsellors makes a speech of seventy lines upon the wickedness of women, mentioning Helen, Beersheba, Semiramis, Dalilah, Messalina, &c. as examples. The council are

influenced by his opinion, and the Maid, to prove her mission, challenges any one of them to a single combat.

*Quá me stultitiá, quá me levitate notandam
Creditis o patres? armis si forsitan, inquit,
Apta minus videar, stricto procurrere ferro
Annuite; hæc nostri sint prima pericula martis.
Si cuique vis tanta animo, descendat in æquæ
Planiciem pugnæ; mihi si victoria cedat
Credite victrici; noster si vicerit hostis
Compede vincita abeam, et cunctis sim fabula sæclis.*

Page 43. l. 375.—*St. Agnes' Chapel.*

Hanc virginem contigit pascendo pecora in sacello quodam vilissimo, ad declinandam pluviam obdormire; quo in tempore visa est se in somnis a Deo, qui se illi ostenderat, admoneri.

Jacobus Philippus Bergomensis de claris mulieribus.

Joanna Gallica Puella, dum oves pascit, tempestate coacta in proximum sacellum confugit, ibi obdormiens liberandæ Gallie mandatum divinitus accepit. — Bonfinius.

Heroinæ nobilissimæ Joannæ Darc Lotheringæ vulgo Aurelianiensis Puellæ historia. Authore Joanne Hordal serenissimi ducis Lotharingæ consiliario. Ponti-Mussi. 1612.

Page 44. l. 383. — *Saint Agnes stood*

*Before mine eyes, such and so beautiful
As when, amid the house of wickedness,
The Power whom with such fervent love she served
Veil'd her with glory.*

Insanus judex eam nudam ad lupanar pertrahi jussit. At ubi beata virgo vestibus exuta est, statim crine soluto, tantam capillis densitatem ejus divina gratia concessit, ut melius illorum fimbriis, quam vestibus tecta videratur. Introgressa quidem Agnes turpitudinis locum, Angelum Domini præparatum invenit: eam mox tanto lumine perfudit, ut præ magnitudine splendoris, a nemine conspici posset.

The exclamation of St. Agnes at the stake should not be

omitted here. "Then Agnes in the midst of the flames, stretching out her hands, prayed unto the Lord, saying, 'I bless thee, O Almighty Father! who permittest me to come unto thee fearless even in the flames. For behold! what I have believed, I see; what I have hoped, I possess; what I have desired, I embrace. Therefore I confess thee with my lips, I desire thee with my heart, with my inmost entrails; I come to thee, the living and the true God!' The whole passage as it stands in the *Acta Sanctorum* is very fine. *Tunc Vicarius Aspasius nomine, jussit in conspectu omnium ignem copiosum accendi, et in medium eam præcepit jactari flammæ. Quod cum fuisset impletum, statim in duas partes divisæ sunt flammæ, et hinc atque illinc seditiosos populos exurcebant, ipsam autem B. Agnen penitus in nullo contingebat incendium. Eo magis hoc non virtutibus divinis, sed maleficiis deputantes, dabant fremitus inter se populi, et infinitos clamores ad cælum. Tunc B. Agnes expendens manus suas in medio ignis his verbis orationem fudit ad Dominum: Omnipotens, adorande, colende, tremende, Pater Domini nostri Jesu Christi, benedico te quia per filium tuum unigenitum evasi minas hominum impiorum et spurcitas diaboli impolluta transivi. Ecce et nunc per Spiritum Sanctum rore cælesti perfusa sum; focus juxta me moritur, flamma dividitur, et ardor incendii hujus ad eos a quibus ministratur, refunditur. Benedico te pater omnipotens, qui etiam per flammæ, intrepidam me ad te venire permittis. Ecce jam quod credidi video, quod speravi jam teneo, quod concupivi complector. Te igitur labiis confiteor, te corde, te totis visceribus concupisco. Ecce ad te venio vivum et verum Deum!*

Acta Sanct. tom ii. p. 352, Jan. 21.

Vita S. Agnetis. Auct. S. Ambrosio.

They have a legend in Cornwall that St. Agnes "escaped out of the prison at Rome, and taking shipping, landed at St. Piran Arwothall, from whence she travelled on foot to what is now her own parish. But being several times tempted by the Devil on her way, as often as she turned about to rebuke him,

she turned him into a stone, and indeed there are still to be seen on the Downs, between St. Piran and St. Agnes, several large moor stones, pitched on end, in a straight line, about a quarter of a mile distant one from the other, doubtless put there on some remarkable account." There lived then in that part of the country a famous *Wrath* or Giant, by name Bolster, of that ilk. He got hold of the Saint, and obliged her to gather up the stones on his domain; she carried them in three apron-fulls to the top of the hill, and made with them three great heaps, from which the hill is now called, sometimes Carne Breanich, sometimes St. Agnes' Beacon. At last this Giant or *Wrath*, attempted to seduce her; she pretended to yield, provided he would fill a hole which she showed him with his blood: he agreed to this, not knowing that the hole opened into the sea; she thus cunningly bled him to death, and then tumbled him over the cliff. This they still call the *Wrath's* Hole. It is on the top of the cliff, not far from St. Agnes' chapel and well; and, enlarging as it goes downward, opens into a cave fretted-in by the sea, and, from the nature of the stone, streaked all over with bright red streaks like blood. After this she lived some time here, and then died, having first built her chapel and her well. The water of this well is excellent; and the pavement, they tell you, is coloured with her own blood, and the more you rub it, the more it shows, — such being, indeed, the nature of the stone. She likewise left the mark of her foot on a rock, not far from it, still called St. Agnes' foot, which they tell you will fit a foot of any size; and indeed it is large enough so to do. These monkish stories caused a great resort here in former days, and many cures are pretended to have been done by the water of this well, so blest by her miraculous blood." — *Polwhele's History of Cornwall*, i. 176-7. — N.

St. Agnes, St. Catharine, and St. Margaret, were the saints more particularly revered by the Maid of Orleans.

Page 46. line 442. — *Was silence to my soul.*

Thro' the scene are faintly heard
Sounds that are silence to the mind.

Charles Lloyd.

Page 53. line 76. — *Effaced the hauberk's honourable marks.*

Afin d'empêcher les impressions que ce treillis de fer devait laisser sur la peau, ou avait soin de se matelasser en dessous. Malgré ces précautions cependant il en laissait encore ; ces marques s'appelaient camois, et on les faisait disparaître par le bain. — Le Grand.

Page 55. line 121. — *Then bow'd her to the sword of martyrdom.*

Such is the legend of St. Katharine, princess of Alexandria, whose story has been pictured upon sign-posts and in churches, but whose memory has been preserved in this country longer by the ale-house than by the altar. The most extravagant perhaps of Dryden's plays is upon this subject. In the first edition I had, ignorantly, represented Katharine as dying upon the wheel, and the description of her sufferings was far too minute. Dryden has committed the last fault in a far greater degree ; the old martyrologies particularize no cruelties more revolting to the reader than he has detailed in the speech of Maximin when he orders her to execution.

From a passage in the *Jerusalem Conquistada* it should seem that St. Katharine was miraculously betrothed to her heavenly spouse. As the crusaders approach Jerusalem, they visit the holy places on their way ;

*Qual visita el lugar con llanto tierno,
Donde la hermosa virgen Caterina
Se desposó con el Esposo eterno,
La Angelica Rachel siendo madrina ;*

*Aquel Esposo, que el nevado invierno
 Se cubrio con escarcha matutina,
 El que tiene los ojos de palomas
 V del labio de lirio vierte aromas.*—Lope de Vega.

The marginal note adds *La Virgen fue Madrina en los despo-
 rios de Caterina y Christo.*

Of St. Margaret, the other favourite Saint of the Maid, I find recorded by Bergomensis, that she called the pagan Præfect an impudent dog, that she was thrown into a dungeon, where a horrible dragon swallowed her, that she crossed herself, upon which the dragon immediately burst and she came out safe, and that she saw the devil standing in the corner like a black man, and seized him and threw him down.

Absurd as this legend is, it once occasioned a very extraordinary murder. A young Lombard after hearing it, prayed so earnestly for an opportunity of fighting with the devil like St. Margaret, that he went into the fields in full expectation that his desire would be gratified. A hideous old dumb woman came by: he mistook her for the tempter; her inarticulate noises confirmed him in this opinion, and he knocked her down and trampled upon her. The poor wretch died of her bruises, but a miracle was wrought to save her murderer in consideration that his madness was a pious madness, and before she died, she spoke to excuse the mistake. This tale is told in that strange collection of ludicrous stories upon religious subjects, the *Pia Hilaria*. The authority referred to, is *Petr. Rausani Hist. lib. 35.*

Page 55. line 136.—*The sacred sword.*

Puella petiit gladium, quem divinitus uti aiebat, erat facta certior in templo divæ Catherinæ in Turonibus, inter antiqua donaria pendere. Miratus Carolus, gladium inquiri, ac inventum protinus Puellæ afferrî jussit.—Polydore Virgil.

Roland, or rather Orlando, for it is Ariosto who has immortalized him, was buried with *Durindana* at his side, and

his horn *Olifant* at his feet. Charlemain also had his good sword *Joyeuse* buried with him. He was placed in his sepulchre on a golden throne, crowned and habited in his imperial robes, though a *cilice* was next his skin; one hand held a globe of gold, the other rested on the Gospels, which were lying on his knees. His shield and sceptre were hung opposite to him, on the side of the sepulchre, which was filled with perfumes and spices, and then closed. *Tizona* was buried with the *Cid*, no living man being worthy to wield that sword with which the *Campeador*, even after death, had triumphed; and which had been miraculously half drawn from the scabbard to avenge the insult offered by a Jew to his corpse.

Page 57. line 169. — *They partook the feast.*

Cette cérémonie chez les grands s'annonçait au son du cor, ou au son d'une cloche; coutume qui subsiste encore dans les couvens et les maisons opulentes, pour annoncer le couvert et le dîner. Après le service des viandes, c'est-à-dire, après ce que nous appelons entrées, rôtis et entremets, on sortait de table pour se laver les mains une seconde fois, comme chez les Romains de qui parait être venu cet usage. Les domestiques desservaient pendant ce tems; ils enlevaient une des nappes et apportaient les confitures (qu'on nommait épices) et les vins composés. A ce moment, fait pour la gaieté, commençaient les devis plaisans et joyeux propos, car dans ce bon vieux tems on aimait beaucoup de rire. C'était alors que les ménétriers venoient réciter leurs fabliaux, lorsqu'on admettait leur présence. — Le Grand.

Page 57. line 174. — *Or luscious with metheglin mingled rich.*

Il y avait plusieurs sortes de ces vins préparés qu'on servait après les viandes. 1. *les Vins cuits, qui sont encore en usage dans quelques provinces, et qui ont conservé le même nom.* 2. *Ceux auxquels on ajoutait le suc de quelque fruit, tels que le Moré, fait avec du jus de mûre.* 3. *Ceux qu'on assaisonnait avec du miel, comme le Nectar, le Medon, &c.* 4. *Ceux où l'on*

faisait infuser des plantes médicinales ou aromatiques, et qui prenaient leur nom de ces plantes, Vins d'Absinthe, de Myrthe, d'Aloès, &c. Le Roman de Florimont les appelle Vins herbez. 5. Enfin ceux dans lesquels, outre le miel, il entrait des épices. On appelaient ces derniers du nom général de Pimens. C'étoient les plus estimés de tous. Nos auteurs n'en parlent qu'avec délices. Il eût manqué quelque chose à une fête ou à un repas, si on n'y eût point servi du Piment: et l'an on donnait meme aux moines dans les couvens à certains jours de l'année. — Le Grand,

Page 57. line 177.

the youth

Of Cornwall.

Sir Tristram du Lyones.

Page 57. line 179.

and he who struck

The dolorous stroke.

Sir Balin le Sauvage.

Page 57. line 185. — Like that divinest Tuscan.

Ariosto.

Page 59. line 246. — Thou canst not with thy golden belt put on
An honourable name.

Du proverbe *Bonne renommee vaut mieux que ceinture doree.*

Lisant un arrest ancien qui est encores pour le jourd'huy inseré aux registres du Chastelet de Paris, j'estimay qu'en ce proverbe il y avoit une notable sentence, et une longue ancienneté tout ensemble. Car par arrest qui est du 28 de Juin 1420, il est porté en termes exprés que deffenses sont faites à toutes femmes amoureuses, filles de joye, et paillardes de ne porter robes à collets renversez, queües, ne ceintures dorees, boutonnières à leurs chaperons, sur peine de confiscation et amende, et que les huissiers de parlement, commissaires et sergents du Chastelet qui les trouveroient, eussent à les mener prisonnières.

Au surplus (je diray cecy en passant) à la mienne volonté que ceux qui donnerent cest arrest eussent tourné la chance, et que non

seulement ces ceintures dorees, ains en toutes autres dorures, et affliquets, ils eussent fait deffences à toutes femmes d'honneur d'emporter, sur peine d'estre declarees putains; car il n'y auroit point plus prompt moyen que cestuy, pour bannier le superfluité et bombance des dames. — Pasquier.

Page 62. line 319. — *I knew myself.*

Hæc igitur Janna Pulcella virgo, cum magnam gloriam in armis esset adeptâ, et regnum Francorum magnâ ex parte deperditum, e manibus Anglorum pugnando eripuisset, in suâ florente ætate constituta, non solum se morituram, sed et genus suæ mortis cunctis prædixit. — Bergomensis.

Page 62. line 334. — *There is a path.*

There is a path which no fowl knoweth, and which the vulture's eye hath not seen: the lion's whelps have not trodden it, nor the fierce lion passed by it. — *Job, xxviii. 7, 8*

Page 63. line 350. — *As they did hear the loud alarum bell.*

“ In sooth the estate of France was then most miserable. There appeared nothing but a horrible face, confusion, poverty, desolation, solitarinesse and feare. The lean and bare labourers in the country did terrifie even theeves themselves, who had nothing left them to spoile but the carkasses of these poore miserable creatures, wandering up and down like ghostes drawne out of their graves. The least farmes and hamlets were fortified by these robbers, English, Bourguegnons and French, every one striving to do his worst: all men of war were well agreed to spoile the countryman and merchant. *Even the cattell, accustomed to the larume bell, the signe of the enemy's approach, would run home of themselves without any guide by this accustomed misery.*

This is the perfect description of those times, taken out of

the lamentations of our ancestors, set down in the original, says De Serres. But amidst this horrible calamity, God did comfort both the king and realme, for about the end of the yeere, he gave Charles a goodly sonne by queen Mary his wife."

Page 63. line 358. — *Was as a pilgrim.*

O my people, hear my word : make you ready to the battle, and in those evils, be even as pilgrims upon the earth. — 2 *Esdras*, xvi. 40.

Page 63. line 359. — *Cast the weak nature off !*

Let go from thee mortal thoughts, cast away the burdens of man, put off now the weak nature,

And set aside the thoughts that are most heavy unto thee, and haste thee to flee from these times. — 2 *Esdras*, xiv. 14, 15.

Page 67. line 477. — *Worthy a happier, not a better love.*

Digna minus misero, non meliore viro. — Ovid.

Page 68. line 510. — *And I must put away all mortal thoughts.*
— 2 *Esdras*, xiv. 14.

Page 73. line 135. — *Ruin rush'd round us.*

"To succeed in the siege of Orleans, the English first secured the neighbouring places, which might otherwise have annoyed the besiegers. The months of August and September were spent in this work. During that space they took Mehun, Baugenci, Gergeau, Clery, Sully, Jenville, and some other small towns, and at last appeared before Orleans on the 12th of October." — *Rapin.*

Page 76. line 197. — *Soon sadden'd Orleans.*

“ The French king used every expedient to supply the city with a garrison and provisions, and enable it to maintain a long and obstinate siege. The lord of Gaucour, a brave and experienced captain, was appointed governor. Many officers of distinction threw themselves into the place. The troops which they conducted were inured to war, and were determined to make the most obstinate resistance : and even the inhabitants, disciplined by the long continuance of hostilities, were well qualified in their own defence, to second the efforts of the most veteran forces. The eyes of all Europe were turned towards this scene ; where, it was reasonably supposed, the French were to make their last stand for maintaining the independence of their monarchy, and the rights of their sovereign.”—*Hume.*

Page 76. line 199. — *The Sire Chapelle.*

This title was not discriminately used by the French. *Chapelle* is sometimes stiled *le sire*, and sometimes *gentilhomme de Beausse*, by Daniel. The same title was applied to the Almighty, and to princes ; and Selden observes from Pasquier, “ these ancient barons affected rather to be stiled by the name of sire than baron, and the baron of Coucy carried to that purpose this rithme in his device :

*Je ne suis roy ne prince aussi,
Je suis le sire de Coucy.”*

Page 76. line 202. — *Can never wield the crucifix that hilts
His hallowed sword.*

“ At the creation of a knight of Rhodes a sword, with a cross for the hilt, was delivered to him in token that his valour must defend religion. No bastard could be a knight hospitaller,

from whose order that of Rhodes was formed, except a bastard to a prince, there being honour in that dishonour, as there is light in the very spots of the moon."

Fuller's Historie of the Holy Warre.

Page 76. line 204. — *And that young duke.*

Alençon.

Page 76. line 206. — *La Hire, the merriest man.*

"In the late warres in France between king Henry the fifth of England and Charles the seventh of France, the French armie being in distresse, one captain La Hire, a Frenchman, was sent to declare unto the said French king the estate and affaires of the warre, and how for want of victuals, money, and other necessaries, the French had lost divers townes and battailes to the English. The French king being disposed to use his captaine familiarly, shewed him such things as himself was delighted in, as his buildings, his banquets, faire ladies, &c. and then asked the captaine how hee liked them: 'Trust me, sir,' quoth the captaine, speaking his mind freely, 'I did never know any prince that more delighted himself with his losses, than you doe with yours.'" — *Stowe.*

'*La Hire trouva ung chapelain auquel il dit qu'il luy donnast hastivement l'absolution: et le chapelain luy dit qu'il confessast ses pesches. La Hire luy respondiit qu'il n'auroit pas loisir, car il falloit promptement frapper sur l'ennemy, et qu'il avoit faict ce que gens de guerre ont accoustumé de faire. Et lors La Hire fit sa prière à Dieu en disant en son Gascon, les mains jointes: — 'Dieu, je te prie que tu faces aujourd'huy pour La Hire autant que tu voudrois que La Hire fist pour toy, se il estoit Dieu, et que tu fusses La Hire.'* — *Et il cuidoit tres bien prier et dire.*

Chronique sans titre. Le Brun de Charmettes, t. i. p. 102.

There is an English epitaph, borrowed from these words of the French captain.

Page 77. line 241.

the suburbs lay

One ample ruin.

“ They pulled down all the most considerable buildings in the suburbs, and among the rest twelve churches and several monasteries; that the English might not make use of them in carrying on the siege.” — *Rapin. Monstrelet.*

Page 77. line 249. — *No more the merry viol's note was heard.*

The instrument which most frequently served for an accompaniment to the harp, and which disputed the pre-eminence with it in the early times of music in France, was the viol; and indeed, when reduced to four strings, and stript of the frets with which viols of all kinds seem to have been furnished till the 16th century, it still holds the first place among treble instruments, under the denomination of violin.

The viol played with a bow, and wholly different from the *vielle*, whose tones are produced by the friction of a wheel, which indeed performs the part of a bow, was very early in favour with the inhabitants of France.

Burney's History of Music.

Page 79. line 292. — *Call'd on Saint Aignan's name.*

St. Aignan was the tutelary saint of Orleans. He had miraculously been chosen bishop of that city when Attila besieged it. “ *Comme les citoyens effrayez eurent recours a leur prelat, luy, sans se soucier, pour le salut de siens, sortit de la ville et parla a Attila. Mais ne l'ayant pu flechir, il se mit en prieres, fit faire des processions, et porter par les rues les reliques des saints. Un prestre s'etant mocqué, disant, que cela n'avoit de rien profité aux autres villes, tomba roide mort sur la place, portant: par ce moyen la peine de son insolente temerité. Apres toutes ches choses, il commanda aux habitans de voir si le secours n'arrivoit point; ayant été repondu que non, il se remet en prieres, et puis leur fait mesme commandement: mais n'appercevant point encore de secours, pour la troisieme fois il se prosterna a terre,*

les yeux et l'esprit vers le Ciel. Se sentant exaucé, il fait monter a la guerite, et luy rapporte-t-on que l'on ne voyoit rien si non une grosse nuée de poussiere, il assure que c'estoit le secours d'Ætius et de Teudo Roy des Goths, lesquels tardans a se montrer a l'armee d'Attila, S. Aignan fut divinement transporte en leur camp, et les advertit que tout estoit perdu, s'ils attendoient au lendemain. Ils parurent aussi-tost, et forcerent Attila de lever si hâtivement le siege, que plusieurs des siens se noyerent dans la Loire, d'autres s'entretuerent avec regret d'avoir perdu la ville. Et non contents de cette victoire, le poursuivirent si vivement avec le Roy Merouee, qui se vint joindre a eux, qu'ils le defirent en bataille rangée pres de Châlons, jonchant la campagne de 180,000 cadavres."

Le nouveau Parterre des fleurs des vies des Saints. Par P. Ribadeneira, Andre du Val et Jean Baudoin. Lyons 1666

Page 80. line 335.

the treaty ratified

At Troyes.

"By the treaty of Troyes, Charles was to remain in quiet possession of the royal dignity and revenues. After his death the crown, with all its rights and dominions, devolved to Henry and his heirs. The imbecility of Charles was so great that he could not appear in public, so that the queen and Burgundy swore for him." — *Rapin.*

Page 82. line 402. — *Salisbury, their watchful chief.*

"The besiegers received succours in the very beginning of the siege; but the earl of Salisbury, who considered this enterprise as a decisive action for the king his master, and his own reputation, omitted nothing to deprive the besieged of that advantage. He run up round the city sixty forts. How great soever this work might be, nothing could divert him from it, since the success of the siege entirely depended upon it. In vain would he have pursued his attack, if the enemies could continually introduce fresh supplies. Besides, the season, now

far advanced, suggested to him, that he would be forced to pass the winter in the camp, and during that time be liable to many insults. Among the sixty forts, there were six much stronger than the rest, upon the six principal avenues of the city. The French could before with ease introduce convoys into the place, and had made frequent use of that advantage. But after these forts were built, it was with extreme difficulty that they could, now and then, give some assistance to the besieged. Upon these six redoubts the general erected batteries, which thundered against the walls." — *Rapin*.

Page 83. line 407. — *The six great avenues meet in the midst.*

Rheims had six principal streets meeting thus in one centre where the cathedral stood.

*Au centre de la ville, entre six avenues,
S'eleve un sacré temple a la hauteur des nues.*

Chapelain.

Page 83. line 419. — *Possess'd the Tournelles.*

"The bulwark of the Tournelles being much shaken by the besiegers cannon, and the besieged thinking it proper to set it on fire, the English extinguished the flames, and lodged themselves in that post. At the same time they became masters of the tower on the bridge, from whence the whole city could be viewed." — *Rapin*.

Page 83. line 427. *the ponderous stone with hideous crash
Came like an earthquake.*

Les bombardes vomissaient des boulets de pierre, dont quelques-uns pesaient jusqu' à cent seize livres. Ces masses effrayantes, lancées à la manière de nos bombes, produisaient en tombant sur les edifices, l'effet de la foudre.— Le Brun de Charmettes, i. p. 122.

Page 83. line 431. — *The wild-fire balls hiss'd thro' the mid-night sky.*

Drayton enumerates these among the English preparations for war :

“ The engineer provided the petard
To break the strong portcullies, and the balls
Of wild-fire devised to throw from far
To burn to ground their palaces and halls.”

And at the siege of Harfleur he says,

“ Their brazen slings send in the wild-fire balls.”

“ Balls of consuming wild-fire
That lick men up like lightning, have I laught at,
And tost 'em back again like childrens trifles.”

B. and F. The Mad Lover.

“ I do command that particular care be had, advising the gunners to have half butts with water and vinegar, as is accustomed, with bonnets and old sails, and wet mantels to defend fire, that as often is thrown.

“ Every ship shall carry two boats lading of stones, to throw to profit in the time of fight on the deck, fore-castle or tops, according to his burden.

“ That the wild-fire be reparted to the people most expert, that we have for the use thereof, at due time ; for that if it be not overseen, giving charge thereof to those that do understand it, and such as, we know, can tell how to use it ; otherwise it may happen to great danger.”

Orders set down by the duke of Medina to be observed in the voyage toward England.

Harl. Misc. vol. i.

“ Some were preparing to toss balls of wild-fire, as if the sea had been their tennis-court.”

Deliverance of certain Christians from the Turks.

Harl. Misc. vol. i.

Page 83. line 436. — *Poisonous pollution.*

Thus at the siege of Thin sur l' escault. “ *Ceux de lost leur gectoient par leur engins chevalz mors et autres bestes mortes et puantes, pour les empuantir, dont ilz estoient la dedans en moult grant destresse. Car lair estoit fort et chault ainsi comme en plein este, et de ce furent plus constrains que de nulle autre chose. Si considerent finablement entre eulx que celle messaise ilz ne pourroient longuement endurer ne souffrir, tant leur estoit la punaisie abhominable.*” — *Froissart* l. 38.

This was an evil which sometimes annoyed the besieging army. At Dan “ *pour la puantise des bestes que lon tuoit en lost, et des chevalz qui estoient mors, lair estoit tout corrompu, dont moult de chevaliers et escuyers en estoient malades et melencolieux, et sey alloient les plusieurs, refreschir a Bruges et ailleurs pour eviter ce mauvais air.*” — *Froissart* l. 175.

Page 84. line 440. — *Crowded in unwholesome vaults.*

At Thin sur l' Escault, “ *La fist le duc charier grant foison d'engins de Cambray et de Douay, et en y eut six moult grans, le duc les fist lever devant la forteresse. Lesqlz engins gectoient nuyt et jour grosses pierres et mangonneuulz qui abatoient les combles et le hault des tours des chambres et des salles. Et en contraignoient les gens du Chastel par cest assault tresdurement. Et si nosient les compaignons qui le gardoient demourer en chambres nen sales quilz eussent, mais en caves et en celiers.*” — *Froissart* l. 38.

Page 84. line 459. — *Eager to mark the carrion crow for food.*

Scudery has a most ingenious idea of the effects of famine : during the blockade of Rome by the Goths, he makes the inhabitants first eat one another, and then eat themselves.

*La rage se meslant à leurs douleurs extrêmes,
Ils se mangent l'un l'autre, ils se mangent eux-mesmes.*

Alaric.

Fuller expresses the want of food pithily. "The siege grew long, and victuals short."

Page 85. line 477. — *When in the Sun the Angel of the Lord.*

And I saw an Angel standing in the sun ; and he cried with a loud voice, saying to all the fowls that fly in the midst of heaven, Come and gather yourselves together unto the supper of the great God :

That ye may eat the flesh of kings, and the flesh of captains, and the flesh of mighty men, and the flesh of horses, and of them that sit on them. — *Revelation*, xix. 17, 18.

A similar passage occurs in Ezekiel.

And thou, son of man, thus saith the Lord God, speak unto every feathered fowl, and to every beast of the field. Assemble yourselves, and come ; gather yourselves on every side to my sacrifice that I do sacrifice for you, even a great sacrifice upon the mountains of Israel, that ye may eat flesh and drink blood.

Ye shall eat the flesh of the mighty, and drink the blood of the princes of the earth, of rams, of lambs, and of goats, of bullocks, all of them fatlings of Bashan.

And ye shall eat fat till ye be full, and drink blood till ye be drunken, of my sacrifice which I have sacrificed for you.

Thus ye shall be filled at my table with horses and chariots, with mighty men, and with all men of war, saith the Lord God. — *Ezekiel xxxix.* 17, &c.

Page 88. line 43. — *Prevent the pang of famine.*

Fuller calls this "resolving rather to lose their lives by wholesale on the point of the sword, than to retail them out by famine."

Page 90. line 97. — *As when the Mexicans.*

"It was the belief of the Mexicans, that at the conclusion of one of their centuries the sun and earth would be destroyed. On the last night of every century they extinguished all their

fires, covered the faces of the women and children, and expected the end of the world. The kindling of the sacred fire on the mountain of Huixachtla was believed an omen of their safety." — *Clavigero*.

Page 94. line 213. — *The veins were full.*

Φαιης κεν γυιων νιν οσον σθενος ελλοπιευσιν'
 Αι δι οι ωδηκαντι κατ' αυχενα παντοθεν ινεε,
 Και πολιω περ βοητι' το δε σθενος αξιον αεαε.

Theocritus.

Page 94. line 216. — *His silence threaten'd.*

Son silence menace. — Le Moyne.

Page 95. line 240. — *see the fire*

Consume him.

Reasons for burning a trumpeter

"The letter she sent to Suffolk was received with scorn, and the trumpeter that brought it commanded to be burnt, against the law of nations, saith a French * author, but erroneously, for his coming was not warranted by the authority of any lawfull prince, but from a private maid, how highly soever self-pretended, who had neither estate to keep, nor commission to send a trumpeter." — *Fuller's Profane State.*

Page 96. line 275. — *In sight of Orleans and the Maiden's host.*

De Serres says, "The trumpeter was ready to be burnt in the sight of the besieged."

Page 97. line 293. — *As he that puts it off.*

Let not him that girdeth on his harness boast himself, as he that putteth it off. — 1 *Kings*, 20, 11.

* De Serres.

Page 153. — *As when Chederles comes.*

“ *A ripâ fluminis Halys venimus ad Goukurthoy ; inde Choron ; post in The Ke Thioi. Hic multa didicimus a monachis Turcicis, quos Dervis vocant, qui eo loco insignem habent ædem, de heroe quodam Chederle summâ corporis atque animi fortitudine, quem eundem fuisse cum nostro D. Georgio fabulantur ; eademque illi ascribunt quæ huic nostri ; nimirum vasti et horrendi draconis cæde servasse expositam virginem. Ad hæc alia adjiciunt multa, et quæ libitum est, comminiscuntur, illum per longinquas oras peregrinari solitum, ad fluvium postremo pervenisse, cujus aquæ bibentibus præstarent immortalitatem. Qui quidem fluvius, in quâ parte terrarum sit, non dicunt ; nisi fortassis in Utopiâ collocari debet : tantum affirmant illum magnis tenebris, multâque caligine obductum latere ; neque cuiquam mortalium post Chederlem, uti illum videret, contigisse. Chederlem vero ipsum mortis legibus solutum, huc illuc in equo præstantissimo, qui similiter ejusdem aquæ haustu mortalitatem exuerit, divagari, gaudentem præliis, adesse in bello melioribus, aut iis qui ejus opem imploraverint, cujuscunque tandem sint religionis.*” — *Busbequius.*

The Persians say, that Alexander coming to understand, that in the mountain of Kaf there was a great cave, very black and dark, wherein ran the water of immortality, would needs take a journey thither. But being afraid to lose his way in the cave, and considering with himself that he had committed a great oversight in leaving the more aged in cities and fortified places, and keeping about his person only young people, such as were not able to advise him, he ordered to be brought to him some old man, whose counsel he might follow in the adventure he was then upon. There were in the whole army but two brothers, named Chidder and Elias, who had brought their father along with them, and this good old man bad his sons go and tell Alexander, that to go through with the design he had undertaken, his only way were to take a mare that had a colt at her heels, and to ride upon her into the cave, and leave the colt at the entrance of it, and the mare would infal-

libly bring him back again to the same place without any trouble. Alexander thought the advice so good, that he would not take any other person with him in that journey but those two brothers, leaving the rest of his retinue at the entrance of the cave. He advanced so far that he came to a gate, so well polished, that notwithstanding the great darkness, it gave light enough to let him see there was a bird fastened thereto. The bird asked Alexander what he would have? he made answer that he looked for the Water of immortality. The bird asked him, what was done in the world? Mischief enough, replies Alexander, since there is no vice or sin but reigns there. Whereupon the bird getting loose and flying away, the gate opened and Alexander saw an Angel sitting, with a trumpet in his hand, holding it as if he were going to put it to his mouth. Alexander asked him his name. The Angel made answer his name was Raphael, and that he only staid for a command from God to blow the trumpet, and to call the dead to judgement. Which having said, he asks Alexander who he was? I am Alexander, replied he, and I seek the Water of immortality. The Angel gave him a stone and said to him, go thy wayes, and look for another stone of the same weight with this, and then thou shalt find immortality. Whereupon Alexander asked how long he had to live? The Angel said to him, till such time as the heaven and the earth which encompass thee be turned to iron. Alexander being come out of the cave, sought a long time, and not meeting with any stone just of the same weight with the other, he put one into the balance which he thought came very near it, and finding but very little difference, he added thereto a little earth, which made the scales even; it being God's intention to shew Alexander thereby, that he was not to expect immortality till he himself were put into the earth. At last Alexander having one day a fall off his horse in the barren ground of Ghur, they laid him upon the coat he wore over his armour, and covered him with his buckler to keep off the heat of the sun. Then he began to comprehend the prophecy of the Angel, and was satisfied the hour of his death was at hand; accordingly he died.

They add to this fable, that the two brothers Chidder and Elias drunk of the water of immortality, and that they are still living but invisible, Elias upon the earth and Chidder in the water ; wherein the latter hath so great power, that those who are in danger of being destroyed by water, if they earnestly pray, vowing an offering to him, and firmly believing that he can relieve them, shall escape the danger.

Ambassador's Travels.

Khidir and *Elias* occupy a distinguished place in the legion of prophets. The name of the first signifies verdant, alluding to the power which he possessed of producing, wherever he trod, the most beautiful and enchanting verdure. These two are regarded as the protectors and tutelary gods of travellers ; the former upon the sea, the latter upon the land ; and they are thought to be incessantly employed in promoting these salutary objects. In their rapid and uniform courses, they are believed to meet once a year at *Mina*, in the environs of *Mecca*, the day on which the pilgrims are assembled.

D' Ohsson's History of the Othoman Empire.

Page 99. l. 363.— *The swords that late flash'd to the evening sun.*

Now does the day grow blacker than before,
The swords that glistened late, in purple gore
Now all distain'd, their former brightnesse lose.

May's Edward III.

And again, Book 7.

The glittering swords that shone so bright of late
Are quickly all distain'd with purple gore.

Page 100. line 379. — *Of blessed Mary vowed a vow of peace.*

Il advint a luy et a toute sa gent, estant devant Chartres, qui moult humilia et brise son courage ; car entendis que ces traicteurs François alloient et preschoient ledit roy et son conseil, et encores nulle response agreable nen avoient eue. Une orage une tempeste et une fouldre si grande et si horrible descendit du ciel en lost du roy Dangleterre quil sembloit proprement que le siecle deust finer.

Car il cheoit si grosses pierres que elles tuoyent hommes et chevaux, et en furent les plus hardis tous esbahis. Adoncques regarda le roy Dangleterre devers leglise de Nostre Dame de Chartres, et se voua et rendit devotement a Nostre Dame, et promist, et confessa sicomme il dist depuis quil se accorderoit a la paix.

Froissart.

But while he lodged there (before Chartres), his army making a horrible spoil of the whole country, there chanced an occasion, as the work of Heaven, which suddenly quailed his ambitious design to ruin France: for behold a horrible and extraordinary tempest of haile, thunder, and lightning, fell with such violence as many horses and men in the army perished, as if that God had stretched forth his hand from heaven to stay his course. — *De Serrea.*

Page 103. l. 461. — *Deep thro' the sky the hollow thunders roll'd.*

The circumstance of the Maid's entering Orleans at midnight in a storm of thunder and lightning is historically true.

“The Englishmen perceiving that thei within could not long continue for faute of vitaille and poudre, kepte not their watche so diligently as thei wer accustomed, nor scoured not the countrey environed as thei before had ordained. Whiche negligence the citezens shut in perceiving, sent worde therof to the French capitaines, which with Pucelle in the dedde tyme of the nighte, and in a greate rayne and thundre, with all their vitaille and artilery entered into the citie.”

Hall, ff. 127.

Shakespear also notices this storm. Striking as the circumstance is, Chapelain has omitted it.

Page 105. B. vii. 1. — *Strong were the English forts.*

The patience and perseverance of a besieging army in those ages appear almost incredible to us now. The camp of Ferdinand before Granada swelled into a city. Edward III. made a market town before Calais. Upon the captain's refusal to surrender, says Barnes, “he began to entrench himself strongly about the city, setting his own tent directly

against the chief gates at which he intended to enter; then he placed bastions between the town and the river, and set out regular streets, and reared up decent buildings of strong timber between the trenches, which he covered with thatch, reed, broom and skins. Thus he encompassed the whole town of Calais, from Risban on the northwest side to Cour-gaine on the northeast, all along by Sangate, at Port and Fort de Nicolay, commonly by the English called Newland-bridge, down by Hammes, Cologne and Marke; so that his camp looked like a spacious city, and was usually by strangers, that came thither to market, called New Calais. For this prince's reputation for justice was so great, that to his markets (which he held in his camp twice every week, viz. on Tuesdays and Saturdays for flesh, fish, bread, wine and ale, with cloth and all other necessaries), there came not only his friends and allies from England, Flanders and Aquitain, but even many of king Philip's subjects and confederates conveyed thither their cattle and other commodities to be sold."

Page 105. line 21. — *Entering with his eye.*

*Nunc lentus, celsis adstans in collibus, intrat
Urbem oculis, discitque locos caussasque locorum.*

Silius Italicus, xii. 567.

Page 106. line 40. — *Defiled and unrepair'd.*

*Abjecere madentes,
Sicut erant, clypeos; nec quisquam spicula tersit,
Nec laudavit equum, nitidæ nec cassidis altam
Compsit adornavitque jubam.*

Statius.

Page 109. line 115. — *Parthenopæus.*

*Ipsam, Mænaliâ puerum cum vidit in umbrâ,
Dianam, tenero signantem gramina passu,
Ignovisse ferunt comiti, Dictæaque tela
Ipsam, et Amyclæas humeris aptasse pharetras.*

*tædet nemorum, titulumque nocentem.
Sanguinis humani pudor est nescire sagittus.*

Statius, IV. 256.

Page 109. line 120. — *Gladdisdale.*

Gladdisdale must be the sir William Glansdale of Shakespear. Stowe calls him William Gladesdale.

It is proper to remark that I have introduced no fictitious names among the killed. They may all be found in the various histories.

Page 109. line 127. — *The balista.*

*Neque enim solis excussa lacertis
Lancea, sed tenso balistæ turbine rapta,
Haud unum contenta latus transire, quiescit ;
Sed pandens perque arma viam, perque ossa, relictâ
Morte fugit : superest telo post vulnera cursus.*

Lucan. III.

Vegetius says, that the balista discharged darts with such rapidity and violence, that nothing could resist their force. This engine was used particularly to discharge darts of a surprising length and weight, and often many small ones together. Its form was not unlike that of a broken bow ; it had two arms, but strait and not curve like those of a cross-bow, of which the whole acting force consists in bending the bow. That of the balista as well as of the catapulta, lies in its cords.

Rollin.

Page 109. line 132. — *Where by the bayle's embattled wall.*

The bayle or lists was a space on the outside of the ditch, surrounded by strong pallasades, and sometimes by a low embattled wall. In the attack of fortresses, as the range of the machines then in use did not exceed the distance of four stadia, the besiegers did not carry on their approaches by means of trenches, but begun their operations above ground, with the

attack of the bayle or lists, where many feats of chivalry were performed by the knights and men at arms, who considered the assault of that work as particularly belonging to them, the weight of their armour preventing them from scaling the walls. As this part was attacked by the knights and men at arms, it was also defended by those of the same rank in the place, whence many single combats were fought here. This was at the first investing of the place. — *Grose.*

Page 109. line 139. — *A rude coat of mail*
Unhosed, unhooded, as of lowly line.

In France only persons of a certain estate, called *un fief de hauber*, were permitted to wear a hauberk, which was the armour of a knight. Esquires might only wear a simple coat of mail without the hood and hose. Had this aristocratic distinction consisted in the ornamental part of the arms alone, it would not have been objectionable. In the enlightened and free states of Greece, every soldier was well provided with defensive arms. In Rome, a civic wreath was the reward of him who should save the life of a citizen. But to use the words of Dr. Gillies, "the miserable peasants of modern Europe are exposed without defence as without remorse, by the ambition of men, whom the Greeks would have stiled tyrants."

Page 110. line 143. — *The rude-featured helm.*

The burgonet, which represented the shape of the head and features.

Page 110. line 148. — *On his crown-crested helm.*

Earls and dukes frequently wore their coronets on the crests of their helmets. At the battle of Agincourt Henry wore "a bright helmet, whereupon was set a crowne of gold, replete with pearle and precious stones, marvellous rich." — *Stowe.*

Page 110. line 159. — *And against the iron fence beneath.*

A breast-plate was sometimes worn under the hauberk.

Page 111. line 197. — *Conrade, with an active bound,
Sprung on the battlements.*

The nature of this barrier has been explained in a previous note. The possibility of leaping upon it is exemplified in the following adventure, which is characteristic of the period in which it happened (1370).

“ At that time there was done an extraordinary feat of arms by a Scotch knight, named sir John Assueton, being one of those men of arms of Scotland, who had now entered king Edward's pay. This man left his rank with his spear in his hand, his page riding behind him, and went towards the barriers of Noyon, where he alighted, saying, ‘ Here hold my horse, and stir not from hence ;’ and so he came to the barriers. There were there at that time sir John de Roye, and sir Lancelot de Lorris with ten or twelve more, who all wondered what this knight designed to do. He for his part being close at the barriers said unto them, ‘ Gentlemen, I am come hither to visit you, and because I see you will not come forth of your barriers to me, I will come in to you, if I may, and prove my knighthood against you. Win me if you can.’ And with that he leaped over the bars, and began to lay about him like a lion, he at them and they at him ; so that he alone fought thus against them all for near the space of an hour, and hurt several of them. And all the while those of the town beheld with much delight from the walls and their garret windows his great activity, strength and courage ; but they offered not to do him any hurt, as they might very easily have done, if they had been minded to cast stones or darts at him : but the French knights charged them to the contrary, saying ‘ how they should let them alone to deal with him.’ When matters had continued thus about an hour, the Scotch page came to the barriers with his master's horse in his hand, and said in his language, ‘ Sir, pray come away, it is high time

for you to leave off now: for the army is marched off out of sight.' The knight heard his man, and then gave two or three terrible strokes about him to clear the way, and so, armed as he was, he leaped back again over the barriers and mounted his horse, having not received any hurt; and turning to the Frenchman, said, 'Adieu, sirs! I thank you for my diversion.' And with that he rode after his man upon the spur towards the army."—*Joshua Barnes*, p. 801.

Page 112. line 213. — *The iron weight swung high.*

Le massue est un bâton gros comme le bras, ayant à l'un de ses bouts une forte courroie pour tenir l'arme et l'empêcher de glisser, et à l'autre trois chaînons de fer, auxquels pend un boulet pesant huit livres. Il n'y a pas d'homme aujourd'hui capable de manier une telle arme. — Le Grand.

The arms of the Medici family "are romantically referred to Averardo de Medici, a commander under Charlemagne, who for his valour in destroying the gigantic plunderer Mugello, by whom the surrounding country was laid waste, was honoured with the privilege of bearing for his arms six *palle* or balls, as characteristic of the iron balls that hung from the mace of his fierce antagonist, the impression of which remained on his shield." — *Roscoe*.

Scudery enumerates the mace among the instruments of war, in a passage whose concluding line may vie with any bathos of sir Richard Blackmore.

*La confusément frappent de toutes parts
Pierres, piques, espieux, masses, flèches et dards,
Lances et javelots, sabres et marteaux d'armes,
Dangereuses instruments des guerrières alarmes. — Alaric.*

Page 113. line 257. — *There was a portal in the English fort
Which open'd on the wall.*

Vitruvius observes, in treating upon fortified walls, that near the towers the walls should be cut within-side the breadth of the tower, and that the ways broke in this manner should only

be joined and continued by beams laid upon the two extremities, without being made fast with iron; that in case the enemy should make himself master of any part of the wall, the besieged might remove this wooden bridge, and thereby prevent his passage to the other parts of the wall and into the towers.

Rollin.

The precaution recommended by Vitruvius had not been observed in the construction of the English walls. On each side of every tower, a small door opened upon the wall; and the garrison of one tower are represented in the poem as flying by this way from one to shelter themselves in the other. With the enterprising spirit and the defensive arms of chivalry, the subsequent events will not be found to exceed probability.

Page 114. line 294. — *Not overbrow'd by jutting parapet.*

The machicolation: a projection over the gate-way of a town or castle, contrived for letting fall great weights, scalding water, &c. on the heads of any assailants who might have got close to the gate. "Machecollare, or machecoullare," says Coke, "is to make a warlike device over a gate or other passage like to a grate, through which scalding water, or ponderous or offensive things may be cast upon the assaylants."

Page 115. l. 316. — *Plucking from the shield the severed head,
He threw it back.*

I have met with one instance in English history, and only one, of throwing the spear after the manner of the ancients. It is in Stowe's chronicle. "1442. The 30th of January, a challenge was done in Smithfield within lists, before the king; the one sir Philip de Beawse of Arragon a knight, and the other an esquire of the king's house called John Ausley or Astley. These comming to the fieelde, tooke their tents, and there was the knight's sonne made knight by the king, and so brought again to his father's tent. Then the heralds of armes called them by name to doe their battel, and so they came both, all armed, with their weapons; the knight came with

his sword drawn, and the esquire with his speare. The esquire cast his speare against the knight, but the knight avoiding it with his sword, cast it to the ground. Then the esquire took his axe and went against the knight suddenly, on whom he stroke many strokes, hard and sore upon his basenet, and on his hand, and made him loose and let fall his axe to the ground; and brast up his limbes three times, and caught his dagger and would have smitten him in the face, for to have slaine him in the field; and then the king cried hoo, and so they were departed and went to their tents, and the king dubbed John Astley knight for his valiant torney, and the knight of Arragon offered his armes at Windsor."

Page 115. line 320. — *Full on the corslet of a meaner man.*

The corslet was chiefly worn by pikemen.

Page 119. line 449. — *A harlot! . . an adulteress!*

This woman, who is always respectably named in French history, had her punishment both in herself and in her child.

"This fair Agnes had been five years in the service of the queen, during which she had enjoyed all the pleasures of life, in wearing rich clothes, furred robes, golden chains, and precious stones; and it was commonly reported that the king often visited her, and maintained her in a state of concubinage, for the people are more inclined to speak ill than well of their superiors.

"The affection the king showed her was as much for her gaiety of temper, pleasing manners, and agreeable conversation, as for her beauty. She was so beautiful that she was called the Fairest of the Fair, and the Lady of Beauty, as well on account of her personal charms, as because the king had given her for life the castle of Beauté near Paris. She was very charitable, and most liberal in her alms, which she distributed among such churches as were out of repair, and to beggars. It is true that Agnes had a daughter who lived but a short time, which she said was the king's, and gave it to him as the

proper father; but the king always excused himself as not having any claim to it. She may indeed have called in help, for the matter was variously talked of.

“ At length she was seized with a bowel complaint, and was a long time ill, during which she was very contrite, and sincerely repented of her sins. She often remembered Mary Magdalene, who had been a great sinner, and devoutly invoked God and the virgin Mary to her aid like a true catholic: after she had received the sacraments, she called for her book of prayers, in which she had written with her own hand the verses of St. Bernard to repeat them. She then made many gifts (which were put down in writing, that her executors might fulfil them, with the other articles of her will), which including alms and the payment of her servants might amount to nearly sixty thousand crowns.

“ Her executors were Jacques Cœur, councillor and master of the wardrobe to the king, master Robert Poictevin physician, and master Stephen Chevalier treasurer to the king, who was to take the lead in the fulfilment of her will should it be his gracious pleasure.

“ The fair Agnes, perceiving that she was daily growing weaker, said to the lord de la Trimouille, the lady of the senechal of Poitou, and one of the king's equerries called Gouffier, in the presence of all her damsels, that our fragile life was but a stinking ordure.

“ She then required that her confessor would give her absolution from all her sins and wickedness, conformable to an absolution, which was, as she said, at Loches, which the confessor on her assurance complied with. After this she uttered a loud shriek, and called on the mercy of God and the support of the blessed virgin Mary, and gave up the ghost on Monday the 9th day of February, in the year 1449, about six o'clock in the afternoon. Her body was opened, and her heart interred in the church of the said abbey, to which she had been a most liberal benefactress; and her body was conveyed with many honours to Loches, where it was interred in the collegiate church of our Lady, to which also she had made many hand-

some donations and several foundations. May God have mercy on her soul, and admit it into Paradise."

Monstrelet, vol. ix. p. 97.

On the 13th day of June, the seneschal of Normandy, count of Maulevrier, and son to the late sir Pierre de Breze, killed at the battle of Montlehery, went to the village of Romiers, near Dourdan, which belonged to him, for the sake of hunting. He took with him his lady, the princess Charlotte of France, natural daughter of the late king Charles the VII. by Agnes Sorel. After the chace, when they were returned to Romiers to sup and lodge, the seneschal retired to a single-bedded room for the night; his lady retired also to another chamber, when moved by her disorderly passions (as the husband said) she called to her a gentleman from Poitou, named Pierre de la Vegne, who was head huntsman to the seneschal, and made him lie with her. This was told to the seneschal by the master of his household, called Pierre l'Apothicaire; when he instantly arose, and taking his sword, broke open the door of the chamber where his lady and the huntsman were in bed. The huntsman started up in his shirt, and the seneschal gave him first a severe blow with his sword on the head, and then thrust it through his body, and killed him on the spot. This done, he went into an adjoining room where his children lay, and finding his wife hid under the coverlid of their bed, dragged her thence by the arm along the ground, and struck her between the shoulders with his sword. On her raising herself on her knees he ran his sword through her breast, and she fell down dead. He sent her body for interment to the abbey of Cou-lens, where her obsequies were performed, and he caused the huntsman to be buried in the garden of the house wherein he had been killed. — *Monstrelet*, vol. ii. p. 233.

Page 12 . line 481. — *And would that I had lived
In those old times.*

Μηκετ' ἐπειτ' ὀφείλον ἔγωγε πεμπτοῖσι μετρίαι
Ἄνδρασιν, ἀλλ' ἢ προσθε θανεῖν ἢ ἐπειτα γενεσθαι.

Νυν γὰρ δὴ γενός ἐστι σιδήρεον ὠδῆποτ ἡμᾶρ
 Πάυσονται καρμάτων καὶ οἰζύος, ὦδῃ τι νυκτῶρ,
 Φθαιρομένοι.

Hesiod.

Page 122. line 518. — *Then was that noble heart of Douglas
 pierced.*

The heart of Bruce was, by his own dying will, entrusted to Douglas to bear it to Jerusalem. This is one of the finest stories in the whole age of chivalrous history. Douglas inshrined the heart in a golden case, and wore it round his neck; he landed in Spain on his way, and stopt to assist the Castilians against the Moors, — probably during the siege of Algeziras. There in the heat of action he took the heart from his neck and cast it into the thick of the enemy, exclaiming, as Barbour has it,

“ Now pass thou forth before
 As thou wast wont in fight to be,
 And I shall follow or else die.”

In this action he perished, and from that time the bloody heart has been borne by the family.

Page 128. line 6. — *The shield
 Pillow'd the helmed head.*

*Il n'est rien de si doux, pour des cœurs pleins de gloire,
 Que la paisible nuit qui suit une victoire,
 Dormir sur un trophée, est un charmant repos,
 Et le champ de bataille est le lit d'un héros.*

Scudery. Alaric.

The night after a battle is certainly more agreeable than the night before one. A soldier may use his shield for a pillow, but he must be very ingenious to sleep upon a trophy.

Page 129. line 33. *Gazing with such a look as though she fear'd
 The thing she sought.*

With a dumb silence seeming that it fears
 The thing it went about to effectuate.

Daniel.

Page 131. line 85. — *One loose lock*
Play'd o'er his cheek's black paleness.
"Noire pasleur."
Le Moyne. St. Louis. Liv. xvi.

Page 133. line 149. — *The barbican.*

Next the bayle was the ditch, foss, graff, or mote : generally where it could be a wet one, and pretty deep. The passage over it was by a draw-bridge, covered by an advance work called a barbican. The barbican was sometimes beyond the ditch that covered the draw-bridge, and in towns and large fortresses had frequently a ditch and draw-bridge of its own.

Grose.

Page 133. line 150. — *The embattled wall.*

The outermost walls enclosing towns or fortresses were commonly perpendicular, or had a very small external talus. They were flanked by semi-circular, polygonal, or square towers, commonly about forty or fifty yards distant from each other. Within were steps to mount the terre-pleine of the walls or rampart, which were always defended by an embattled or crenellated parapet. — *Grose.*

The fortifications of the middle ages differed in this respect from those of the ancients. When the besiegers had gained the summit of the wall, the descent on the other side was safe and easy. But "the ancients did not generally support their walls on the inside with earth, in the manner of the talus or slope, which made the attacks more dangerous. For though the enemy had gained some footing upon them, he could not assure himself of taking the city. It was necessary to get down, and to make use of some of the ladders by which he had mounted; and that descent exposed the soldier to very great danger."

Rollin.

Page 133. line 154. — *Behind the guardian pavais fenced.*

The pavais, or pavache, was a large shield, or rather a port-

able mantlet, capable of covering a man from head to foot, and probably of sufficient thickness to resist the missive weapons then in use. These were in sieges carried by servants, whose business it was to cover their masters with them, whilst they, with their bows and arrows, shot at the enemy on the ramparts. As this must have been a service of danger, it was that perhaps which made the office of scutifer honourable. The pavais was rectangular at the bottom, but rounded off above: it was sometimes supported by props. — *Grose.*

Page 133. line 158. — *With all their mangonels.*

Mangonel is a term comprehending all the smaller engines.

Page 133. line 159. — *Tortoises.*

The tortoise was a machine composed of very strong and solid timber work. The height of it to its highest beam, which sustained the roof, was twelve feet. The base was square, and each of its fronts twenty-five feet. It was covered with a kind of quilted mattress made of raw hides, and prepared with different drugs to prevent its being set on fire by combustibles. This heavy machine was supported upon four wheels, or perhaps upon eight. It was called tortoise from its serving as a very strong covering and defence against the enormous weights thrown down on it; those under it being safe in the same manner as a tortoise under his shell. It was used both to fill up the fosse, and for sapping. It may not be improper to add, that it is believed, so enormous a weight could not be moved from place to place on wheels and that it was pushed forward on rollers. Under these wheels or rollers, the way was laid with strong planks to facilitate its motion, and prevent its sinking into the ground, from whence it would have been very difficult to have removed it. The ancients have observed that the roof had a thicker covering, of hides, hurdles, sea-weed, &c. than the sides, as it was exposed to much greater shocks from the weights thrown upon it by the besieged. It had a

a door in front, which was drawn up by a chain as far as was necessary, and covered the soldiers at work in filling up the fosse with fascines. — *Rollin*.

This is the tortoise of the ancients, but that of the middle ages differed from it in nothing material.

Page 133. line 167. — *A dreadful train.*

“ The besiegers having carried the bayle, brought up their machines and established themselves in the counterscarp, began under cover of their cats, sows, or tortoises, to drain the ditch, if a wet one, and also to fill it up with hurdles and fascines, and level it for the passage of their moveable towers. Whilst this was doing, the archers, attended by young men carrying shields (pavoises), attempted with their arrows to drive the besieged from the towers and ramparts, being themselves covered by these portable mantlets. The garrison on their part essayed by the discharge of machines, cross and long bows, to keep the enemy at a distance. — *Grose*.

Page 134. line 178. — *He bore an arbalist himself,
A weapon for its sure destructiveness
Abominated once.*

The cross-bow was for some time laid aside in obedience to a decree of the second Lateran council held in 1139. “ *Artem illam mortiferam et Deo odibilem ballistariorum adversus christianos et catholicos exercere de cætero sub anathemate prohibemus.*” This weapon was again introduced into our armies by Richard I., who being slain with a quarrel shot from one of them, at the siege of the castle of Chaluz in Normandy, it was considered as a judgement from heaven inflicted upon him for his impiety. Guillaume le Breton relating the death of this king, puts the following into the mouth of Atropos :

*Hæc volo, non aliâ Richardum morte perire,
Ut qui Francigenis ballistæ primitus usum
Tradidit, ipse sui ræm primitus experiatur,
Quemque alios docuit in se vim sentiat artis.*

Grose.

Page 134. line 198. — *Who kneeling by the trebuchet,
Charged its long sling with death.*

From the trebuchet they discharged many stones at once by a sling. It acted by means of a great weight fastened to the short arm of a lever, which being let fall, raised the end of the long arm with a great velocity. A man is represented kneeling to load one of these in an ivory carving, supposed to be of the age of Edward II. — *Grose.*

Page 135. line 202. — *He in the groove the feather'd quarrel
placed.*

Quarrels, or carreaux, were so called from their heads, which were square pyramids of iron.

Page 136. line 244. *some the watery fence —
Drain painful.*

The tortoises, &c. and moveable towers having reached the walls, the besiegers under them either began to mine, or batter them with the ram. They also established batteries of balistas and mangonels on the counterscarp. These were opposed by those of the enemy.

Page 136. line 249. — *Or charging with huge stones the murder-
ous sling.*

The matafunda.

Page 136. line 250. — *or in the espringal
Fix the brass-winged arrows.*

The espringal threw large darts called *muchettae*, sometimes winged with brass instead of feathers. Procopius says that because feathers could not be put to the large darts discharged from the balista, the ancients used pieces of wood six inches thick, which had the same effect.

Page 136. line 259. — *A ponderous stone from some huge martinet.*

Le lendemain vindrent deux maistres engingneurs au duc de Normandie, qui dirent que, si on leur vouloit livrer boys et ouvriers, ilz feroient quatre eschauffaulx et haulx que on meneroit aux murs du chastel, et seroient si haulx q'lz surmonteroient les murs. Le duc commanda q'lz le feissent, et fist prendre tous les charpentiers du pays, et payer largement. Si furent faitz ces quatre eschauffaulx en quatre grosses nefz, mais on y mist longuement et cousterent grans deniers. Si y fist on les gens entrer q'a ceulx du chastel devoient combattre. Quant ilz eurent passe la moitie de la riviere, ceulx du chastel desclinquerent quatre martinetz q'lz avoient faitz nouvellement pour remedier contre lesditz eschauffaulx. Ces quatre martinetz gettoient si grosses pierres et si souvent sur ses eschauffaulx q'lz furent bien tost froissez tant que les gendarmes et ceulx que les conduisoient ne se peurent dedans garantir. Si se retirerent arriere le plus tost quilz peurent. Et ainçois q'lz fussent oultre la riviere lung des eschauffaulx fut enfondre au fons de laeue. — Froissart. I. ff. 82.

Page 137. line 274.— *A moving tower the men of Orleans wheel.*

The following extract from the History of Edward III. by Joshua Barnes contains a full account of these moving towers. "Now the earl of Darby had layn before Reule more than nine weeks, in which time he had made two vast belfroys or bastilles of massy timber, with three stages or floors; each of the belfroys running on four huge wheels, bound about with thick hoops of iron; and the sides and other parts that any ways respected the town were covered with raw hides, thick laid, to defend the engines from fire and shot. In every one of these stages were placed an hundred archers, and between the two bastilles, there were two hundred men with pick-axes and mattocks. From these six stages six hundred archers shot so fiercely all together, that no man could appear at his defence without a sufficient punishment: so that the belfroys being brought upon wheels by the strength of men over a part of the

ditch, which was purposely made plain and level by the faggots and earth and stones cast upon them, the two hundred pioneers plyed their work so well under the protection of these engines, that they made a considerable breach through the walls of the town."

Page 137. line 278. — *Archers, through the opening, shot their shafts.*

The archers and cross-bowmen from the upper stories in the moveable towers essayed to drive away the garrison from the parapets, and on a proper opportunity to let fall a bridge, by that means to enter the town. In the bottom story was often a large ram. — *Grose.*

Page 137. line 294. — *And from the arbalist the fire-tipt dart
Shot burning through the sky.*

Against the moveable tower there were many modes of defence. The chief was to break up the ground over which it was to pass, or by undermining it to overthrow it. Attempts were likewise made to set it on fire, to prevent which it was covered with raw hides, or coated over with alum. — *Grose.*

Page 138. line 313. — *On the ramparts lowered from above
The bridge reclines.*

These bridges are described by Rollin in the account of the moving towers which he gives from Vegetius: — "The moving towers are made of an assemblage of beams and strong planks, not unlike a house. To secure them against the fires thrown by the besieged, they are covered with raw hides, or with pieces of cloth made of hair. Their height is in proportion to their base. They are sometimes thirty feet square, and sometimes forty or fifty. They are higher than the walls or even towers of the city. They are supported upon several wheels according to mechanic principles, by the means of which the machine is easily made to move, how great soever it may be. The town is in great danger if this tower can approach the

walls; for it has stairs from one story to another, and includes different methods of attack. At bottom it has a ram to batter the wall, and on the middle story a draw-bridge, made of two beams with rails of basket-work, which lets down easily upon the wall of a city, when within the reach of it. The besiegers pass upon this bridge, to make themselves masters of the wall. Upon the higher stories are soldiers armed with partisans and missive weapons, who keep a perpetual discharge upon the works. When affairs are in this posture, a place seldom held out long. For what can they hope who have nothing to confide in but the height of their ramparts, when they see others suddenly appear which command them?"

The towers or belfreys of modern times rarely exceeded three or four stages or stories.

Page 140. line 374. — *The brass-wing'd darts
Whirl as they pierce the victim.*

These darts were called viretons, from their whirling about in the air.

Page 141. line 396. — *Corineus.*

“ And here, with leave bespoken to recite a grand fable, though dignified by our best poets, while Brutus on a certain festival day, solemnly kept on that shore where he first landed, was with the people in great jollity and mirth, a crew of these savages breaking in among them, began on the sudden another sort of game than at such a meeting was expected. But at length by many hands overcome, Goemagog the hugest, in height twelve cubits, is reserved alive, that with him Corineus who desired nothing more, might try his strength; whom in a wrestle the giant catching aloft, with a terrible hugg broke three of his ribs: nevertheless Corineus enraged heaving him up by main force, and on his shoulders bearing him to the next high rock, *threw him headlong all shattered into the sea*, and left his name on the cliff, called ever since Langoemagog, which is to say, the giant's leap.” — *Milton's Hist. of England.*

The expression *brute vastness* is taken from the same work of Milton, where he relates the death of Morindus. "Well fitted to such a bestial cruelty was his end; for hearing of a huge monster that from the Irish sea infested the coast, and in the pride of his strength foolishly attempting to set manly valour against a brute vastness, when his weapons were all in vain, by that horrible mouth he was caught up and devoured."

Page 142. line 445. — *This is a favour.*

"The tournelles adjoining to the bridge was kept by Glacidas (one of the most resolute captains among the English), having well encouraged his men to defend themselves and to fight for their lives.

"The skirmish begins at nine of the clock in the morning, and the ladders are planted. A storm of English arrows falls upon our men with such violence as they recoiled. 'How now!' saith the Virgin, 'have we begun so well to end so ill? let us charge! they are our own, seeing God is on our side!' so every one recovering his forces, flocks about the Virgin. The English double the storm upon the thickest of the troops. The Virgin fighting in the foremost ranks and encouraging her men to do well was shot through the arm with an arrow; she, nothing amazed, takes the arrow in one hand and her sword in the other, 'This is a favour!' says she, 'let us go on! they cannot escape the hand of GOD!'"

Chapelain has dilated this exclamation of the Maid into a ridiculous speech.

*Quoy! valeureux Guerriers, quoy! dans vostre avantage
Un peu de sang perdu vous fait perdre courage!
Pour moy, je le repute a supreme bonheur,
Et dans ce petit mal je trouve un grand honneur;
Le succes, bien qu'heureux, n'eust en rien d'honorable,
Si le Ciel n'eust permis un coup si favorable;
Vous n'en verrez pas moins vos bras victorieux,
J'en verray seulement mon nom plus glorieux. — L. III.*

Page 143. line 458. — *Glacidas.*

I can make nothing English of this name. Monstrellet calls him Clacedas and Clasendas. Daniel says the principal leaders of the English were Suffolk, Talbot, Scales, Fastolffe, *et un nommé Glacidas ou Clacidas, dont le mérite suppléant à la naissance, l'avoit fait parvenir aux premières charges de l'armée.*

The importance attached to a second name is well exemplified by an extract in Selden, relating to "the creation of Robert earle of Glocester natural sonne to king Henry I. The king having speech with Mabile the sole daughter and heire of Robert Fitz Hayman lord of Glocester, told her (as it is reported in an old English rithmical story attributed to one Robert of Glocester), that

—he seold his sone to her spousing avonge,
 This maid was ther agen, and withsaid it long.
 The king of sought her suite ynou, so that atten ende
 Mabile him answered, as gode maide and hende,
 Syre, heo sede, well ichot, that your hert op me is,
 More vor mine eritage than vor my sulve iwis.
 So vair eritage as ich abbe, it were me grete shame,
 Vor to abbe an louerd, bote he had an tuoname.
 Sir Roberd le Fitz Haim my faders name was,
 And that ne might nocht be his that of his kunne nocht
 nas.

Therefore, syre, vor Godes love, ne let me non mon owe,
 Bote he abbe an tuoname war thoru he be yknowe.
 Damaysale, quoth the king, thou seist well in this cas,
 Sir Roberd le Fitz Haim thy faders name was;
 And as vayr name he shall abbe, gif me him may byse
 Sir Roberd le Fitz Roy is name shall be.
 Sire, quoth this maid tho, that is vayr name
 As woo seith all his life and of great fame.
 Ac wat shold his sone hote thanne and other that of him come,
 Sone might hii hote nocht thereof nameth gone.

The king understood that the maid ne sede non outrage,
 And that Gloucestre was chief of hyre eritage.
 Damaseile he syde tho, thi louerd shall abbe a name
 Vor him and vor his heirs vayr without blame.
 Vor Roberd earle of Gloucestre is name shall be and yis,
 Vor he shall be earle of Gloucestre and his heirs ywis.
 Sire, quoth this maid tho, well liketh me this,
 In this forme ichole that all my thyng be his.
 Thus was earle of Gloucestre first ymade there
 As this Roberd of all thulke that long byvore were,
 This was enleve hundred yeare, and in the ninth yeer right
 After that ure louerd was in his moder alygt."

Selden's Titles of Honor.

Page 143. line 462. — *Seeking the inner court.*

On entering the outer gate, the next part that presented itself was the outer ballium or bailey, separated from the inner ballium by a strong embattled wall and towered gate.

Page 146. line 536. — *The engines shower'd their sheets of liquid fire.*

When the Black Prince attacked the castle of Romorantin, "there was slain hard by him an English esquire named Jacob Bernard, whereat the prince was so displeased, that he took his most solemn oath, and sware by his father's soul not to leave the siege, till he had the castle and all within at his mercy. Then the assault was renewed much hotter than ever, till at last the prince saw there was no likelihood of prevailing that way. Wherefore presently he gave order to raise certain engines, wherewith they cast combustible matter enflamed after the manner of wild fire into the base court so fast, and in such quantities, that at last the whole court seemed to be one huge fire. Whereupon the excessive heat prevailed so, that it took hold of the roof of a great tower, which was covered with reed, and so began to spread over all the castle. Now therefore when these valiant captains within saw, that of necessity they

must either submit entirely to the prince's courtesy, or perish by the most merciless of elements, they all together came down and yielded themselves absolutely to his grace." — *Joshua Barnes*.

Page 148. line 621. — *The oriflamme of death.*

The oriflamme was a standard erected to denote that no quarter would be given. It is said to have been of red silk, adorned and beaten with very broad and fair lilies of gold, and bordered about with gold and vermillion. Le Moyne has given it a suitable escort :

*Ensuite l'oriflamme ardent et lumineuse,
Marche sur un grand char, dont la forme est affreuse.
Quatre enormes dragons d'un or ombre ecaillez,
Et de pourpre, d'azur, et de vert emaillez,
Dans quelque occasion que le besoin le porte,
Luy font une pompeuse et formidable escorte
Dans leur terribles yeux des grenas arrondis,
De leur feu, de leur sang, font peur aux plus hardis,
Et si ce feu paroist allumer leur audace,
Aussi paroist ce sang animer leur menace.
Le char roulant sous eux, il semble au roulement,
Qu'il les fasse voler avecque sifflement :
Et de la poudre, en l'air, il se fait des fumées
A leur bouches du vent et du bruit animées.*

Philip is said by some historians to have erected the Oriflamme at Cressy, where Edward in return raised up his burning dragon, the English signal for no quarter. The Oriflamme was originally used only in wars against the Infidels, for it was a sacred banner, and believed to have been sent from Heaven.

Page 149. line 638. — *The tower, the bridge, and all its multitudes,
Sunk with a mighty crash.*

At this woman's voice amidst the sound of war, the combat grows very hot. Our men, greatly encouraged by the Virgin,

run headlong to the bastion and force a point thereof; then fire and stones rain so violently, as the English being amazed, forsake their defences: some are slain upon the place, some throw themselves down headlong, and fly to the tower upon the bridge. In the end this brave Glacidas abandons this quarter, and retires into the base court upon the bridge, and after him a great number of his soldiers. The bridge greatly shaken with artillery, tryed by fire, and overcharged with the weight of this multitude, sinks into the water with a fearful cry, carrying all this multitude with it. — *De Serres.*

This circumstance has been magnified into a miracle. "The French, for the most part, draw the institution of the order of St. Michael principally from a purpose that Charles had to make it, after the apparition of the archangel upon Orleans bridge, as the tutelary angell of France assisting against the English in 1428." — *Selden's Titles of Honour.*

The expressions are somewhat curious in the patent of this *ordre de Monsieur St. Michael Archange.* Louis XI. instituted it "à la gloire et louange de Dieu nostre createur tout puissant, et reverence de la glorieuse vierge Marie, à l'honneur et reverence de St. Michael, premier chevalier, qui par la querelle de Dieu, bataille contre l'ancien enemy de l'humain lignage, et le fit tresbucher de Ciel."

Page 150. line 666. *The ascending flames*
Blaze up.

Lesdictes bastiles et fortresses furent prestement arses et demolies jusques en terre, affin que nulles gens de guerre de quelconque pays quilz soient ne si peussent plus loger.

Monstrellet, II. f. 43.

Page 151. line 15. — *Silence itself was dreadful.*

Un cry, que le besoin ou la peur fait jetter,

Et les airs agités les peuvent agiter.

Une haleine, un soupir et mesme le silence

Aux chefs, comme aux soldat; font perdre l'assurance.

Chapelain, L. ix.

Page 152. line 24. — *the proud prelate, that blood-guilty man,
Who, trembling for the church's ill-got wealth,
Bade our Fifth Henry claim the crown of
France.*

But the first terrible *blow* in *England* given generally to all *Orders*, was in the *Lay Parliament*, as it is called, which did wholly *Wicclifize*, kept in the *twelfth year* of king *Henry the Fourth*, wherein the *Nobles* and *Commons* assembled, signified to the *King*, that the *temporal possessions* of *Abbots*, *Priors*, &c. lewdly spent within the *Realm*, would suffice to find and sustain 150 *Earls*, 1500 *Knights*, 6200 *Esquires*, 100 *Hospitals*, more than there were. But this motion was maul'd with the *king's own hand*, who dashed it, personally interposing Himself contrary to that character, which the *jealous Clergy* had conceived of Him, that coming to the *Crown* He would be a great *enemy* to the *Church*. But though *Henry Plantagenet Duke of Lancaster* was no friend to the *Clergie*, perchance to ingratiate himself with the *people*, yet the same *Henry king of England*, His interest being altered, to strengthen Him with the considerable power of the *Clergy*, proved a *Patron* yea a *Champion* to defend them. However we may say, that now the *Axe is laid to the root of the tree of Abbeys*; and this *stroke* for the present, though it was so far from hurting the *body*, that it scarce pierced the *bark* thereof, yet bare *attempts* in such matters are important, as putting into *people's heads* a *feasibility* of the *project* formerly conceived altogether impossible.

Few years after, namely, in the *second year* of king *Henry the Fifth*, another shrewd thrust was made at *English Abbeys*, but it was finely and cleverly put aside by that skilful State-Fencer *Henry Chichesly Archbishop of Canterbury*. For the former *Bill* against *Abbeys*, in full *Parliament* was revived, when the *Archbishop* minded king *Henry* of his undoubted *Title* to the fair and flourishing kingdom of *France*. Hereat, that king who was a spark in Himself, was enflamed to that design by this *Prelate's* persuasion: and his native courage ran fiercely on the project, especially when clapt on with conscience and encouragement from a church-man in the lawfulness thereof.

An undertaking of those vast dimensions, that the greatest covetousness might spread, and highest ambition reach itself within the bounds thereof. If to promote this project, the Abbays advanced not only large and liberal, but vast and incredible sums of money, it is no wonder if they were contented to have their nails pared close to the quick thereby to save their fingers. Over goes king *Henry* into *France*, with many martial spirits attending him, so that putting the king upon the seeking of a new Crown, kept the Abbots' old Mitres upon their heads; and Monasteries tottering at this time, were (thank a politick Archbishop) refixed on the firm foundations, though this proved rather a *reprieve* than a *pardon* unto them.

Fuller's Church History, B. 6. p. 302.

The archbishop of Bourges explained to the king, in the hall of the bishop of Winchester, and in the presence of the dukes of Clarence, Bedford and Gloucester, brothers to the king, and of the lords of the council, clergy, chivalry and populace, the objects of his embassy. The archbishop spoke first in Latin, and then in the Walloon language, so eloquently and wisely, that both English and French who heard him were greatly surprised. At the conclusion of his harangue he made offers to the king of a large sum of ready money on his marriage with the princess Catherine, but on condition that he would disband the army he had collected at Southampton, and at the adjacent sea-ports, to invade France; and that by these means an eternal peace would be established between the two kingdoms.

The assembly broke up when the archbishop had ended his speech, and the French ambassadors were kindly entertained at dinner by the king, who then appointed a day for them to receive his answer to their propositions by the mouth of the archbishop of Canterbury.

In the course of the archbishop's speech, in which he replied, article by article, to what the archbishop of Bourges had offered, he added to some and passed over others of them, so that he was sharply interrupted by the archbishop of Bourges, who exclaimed, "I did not say so, but such were my words"

The conclusion, however, was, that unless the king of France would give, as a marriage-portion with his daughter, the duchies of Aquitaine, of Normandy, of Anjou, of Tours, the counties of Ponthieu, Maine and Poitou, and every other part that had formerly belonged to the English monarchs, the king would not desist from his intended invasion of France, but would despoil the whole of that kingdom which had been unjustly detained from him; and that he should depend on his sword for the accomplishment of the above, and for depriving king Charles of his crown.

The king avowed what the archbishop had said, and added, that thus, with God's aid, he would act; and promised it on the word of a king. The archbishop of Bourges then, according to the custom in France, demanded permission to speak, and said, "O king! how canst thou, consistently with honour and justice, thus wish to dethrone and iniquitously destroy the most Christian king of the French, our very dear lord and most excellent of all the kings in christendom. O king! with all due reverence and respect, dost thou think that he has offered by me such extent of territory, and so large a sum of money with his daughter in marriage, through any fear of thee, thy subjects or allies? By no means; but, moved by pity and his love of peace, he has made these offers to avoid the shedding of innocent blood, and that Christian people may not be overwhelmed in the miseries of war; for whenever thou shalt make thy promised attempt he will call upon God, the blessed Virgin, and on all the saints, making his appeal to them for the justice of his cause; and with their aid, and the support of his loyal subjects and faithful allies, thou wilt be driven out of his dominions, or thou wilt be made prisoner, or thou wilt there suffer death by orders of that just king whose ambassadors we are.

"We have now only to intreat of thee that thou wouldst have us safely conducted out of thy realm; and that thou wouldst write to our said king, under thy hand and seal, the answer which thou hast had given to us."

The king kindly granted their request; and the ambassa-

dors, having received handsome presents, returned by way of Dover to Calais and thence to Paris.

Monstrelet, vol. iv. p. 129.

Within a few days after the expiration of the truce, king Henry, whose preparations were now completed, sent one of his heralds, called Gloucester, to Paris, to deliver letters to the king, of which the contents were as follows.

“ To the very noble prince Charles, our cousin and adversary of France, Henry, by the grace of God, king of England and of France. To give to every one what is their due, is a work of inspiration and wise council, very noble prince, our cousin and adversary. The noble kingdoms of England and France were formerly united, now they are divided. At that time it was customary for each person to exalt his name by glorious victories, and by this single virtue to extol the honour of God, to whom holiness belongs, and to give peace to his church, by subjecting in battle the enemies of the public weal; but alas! good faith among kindred and brotherly love have been perverted, and Lot persecutes Abraham by human imputation, and Dissention, the mother of Anger, has been raised from the dead.

“ We, however, appeal to the sovereign Judge, who is neither swayed by prayers nor gifts from doing right, that we have, from pure affection, done every thing in our power to preserve the peace; and we must now rely on the sword for regaining what is justly our heritage, and those rights which have from old time belonged to us; and we feel such assurance in our courage, that we will fight till death in the cause of justice.

“ The written law in the book of Deuteronomy ordains, that before any person commences an attack on a city he shall first offer terms of peace; and although violence has detained from us our rightful inheritances, charity, however, induces us to attempt, by fair means, their recovery; for should justice be denied us, we may then resort to arms.

“ And to avoid having our conscience affected by this matter, we make our personal request to you, and exhort you, by the bowels of Jesus Christ, to follow the dictates of his evangelical

doctrine. Friend, restore what thou owest, for such is the will of God to prevent the effusion of the blood of man, who was created in his likeness. Such restitution of rights, cruelly torn from us, and which we have so frequently demanded by our ambassadors, will be agreeable to the supreme God, and secure peace on earth.

“ From our love of peace we were inclined to refuse fifty thousand golden crowns lately offered us ; for being more desirous of peace than riches, we have preferred enjoying the patrimony left us by our venerable ancestors, with our very dear cousin Catherine, your noble daughter, to iniquitously multiplying our treasures, and thus disgracing the honour of our crown, which God forbid !

“ Given under our privy seal, in our castle of Southampton, the 5th day of the month of August.”

Monstrelet, vol. iv. p. 137.

Page 152. line 29. — *Sure that holy hermit spake
The Almighty's bidding.*

While Henry V. lay at the siege of Dreux, an honest hermit unknown to him, came and told him the great evils he brought upon christendom by his unjust ambition, who usurped the kingdom of France, against all manner of right, and contrary to the will of God ; wherefore in his holy name he threatened him with a severe and sudden punishment, if he desisted not from his enterprize. Henry took this exhortation either as an idly whimsey, or a suggestion of the Dauphin's, and was but the more confirmed in his design. But the blow soon followed the threatening ; for within some few months after, he was smitten in the fundament with a strange and incurable disease.

Mezeray.

Page 153. line 59. — *They thought
The spirits of the mothers and their babes
Famish'd at Roan sat on the clouds of night.*

———— *Reseraverat antrum
Tartareus Rector pallens, utque arma nefanda*

*Spectarent, caperentque sui solatia fati,
Invisas illuc Libyes emiserat umbras ;
Undique consedere arvis, nigrâque coronâ
Infecére diem, versatilis umbra Jugurthæ,
Annibalis sævi Manes, captique Syphacis,
Qui nunc eversas secum Carthaginis arces
Ignovére Deis, postquam feralia campi
Prælia Thapsiaci, et Latios videre furores.*

Supplementum Lucani, Lib. III.

I am not conscious of having imitated these lines ; but I would not lose the opportunity of quoting so fine a passage from Thomas May, an author to whom I owe some obligations, and who is not remembered as his merits deserve. May himself has imitated Valerius Flaccus in this passage, though he has greatly surpassed him.

*Et pater orantes cæorum Tartarus umbras,
Nube cavó, tandem ad meritæ spectacula pugnæ
Emittit ; summi nigrescunt culmina montis.*

Page 153. line 69. — *Nor aught avails
Man unassisted 'gainst Infernal powers
To dare the conflict.*

To some, says Speed, it may appear more honourable to our nation, that they were not to be expelled by a human power, but by a divine, extraordinarily revealing itself.

Page 158. line 79. — *By their numbers now made bold in fear
Nec pavidum murmur ; consensu audacia crevit,
Tantaque turba metu pœnarum solvit ab omni.
May, Sup. Lucani.*

Page 154. line 92. — *Joy ran through all the troops.*

In Rymer's *Fœdera* are two proclamations, one "*contra capitaneos et soldarios tergiversantes, incantationibus Puellæ ter-rificatos ;*" the other, "*de fugitivis ab exercitu quos terriculamenta Puellæ exanimaverant, arestandis.*"

Page 155. line 113. — *The social howl.*

Ronsard remarks,

*Rien n'est meilleur pour l'homme soulager
Après le mal, que le boire et manger. — Franciado.*

Page 159. line 230. — *A casquetel.*

A lighter kind of helmet.

Page 159. line 231. — *Hung from her neck the shield.*

The shield was often worn thus. “ Among the Frenchmen there was a young lusty esquire of Gascoigne, named William Marchant, who came out among the foremost into the field, well mounted, his shield about his neck, and his spear in his hand.” — *Barnes.*

This is frequently alluded to in romance. “ Then the knight of the burning sword stept forward, and lifting up his arm as if he would strike Cynocephal on the top of his head, seized with his left hand on the shield, which he pulled to him with so much strength, that plucking it from his neck he brought him to the ground.” — *Amadis de Greece.*

Sometimes the shield was laced to the shoulder.

The shield of the middle ages must not be confounded with that of the ancients. The knight might easily bear his small shield around his neck ; but the Grecian warrior stood *protecting his thighs and his legs, his breast also and his shoulders with the body of his broad shield.*

Μηρους τε κνημας τε κατω και στερνα και ωμους
Ασπίδος ευρειης γαστρι καλυψαμενος. — *Tyrtæus.*

But the most convenient shields were used by

*Ceux qu'on voit demeurer dans les îles Alandes,
Qui portent pour pavois, des escailles si grandes,
Que lors qu'il faut camper, le soldat qui s'en sert
En fait comme une hutte, et s'y met à couvert. — Alaric.*

Page 160. line 279. — *An armet.*

The armet or chapelle de fer was an iron hat, occasionally put on by knights when they retired from the heat of the

battle to take breath, and at times when they could not with propriety go unarmed.

Page 164. line 398. — *Fix'd their last kisses on their armed hands.*

Sed contra Ænotria pubes

Non ullas voces ducis aut præcepta requirit.

Sat matres stimulant, natique, et cara supinas

Tendentum palmas lacrimantiaque ora parentum.

Ostentant parvos, vagituque incita pulsant

Corda virúm, armatis infigunt oscula dextris.

Silius Italicus, xii. 587.

Page 171. line 151. — *He brake a sullen smile.*

“ She sternly shook her dewy locks, and brake

“ A melancholy smile.” — *Quarles.*

Page 172. line 181. — *then on the herald*

A robe rich-furr'd and broider'd he bestow'd.

When the armies of England and France lay in the plain between Vironfosse and Flemenguere, 1339, Edward sent to demand a day of battle of the French king. “ An herald of the duke of Gueldres, being well skilled in the French tongue, was sent on this errand: he rode forth till he came to the French host, where being admitted before the king and his council, he spake aloud these words, ‘ Sir, the king of England is here hard by in the fields, and desires to fight you power against power; and if you please to appoint him a day he will not fail to meet you upon the word of a king.’ This message being thus delivered, king Philip yielded either to give or take battle two days after, and in token of his acceptance of the news, richly rewarded the herald with furred gowns, and other gifts bestowed on him, as well by himself as others, the princes and lords of his host, and so dismissed him again.” — *Barnes.*

Page 172. line 189. — *And at the third long sound
They ranged them in their ranks.*

Every man was warned to rise from sleep at the first sound of the trumpet; at the second to arm without delay, and at the third to take horse in his due place under the colours. — *Barnes.*

Page 172. line 192. — *To shrive them.*

Religious ceremonies seem to have preceded all settled engagements at this period. On the night before the battle of Cressy “ King Edward made a supper in his royal pavilion for all his chief barons, lords and captains: at which he appeared wonderful chearful and pleasant, to the great encouragement of his people. But when they were all dismissed to their several quarters, the king himself retired into his private oratory, and came before the altar, and there prostrated himself to Almighty God and devoutly prayed, ‘ That of his infinite goodness he would vouchsafe to look down on the justice of his cause, and remember his unfeigned endeavours for a reconciliation, although they had all been rendered frustrate by his enemies: that if he should be brought to a battle the next day, it would please him of his great mercy to grant him the victory, as his trust was only in him, and in the right which he had given him.’ Being thus armed with faith, about midnight he laid himself upon a pallet or mattress to take a little repose; but he arose again betimes and heard mass, with his son the young prince, and received absolution, and the body and blood of his Redeemer, as did the prince also, and most of the lords and others who were so disposed.” — *Barnes.*

Thus also before the battle of Agincourt “ after prayers and supplications of the king, his priests and people, done with great devotion, the king of England in the morning very early set forth his hosts in array.” — *Stowe.*

Page 172. line 194. — *The shield of dignity.*

The roundel. A shield too weak for service which was borne before the general of an army.

Page 173. line 220. — *That in undiminish'd strength
Strong, they might meet the battle.*

The conduct of the English on the morning of the battle of Cressy is followed in the text. "All things being thus ordered, every lord and captain under his own banner and pennon, and the ranks duly settled, the valourous young king mounted on a lusty white hobby, and with a white wand in his hand, rode between his two marshalls from rank to rank, and from one battalia unto another, exhorting and encouraging every man that day to defend and maintain his right and honour: and this he did with so chearful a countenance, and with such sweet and obliging words, that even the most faint-hearted of the army were sufficiently assured thereby. By that time the English were thus prepared, it was nine o'clock in the morning, and then the king commanded them all to take their refreshment of meat and drink, which being done, with small disturbance they all repaired to their colours again, and then laid themselves in their order upon the dry and warm grass, with their bows and helmets by their side, to be more fresh and vigorous upon the approach of the enemy."

Barnes.

The English before the battle of Agincourt "fell prostrate to the ground, and committed themselves to God, every of them tooke in his mouth a little piece of earth, in remembrance that they were mortall and made of earth, as also in remembrance of the holy communion." — *Stowe.*

Page 175. line 274. — *The pennons rolling their long waves
Before the gale, and banners broad and bright.*

The pennon was long, ending in two points, the banner square. "*Un seigneur n'etoit banneret et ne pouvoit porter la banniere quarrée, que lors qu'il pouvoit entretenir a ses depens un certain nombre de chevaliers et d'Ecuyers, avec leur suite a la guerre: jusques-la son etendard avoit deux queues ou fanons, et*

quand il devenoit plus puissant, son souverain coupoit lui-meme les fanons de son etendard, pour le rendre quarré. — *Tressan.*

An incident before the battle of Najara exemplifies this. "As the two armies approached near together, the prince went over a little hill, in the descending whereof he saw plainly his enemies marching toward him: wherefore when the whole army was come over this mountain, he commanded that there they should make an halt, and so fit themselves for fight. At that instant the lord John Chandos brought his ensign folded up, and offered it to the prince, saying, 'Sir, here is my guidon; I request your highness to display it abroad, and to give me leave to raise it this day as my banner; for I thank God and your highness, I have lands and possessions sufficient to maintain it withall.' Then the prince took the pennon, and having cut off the tail, made it a square banner, and this done, both he and king Don Pedro for the greater honour, holding it between their hands displayed it abroad, it being Or, a sharp pile Gules: and then the prince delivered it unto the lord Chandos again, saying, 'Sir John, behold here is your banner. God send you much joy and honour with it.' And thus being made a knight banneret, the lord Chandos returned to the head of his men, and said, 'Here, gentlemen, behold my banner and yours! Take and keep it, to your honour and mine!' And so they took it with a shout, and said by the grace of God and St. George they would defend it to the best of their powers. But the banner remained in the hands of a gallant English esquire named William Allestry, who bore it all that day, and acquitted himself in the service right honourably." — *Barnes.*

Page 175. line 277. — *Vidames.*

This title frequently occurs in the French Chronicles; it was peculiar to France, "the vidame or vicedominus being to the bishop in his temporals as the vicecomes or vicount anciently to the earle, in his judicials." — *Peter Heylyn.*

Page 175. line 279. — *And silken surcoats to the mid-day sun
Glittering.*

Joshua Barnes seems to have been greatly impressed with the splendour of such a spectacle. "It was a glorious and ravishing sight, no doubt," says he, "to behold these two armies standing thus regularly embattled in the field, their banners and standards waving in the wind, their proud horses barded, and kings, lords, knights, and esquires richly armed, and all shining in their surcoats of satin and embroidery."

Thus also at Poitiers, "there you might have beheld a most beautiful sight of fair harness, of shining steel, feathered crests of glittering helmets, and the rich embroidery of silken surcoats of arms, together with golden standards, banners and pennons gloriously moving in the air."

And at Najara "the sun being now risen, it was a ravishing sight to behold the armies, and the sun reflecting from their bright steel and shining armour. For in those days the cavalry were generally armed in mail or polished steel at all points, and besides that, the nobility wore over their armour rich surcoats of silk and satin embroidery, whereon was curiously sticht or beaten, the arms of their house, whether in colour or metal."

Page 175. l. 281. — *For not to brutal strength they deem'd it right
To trust their country's weal.*

Nos ancestres, et notamment du temps de la guerre des Anglois, en combats solennels et journées assignées, se mettoient la plus-part du temp tous à pied; pour ne se fier à autre chose qu'à leur force propre et vigueur de leur courage et de leur membres, de chose si chere que l'honneur et la vie. — Montaigne, Liv. i. c. 48.

In the battle of Patay, Monstrellet says, "*les François moult de pres mirèrent pied à terre, et descendirent la plus grand partie de leur chevaux.*"

In *El Cavallero Determinado*, an allegorical romance translated from the French of Olivier de la Marche by Hernando

de Acuna, Barcelona, 1565, this custom is referred to by Understanding, when giving the knight directions for his combat with Atropos.

*En esto es mi parecer
Que en cavallo no te fies ;
Por lo qual has de entender
Que de ninguno confies
Tu lymosna y bien hazer.*

Page 175. line 286. — *Their javelins shorten'd to a wieldy length.*

Thus at Poitiers, "the three battails being all ready ranged in the field, and every lord in his due place under his own banner, command was given that all men should put off their spurs, and cut their spears to five foot length, as most commodious for such who had left their horses." — *Barnes.*

Page 176. line 293. — *Hræsvelger starting.*

*Hræsvelgr vocatur
Qui sedet in extremitate cœli,
Gigas exuvias amictus aquilæ :
Ex ejus alis
Ferunt venire ventum
Omnes super homines. — Vafthrudnismal.*

Where the Heavens remotest bound
With darkness is encompassed round,
There Hræsvelger sits and swings
The tempest from his eagle wings.

The Edda of Sæmund, translated by Amos Cottle.

Among the idols of Aitutaki, (one of the Hervey Islands,) sent home among other trophies of the same kind to the Missionary Museum, is the God of Thunder, Taau. The natives used to believe that when Taau was flying abroad, Thunder was produced by the flapping of his wings. — *Williams' Missionary Enterprises in the South Sea Islands*, p. 109.

At the promontory of Malea on the ruins of the Temple of Apollo, there is a chapel built to the honour of Michael the archangel. Here we could not but laugh at the foolish superstition of the sailors, who say, when the wind blows from that place, that it is occasioned by the violent motion of Michael's wings, because forsooth, he is painted with wings. And for that reason, when they sail by Michael they pray to him that he may hold his wings still. — *Baumgarten*.

Page 177. line 335.— *Or with the lance protended from his front.*

In a combat fought in Smithfield 1467, between the lord Scales and the bastard of Burgoyne, “the lord Scales' horse had on his chafron a long sharp pike of steele, and as the two champions coaped together, the same horse thrust his pike into the nostrills of the bastard's horse, so that for very paine, he mounted so high that he fell on the one side with his master.” — *Stowe*.

This weapon is mentioned by Lope de Vega, and by an old Scotch poet.

*Unicornia el cavallo parecia
Con el fuerte pyramide delante,
Que en medio del boçal resplandecia
Como si fuera punta de diamante.*

Jerusalen Conquistada, l. 10.

His horse in fyne sandel was trapped to the helc.

And, in his cheveron biforne,
Stode as an unicorne,
Als sharp as a thorne,
An anlas of stele.

Sir Gawan and Sir Galaron.

Florisel found this part of his horse's armour of good service, when in the combat of eighteen against eighteen, he encountered the king of the Scythians, *geant demesuré ; il chevauchoit un grand animal de son pays, duquel nous ne sçavons le*

nom : aussi étoit-il tant corpulent et membru, qu'on n'eust sçeu fournir roussin qui l'eust peu porter. The first encounter fut très belle jousté à voir, et au joindre des corps mourut treize chevaux, compris l'animal du Roy de Scythie, qui fut si lourdement rencontré par le destrier de Florisel, portant bardes de fer, et une pointe acerée sur le chanfrain qu'il fourra si avant parmy les flancz de ceste grosse beste, qu'il atterrace avec les autres, et la jambe de son maistre dessous.

Amadis, L. x. ff. 51, 52.

The Abyssinians use it at this day ; Bruce says it is a very troublesome useless piece of their armour.

Page 178. line 372. — *To snatch the shield of death.*

Thus did Juba catch up the shield of death to defend himself from ignominy. — *Cleopatra.*

Page 178. line 379. — *Their tower of strength.*

Ωσπερ γαρ μιν πυργον εν οφθαλμοισιν ορωσιν. — Tyrtaeus.

Quarles has made this expression somewhat ludicrous by calling Sampson

Great army of men, the wonder of whose power
Gives thee the title of a walking tower.

Page 180. line 435. — *And when the boar's head
Smoked on the Christmas board.*

Two carols for this occasion are preserved in Mr. Ritson's valuable collection of Ancient Songs. The first of these, here alluded to, is as follows :

*Caput apri defero
Reddens laudes domino.*

The boar's heed in hand bring I
With garlands gay and rosemary,
I pray you all syng merely
Qui estis in convivio.

The bore's heed I understande
 Is the chefe servyce in this lande,
 Loke where ever it be fande

Servite cum cantico.

Be gladde lordes bothe more and lasse
 For this hath ordeyned our stewarde,
 To chere you all this christmasse
 The bore's heed with mustarde.

When Henry II. had his eldest son crowned as fellow with him in the kingdom, upon the day of coronation, king Henry, the father, served his son at the table as sewer, bringing up the bore's head with trumpets before it, according to the manner; whereupon (according to the old adage,

Immutant mores homines cum dantur honores)

the young man conceiving a pride in his heart, beheld the standers-by with a more stately countenance than he had been wont. The archbishop of York who sat by him, marking his behaviour, turned unto him and said, "Be glad, my good son, there is not another prince in the world that hath such a sewer at his table." To this the new king answered as it were disdainfully thus: "Why doest thou marvel at that? my father in doing it thinketh it not more than becometh him, he being born of princely blood only on the mother's side, serveth me that am a king born, having both a king to my father and a queen to my mother." Thus the young man of an evil and perverse nature, was puffed up in pride by his father's unseemly doings.

But the king his father hearing his talk was very sorrowful in his mind, and said to the archbishop softly in his ear, "It repenteth me, it repenteth me, my lord, that I have thus advanced the boy." For he guessed hereby what a one he would prove afterward, that shewed himself so disobedient and forward already. — *Holinshed.*

Page 181. line 459. ————— *his old limbs*
Are not like yours so supple in the flight.

Τους δὲ παλαιότερους, ὡν οὐκ ἔτι γούνατ' ελαφρά,
 Μὴ καταλειπόντες φεύγετε τοὺς γέραιους.
 Αἰσχρὸν γὰρ δὴ τοῦτο μετὰ προμαχοῖσι πέσοντα,
 Κεῖσθαι προσθεῖ νεῶν ἀνδρᾶ παλαροτέρον,
 Ἡδὴ λευκὸν ἔχοντα κάρη, πόλιον τε γένειον,
 Θύμον ἀποπνεῖοντ' ἀλκιμον ἐν κόνιη.— *Tyrtæus.*

Page 182. line 475. — *He from the saddle bow his falchion*
caught.

In the combat between Francus and Phouere, Ronsard says
 — *de la main leurs coutelas trouverent*
Bien aiguisé qui de l'arçon pendoyent.

On this passage the commentator observes, “ *l'auteur arme ces deux chevaliers à la mode de nos gendarmes François, la lance en la main, la coutelace ou la mace à l'arçon, et l'espée au costé.*”

Thus Desmarests says of the troops of Clovis

A tous pend de l'arçon, à leur mode guerrière,
Et la hache tranchante, et la masse meurtrière.

And when Clovis on foot and without a weapon hears the shrieks of a woman, he sees his horse,

Jette l'œil sur l'arçon, et void luire sa hache.

Lope de Vega speaks of the sword being carried in the same manner, when he describes Don Juan de Aguila as —

desatando del arçon la espada.

Page 182. line 476. ————— *she bared*
The lightning of her sword.

Desnudo el rayo de la ardiente espada.

Jerusalem Conquistada.

Page 182. line 494. — *The sword of Talbot.*

Talbot's sword, says Camden, was found in the river of Dordon, and sold by a peasant to an armourer of Bourdeaux, with this inscription,

Sum Talboti, M. IIII. C. XLIII.

Pro vincere inimicos meos.

But pardon the Latin, for it was not his, but his camping chaplain's. — A sword with bad Latin upon it, but good steel within it, says Fuller.

It was not uncommon to bear a motto upon the sword. Lope de Vega describes that of Aguilar as bearing inlaid in gold, a verse of the psalms. It was, he says,

Mas famosa que fue de hombre cenida,

Para ocasiones del honor guardada,

Y en ultima defensa de la vida,

Y desde cuya guarnicion dorada

Hasta la punta la canal brunida

Tenia escrito de David un verso.

Nielado de oro en el azero terso.

Jerusalen Conquistada.

Page 182. line 501. — *Fastolffe, all fierce and haughty as he was.*

In the Paston letters published by Mr. Fenn, Fastolffe appears in a very unfavourable light. Henry Windsor writes thus of him, "hit is not unknown that cruelle and vengible he hath byn ever, and for the most part with oute pite and mercy. I can no more, but *vade et corripe eum*, for truly he cannot bryng about his matiers in this word (*world*), for the word is not for him. I suppose it wolnot chaunge yett be likelenes, but i beseche you sir help not to amend hym onely, but every other man yf ye kno any mo mysse disposed."

The order of the garter was taken from Fastolffe for his conduct at Patay. He suffered a more material loss in the money he expended in the service of the state. In 1455, 4083*l.* 15. 7.

were due to him for costs and charges during his services in France, "whereof the sayd Fastolffe hath had nouthere payement nor assignation." So he complains.

Page 183. line 513. — *Battle-axe.*

In a battle between the Burgundians and Dauphinois near Abbeville (1421) Monstrellet especially notices the conduct of John Villain, who had that day been made a knight. He was a nobleman from Flanders, very tall, and of great bodily strength, and was mounted on a good horse, holding a battle-axe in both hands. Thus he pushed into the thickest part of the battle, and throwing the bridle on his horse's neck, gave such blows on all sides with his battle-axe, that whoever was struck was instantly unhorsed and wounded past recovery. In this way he met Poton de Xaintrilles, who, after the battle was over, declared the wonders he did, and that he got out of his reach as fast as he could. — Vol. v. p. 294.

Page 184. line 552. — *His buckler now splinter'd with many
a stroke.*

L'écu des chevaliers était ordinairement un bouclier de forme à peu près triangulaire, large par le haut pour couvrir le corps, et se terminant en pointe par le bas, afin d'être moins lourd. On les faisait de bois qu'on recouvrait avec du cuir bouilli, avec des nerfs ou autres matieres dures, mais jamais de fer ou d'acier. Seulement il était permis, pour les empêcher d'être coupés trop aisément par les épées, d'y mettre un cercle d'or, d'argent, ou de fer, qui les entourât. — Le Grand.

Page 185. line 588. — *Threw o'er the slaughter'a chief his bla-
zon'd coat.*

This fact is mentioned in Andrews's History of England. I have merely versified the original expressions. "The herald of Talbot sought out his body among the slain. 'Alas, my lord, and is it you! I pray God pardon you all your misdoings. I have been your officer of arms forty years and more :

it is time that I should surrender to you the ensigns of my office.' Thus saying, with the tears gushing from his eyes, he threw his coat of arms over the corpse, thus performing one of the ancient rites of sepulture."

Page 188. line 656.—*Pour'd on the monarch's head the mystic oil.*

"The Frenchmen wonderfully reverence this oyle; and at the coronation of their kings, fetch it from the church where it is kept, with great solemnity. For it is brought (saith Sleiden in his Commentaries) by the prior sitting on a white ambling palfrey, and attended by his monkes; the archbishop of the town (Rheims) and such bishops as are present, going to the church door to meet it, and leaving for it with the prior some gage, and the king, when it is by the archbishop brought to the altar, bowing himself before it with great reverence."—*Peter Heylyn.*

THE VISION

THE MAID OF ORLEANS.

IN the first edition of *Joan of Arc* this Vision formed the ninth book, allegorical machinery having been introduced throughout the poem as originally written. All that remained of such machinery was expunged in the second edition, and the Vision was then struck out, as no longer according with the general design.

THE VISION
OF
THE MAID OF ORLEANS.

THE FIRST BOOK.

ORLEANS was hush'd in sleep. Stretch'd on her couch
The delegated Maiden lay ; with toil
Exhausted, and sore anguish, soon she closed
Her heavy eyelids ; not reposing then,
For busy phantasy in other scenes 5
Awaken'd : whether that superior powers,
By wise permission, prompt the midnight dream,
Instructing best the passive faculty ;
Or that the soul, escaped its fleshly clog,
Flies free, and soars amid the invisible world, 10
And all things *are* that *seem*.

Along a moor,
Barren, and wide, and drear, and desolate,
She roam'd, a wanderer through the cheerless night.
Far through the silence of the unbroken plain. 14
The bittern's boom was heard ; hoarse, heavy, deep,
It made accordant music to the scene.
Black clouds, driven fast before the stormy wind,

Swept shadowing ; through their broken folds the moon
 Struggled at times with transitory ray,
 And made the moving darkness visible. 20
 And now arrived beside a fenny lake
 She stands, amid whose stagnate waters, hoarse
 The long reeds rustled to the gale of night.
 A time-worn bark receives the Maid, impell'd
 By powers unseen ; then did the moon display 25
 Where through the crazy vessel's yawning side
 The muddy waters oozed. A Woman guides,
 And spreads the sail before the wind, which moan'd
 As melancholy mournful to her ear,
 As ever by a dungeon'd wretch was heard 30
 Howling at evening round his prison towers.
 Wan was the pilot's countenance, her eyes
 Hollow, and her sunk cheeks were furrow'd deep,
 Channell'd by tears ; a few grey locks hung down
 Beneath her hood : and through the Maiden's veins
 Chill crept the blood, when, as the night-breeze pass'd,
 Lifting her tatter'd mantle, coil'd around 37
 She saw a serpent gnawing at her heart.

The plumeless bats with short shrill note flit by,
 And the night-raven's scream came fitfully, 40
 Borne on the hollow blast. Eager the Maid
 Look'd to the shore, and now upon the bank
 Leapt, joyful to escape, yet trembling still
 In recollection.

There, a mouldering pile
 Stretch'd its wide ruins, o'er the plain below 45
 Casting a gloomy shade, save where the moon
 Shone through its fretted windows : the dark yew,

Withering with age, branch'd there its naked roots,
And there the melancholy cypress rear'd 49
Its head; the earth was heaved with many a mound,
And here and there a half-demolish'd tomb.

And now, amid the ruin's darkest shade,
The Virgin's eye beheld where pale blue flames
Rose wavering, now just gleaming from the earth,
And now in darkness drown'd. An aged man 55
Sate near, seated on what in long-past days
Had been some sculptured monument, now fallen
And half-obscur'd by moss, and gather'd heaps
Of wither'd yew-leaves and earth-mouldering bones.
His eye was large and rayless, and fix'd full 60
Upon the Maid; the tomb-fires on his face
Shed a blue light; his face was of the hue
Of death; his limbs were mantled in a shroud.
Then with a deep heart-terrifying voice, 64
Exclaim'd the spectre, " Welcome to these realms,
These regions of Despair, O thou whose steps
Sorrow hath guided to my sad abodes!
Welcome to my drear empire, to this gloom
Eternal, to this everlasting night,
Where never morning darts the enlivening ray, 70
Where never shines the sun, but all is dark,
Dark as the bosom of their gloomy King."

So saying, he arose, and drawing on,
Her to the abbey's inner ruin led,
Resisting not his guidance. Through the roof 75
Once fretted and emblaz'd, but broken now
In part, elsewhere all open to the sky,

The moon-beams enter'd, chequer'd here, and here
 With unimpeded light. The ivy twined
 Round the dismantled columns ; imaged forms 80
 Of saints and warlike chiefs, moss-canker'd now
 And mutilate, lay strewn upon the ground,
 With crumbled fragments, crucifixes fallen,
 And rusted trophies. Meantime overhead 84
 Roar'd the loud blast, and from the tower the owl
 Scream'd as the tempest shook her secret nest.
 He, silent, led her on, and often paused,
 And pointed, that her eye might contemplate
 At leisure the drear scene.

He dragg'd her on

Through a low iron door, down broken stairs ; 90
 Then a cold horror through the Maiden's frame
 Crept, for she stood amid a vault, and saw,
 'By the sepulchral lamp's dim glaring light,
 The fragments of the dead.

“ Look here ! ” he cried,

“ Damsel, look here ! survey this house of death ;
 O soon to tenant it ; soon to increase 96
 These trophies of mortality, .. for hence
 Is no return. Gaze here ; behold this skull,
 These eyeless sockets, and these unflesh'd jaws,
 That with their ghastly grinning seem to mock 100
 Thy perishable charms ; for thus thy cheek
 Must moulder. Child of grief ! shrinks not thy soul,
 Viewing these horrors ? trembles not thy heart
 At the dread thought that here its life's-blood soon
 Shall stagnate, and the finely-fibred frame, 105
 Now warm in life and feeling, mingle soon
 With the cold clod ? thing horrible to think, ..

Yet in thought only, for reality
 Is none of suffering here ; here all is peace ;
 No nerve will throb to anguish in the grave. 110
 Dreadful it is to think of losing life,
 But having lost, knowledge of loss is not,
 Therefore no ill. Oh, wherefore then delay
 To end all ills at once !”

So spake Despair.

The vaulted roof echoed his hollow voice, 115
 And all again was silence. Quick her heart
 Panted. He placed a dagger in her hand,
 And cried again, “ Oh wherefore then delay !
 One blow, and rest for ever !” On the fiend,
 Dark scowl'd the Virgin with indignant eye, 120
 And threw the dagger down. He next his heart
 Replaced the murderous steel, and drew the Maid
 Along the downward vault.

The damp earth gave

A dim sound as they pass'd : the tainted air
 Was cold, and heavy with unwholesome dews. 125
 “ Behold !” the fiend exclaim'd, “ how loathsomely
 The fleshly remnant of mortality
 Moulders to clay !” then fixing his broad eye
 Full on her face, he pointed where a corpse
 Lay livid ; she beheld with horrent look, 130
 The spectacle abhorr'd by living man.

“ Look here !” Despair pursued, “ this loathsome

mass

Was once as lovely, and as full of life
 As, Damsel, thou art now. Those deep-sunk eyes
 Once beam'd the mild light of intelligence, 135

And where thou seest the pamper'd flesh-worm trail,
 Once the white bosom heaved. She fondly thought
 That at the hallow'd altar, soon the priest
 Should bless her coming union, and the torch
 Its joyful lustre o'er the hall of joy, 140
 Cast on her nuptial evening: earth to earth
 That priest consign'd her, for her lover went
 By glory lured to war, and perish'd there;
 Nor she endured to live. Ha! fades thy cheek?
 Dost thou then, Maiden, tremble at the tale? 145
 Look here! behold the youthful paramour!
 The self-devoted hero!"

Fearfully

The Maid look'd down, and saw the well-known face
 Of Theodore. In thoughts unspeakable,
 Convulsed with horror, o'er her face she clasp'd 150
 Her cold damp hands: "Shrink not," the phantom
 cried,
 "Gaze on!" and unrelentingly he grasp'd
 Her quivering arm: "this lifeless mouldering clay,
 As well thou know'st, was warm with all the glow
 Of youth and love; this is the hand that cleft 155
 Proud Salisbury's crest, now motionless in death,
 Unable to protect the ravaged frame
 From the foul offspring of mortality
 That feed on heroes. Though long years were thine,
 Yet never more would life reanimate 160
 This slaughter'd youth; slaughter'd for thee! for thou
 Didst lead him to the battle from his home,
 Where else he had survived to good old age:
 In thy defence he died: strike then! destroy 164
 Remorse with life."

The Maid stood motionless,
 And, wistless what she did, with trembling hand
 Received the dagger. Starting then, she cried,
 "Avaunt, Despair! Eternal Wisdom deals
 Or peace to man, or misery, for his good
 Alike design'd; and shall the creature cry, 170
 'Why hast thou done this?' and with impious pride
 Destroy the life God gave?"

The fiend rejoin'd,
 "And thou dost deem it impious to destroy
 The life God gave? What, Maiden, is the lot
 Assign'd to mortal man? born but to drag, 175
 Through life's long pilgrimage, the wearying load
 Of being; care-corroded at the heart;
 Assail'd by all the numerous train of ills
 That flesh inherits; till at length worn out,
 This is his consummation!—Think again! 180
 What, Maiden, canst thou hope from lengthen'd life,
 But lengthen'd sorrow? If protracted long,
 Till on the bed of death thy feeble limbs
 Stretch out their languid length, oh think what
 thoughts,
 What agonizing feelings, in that hour, 185
 Assail the sinking heart! slow beats the pulse,
 Dim grows the eye, and clammy drops bedew
 The shuddering frame; then in its mightiest force,
 Mightiest in impotence, the love of life
 Seizes the throbbing heart; the faltering lips 190
 Pour out the impious prayer that fain would change
 The Unchangeable's decree; surrounding friends
 Sob round the sufferer, wet his cheek with tears
 And all he loved in life embitters death. 194

“ Such, Maiden, are the pangs that wait the hour
Of easiest dissolution ! yet weak man
Resolves, in timid piety, to live ;
And veiling Fear in Superstition’s garb,
He calls her Resignation !

Coward wretch !

Fond coward, thus to make his reason war 200
Against his reason ! Insect as he is,
This sport of chance, this being of a day,
Whose whole existence the next cloud may blast,
Believes himself the care of heavenly powers,
That God regards man, miserable man, 205
And preaching thus of power and providence,
Will crush the reptile that may cross his path !

“ Fool that thou art ! the Being that permits
Existence, gives to man the worthless boon :
A goodly gift to those who, fortune-blest, 210
Bask in the sunshine of prosperity,
And such do well to keep it. But to one
Sick at the heart with misery, and sore
With many a hard unmerited affliction,
It is a hair that chains to wretchedness 215
The slave who dares not burst it !

Thinkest thou,

The parent, if his child should unrecall’d
Return and fall upon his neck, and cry,
‘ Oh ! the wide world is comfortless, and full
Of fleeting joys and heart-consuming cares, 220
I can be only happy in my home
With thee — my friend ! — my father ! ’ Thinkest thou,
That he would thrust him as an outcast forth ?

Oh! he would clasp the truant to his heart, 224
And love the trespass."

Whilst he spake, his eye
Dwelt on the Maiden's cheek, and read her soul
Struggling within. In trembling doubt she stood,
Even as a wretch, whose famish'd entrails crave
Supply, before him sees the poison'd food
In greedy horror.

Yet, not silent long, 230
" Eloquent tempter cease ! " the Maiden cried,
" What though affliction be my portion here,
Thinkest thou I do not feel high thoughts of joy,
Of heart-ennobling joy, when I look back
Upon a life of duty well perform'd, 235
Then lift mine eyes to Heaven, and there in faith
Know my reward ? . . . I grant, were this life all,
Was there no morning to the tomb's long night,
If man did mingle with the senseless clod,
Himself as senseless, then wert thou indeed 240
A wise and friendly comforter ! . . . But, fiend,
There is a morning to the tomb's long night,
A dawn of glory, a reward in heaven,
He shall not gain who never merited. 244
If thou didst know the worth of one good deed
In life's last hour, thou would'st not bid me lose
The precious privilege, while life endures
To do my Father's will. A mighty task
Is mine, . . . a glorious call. France looks to me
For her deliverance.

" Maiden, thou hast done 250
Thy mission here," the unbaffled fiend replied :
" The foes are fled from Orleans : thou, perchance

Exulting in the pride of victory,
 Forgettest him who perish'd : yet albeit
 Thy harden'd heart forget the gallant youth, 255
 That hour allotted canst thou not escape,
 That dreadful hour, when contumely and shame
 Shall sojourn in thy dungeon. Wretched Maid!
 Destined to drain the cup of bitterness,
 Even to its dregs, . . England's inhuman chiefs 260
 Shall scoff thy sorrows, blacken thy pure fame,
 Wit-wanton it with lewd barbarity,
 And force such burning blushes to the cheek
 Of virgin modesty, that thou shalt wish
 The earth might cover thee. In that last hour, 265
 When thy bruis'd breast shall heave beneath the chains
 That link thee to the stake, a spectacle
 For the brute multitude, and thou shalt hear
 Mockery more painful than the circling flames 269
 Which then consume thee ; wilt thou not in vain
 Then wish my friendly aid ? then wish thine ear
 Had drank my words of comfort ? that thy hand
 Had grasp'd the dagger, and in death preserved
 Insulted modesty ? "

Her glowing cheek

Blush'd crimson ; her wide eye on vacancy 275
 Was fix'd ; her breath short panted. The cold fiend,
 Grasping her hand, exclaim'd, " Too-timid Maid
 So long repugnant to the healing aid
 My friendship proffers, now shalt thou behold
 The allotted length of life."

He stamp'd the earth, 280

And dragging a huge coffin as his car,
 Two Gouls came on, of form more fearful-foul

Than ever palsied in her wildest dream
 Hag-ridden Superstition. Then Despair 284
 Seized on the Maid whose curdling blood stood still,
 And placed her in the seat, and on they pass'd
 Adown the deep descent. A meteor light
 Shot from the dæmons, as they dragg'd along
 The unwelcome load, and mark'd their brethren feast
 On carcasses.

Below, the vault dilates 290
 Its ample bulk. "Look here!" — Despair address
 The shuddering Virgin, "see the dome of Death!"
 It was a spacious cavern, hewn amid
 The entrails of the earth, as though to form
 A grave for all mankind: no eye could reach, 295
 Its distant bounds. There, throned in darkness, dwelt
 The unseen power of Death.

Here stopt the Gouls,
 Reaching the destined spot. The fiend stept out,
 And from the coffin as he led the Maid,
 Exclaim'd, "Where mortal never stood before, 300
 Thou standest: look around this boundless vault;
 Observe the dole that Nature deals to man,
 And learn to know thy friend."

She answer'd not,
 Observing where the Fates their several tasks 304
 Plied ceaseless. "Mark how long the shortest web
 Allow'd to man!" he cried; "observe how soon,
 Twined round yon never-resting wheel, they change
 Their snowy hue, darkening through many a shade,
 Till Atropos relentless shuts the sheers." 309

Too true he spake, for of the countless threads,

Drawn from the heap, as white as unsunn'd snow,
 Or as the spotless lily of the vale,
 Was never one beyond the little span
 Of infancy untainted : few there were
 But lightly tinged ; more of deep crimson hue, 315
 Or deeper sable died. Two Genii stood,
 Still as the web of being was drawn forth,
 Sprinkling their powerful drops. From ebon urn,
 The one unsparing dash'd the bitter drops 319
 Of woe ; and as he dash'd, his dark-brown brow
 Relax'd to a hard smile. The milder form
 Shed less profusely there his lesser store ;
 Sometimes with tears increasing the scant boon,
 Compassionating man ; and happy he 324
 Who on his thread those precious tears receives ;
 If it be happiness to have the pulse
 That throbs with pity, and in such a world
 Of wretchedness, the generous heart that aches
 With anguish at the sight of human woe.

To her the fiend, well hoping now success, 330
 " This is thy thread ; observe how short the span ;
 And little doth the evil Genius spare
 His bitter tincture there." The Maiden saw
 Calmly. " Now gaze !" the tempter fiend exclaim'd,
 And placed again the poniard in her hand, 335
 For Superstition, with a burning torch,
 Approach'd the loom. " This, Damsel, is thy fate !
 The hour draws on — now strike the dagger home !
 Strike now, and be at rest !"

The Maid replied,
 " Or to prevent or change the will of Heaven, 340

THE VISION
OF
THE MAID OF ORLEANS.

THE SECOND BOOK.

SHE spake, and lo ! celestial radiance beam'd
Amid the air, such odours wafting now
As erst came blended with the evening gale,
From Eden's bowers of bliss. An angel form
Stood by the Maid ; his wings, ethereal white, 5
Flash'd like the diamond in the noon-tide sun,
Dazzling her mortal eye : all else appear'd
Her Theodore.

Amazed she saw : the fiend
Was fled, and on her ear the well-known voice
Sounded, though now more musically sweet 10
Than ever yet had thrill'd her soul attuned,
When eloquent affection fondly told
The day-dreams of delight.

" Beloved Maid !
Lo ! I am with thee, still thy Theodore !
Hearts in the holy bands of love combined, 15
Death has no power to sever. Thou art mine !

A little while and thou shalt dwell with me,
 In scenes where sorrow is not. Cheerily
 Tread thou the path that leads thee to the grave,
 Rough though it be and painful, for the grave 20
 Is but the threshold of eternity.

“ Favour'd of Heaven, to thee is given to view
 These secret realms. The bottom of the abyss
 Thou treadest, Maiden. Here the dungeons are
 Where bad men learn repentance. Souls diseased
 Must have their remedy ; and where disease 26
 Is rooted deep, the remedy is long
 Perforce, and painful.”

Thus the spirit spake,
 And led the Maid along a narrow path,
 Dark gleaming to the light of far-off flames, 30
 More dread than darkness. Soon the distant sound
 Of clanking anvils, and the lengthen'd breath
 Provoking fire are heard : and now they reach
 A wide expanded den where all around
 Tremendous furnaces, with hellish blaze, 35
 Were burning. At the heaving bellows stood
 The meagre form of Care, and as he blew
 To augment the fire, the fire augmented scorch'd
 His wretched limbs ; sleepless for ever thus
 He toil'd and toil'd, of toil no end to know 40
 But endless toil and never-ending woe.

An aged man went round the infernal vault,
 Urging his workmen to their ceaseless task ;
 White were his locks, as is the wintry snow
 On hoar Pinnington's head. A golden staff 45

His steps supported : powerful talisman,
 Which whose feels shall never feel again
 The tear of pity, or the throb of love.
 Touch'd but by this, the massy gates give way,
 The buttress trembles, and the guarded wall, 50
 Guarded in vain, submits. Him heathens erst
 Had deified, and bowed the suppliant knee
 To Plutus. Nor are now his votaries few,
 Even though our blessed Saviour hath himself
 Told us, that easier through the needle's eye 55
 Shall the huge camel pass, than the rich man
 Enter the gates of heaven. "Ye cannot serve
 Your God, and worship Mammon."

"Mission'd Maid!"

So spake the spirit, "know that these, whose hands
 Round each white furnace ply the unceasing toil,
 Were Mammon's slaves on earth. They did not spare
 To wring from poverty the hard-earn'd mite,
 They robb'd the orphan's pittance, they could see
 Want's asking eye unmoved; and therefore those
 Ranged round the furnace, still must persevere 61
 In Mammon's service, scorch'd by these fierce fires,
 Nor seldom by the overboiling ore
 Caught; yet retaining still, to punish
 Converted here, their old besetting sin,
 Often impatiently to quench their thirst
 Unquenchable, large draughts of molten gold
 They drink insatiate, still with pain
 Pain to destroy."

So saying, her head
 Forth from the dreadful cavern to
 Brilliant with gem-born light. The rugged walls

Part gleam'd with gold, and part with silver ore 76
 In milder radiance shone. The carbuncle
 There its strong lustre like the flamy sun
 Shot forth irradiate ; from the earth beneath,
 And from the roof there stream'd a diamond light ;
 Rubies and amethysts their glows commix'd 81
 With the gay topaz, and the softer ray
 Shot from the sapphire, and the emerald's hue,
 And bright pyropus.

There on golden seats,
 A numerous, sullen, melancholy train 85
 Sat silent. " Maiden, these," said Theodore,
 " Are they who let the love of wealth absorb
 All other passions ; in their souls that vice
 Struck deeply-rooted, like the poison-tree
 That with its shade spreads barrenness around. 90
 These, Maid ! were men by no atrocious crime
 Blacken'd, no fraud, nor ruffian violence ;
 Men of fair dealing, and respectable
 On earth, but such as only for themselves 94
 Heap'd up their treasures, deeming all their wealth
 Their own, and given to them, by partial Heaven,
 To bless them only : therefore here they sit,
 Possess'd of gold enough, and by no pain
 Tormented, save the knowledge of the bliss
 They lost, and vain repentance. Here they dwell,
 Loathing these useless treasures, till the hour 101
 Of general restitution."

Thence they past,
 And now arriv'd at such a gorgeous dome,
 As even the pomp of eastern opulence
 Could never equal : wandered through its halls 105

A numerous train ; some with the red-swoln eye
 Of riot, and intemperance-bloated cheek ;
 Some pale and nerveless, and with feeble step,
 And eyes lack-lustre.

“ Maiden !” said her guide,
 “ These are the wretched slaves of Appetite, 110
 Curst with their wish enjoy'd. The epicure
 Here pampers his foul frame, till the pall'd sense
 Loathes at the banquet ; the voluptuous here
 Plunge in the tempting torrent of delight,
 And sink in misery. All they wish'd on earth 115
 Possessing here, whom have they to accuse
 But their own folly, for the lot they chose ?
 Yet, for that these injured themselves alone,
 They to the house of Penitence may hie,
 And, by a long and painful regimen, 120
 To wearied Nature her exhausted powers
 Restore, till they shall learn to form the wish
 Of wisdom, and Almighty Goodness grants
 That prize to him who seeks it.”

Whilst he spake,
 The board is spread. With bloated paunch, and eyes
 Fat-swoln, and legs whose monstrous size disgraced
 The human form divine, their caterer, 127
 Hight Gluttony, set forth the smoaking feast.
 And by his side came on a brother form,
 With fiery cheek of purple hue, and red 130
 And scurfy-white, mix'd motley ; his gross bulk,
 Like some huge hogshead shapen'd, as applied.
 Him had antiquity with mystic rites
 Adored ; to him the sons of Greece, and thine
 Imperial Rome, on many an altar pour'd 135

The victim blood, with godlike titles graced,
 Bacchus, or Dionusus; son of Jove,
 Deem'd falsely, for from Folly's idiot form
 He sprung, what time Madness, with furious hand,
 Seized on the laughing female. At one birth 140
 She brought the brethren, menial here below,
 Though sovereigns upon earth, where oft they hold
 High revels. 'Mid the monastery's gloom,
 Thy palace Gluttony, and oft to thee
 The sacrifice is spread, when the grave voice 145
 Episcopal proclaims approaching day
 Of visitation; or churchwardens meet
 To save the wretched many from the gripe
 Of poverty; or 'mid thy ample halls
 Of London, mighty Mayor! rich Aldermen, 150
 Of coming feast hold converse.

Otherwhere,

For though allied in nature as in blood,
 They hold divided sway, his brother lifts
 His spungy sceptre. In the noble domes
 Of princes, and state-wearied ministers, 155
 Maddening he reigns; and when the affrighted mind
 Casts o'er a long career of guilt and blood
 Its eye reluctant, then his aid is sought
 To lull the worm of conscience to repose.
 He too the halls of country squires frequents; 160
 But chiefly loves the learned gloom that shades
 Thy offspring Rhedycina, and thy walls
 Granta! nightly libations there to him
 Profuse are pour'd, till from the dizzy brain
 Triangles, circles, parallelograms, 165
 Moods, tenses, dialects, and demigods,

And logic and theology are swept
By the red deluge.

Unmolested there

He revels ; till the general feast comes round,
The sacrifice septennial, when the sons 170
Of England meet, with watchful care to chuse
Their delegates, wise, independent men,
Unbribing and unbribed, and chosen to guard
Their rights and charters from the encroaching grasp
Of greedy power ; then all the joyful land 175
Join in his sacrifices, so inspired
To make the important choice.

The observing Maid

Address'd her guide, " These, Theodore, thou say'st
Are men, who pampering their foul appetites,
Injured themselves alone. But where are they, 180
The worst of villains, viper-like, who coil
Around deluded woman, so to sting
The heart that loves them ? "

" Them," the spirit replied,

" A long and dreadful punishment awaits.
For when the prey of want and infamy, 185
Lower and lower still the victim sinks,
Even to the depth of shame, not one lewd word,
One impious imprecation from her lips
Escapes, nay not a thought of evil lurks
In the polluted mind, that does not plead 190
Before the throne of Justice, thunder-tongued
Against the foul seducer."

Now they reach'd

The house of Penitence. Credulity
Stood at the gate, stretching her eager head

That so they might be deem'd most pious saints ;
 And go all filth, and never let a smile 225
 Bend their stern muscles ; gloomy, sullen men,
 Barren of all affection, and all this
 To please their God, forsooth ! And therefore Scorn
 Grinn'd at his patients, making them repeat
 Their solemn farce, with keenest raillery 230
 Tormenting ; but if earnest in their prayer,
 They pour'd the silent sorrows of the soul
 To heaven, then did they not regard his mocks
 Which then came painless, and Humility
 Then rescued them, and led to Penitence, 235
 That she might lead to heaven.

From thence they came,
 Where, in the next ward, a most wretched band
 Groan'd underneath the bitter tyranny
 Of a fierce dæmon. His coarse hair was red,
 Pale grey his eyes, and blood-shot ; and his face
 Wrinkled by such a smile as Malice wears 241
 In ecstasy. Well-pleas'd he went around,
 Plunging his dagger in the hearts of some,
 Or probing with a poison'd lance their breasts,
 Or placing coals of fire within their wounds ; 245
 Or seizing some within his mighty grasp,
 He fix'd them on a stake, and then drew back
 And laugh'd to see them writhe.

“ These,” said the spirit,
 “ Are taught by Cruelty, to loathe the lives
 They led themselves. Here are those wicked men
 Who loved to exercise their tyrant power 251
 On speechless brutes ; bad husbands undergo
 A long purgation here ; the traffickers

In human flesh here too are disciplined,
 Till by their suffering they have equall'd all 255
 The miseries they inflicted, all the mass
 Of wretchedness caused by the wars they waged,
 The villages they burnt, the widows left
 In want, the slave or led to suicide,
 Or murder'd by the foul infected air 260
 Of his close dungeon, or, more sad than all,
 His virtue lost, his very soul enslaved,
 And driven by woe to wickedness.

These next,

Whom thou beholdest in this dreary room,
 With sullen eyes of hatred and of fear 265
 Each on the other scowling, these have been
 False friends. Tormented by their own dark thoughts
 Here they dwell: in the hollow of their hearts
 There is a worm that feeds, and though thou seest
 That skilful leech who willingly would heal 270
 The ill they suffer, judging of all else
 By their own evil conscience, they suspect
 The aid he vainly proffers, lengthening thus
 By vice its punishment."

"But who are these,"

The Maid exclaim'd, "that robed in flowing lawn,
 And mitred, or in scarlet, and in caps 276
 Like cardinals, I see in every ward,
 Performing menial service at the beck
 Of all who bid them?"

Theodore replied,

"These men are they who in the name of Christ
 Have heap'd up wealth, and arrogating power, 281
 Have made kings kiss their feet, yet call'd themselves

The servants of the servants of the Lord.
 They dwelt in palaces, in purple clothed,
 And in fine linen ; therefore are they here ; 285
 And though they would not minister on earth,
 Here penanced they perforce must minister :
 Did not the Holy One of Nazareth,
 Tell them, his kingdom is not of the world ?”

So saying, on they past, and now arrived 290
 Where such a hideous ghastly groupe abode,
 That the Maid gazed with half-averting eye,
 And shudder'd : each one was a loathly corpse,
 The worm was feeding on his putrid prey,
 Yet had they life and feeling exquisite 295
 Though motionless and mute.

“ Most wretched men
 Are these,” the angel cried. “ Poets thou see'st
 Whose loose lascivious lays perpetuated
 Their own corruption. Soul-polluted slaves,
 Who sate them down, deliberately lewd, 300
 So to awake and pamper lust in minds
 Unborn ; and therefore foul of body now
 As then they were of soul, they here abide
 Long as the evil works they left on earth
 Shall live to taint mankind. A dreadful doom !
 Yet amply merited by all who thus 306
 Have to the Devil's service dedicated
 The gift of song, the gift divine of Heaven !”

And now they reach'd a huge and massy pile,
 Massy it seem'd, and yet with every blast 310
 As to its ruin shook. There, porter fit,

Remorse for ever his sad vigils kept.
Pale, hollow-eyed, emaciate, sleepless wretch,
Inly he groan'd, or starting, wildly shriek'd,
Aye as the fabric tottering from its base, 315
'Threaten'd its fall, and so expectant still
Lived in the dread of danger still delay'd.
They enter'd there a large and lofty dome,
O'er whose black marble sides a dim drear light
Struggled with darkness from the unfrequent lamp.
Enthroned around, the murderers of mankind, 321
Monarchs, the great, the glorious, the august,
Each bearing on his brow a crown of fire,
Sat stern and silent. Nimrod, he was there,
First king, the mighty hunter; and that chief 325
Who did belie his mother's fame, that so
He might be called young Ammon. In this court
Cæsar was crown'd, the great liberticide;
And he who to the death of Cicero
Consented, though the courtly minion's lyre 330
Hath hymn'd his praise, though Maro sung to him,
And when death levell'd to original clay
The royal body, impious Flattery
Fell at his feet, and worshipp'd the new god.
Titus was here, the conqueror of the Jews, 335
He the delight of human-kind misnamed;
Cæsars and Soldans, Emperors and Kings,
All who for glory fought, here they were all,
Here in the Hall of Glory, reaping now
The meed they merited.
As gazing round 340
The Virgin mark'd the miserable train,
A deep and hollow voice from one went forth;

" Thou who art come to view our punishment,
 Maiden of Orleans ! hither turn thine eye,
 For I am he whose bloody victories 345
 Thy power hath render'd vain. Lo ! I am here,
 The hero conqueror of Agincourt,
 Henry of England !.. Wretched that I am !
 I might have reign'd in happiness and peace,
 My coffers full, my subjects undisturb'd, 350
 And Plenty and Prosperity had loved
 To dwell amongst them : but in evil hour
 Seeing the realm of France, by faction torn,
 I thought in pride of heart that it would fall
 An easy prey. I persecuted those 355
 Who taught new doctrines, though they taught the
 truth :

And when I heard of thousands by the sword
 Cut off, or blasted by the pestilence,
 I calmly counted up my proper gains,
 And sent new herds to slaughter. Temperate 360
 Myself, no blood that mutinied, no vice
 Tainting my private life, I sent abroad
 Murder and Rape ; and therefore am I doom'd,
 Like these imperial sufferers, crown'd with fire,
 Here to remain, till man's awaken'd eye 365
 Shall see the genuine blackness of our deeds ;
 And warn'd by them, till the whole human race,
 Equalling in bliss the aggregate we caused
 Of wretchedness, shall form one brotherhood,
 One universal family of love." 370

THE VISION

THE MAID OF ORLEANS.

THE THIRD BOOK.

THE Maiden, musing on the warrior's words,
 Turn'd from the Hall of Glory. Now they reach'd
 A cavern, at whose mouth a Genius stood,
 In front a beardless youth, whose smiling eye
 Beam'd promise, but behind, wither'd and old, 5
 And all unlovely. Underneath his feet
 Records obliterate lay, and laurels sere.
 He held an hour-glass, and as the sands fall,
 So pass the lives of men. By him they past 10
 Along the darksome cave, and reach'd a stream,
 Still rolling onward its perpetual course
 Noiseless and undisturb'd. Here they ascend
 A bark unpiloted, that down the stream,
 Borne by the current, rush'd, which circling still,
 Returning to itself, an island form'd ; 16
 Nor had the Maiden's footsteps ever reach'd
 The insulated coast, eternally
 Rapt round in endless whirl ; but Theodore
 Drove with a spirit's will the obedient bark. 20

They land ; a mighty fabric meets their eyes,
 Seen by it's gem-born light. Of adamant
 The pile was framed, for ever to abide
 Firm in eternal strength. Before the gate
 Stood eager Expectation, as to catch 25
 The half-heard murmurs issuing from within,
 Her mouth half-open'd, and her head stretch'd forth.
 On the other side there stood an aged crone,
 Listening to every breath of air ; she knew
 Vague suppositions and uncertain dreams 30
 Of what was soon to come, for she would mark
 The little glow-worm's self-emitted light,
 And argue thence of kingdoms overthrown,
 And desolated nations ; ever fill'd
 With undetermined terror, as she heard 35
 Or distant screech-owl, or the regular beat
 Of evening death-watch.

“ Maid,” the spirit cried,
 “ Here, robed in shadows, dwells Futurity.
 There is no eye hath seen her secret form,
 For round the Mother of Time, eternal mists 40
 Hover. If thou would'st read the book of fate,
 Go in !”

The damsel for a moment paused,
 Then to the angel spake : “ All-gracious Heaven.
 Benignant in withholding, hath denied
 To man that knowledge. I, in faith assured, 45
 Knowing my heavenly Father, for the best
 Ordaineth all things, in that faith remain
 Contented.”

“ Well and wisely hast thou said,”
 So Theodore replied ; “ and now, O Maid !

Is there amid this boundless universe 50
 One whom thy soul would visit? Is there place
 To memory dear, or vision'd out by hope,
 Where thou would'st now be present? form the wish,
 And I am with thee, there."

His closing speech

Yet sounded on her ear, and lo! they stood 55
 Swift as the sudden thought that guided them,
 Within the little cottage that she loved.
 "He sleeps! the good man sleeps!" enrapt she cried,
 As bending o'er her uncle's lowly bed
 Her eye retraced his features. "See the beads
 Which never morn nor night he fails to tell, 61
 Remembering me, his child, in every prayer.
 Oh! peaceful be thy sleep, thou dear old man!
 Good Angels guard thy rest! and when thine hour
 Is come, as gently may'st thou wake to life, 65
 As when through yonder lattice the next sun
 Shall bid thee to thy morning orisons!"

"Thy voice is heard," the angel guide rejoin'd,
 "He sees thee in his dreams, he hears thee breathe
 Blessings, and happy is the good man's rest. 70
 Thy fame has reach'd him, for who hath not heard
 Thy wondrous exploits? and his aged heart
 Hath felt the deepest joy that ever yet
 Made his glad blood flow fast. Sleep on, old Claude!
 Peaceful, pure spirit, be thy sojourn here, 75
 And short and soon thy passage to that world
 Where friends shall part no more!

Does thy soul own
 No other wish? or sleeps poor Madelon

Forgotten in her grave? . . . Sees't thou yon star,"
 The spirit pursued, regardless that her eye 80
 Reproach'd him; " Seeëst thou that evening star
 Whose lovely light so often we beheld
 From yonder woodbine porch? How have we gazed
 Into the dark deep sky, till the baffled soul,
 Lost in the infinite, return'd, and felt 85
 The burthen of her bodily load, and yearn'd
 For freedom! Maid, in yonder evening star
 Lives thy departed friend. I read that glance,
 And we are there!"

He said, and they had past
 The immeasurable space.

Then on her ear 90

The lonely song of adoration rose,
 Sweet as the cloister'd virgin's vesper hymn,
 Whose spirit, happily dead to earthly hopes,
 Already lives in heaven. Abrupt the song
 Ceased, tremulous and quick a cry 95
 Of joyful wonder roused the astonish'd Maid,
 And instant Madelon was in her arms;
 No airy form, no unsubstantial shape,
 She felt her friend, she prest her to her heart,
 Their tears of rapture mingled.

She drew back,
 And eagerly she gazed on Madelon, 101
 Then fell upon her neck and wept again.
 No more she saw the long-drawn lines of grief,
 The emaciate form, the hue of sickliness, 104
 The languid eye: youth's loveliest freshness now
 Mantled her cheek, whose every lineament

Bespake the soul at rest, a holy calm,
A deep and full tranquillity of bliss.

“Thou then art come, my first and dearest friend!”
The well-known voice of Madelon began, 110
“Thou then art come! And was thy pilgrimage
So short on earth? and was it painful too,
Painful and short as mine? but blessed they
Who from the crimes and miseries of the world
Early escape!”

“Nay,” Theodore replied, 115
“She hath not yet fulfill’d her mortal work.
Permitted visitant from earth she comes
To see the seat of rest; and oftentimes
In sorrow shall her soul remember this
And patient of its transitory woe, 120
Partake again the anticipated joy.”

“Soon be that work perform’d!” the Maid ex-
claim’d,
“O Madelon! O Theodore! my soul,
Spurning the cold communion of the world,
Will dwell with you. But I shall patiently, 125
Yea, even with joy, endure the allotted ills
Of which the memory in this better state
Shall heighten bliss. That hour of agony,
When, Madelon, I felt thy dying grasp,
And from thy forehead wiped the dews of death,
The very anguish of that hour becomes 131
A joy for memory now.”

“O earliest friend!

I too remember," Madelon replied,
 " That hour, thy looks of watchful agony,
 The supprest grief that struggled in thine eye 135
 Endearing love's last kindness. Thou did'st know
 With what a deep and earnest hope intense
 I felt the hour draw on : but who can speak
 The unutterable transport, when mine eyes,
 As from a long and dreary dream, unclosed 140
 Amid this peaceful vale, . . unclosed upon
 My Arnaud ! He had built me up a bower,
 A bower of rest. — See, Maiden, where he comes,
 His manly lineaments, his beaming eye
 The same, but now a holier innocence 145
 Sits on his cheek, and loftier thoughts illumine
 The enlighten'd glance."

They met ; what joy was theirs
 He best can feel, who for a dear friend dead
 Hath wet the midnight pillow with his tears.

Fair was the scene around ; an ample vale 150
 Whose mountain circle at the distant verge
 Lay soften'd on the sight ; the near ascent
 Rose bolder up, in part abrupt and bare,
 Part with the ancient majesty of woods
 Adorn'd, or lifting high its rocks sublime. 155
 A river's liquid radiance roll'd beneath ;
 Beside the bower of Madelon it wound
 A broken stream, whose shallows, though the waves
 Roll'd on their way with rapid melody, 159
 A child might tread. Behind, an orange grove
 Its gay green foliage starr'd with golden fruit.
 But with what odours did their blossoms load

The passing gale of eve! Less thrilling sweets
 Rose from the marble's perforated floor, 164
 Where kneeling at her prayers, the Moorish queen
 Inhaled the cool delight, and whilst she ask'd
 The prophet for his promised paradise,
 Shaped from the present bliss its utmost joys.
 A goodly scene! fair as that faery land 169
 Where Arthur lives, by ministering spirits borne
 From Camelot's bloody banks; or as the groves
 Of earliest Eden, where, so legends say,
 Enoch abides; and he who, rapt away
 By fiery steeds and charioted in fire,
 Past in his mortal form the eternal ways; 175
 And John, beloved of Christ, enjoying there
 The beatific vision, sometimes seen,
 The distant dawning of eternal day,
 Till all things be fulfilled.

"Survey this scene!"

So Theodore address'd the Maid of Arc, 180
 "There is no evil here, no wretchedness;
 It is the heaven of those who nurst on earth
 Their nature's gentlest feelings. Yet not here
 Centering their joys, but with a patient hope,
 Waiting the allotted hour when capable 185
 Of loftier callings, to a better state
 They pass; and hither from that better state
 Frequent they come, preserving so those ties
 Which through the infinite progressiveness 189
 Complete our perfect bliss.

Even such, so blest,
 Save that the memory of no sorrows past
 Heighten'd the present joy, our world was once,

In the first æra of its innocence,
Ere man had learnt to bow the knee to man.
Was there a youth whom warm affection fill'd, 195
He spake his honest heart; the earliest fruits
His toil produced, the sweetest flowers that deck'd
The sunny bank, he gather'd for the maid,
Nor she disdain'd the gift; for Vice not yet
Had burst the dungeons of her Hell, and rear'd 200
Those artificial boundaries that divide
Man from his species. State of blessedness!
Till that ill-omen'd hour when Cain's true son
Delved in the bowels of the earth for gold,
Accursed bane of virtue, . . of such force 205
As poets feign dwelt in the Gorgon's locks,
Which whoso saw, felt instant the life-blood
Cold curdle in his veins, the creeping flesh
Grew stiff with horror, and the heart forgot
To beat. Accursed hour! for man no more 210
To Justice paid his homage, but forsook
Her altars, and bow'd down before the shrine
Of Wealth and Power, the idols he had made.
Then Hell enlarged herself, her gates flew wide,
Her legion fiends rush'd forth. Oppression came,
Whose frown is desolation, and whose breath 216
Blasts like the pestilence; and Poverty,
A meagre monster, who with withering touch
Makes barren all the better part of man,
Mother of Miseries. Then the goodly earth 220
Which God had framed for happiness, became
One theatre of woe, and all that God
Had given to bless free men, these tyrant fiends
His bitterest curses made. Yet for the best

Have all things been appointed by the All-wise ! 225
 For by experience taught shall man at length
 Dash down his Moloch-idols, Samson-like,
 And burst his fetters. Then in the abyss
 Oppression shall be chain'd, and Poverty
 Die, and with her, her brood of miseries ; 230
 And Virtue and Equality preserve
 The reign of Love, and earth shall once again
 Be Paradise, where Wisdom shall secure
 The state of bliss which Ignorance betray'd."

" Oh age of happiness ! " the Maid exclaim'd, 235
 " Roll fast thy current, Time, till that blest age
 Arrive ! and happy thou my Theodore,
 Permitted thus to see the sacred depths
 Of wisdom ! "

" Such, " the blessed spirit replied,
 " Beloved ! such our lot ; allowed to range 240
 The vast infinity, progressive still
 In knowledge and increasing blessedness,
 This our united portion. Thou hast yet
 A little while to sojourn amongst men :
 I will be with thee ; there shall not a breeze 245
 Wanton around thy temples, on whose wing
 I will not hover near ; and at that hour
 When from its fleshly sepulchre let loose,
 Thy phœnix soul shall soar, O best-beloved !
 I will be with thee in thine agonies, 250
 And welcome thee to life and happiness,
 Eternal infinite beatitude ! "

He spake, and led her near a straw-roof'd cot,
 Love's palace. By the Virtues circled there,

The Immortal listen'd to such melodies, 255
 As aye, when one good deed is register'd
 Above, re-echo in the halls of Heaven.
 Labour was there, his crisp locks floating loose,
 Clear was his cheek, and beaming his full eye, 259
 And strong his arm robust; the wood-nymph Health
 Still follow'd on his path, and where he trod
 Fresh flowers and fruits arose. And there was Hope,
 The general friend; and Pity, whose mild eye
 Wept o'er the widow'd dove: and, loveliest form,
 Majestic Chastity, whose sober smile 265
 Delights and awes the soul; a laurel wreath
 Restrain'd her tresses, and upon her breast
 The snow-drop hung its head, that seem'd to grow
 Spontaneous, cold and fair. Beside the maid
 Love went submiss, with eye more dangerous 270
 Than fancied basilisk to wound whoe'er
 Too bold approach'd; yet anxious would he read
 Her every rising wish, then only pleased
 When pleasing. Hymning him the song was raised.

" Glory to thee whose vivifying power 275
 Pervades all Nature's universal frame!
 Glory to thee, Creator Love! to thee,
 Parent of all the smiling Charities,
 That strew the thorny path of life with flowers!
 Glory to thee, Preserver! To thy praise 280
 The awakened woodlands echo all the day
 Their living melody; and warbling forth
 To thee her twilight song, the nightingale 283
 Holds the lone traveller from his way, or charms
 The listening poet's ear. Where Love shall deign

To fix his seat, there blameless Pleasure sheds
Her roseate dews ; Content will sojourn there,
And Happiness behold Affection's eye
Gleam with the mother's smile. Thrice happy he
Who feels thy holy power! he shall not drag, 290
Forlorn and friendless, along life's long path
To age's drear abode ; he shall not waste
The bitter evening of his days unsooth'd ;
But Hope shall cheer his hours of solitude, 294
And Vice shall vainly strive to wound his breast,
That bears that talisman ; and when he meets
The eloquent eye of Tenderness, and hears
The bosom-thrilling music of her voice,
The joy he feels shall purify his soul,
And imp it for anticipated heaven." 300

NOTES.

Page 305. line 8. — *Instructing best the passive faculty.*

MAY says of Serapis,

*Erudit at placide humanam per somnia mentem,
Nocturnaque quiete docet ; nulloque labore
Hic tantum parta est pretiosa scientia, nullo
Excuditur studio verum. Mortalia corda
Tunc Deus iste docet, cum sunt minus apta doceri,
Cum nullum obsequium præstant, meritisque futentur
Nil sese debere suis ; tunc recta scientes
Cum nil scire valent. Non illo tempore sensus
Humanos forsán dignatur numen inire,
Cum propriis possunt per se discursibus uti,
Ne forte humaná ratio divina coiret. — Sup. Lucani.*

Page 305. line 11. — *And all things are that seem.*

I have met with a singular tale to illustrate this spiritual theory of dreams.

Guntrum, king of the Franks, was liberal to the poor, and he himself experienced the wonderful effects of divine liberality. For one day as he was hunting in a forest he was separated from his companions, and arrived at a little stream of water with only one comrade of tried and approved fidelity. Here he found himself opprest by drowsiness, and reclining his head upon the servant's lap went to sleep. The servant witnessed a

wonderful thing, for he saw a little beast creep out of the mouth of his sleeping master, and go immediately to the streamlet, which it vainly attempted to cross. The servant drew his sword and laid it across the water, over which the little beast easily past and crept into a hole of a mountain on the opposite side; from whence it made its appearance again in an hour, and returned by the same means into the king's mouth. The king then awakened, and told his companion that he had dreamt that he was arrived upon the bank of an immense river, which he had crossed by a bridge of iron, and from thence came to a mountain in which a great quantity of gold was concealed. When the king had concluded, the servant related what he had beheld, and they both went to examine the mountain, where upon digging they discovered an immense weight of gold.

I stumbled upon this tale in a book entitled *SPHINX, Theologico-Philosophica*. Authore Johanne Heidfeldio, Ecclesiaste Ebersbachiano. 1621.

The same story is in *Matthew of Westminster*; it is added that Guntrum applied the treasures thus found to pious uses.

For the truth of the theory there is the evidence of a monkish miracle. When Thurcillus was about to follow St. Julian and visit the world of souls, his guide said to him, "Let thy body rest in the bed, for thy spirit only is about to depart with me; and lest the body should appear dead, I will send into it a vital breath."

The body however by a strange sympathy was affected like the spirit; for when the foul and fetid smoke which arose from the tithes withheld on earth had nearly suffocated Thurcillus, and made him cough twice, those who were near his body said that it coughed twice about the same time.

Matthew Paris.

Page 316. line 316. — *Or deeper sable died.*

These lines strongly resemble a passage in the *Pharonnida* of William Chamberlayne, a poet who has told an interesting story in uncouth rhymes, and mingled sublimity of thought and

beauty of expression, with the quaintest conceits, and most awkward inversions.

On a rock more high
 Than Nature's common surface, she beholds
 The mansion house of Fate, which thus unfolds
 Its sacred mysteries. A trine within
 A quadrate placed, both these encompass in
 A perfect circle was its form ; but what
 Its matter was, for us to wonder at,
 Is undiscovered left. A tower there stands
 At every angle, where Time's fatal hands
 The impartial Parcæ dwell ; i' the first she sees
 Clotho the kindest of the Destinies,
 From immaterial essences to cull
 The seeds of life, and of them frame the wool
 For Lachesis to spin ; about her flie
 Myriads of souls, that yet want flesh to lie
 Warm'd with their functions in, whose strength bestows
 That power by which man ripe for misery grows.

Her next of objects was that glorious tower
 Where that swift-fingered nymph that spares no hour
 From mortals' service, draws the various threads
 Of life in several lengths ; to weary beds
 Of age extending some, whilst others in
 Their infancy are broke : *some blackt in sin,*
Others, the favorites of Heaven, from whence
Their origin, candid with innocence ;
Some purpled in afflictions, others dyed
In sanguine pleasures : some in glittering pride
 Spun to adorn the earth, whilst others wear
 Rags of deformity, but knots of care
 No thread was wholly free from. Next to this
 Fair glorious tower, was placed that black abyss
 Of dreadful Atropos, the baleful seat
 Of death and horreur, in each room repleat
 With lazy damps, loud groans, and the sad sight

Of pale grim ghosts, those terrors of the night.
 To this, the last stage that the winding clew
 Of life can lead mortality unto,
 Fear was the dreadful porter, which let in
 All guests sent thither by destructive sin.

It is possible that I may have written from the recollection of this passage. The conceit is the same, and I willingly attribute it to Chamberlayne, a poet to whom I am indebted for many hours of delight.

Page 319. line 56. — *Shall the huge camel pass.*

I had originally written *cable* instead of *camel*. The alteration would not be worth noticing were it not for the reason which occasioned it. *Facilius elephas per foramen acus*, is among the Hebrew adages collected by Drusius; the same metaphor is found in two other Jewish proverbs, and this confirms beyond all doubt the common reading of Matt. xix. 24.

Page 319. line 71. — *Large draughts of molten gold.*

The same idea, and almost the same words, are in one of Ford's plays. The passage is a very fine one:

Ay, you are wretched, miserably wretched,
 Almost condemn'd alive! There is a place,
 (List daughter!) in a black and hollow vault,
 Where day is never seen; there shines no sun,
 But flaming horror of consuming fires;
 A lightless sulphur, choak'd with smoaky foggs
 Of an infected darkness. In this place
 Dwell many thousand thousand sundry sorts
 Of never-dying deaths; there damned souls
 Roar without pity, there are gluttons fed
 With toads and adders: there is burning oil
 Pour'd down the drunkard's throat, *the usurer*
Is forced to sup whole draughts of molten gold;
 There is the murderer for ever stabb'd,

Yet he can never die ; there lies the wanton
 On racks of burning steel, whilst in his soul
 He feels the torment of his raging lust.

'Tis Pity she's a Whore.

I wrote this passage when very young, and the idea, trite as it is, was new to me. It occurs I believe in most descriptions of hell, and perhaps owes its origin to the fate of Crassus.

Page 328. line 335. — *Titus was here.*

During the siege of Jerusalem, "the Roman commander, with a generous clemency, that inseparable attendant on true heroism, laboured incessantly, and to the very last moment, to preserve the place. With this view, he again and again intreated the tyrants to surrender and save their lives. With the same view also, after carrying the second wall, the siege was intermitted four days: to rouse their fears, prisoners, to the number of five hundred or more, were crucified daily before the walls; till space, Josephus says, was wanting for the crosses, and crosses for the captives." — Churton's Bampton Lectures.

If any of my readers should enquire why Titus Vespasian, the delight of mankind, is placed in such a situation, — I answer, for this instance of "*his generous clemency, that inseparable attendant on true heroism!*"

Page 336. line 166. — *Inhaled the cool delight.*

In the cabinet of the Alhambra where the queen used to dress and say her prayers, and which is still an enchanting sight, there is a slab of marble full of small holes, through which perfumes exhaled that were kept constantly burning beneath. The doors and windows are disposed so as to afford the most agreeable prospects, and to throw a soft yet lively light upon the eyes. Fresh currents of air too are admitted, so as to renew every instant the delicious coolness of this apartment.

Sketch of the History of the Spanish Moors, prefixed to Florian's Gonsalvo of Cordova.

Page 339. line 269. — *The snow-drop hung its head.*

“ The grave matron does not perceive how time has impaired her charms, but decks her faded bosom with the same snow-drop that seems to grow on the breast of the virgin.”

P. H.

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