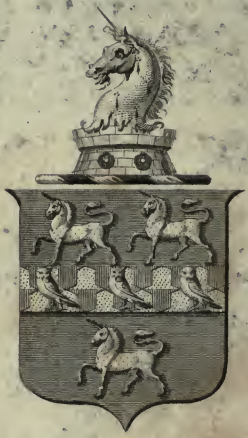


John Wilkinson

JOAN OF ARC,

AN

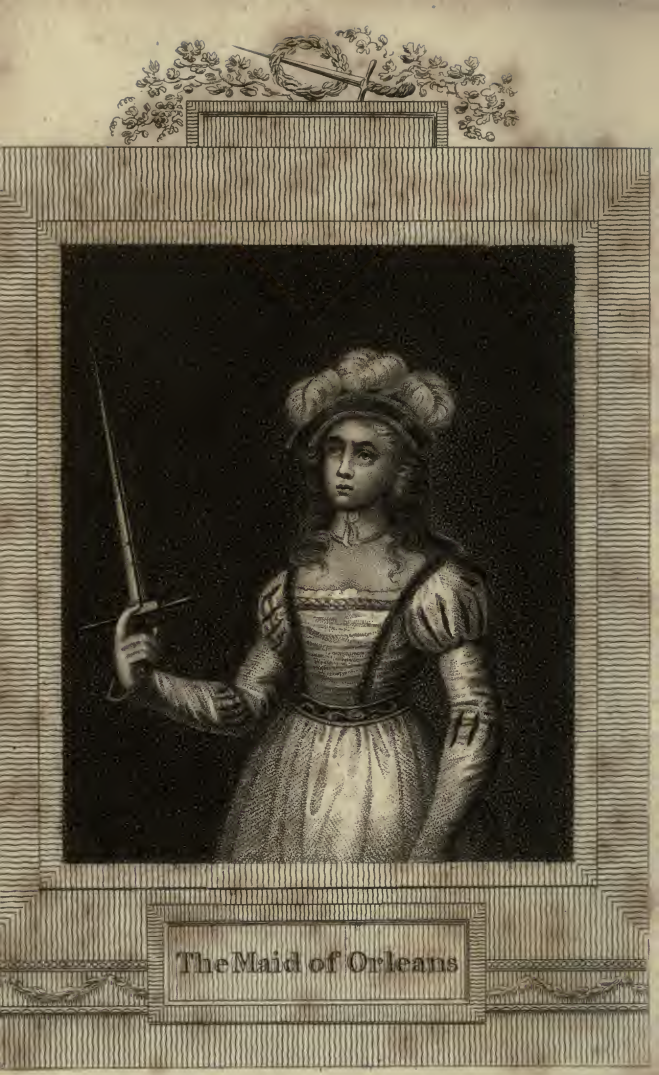
EPIC POEM,

BY

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

THIRD EDITION, CORRECTED.



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Published as the Act directs, Oct.r 1.st 1805, by Longman & Co. Paternoster Row.

Joan of Arc,

by

Robert Southey.

Εις οιωνος αριστος αμυνεσθαι περι πατρης.

ΟΜΗΡΟΣ.

THE FIRST VOLUME.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR LONGMAN, HURST, REES, AND ORME,

PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1806.

Ut homines, ita libros, indies seipsis meliores fieri oportet.

ERASMUS.

Printed by BIGGS and Co. Crane-Court, Fleet-Street;

CONTENTS.

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
That will not wither. Now, my love, I bring
A worthier offering; thou wilt value it,
For well thou knowest it is a work that sooth'd
Times of hard care and strange inquietude,
With its sweet solace: and tho' to mine ear
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.

PREFACE.

THE history of JOAN OF ARC is one of those problems which render investigation fruitless. That she believed herself inspired, few will deny; that she was inspired, no one will venture to assert; and who can believe that she was herself imposed upon by Charles and Dunois? 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 know-

ledge could not have performed the enterprize 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 inferiour 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 appears 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 fop-finery, 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 himself 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 the 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 Spencer, 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 Camo-

ens 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 satyrist, 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 description of armour, no muster-rolls, no geographical catalogues, lion, tyger, bull, bear and boar similes; no Phœbuses and Auroras. Where in battle I have particularized the death of an individual, it is not I hope like the common lists of killed and wounded;

my intention has been to impress upon the reader's mind a feeling of the private wretchedness occasioned by the war-systems of Europe.

It has been established as a necessary rule for the Epic, that the subject 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 among my readers there be one who can wish success to an unjust cause, because his country supported it, I desire not his 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 expected 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 *une tres mauvaise poeme,* entitled the Modern Amazon. There is a

prose tragedy called La Pucelle d'Orleans, variously attributed to Benserade, to Boyer, and to Menardiere. The Abbe 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 this 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 unfortunately notorious. I have never been guilty of reading the Pucelle of

Voltaire. For the work of Chapelain, which I had long sought in vain, I am obliged to a valuable friend. The book is rare, and I believe no person less interested than myself in the story, could persevere through it. The Analysis however, which I have prefixed to the English Poem, will not be found unamusing; it comprizes all the beauties, and most of the absurdities of twelve thousand lines.

On the eighth of May, the epoch of its deliverance, an annual fete is held at Orleans; and monuments have been erected 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.

November, 1795.

ANALYSIS

OF

La Pucelle,

OU

La France Delivree.

BY

CHAPELAIN.

THE MAID,

OR

FRANCE DELIVERED.

THE FIRST BOOK.

THE Poem opens with an exordium, an invocation, and a panegyric; like a good Christian, Chapelain invokes the Angels instead of the Muses, and as he tells us that the bounty of the Duc de Longueville enabled him to enjoy a life of leisure, we may, on the score of gratitude, excuse four and forty lines of encomium, after fourteen pages of dedication.

During the melancholy course of a hundred years, the just rigour of the holy Destinies had overwhelmed France with every kind of evil. Two deluges of blood from her veins had flooded the fields at Poictiers and at Azincour, two strokes of lightning at Crevant and Verneuil had conducted her to the gates of the grave. Charles, her young master, wandered from his captived throne; he saw his vassal reverenced instead of himself; he saw the

cruel enterprize of the English daily prospering; he saw his realm torn from him, and in his own country sought for his country.

Les costaux, les vallons, les champs et les prairies,
A ses regards troublés n' offroient que barbaries,
Et les vastes remparts des tremblantes Cités
N' enfermoient que tourmens, et que calamités.
Tous les fleaux des humains, la Peste et la Famine
Des peuples, en tous lieux, avançoient la ruine,
Et la Guerre, en tous lieux, agitant son flambeau,
De leur toits embrasés composoit leur tombeau.
L' impitoyable Mort, des provinces entieres
Ne faisoit desormais que de grands cimetieres.

To his troubled eye
The shores, the vales, the meadows and the fields,
Presented nought but horrors: the vast walls
Of his affrighted cities bulwark'd in
But torments and calamities alone.
Famine and Pestilence, and all the Plagues
Of humankind, on every side urged on
His people's ruin. War, tossing her torch,
Of their burnt dwellings made their sepulchres,
And pityless Death to cemeteries turn'd
Whole provinces.

Orleans alone remained faithful to her King; but Orleans had been for nine months besieged, and every attempt to relieve the garrison had failed. On the summit of her towers, her great defender, the invincible Dunois, made a melancholy speech in the depth of his

heart. He envies those who have fallen in battle, and hesitates whether he shall die or yield up the town. So when a huge oak in the Appenines is assaulted at once with equal fury by the North wind and the South wind, it suspends its fall, and appears to consider whether it shall fall to the South or to the North. The simily merits to be preserved for its incomparable absurdity.

Comme lors qu'un grand chesne, aux roches Appennines,
Sent, par un choq de vents, ebranler ses racines,
Et, certain de tomber, voit son branchage espais,
Vers deux lieux, tour à tour, pancher son vaste faix;
Si le Nord et le Sud, meslès dans son feuillage,
Viennent à le pousser d'une pareille rage,
Il suspend sa ruine, et semble consulter,
Qui, du Sud, ou du Nord, le doit precipiter.

But at this instant, whether by chance or fate, he perceived a cloud bursting with the storm; the lightnings made the vaulted heaven like a furnace, and the deceived eye deemed the universe was in flames. Dunois instantly conceives that this is a hint from heaven, and resolves to destroy Orleans by fire. This horrible determination made a torch shine in each of his eyes; he collects together the people, and persuades them rather to destroy their town and themselves by fire, than yield to the English; an illustrious fury possesses all who hear him; they resolve to adopt his horrible advice in the last extremity, like the mariner who blows up his vessel to

save himself from captivity, and makes a superb tomb of the ocean.

But Charles, in reflecting upon the inevitable loss of Orleans, felt his courage oppressed beneath a mountain of grief. He consults his chiefs, but despair made them silent, and he now considered death as his least evil. In this state his guardian angel presented the King of the Universe to his heart.

Below Chinon the Vienne waters in its course the mossy foundations of an hermitage where God was never supplicated in vain. A thousand silver lamps hang from its vaulted roof. Here Charles prostrates himself in prayer. "Sovereign of men and angels, let your mercy combat your justice for us. The French have committed an hundred crimes against you, but they are your children as well as your enemies; it is they who have so often covered the Idumean plains with their holy armies; it is this chosen people who must hereafter unite all nations under your lovely yoke." This prophecy of the universal dominion of France, is twice introduced in the prayer of Charles, who concludes by intreating Heaven to punish him and not his people. The image of the King of Kings made its face shine with a sudden flash; and Charles, at this prodigy redoubled his supplications.

Beyond the fiery walls which inclose the world, centred in profound splendour, God reposes in himself, a triple person in one essence; supreme power, supreme

wisdom, and supreme love united in Trinity. The fervent prayer of Charles penetrated the abyss of light. The Virgin Mary intercedes for him. God is appeased, declares that, to honor the sex of the Virgin, a Virgin shall save France, and sends an angel to the forest of Ardenne to inspire the chosen Maid.

Sur les confins douteux de France et de Lorraine,
Une espaisse forest s'avance dans la plaine,
Ou des arbres chenus les troncs desmesurés
Sont malgre mille hyvers, par le Temps reverés.
Sous leur branchage courbe, et leur feüille touffuë
L'or des rayons du jour ne frappe point la veue,
Et le brilliant soleil, quand plus fort il reluit,
N'en sçait point escarter les ombres de la nuit.
Là domine la Paix, là le Repos habite ;
Là, ni meute, ni trompe, aucun bruit ne suscite,
Là, les rampans ruisseaux coulent sans murmurer,
Et la, le plus doux vent n'oseroit souspirer.
A l'abord de ce bois, d'une soudaine crainte,
Les errans voyageurs sentent leur ame atteinte ;
Et, cent fantosmes vains à tous coups se formant,
Passent ses noirs sentiers avec fremissement.

En cet affreux sejour, une modeste Fille,
L'honneur de son pays, et l'heur de sa famille,
Sous le tranquille abry des ombrages couverts,
Adore incessament l'Autheur de l' Univers.
Un troupeau de brebis, ainsi qu'elle, innocentes,
Occupe de ses ans les forces impuissantes ;
Dans ce simple exercise elle regne en ces lieux ;
Mais son cœur a, pour but, de regner dans les Cieux.

La grandeur du Tres-haut est son object unique ;
Elle en repaist le feu de son amour pudique,
Et par le vifs elans de sa devote ardeur,
Monte jusqu' á sa gloire, et soustient sa splendeur.

Sur le lion bruslant l'astre de la lumiere
Marchoit avec lenteur dans sa longue carriere,
Et racourcissant l'ombre, en rallongeant le jour,
Eclaroit aux mortels, du plus haut de son tour.
L'Ange, en ce mesme temps, vient, d'une aile legere,
Porter le grand message â la sainte Bergere,
De pompe revestu, de splendeur couronné,
Et d'un globe de feu par tout environné
Plus pront que n'est l'eclair qui previent le tonnere,
De sphere en sphere il passe, et descend vers la terre ;
Le Monde voit sa cheute avec estonnement,
Et croit que le Soleil tombe du firmament.

Ainsi, lors que la nuit couvre tout de son voile,
On apperçoit souvent une brillante estoille,
Qui du Ciel se detache, et, se precipitant,
Trace l'air tenebreux d'un sillon eclatant.
Il tombe sur le bois, ou la Fille medite ;
L' ombrage s'en esloigne, et ces flammes evite ;
Il n'est tronc, ni rameau, qui n'en semble doré,
Et le fort le plus noir en demeure eclairé.
Ce nouvel accident interrompt sa priere,
De frayeur elle tremble, et sille la paupiere ;
Ses yeux perdent le jour, à force de clarté,
Et, d'un trouble inconnu, son cœur est agité,
Du globe lumineux, qui brille sutour de l'Ange
Sort une voix alors, mais une voix estrange,

Dont le son plusqu' humain, et les graves accens
Luy penetrent l'esprit, et ravissent les sens.

" Bergere," dit la voix, " Pucelle juste et sainte,
" Calme ton tremblement, et dissipe ta crainte :
" Du Monarque Eternel je suis l'Ambassadeur,
" Et te viens annoncer ta future grandeur.
" Par ton bras aujourd 'huy, l'auguste Providence
" Veut redonner la vie aux peuples de la France,
" Et, pour leur bien monstrer qu'ils la doivent aux Cieux,
" Te vient tirer du fond de ces sauvages lieux.
" Ton bras sera les bras du Grand Dieu des armées ;
" L'Anglois verra, par toy, ses forces consumées,
" Orleans deploré s'affranchira, par toy,
" Et, par toy, Rheims verra le Sacre de son Roy.
" A ces faits merveilleux prepare ton courage ;
" La glorie du Tres-haut luira sur ton visage,
" Et, sa vertu guerriere animant ta vertu,
" Fera mordre la terre a l'Anglois abatu."

La Fille, â ces grand mots, oppose ta foiblesse,
Ne peut, ni ne veut croire a la haute promesse,
Et se renfermant toute en son humilité,
S'aneantit aux yeux de la Divinité.

Mais l'Ange qui l'observe, et qui voit sa pensée ;
" Ton ame, en vain," dit-il, " est icy balancée ;
" Dieu, le Dieu des combats, t'ordonne par ma voix,
" De partir, d'attaquer ; et de vaincre l'Anglois."

Puis, d'un celeste feu, l'ombrageant toute entiere,
Luy souffle du Seigneur la puissance guerriere,
Luy fait, dans les regards, eclater sa terreur,
Et luy met, dans les mains, les traites de sa fureur.

Dans le sein, à grands flots, il luy respand ses graces,
Il luy fait desdaigner les entreprises basses,
Et, la determinent aux acts valeureux
Luy donne un avaunt-goust du sort des Bien-heureux.

Le jour s'estient alors, et le lieu solitaire
Demeure dans l'horreur de sa nuit ordinaire ;
Le silence y retourne, et son ombrage espais
Redevient le sejour de calme et de la paix.
Elle voit le desert tout semblable á luy-mesme,
Mais elle sent, en elle, un changement extreme ;
De cette nouveauté son esprit est confus,
Elle se cherche en elle, et ne s'y trouve plus.
Son troupeau, sa forest, ses près, et ses fontaines,
Pour elle, desormais, sont des images vaines ;
Dieu, l'Anglois, les François, les sieges, les combats,
Seuls, maintenant, pour elle, ont de dignes appas.

Where Lorraine and France
Mingles their doubtful confines, there extends
An ample forest. Time had reverenced
Its hoary trees, and they had borne unharm'd
A thousand winters : morning's golden rays
Thro' their thick foilage and intwisted boughs
Had never met the eye, nor the bright sun,
Strong in his mid-day splendour, scattered thence
The shades of night. Peace governed there ; Repose
There made her habitation. Never horn
Or hunter's clamorous cry rang echoing there ;
Beneath its umbrage the hush'd rivulet
Past murmurless, nor dared the gentlest breeze
Of summer twilight thro' its awful groves
Sigh soft. The traveller as he journeyed near

Felt sudden terror thrill him, and beheld
Strange phantoms rising round, and hurried on.

Secluded in this gloom a modest maid,
The future pride of France, tho' humble now
Making the comfort of her family,
Abode, her pious and unwearied mind
Still fix'd in adoration on her God.
A flock of sheep, as innocent as her
Their guardian, occupied her youthful cares:
This was her peaceful reign; but in her heart
She had the only hope to reign in heaven.
In God her love was centred: this pure flame
Of sacred love she cherished, and her soul,
By the strong transports of such love enrapt,
Arose to him, and witnessed and endured
His glory.

Now beneath the Lion's reign
The day star slowly went his long career,
Lengthening the hours of light, and now he rode
High in his mid-way course, when on light wing
The Angel to the blessed Shepherdess
His heavenly bidding brought: with splendor crown'd
And clad in pomp and garmented with fire,
More rapid than the momentaneous flash
The thunder's harbinger, from sphere to sphere
He past; the astonished world beheld his fall,
And deem'd in terror that they saw the sun
Fall from the firmament.

So when the night
Shrouds all things in her mantle, oftentimes

We see a star detach itself from heaven
Precipitate, furrowing the sky with fire.

He on the forest, where the maiden sat
In meditation, fell. The darkness fled
His radiance; not a tree or bough but beam'd
As tho' with gold; the blackest depths of shade
Shone forth illuminate. This broke her prayer,
She trembled, overpowered with violence
Of light her eyelids closed, and unknown thoughts
Troubled her heart. Then from the luminous globe,
That blazed around the Angel, came a voice,
Strange-toned and more than human, ravishing
Her ear, and penetrating to her soul.

"Shepherdess! just and holy maid!" it said,
"Calm thou thy trembling, dissipate thy fear.
"I come the eternal King's ambassador
"To announce thy future glory: by thine arm
"Will Providence to the habitants of France
"Give life again; that therefore they may know
"It is the hand of heaven that rescues them,
"I come to summons thee from these wild haunts.
"Thine arm shall be the arm of the great God
"Of hosts; by thee shall England see her force
"Consum'd, shall Orleans be relieved, and Rheims
"Behold the anointment of her King. Prepare
"Thy courage for this marvellous enterprize.
"The glory of the highest one shall shine
"Upon thy countenance, he shall animate
"Thy valour, and shall make the English bite
"The dust in death."

The Maid to these high words
Opposed her feebleness, nor could nor would
To this so lofty promise yield belief.
Shrouding herself in her humility
She felt annihilate in the eye of God.

But the Angel saw her thoughts. "In vain," he cried,
"Thus hesitates thy soul. God by my voice
"Commands thee, by my voice the God of battles
"Bids the go forth and conquer."

Thus he spake:
Then, shadowing her with celestial fire,
Breath'd in the Maid the spirit of the Lord.
He placed the bolts of fury in her hand,
He made her eye dart terror, and infus'd
Full waves of grace into the Virgin's breast:
Made her disdain base actions, fill'd her soul
With thoughts of glorious enterprize, and gave
A foretaste of the blessed one's reward.

The day extinguish'd then, the desart place
Resum'd its wonted horrors. Silence dwelt
Over the wood again, and Quietness
And Peace resum'd their dwelling. She beheld
The desart even as usual, but she felt
Strange alteration inwards; in herself
Sought for herself, and found herself no more.
Her flock, her friends, her forest, and her springs,
Vain images henceforth! God—England—France,
Sieges and battles now fit themes alone
To fill her mind.

Thus inspired, the Maid departs for Chinon with her brother Rodolfe. They travel in safety, shadowed by a a cloud.

But in the mean time the illustrious plan of perishing with their town was not equally approved by all the men of Orleans. Nine base citizens feared to be burnt in such beautiful flames; their fear renewed their hope, and they resolved to seek protection from the Duke of Burgundy.

It was night. Burgundy was sitting sleepless in the English camp reflecting on the insolence of Bedford. An invisible Angel descends to him, and makes a speech sound in the profundity of his heart, wounding his pride and leading to repentance. In the morning a citizen from Orleans comes to him, and intreats him to protect the town from the arms of the English and the despair of Dunois. Burgundy acquaints Bedford with this offer, who insolently replies, that no one shall attempt with impunity to protect Orleans from the English vengeance. The Duke retires in discontent, and the citizen returns despairingly to Orleans.

Fame now had spread abroad a report that Dunois unable longer to defend Orleans had destroyed it by fire, and perished with it. This report deprives the King of his last hope. He assembles his chiefs, expresses his despair, and declares that he will retreat to the wilds of Dauphiné, preferring exile to captivity. His Coun-

sellors are silent ; and Charles rises to depart with this resolution.

Quand il voit, vers la porte, un mobile nüage
S' avancer contre luy, traverser son passage,
Estinceler, se fendre, et descouvrir aux yeux
Un portrait animé des merveilles des Cieux.
Le nüage, en son sein, comme en une ample scene,
Luy monstre une Bergere, ou plutost une Reyne ;
Tant d' eclat rejalit, tant de majesté sort
De son air venerable, et de son grave port.
Sa taille est plus qu' humaine, et dans sa haute mine
Reluit l'impression de la Grace divine ;
Elle a la front modeste, et son severe aspect
Des moins respectüeux attire le respect.
Son poil brun, qui se frise en boucles naturelles,
Acompagne le feu de ses noires prunelles,
Et l'on voit en son teint, d'eternelle fraischeur,
La rougeur se confondre avecque la blancheur.
Les douceurs, les sousris, les attraits, ni les charmes,
De ce visage altier ne forment point les armes ;
Il est beau de luy-mesme, il donte sans charmer,
Et fait qu' on le revere, et qu' on n'ose l'aymer.
Pour tous soins une fiere et sainte negligence,
De sa masle beauté rehausse l' excellence.
Et, par ses ornemens, ouvrages du hazard,
Rend la nature, en luy, plus aymable que l' art.
Une innocente flamme, ainsi qu'une couronne ;
Mais d'un divin brasier ses regards flamboyans
Percent et bruslent tout de leur traits foudroyans.
Son geste, bien que sage, est plein de hardiesse ;
Sa contenance est humble, et pourtant sans bassesse ;

Et sa condition ne paroist nullement,
Si non par sa houlette et par son vestement.
Le Ciel, pour la former, fit un rare meslange
Des vertus d'une Fille, et d'un Homme et d'un Ange ;
D'on vint parestre au jour cet astre des Erançois,
Qui ne fut pas un d'eux, et qui fut tous les trois.

That instant he beheld a moving cloud
Sail on and cross his way; it flash'd awhile,
Then cleaving gave to his astonish'd view
A living portrait of the miracles
Of Heaven. A Shepherdess, or rather Queen
(Such majesty adorned her serious port)
Embosomed there appeared. Statelier her height
Than human; on her countenance there beam'd
The Grace divine; her look severe, her front
Of modesty even from the scoffer forced
Respect: the clustered auburn of her hair
Assorted with the dark glance of her eye;
And purest red and white made on her cheek
Health's lovely intermixture. Gentleness
And smiles and dimpled sweetness did not form
Her loftier charms, she charmed not—but subdued.
They who beheld her yielded reverence,
But did not dare to love. No woman wiles
Had she; a bold and holy negligence
Ennobled her strong beauties. Round her brow,
Gilding her tresses brown luxuriance,
Unharming play'd a coronet of fire,
But the arrowed lightning of her looks transpierced
All hearts; her mien was calm and confident

In dignified humility. The crook
And garb alone bespake the Shepherdess;
Heaven had combined the virtues of a Maid
A Man and Angel in her, and she seem'd
Neither, but all in one.

They beheld this prodigy with astonishment, but the Divine Providence breathed itself into their bosoms, and predisposed them to believe in the Maid. The King is no ways distinguished from those around him, but she singles him out, tells him Dunois still lives, that Orleans still resists the English, and that Heaven has deputed her to rescue France and crown him in Rheims. Gillon alone, inspired with jealousy, warns Charles to beware of this juggle. The Maid looks at him and he falls senseless. The King has instant faith; he immediately gives his own armour to her, but she demands the sword of Martel, consecrated by him after the defeat of the Saracens, and now concealed at Fierbois in the tomb of a holy maid. They all believe in her and are comforted. Night comes on, and the Maid betakes herself to prayer.

THE SECOND BOOK.

Charles rose before the sun; the Warrior Maid meets him. Prince, she cried, arm all that can be armed in thy weak provinces. I shall subdue the English, but

not without soldiers. Form a camp, and though it be composed of boys and old men, God will impel their darts. The King's commands are divulged every where, and oh prodigious effect! oh marvellous beyond what is human! in only six days, six thousand combatants arrived under the walls of Chinon.

In the mean time the Maid willing to spare blood writes to the English. She took the paper, an Angel guided the pen. After dispatching this, she passes the whole night on her knees in prayer. In this holy state, among the saints, with devout sighings and pious tears she intreated Heaven to bless her arms, nor did she abate this fervour till the sixth morning when the troops were assembled.

Godefroy now arrives from Orleans to inform Charles of the distress of the inhabitants, and their desperate resolution. The Maid replies in a strain of prophecy, and the astonished Godefroy dreads her like a divinity. The convoy is prepared, and thirty vessels laden with grain. The sword arrives from Fierbois; the strong arm of Chasteauroux is weak in presenting it to the Virgin; the flaming blade devours its prison and attempts to release itself. I went to the dark Forest of Fierbois said he, I found the ancient temple and the cavern, I had the cavern opened, and descended in devout horror. I enquired for the Sword, and all were ignoront respecting

it. My sad heart could not believe the holy Maid had been deluded. I addressed myself to heaven and vainly and unceasingly consumed three days in prayer. Heaven seemed to be of brass and deaf to my cries. At last a sound of trumpets was heard, the earth opened, and amidst a thousand flames I beheld the Sword. The Maid wields its prodigious weight with ease. She calls on Heaven to favour her. A gentle tempest murmurs round her head and the harmless lightning falls on her.

The messenger returns, and relates with what insolence the English had received her letter. She gives the signal to march. Charles would have accompanied her, but she bids him remain till his presence is necessary. On the seventh morning they arrive in sight of Orleans. They attack the English; the Maid fights at their head; she is surrounded, and calls for the aid of Heaven.

Towards the celestial house of the Virgin, a sparkling star rises in the form of a pyramid; in this, the most intense of fires, is the Arsenal of God. Here are his thunderbolts; here his three scourges, war, pestilence, and famine; here too is the shield which protects France and a thousand similar to it, like so many suns. God sends a thousand Angels to take these and defend the Maid. Bedford rallies the English. An Angel whispers to Burgundy that this is the moment to revenge himself, and he with his troops abandons the field.

Bedford blasphemes. Dunois sallies out, overthrows Glacidas and completes the victory. Wondering what Hero has performed such exploits, Dunois hastens to meet the Maid. As the moon after an eclipse comes forth in her brightness and makes the Sun ashamed, the Maid appeared. She had raised her beaver. Her luminous front shot forth more splendour, a vermil flame shone upon her cheeks, the sweat ran down in pearls. Her vagabond tresses formed a thousand waves on the wind, illustriously sullied with dust. Dunois deems her an Angel.

God beheld her from his azure throne. With a speaking glance which they who see hear, he explained his will to the chief of the Seraphim, that all the French warriors, but especially Dunois, should centre all their loves in the Maid. The Angel makes her dart a pure and holy fire which chases away every other flame, and all the French warriors, but especially Dunois, fall in love with the Maid.

They proceed towards the city, and behold their vessels with the provisions repelled by a contrary wind and attacked by the English vessels. The Maid prays, the wind changes, the convoy sails up in safety. She enters Orleans in triumph, and goes immediately to the Church in military pomp. Here she intreats God to destroy the English. A subterranean thunder shakes the

temple, the altar scatters round a glory, a voice is heard pronouncing THE ENGLISH SHALL BE DESTROYED, and the Angel of the Lord blows his trumpet thrice.

Impatient for action, the Maid ascends a tower from whence Dunois shows her the English forts and tells her who commands them. Here he would declare his passion, but his voice fails him. She prophecies that on the second day the plain below them shall be delivered from the enemy, and retires to a Convent of Nuns for the night. Dunois prepares all things for the attack. He feels his love for Maria gone, soliloquizes upon his fickleness, and lies awake all night.

THE THIRD BOOK.

The Warrior Maid arose with Aurora, and the splendour which diffused itself from their countenances made it doubtful which of them brought back the day. Dunois came to present to her the truncheon of command. I, said he, will march under your amiable orders as your soldier, your lover he would have said, but the sight of the Holy one froze up his speech. She takes the military sceptre, arranges the troops in twenty battalions and leads them to attack the forts. The English repulse them in the escalade, but retreat from the Maid

and Dunois, as the Rhinoceros, who with his horn imprisons elephants and dragons in their dens, hides himself from the Lion. After capturing two forts, the French sleep on the field of battle, and in the morning attack the Tournelles. Bedford here makes a vigorous resistance, Dunois is wounded, her comrades fall around the Maid, her brother bleeding in every limb still fights, and she still urges the assault unterrified and unharmed.

But the Devil saw all this. He hated France because she had conquered the Huns and the Saracens and the Lombards and the Saxons, and brought back the Albigenses to the church; and he had a very great regard for the English, foreseeing the heresy of that real monster Henry VIII. At the moment when the Maid had gained the summit of the wall, came a reinforcement from the Devil; Bedford felt their arrival, he hurled his javelin, they strengthened his arm, and the weapon wounds the Maid in the neck. She encourages her soldiers, and retires to the Surgeon, he finds the bone is broken and entreats her to retire to rest. She refuses. Dunois hears of her wound; love conquers duty and he quits his post to visit her, but as he is on the way duty conquers love and he returns back again.

But God beheld the Maid. He bids an Angel gather a plant of healing virtue in the gardens of the Stars, the Angel presses its juice into her wound, instantly she is

healed, and flies to the assault. The Angel returns to God and tells him that the fallen Spirits are assisting the English. God sees the danger, and sends a band of Angels to chace them away. A dreadful combat ensues. The guardian spirit of the Maid purges her eyes, and she beholds St. Agnan and St. Euvert, the tutelary Saints of Orleans assisting in the attack.

Between Heaven and Earth where thunder reigns, dwells Terror, who with her hundred cold hands freezes the hearts of men. Her body and her wings are covered with mouths incessantly open and clamorous. She comes to aid the French, and the defeat of the English becomes inevitable; in vain Talbot and Glacidas attempt to encourage them, they crowd over the bridge to escape, the bridge breaks under them, a thousand Englishmen perish in the fall, Glacidas himself is drowned, Talbot alone escapes by swimming.

The French pursue their enemies, and the Maid presses upon Bedford, when the Devils cause a sudden darkness to save him; she penetrates through this, but then the true Night succeeds to the false one, and she orders retreat. An hundred fires of joy are kindled; they pile up a trophy, and she harangues the troops. They bury the dead. The Mayor of Orleans in the name of the people, speaks an address of thanks to the Maid. She quarters the troops in the forts, and retires at length to rest.

THE FOURTH BOOK.

The delivery of Orleans was soon known throughout France and excited a general joy among the people oppressed under a foreign yoke. Maria alone was afflicted, and deemed the Maid born for her misfortune as for the misfortune of the English.

Agnes alone could dispute the palm of beauty with Maria: the tresses divided in two equal torrents on her mild forehead, her curling locks floated loosely, and in the open prison of her eye-lids two Suns centered their radiance. None without loving her could behold Maria, but Dunois alone had inspired her with mutual affection. The orphaned niece of Burgundy she dwelt in Paris under his protection, and knew no joy but in secretly cherishing the love which he opposed.

Not far from Paris is a thick forest; it derives its name of Fontainebleau, from a fountain that rises there; the waters of that fountain do not seem waters, but liquid pearls mingled with dissolved diamonds and distilled sapphires; the Eye of the world never beholds itself so beautiful as in this sweet mirror. To a palace in this forest Burgundy had retired in disgust, and here

Maria is contemplating herself in the fountain, and studying looks of love, when her confidant Yolante brings the tidings that Orleans is delivered and Dunois safe.

But the joy of Maria soon ceases when she hears from Yolante that Dunois loves the Shepherdess who has preserved him. Instantly she faints; a faithful messenger confirms all her fears; and after much sickness and many soliquies, she assents to a proposal of Yolante: this faithful servant disguises herself as a man, and sets out for Orleans.

The Maid has left that city. She reaches Chinon and urges Charles to prepare new levies that he may speedily be crowned in Rheims. Alençon begs permission to combat under her banners, and departs with her.

In the mean time Yolante arrives at Orleans and meets Dunois. She tells him that Maria will not credit the report of his inconstancy: Dunois confesses it; She upbraids him and shows him the miniature which he had given Maria, in which he was painted bearing chains with the name of Maria on them. Suddenly transported he kisses the name—but at that instant the Maid returns; Dunois sees her, confesses that he is very criminal but that he cannot help it, and Yolante returns in despair.

The Maid now excites her army to prosecute their success. Dunois is jealous of Alençon, and at the

attack of Gergeau they emulously entreat her to permit them to scale the walls. She bids them wait till the ensuing morning. Suffolk and his brother Alexander make a vigorous defence. The Devils come again, and roll down a huge fragment of the wall upon the Maid, but her guardian Angel interposed and it shivered like glass upon her helmet. She enters the breach and routs the Devils and the English. Alençon is still opposed by Alexander, he kills him at length, but falls by his side and retains nothing of life except his lively grief for the death of Clerembauld his friend, who had died in a singular manner: an arrow was aimed at Alençon, the Maid suddenly called him away, and then told him it was because God had chosen that Clerembauld, not he, should perish by that arrow. The victory is complete, Suffolk knights young Renaud and then yields himself his prisoner; Dunois captures his brother De la Pole. They enter Gergeau in triumph, and send the prisoners and the wounded by water to Orleans.

THE FIFTH BOOK.

The Maid sends to inform the King of the capture of Gergeau, and requests speedy reinforcements. Charles

overwhelmed with joy makes all possible dispatch, and employed prayer as well as power. Soon he beheld the banks covered and the ways thronged with soldiers; a thousand standards waved on the shores of the Vienne. At this amiable sight the King gave such signs of his ravishment as the young lover, who after long despairing and delay sees the preparations for his marriage, whilst his heart swims and drowns itself in a sea of inexpressible joys.

All the soldiers were eager as their Monarch for the war; all but Amaury, his low-born, ambitious, worthless favourite. He had banished Agnes, the mistress of Charles from the court because her influence lessened his; but now Gillon his father advises him to recall her, that she may counteract the power of the Maid. Roger, brother of Agnes, is dispatched to her with the tidings; he sails down the Loire, reaches the palace where she dwells in melancholy solitude, finds her sitting under a dark rock, and tells her that Amaury has recalled her to court. What Roger! she replied, will he serve me against his own interests? It is his own interest makes him, answered Roger. Heaven to finish your misfortunes has raised up a beautiful Monster, an illustrious Rustic; her influence has crushed Amaury; your beauty will destroy her power, and none will be so great as you. Rise then, o brilliant Sun, from this

profound night, and with thy flames again illuminate the world! She ascends the bark, and the amorous Zephyr wafts on her way. In the interim, Dunois and the holy Maid depart from Gergeau with their troops. Meun makes but little resistance; but the citadel of Baugency stood upon a high and inaccessible rock, and the garrison thought themselves secure. She bids the army raise a cavalier: in five days it was high enough to overtop the towers, and the English trembled. A band of warriors approach, led by Richemont, who to serve his country forgets the injuries he has received from his King, and requests the Maid to mediate between them. Baugency now capitulates. The Devils themselves yield to this torrent of miracles.

The danger of Gergeau had alarmed the English, and Talbot, mustering all the force he could, marched to relieve it. On the way he learns its capture, and turns towards Baugency. A body of nine hundred soldiers meet him, he prepares to attack them, and discovers the garrison of Baugency. We must yield to the fortune of Dunois, said Talbot, we must suffer his glory to immolate our honour; and he marched to shelter himself in Jenville.

At Patay the Maid discovers them, but they strike into a forest; and Richemont and Dunois regret that their enemies have thus escaped them. Onward! cried the

Maid; Talbot shall be my prey; Heaven will discover his traces. They cross the Loire, and see an immense stag, who wears a collar of silver, spotted with fleur de lys of gold. The wife of the first Valois had taken this stag when a fawn; she had preserved and fed him; and whether by instinct, or some knowledge, by a hundred different and evident signs, he used to foretel the events of her life. Restored to freedom, he had now lived in the forests for an age, and never appeared, but to omen something important to the house of Valois.

Heaven has sent him, cried the Maid, follow! and he will lead us to the enemy.

The stag ran on through the forest. Richemont, Dunois, and the Maid follow with ardor, but unequal pace, and they soon loose him in the intricacies of the wood. Suddenly they hear a thousand clamours; they hasten towards the sound, and discover the stag routing the English army. Heaven demands its victims, exclaimed the Maid. Frenchmen! let us destroy the rebels, and let a Stag to-day lead on Lions.

Talbot forms his men into a phalanx and desperately resists. Many of the French fall; among others Karadreux, who to his lightning attack joined a voice of thunder, with one blow lost both his life and voice. But the Maid grapples with Talbot and takes him prisoner. The French now exercise upon their enemies

all that unbridled fury could inspire; their fate was inhuman, but fit for tyrants. Fastolffe escapes to Corbeil. The Maid rests in Jenville. To this place Talbot is following slowly, indignant at his fate. It is night. Lyonel, brave son of this brave father, who has just returned from England, falls upon the guard and delivers him, and they hasten together to Paris.

THE SIXTH BOOK.

During these transactions the King with a new raised army begins his march. On the seventh day they reach Meun. The Holy Maid goes to meet Charles at the news of his approach. It was evening when they met, but the Maid came forth from a forest and like the rising sun with radiant fire dazzled their eyes. I fear, said Charles, that you have left no victories for us; the greatness of your benefits has injured us, and we can gain no glory from the English. Great Prince, replied the generous Holy One, you conceive without cause this beautiful fear. I have done but little; what remains is of importance, the crown usurped by the English is worthier of your royal sword; you shall subdue Rheims, and by your

arm shall Paris be preserved. Animated by this reply, Charles instantly ordered the drums to beat a march; but the Maid prevented this; repress a little, great King! cried she, the fire of thy courage; we must before we depart see thy vast camp pass by standard after standard. So they determined to have a review the following morning.

Just as the review is finished, they behold a barge sailing up the Loire; its shape was strange and fearful. The workmen had given it the form of an enormous dragon; he disguised the rudder in a tail, the head made the prow, the oars were the feet, and the sails two expanded wings of crimson; the body was covered with scales of a reddish brown. The dragon moved to shore, and the astonished camp beheld a countenance of divine beauty rise from its hideous womb, for Agnes landed.

Like Venus, with Roger dressed like Cupid by her side, Agnes approached the King. Charles felt his reason troubled, and Amaury hopes his plans will be successful. Monarch of France, she said, in this your noble enterprize accept of my arm and my courage. I am a woman it is true, but in this happy period women are warriors, and it shames me that this holy Shepherdess, not I, should have relieved you from your distresses. Amaury saw the yielding heart of Charles. God wills it, he exclaimed, and proves by this second miracle that this sex is the blessing of France.

But the holy Maid abhorred their artifice. Abuse not the Sun of Justice, she cried, take not the name of the Almighty in vain. Charles be contented with the divine grace. This succour which they offer thee is a deadly succour, it will be thy ruin, not thy support. Heaven commands thee, and if thou despisest heaven, what evils will ensue! Thou Beauty deadly to all, deadly even to thyself, remove from this camp thine agreeable pest, return with thy sweet enchantments to thy solitude, and dread the secret judgments of an avenging God.

As she spake, the redness of fire shone upon her countenance, a glory diffused itself around her, her voice thundered, and all who heard her were struck with fear. Charles and Amaury were silent, the imperious Agnes was confounded, and filled with shame and anger, she re-ascended her bark.

The implacable enemy of the Lord had long been envious of his thunder, and attempted an hundred times in vain to make something like it. One day, as he was revolving a thousand plans for rendering England successful in this war, a dreadful instrument suggested itself, and he cast a cannon. He made the blackest of all his devils make gun-powder, and sent a Fury with it to Bedford in the disguise of a Saxon. With this new thunder the English were every where victorious; but

when Heaven delivered France, these fatal instruments were captured by the Maid.

The Holy Warrior perceived that the presence of Agnes had made a deep impression on the King, and to divert these thoughts, she led him where an hundred cannon were reserved for his orders. Is it possible, cried he, that Bedford should have failed with arms like these? He has failed, the Maid answered, and thy faithful people have foiled him; but of all thy subjects the valour of Richemont has merited most from France. In his cause O King! I entreat thy justice. Thus she reconciles Charles and Richemont.

The troops retire to rest; Charles retires to his tent and there thinking of Agnes, feels the deepness of his incurable wound: he and Amaury look at each other awhile, speaking with their eyes. The King then lays down agitated with passion, but before morning the divine grace stifled this flame. He rises and prays to God for protection; thrice he repeats the prayer, and then fixes his eyes upon the eastern sky still dark.

The Archangel who by Providence is appointed the guardian of France, descends from the highest sphere to the lowest regions. He fixed the restless air, and formed of it a figure, hollow within, firm without, he gave to it the image of France and enclosed himself within it: Charles, as he contemplated the heavens, beheld this

animated Colossus appear from the midst of a fiery cloud. It had the semblance of an ancient Princess, whose august majesty had the place of beauty. Her sceptre of gold was broken, the lillies upon her garment were withered.

The phantom addresses Charles and animates him to pursue his conquests; she calls on heaven to preserve him, "Let me perish—but save my King." She prophecies his successes and disappears.

Instantly they depart for Rheims. The shouts of the army imitate thunder, the earth echoes under their feet, the dust rises and forms a night which leaves nothing of the earth now disappeared but its sound. Every thing yields to this force, every one acknowledges Charles, and Burgundy, himself sends to congratulate him on his successes.

But the fiends now exerting all their art to prevent the coronation, at length resolved upon the damnable expedient of making the soldiers licentious. In the largest and blackest cavern of hell which is formed of mud and burning coals, the fiend Asmodeus dwells. He infects the army with his sweet poison and causes a general lasciviousness and irregularity. But the Holy Maid soon clears the camp of all its impure followers, and restores to the soldiers their former chastity.

They proceed on their career of conquest; the Maid

hastens before them; she summons Auxere and the inhabitants promise to admit Charles. After traversing the Yonne successfully, she returns to Auxerre, and finds the King passing by the town. Her Angel informs her that this is occasioned by her enemy Amaury who has been bribed by the Auxerrois. She accuses him to the King, but neither of them reply. They summon Troyes which refuses to capitulate. Amaury now openly opposes the Maid, and tells Charles that she will lead him to his ruin. Hell seconds his calumnies, and Renaud the Bishop likewise condemns her; every voice is raised against her when she enters. Lo Charles, said she, the fruits of Auxerre! that conquest would have concluded our warfare; now Troyes refuses to admit thee. O what evils will the thirst of gold occasion us! The Bishop replies that they dread the effects of her ardour, that their cannons follow slowly at a distance and that it was prudent to leave Troyes and abandon their enterprize. Scarcely can the Maid listen till he ends his speech. In spite of Hell, she cries, I will carry Charles to Rheims. I will break the designs of all my enemies. Without a cannon, without an assault, I will within three days plant my standard on the highest tower of Troyes. She raises a false battery. Her Angel implores the aid of Terror; who makes the English see ten cannon pointed against them, and they capitulate. The Maid thus recovers her credit. Amaury

is silent, they pass the Seine, Chalon submits, the inhabitants of Rheims expel their garrison and Charles enters the sacred city.

THE SEVENTH BOOK.

In the mean time Agnes was afflicted with all the feelings of wounded vanity; for awhile she indulged a hope that Charles would follow, but the night came on and he appeared not; in the morning he had begun his march, and the mortal fury of Agnes became more than mortal; she resolves to revenge herself, and by reconciling Burgundy with the English, punish Charles. Burgundy was pondering in solitude on the insult he had received from Bedford, when Agnes approached. I loved Charles for his crown: said she, you for your person; this love is a real one, and to you I come. Burgundy is silent. You doubt me, she continued. When I heard how the arrogant folly of the English had injured you, I hastened instantly to Charles with the sole design of reconciling him to you. He was enraged. I was exposed to the madness of his shepherdess, and she banished me from the camp. Burgundy I come to espouse your cause, equally

against the Maid, Bedford, and France. Burgundy is satisfied and happy, and conducts Agnes to his palace.

Maria receives her with cold civility, and answers not when Agnes observes that they are alike injured by the Maid who has fascinated both Charles and Dunois: but she retires to her chamber and there weeps for her dear inconstant; yet cannot Maria hate this amiable false one, she excuses him to herself, the Enchantress has deceived every one, said she, and being thus enchanted Dunois sins without sinning.

The ensuing morning is the anniversary of the murder of Burgundy's father, and according to his custom, Burgundy departs to weep over his grave. He arrives not till night, and instantly enters the old chapel and proceeds to the sepulchre: twenty black tapers cast a gloomy light around the bier, it was covered with a black pall, all around was of a dark and obscure hue, the armour suspended from the walls had lost all brightness. Philip felt his whole frame turn cold; he knelt and prayed for the repose of his father's soul. At that instant the pall fell off—the coffin opened, and the dry and withered corpse arose. "Treacherous ungrateful Son—it cried, thou wouldst forgive my murderers! Agnes only, not the remembrance of thy father, has withheld thee! without the aid of Bedford thou canst not avenge me, and if thou dost not, my shade shall perse-

cute thee even to the grave." A fiend had animated the body. It now returned into the coffin, and Burgundy, reconciled to the Regent in his heart, departs for Fontainebleau. On his arrival he meets Bedford, who is come to appease him and requests his aid again. They depart together to the bitter disappointment of Agnes; Maria, who will not remain with her, returns to Paris, and she is left with only Roger.

A council was at this time sitting at Basle for the purpose of destroying the Bohemian heretics; and as it appeared to them a necessary measure previously to reconcile the Christian kings, they had sent two of the greatest prelates of their number to mediate between France and England. These prelates approach Fontainebleau, Roger invites them in, and shows them a gallery of pictures, containing the history of France from the accession of Edward III. to the throne of England; if the pictures were not better than the poetry that describes them, the collection must have been very bad, and if Roger did not enliven his speech by his manner of delivering it, the Bishops must have been tired.

THE EIGHTH BOOK.

Charles now prepares for his coronation; by sound of trumpet he commands his army to pray, and instantly they begin praying. A pious movement in their souls deadened for awhile their love of war, and they breathed only mildness and peace.

In the centre of Rheims, a holy church elevates itself to the clouds, and, thrusting up its towers into the midway sky, provokes the lightning. This mass, made of the entrails of a mountain, was by the Architect shaped like a cross. From its wall hung the ancient banner given to Clovis when he became a Christian. Here under a silver key was kept the crown, whose jewels at once wounded and delighted the eye; here too were the royal mantle, the great mystic ring, and the sceptre which makes the Prince just, and renders his heart humane. Bedford had sent these from St. Denis, that the English King might be crowned at Rheims; but by the decree of Heaven he removed them for the coronation of Charles. A scaffolding for the King is erected on a level with the altar.

At night, Charles accompanied only by the Maid, Clermont and Dunois, goes to the church, and passes the night in prayer; in the morning the doors are opened and a torrent of people inundate it. Charles, said the Bishop, thou who art only King of a part of France, the time is come for thee to subject all, and render thyself absolute. Heaven at this moment opens above thee, and God descends in his glory to crown thee by my hands. After this flight of episcopal eloquence, he anoints the King from the holy ampulla, and makes him swear to defend the church and die in the faith. Charles then partakes the terrible mystery of the sacrament, and the ceremony concludes.

The King invites his nobles to his table. It was a splendid feast of delicate luxury and exquisite abundance. Suddenly they hear an uproar: tidings have arrived that Bedford is marching towards Rheims reinforced by his son, his son who is destined by Heaven to subject the Lillies to the English Leopard.

Bedford believed in Astrology and regulated his conduct by the stars. Informed by these that his son was promised to attain very high honours in France, but that he would be exposed to imminent perils there, he had kept him in retirement, but now the cause of England was become so desperate, the aspect of the planets became more favourable and he summoned his son. All Ireland

and all England are roused in war. At this news Charles starts from the table, his nobles arise around him, they demand to be led towards Bedford, and the soldiers partake of their enthusiasm.

Who is this Son that reanimates the hopes of Bedford? said Charles to the Maid, when Clermont and Dunois alone remained with them. Will Heaven forsake us to assist him? This is all hidden from me, replied the Maid. But assuredly that side will prevail which most fears the Lord. This answer does not satisfy the King. He begins to doubt his cause; for the first time he wishes to participate in the revelations made to the Maid; Clermont and Dunois join their humble requests to his; she assents and promises that they shall be favoured with a knowledge of the future.

There is a cavern in the church of St. Marculphe, deep and dark; the dews hang in long stalactydes from its roof, and cover over the altar. After having performed nine days' devotion here, the anointed Kings of France have the glorious privilege of healing by their touch an evil otherwise incurable; a privilege only granted to the Kings of France. On the ninth night, Charles, Clermont and Dunois are mingling their prayers and sighs with those of the Maid, when a sudden light illuminates the cavern, marvellous music follows, and a

voice fortels the death of the Maid, and the future fortunes of the Bourbon family.

Charles and his companions thought themselves transported to the third heaven; he quits the cavern and cures the multitude who are waiting for his miraculous touch.

Soissons, Laon, and Saint-Quentin send to submit to the King. Tanneguy, Clermont, and Dunois depart to receive their submission. Amaury remains alone with Charles, who is now disquieted by the news that Burgundy has raised an army to oppose him.

THE NINTH BOOK.

Charles is greatly agitated by the conduct of Burgundy. Of all the devils whom the womb of the earth had vomited out to assist the English, the most mischievous was one whose body is made of nothing but ears and eyes. This fiend stimulates Amaury to make the King jealous of Agnes. He tells him that Agnes has instigated Burgundy, and that her conduct was the natural effect of the cruelty and disdain with which he had dismissed her.

Charles feels this ingenious poison flow into his soul; his love revives; and when the Maid urges him to march to Paris, he declares his fear of Burgundy, and regrets his behaviour to Agnes. Amaury follows him in a bolder tone, pouring out his gall in great waves upon the Maid. The King, said he, is no longer led by the Spirit that inspires you, for he finds that it produces only evil; if it be evil to have armed Burgundy against us, to have insulted that generous fair one who has his heart in her hands, and thus to have deprived France of so powerful an ally. You said that Heaven, with whom you would cover the horror of your barbarous acts, rejected her aid, and why?—when it admitted yours; because you would not endure a rival at court you have deprived Charles of his throne, perhaps of his life. This is a little too insolent! replied the Maid. Orleans is then forgotten, and so many rescued cities and this glorious coronation! These miracles have I atchieved without Agnes, the heavens have seen me execute their orders, and they shall see me defeat the English without Agnes, they shall see me carry the war without Agnes and in despite of Burgundy, to the walls of Paris. Every where Charles shalt thou be conqueror, if thou wilt preserve thine heart from sin.

At the speech of the Maid Charles is filled with sadness, he is ashamed of his love, and in his heart

reverences the Holy One. Amaury is at once agitated by fear and hatred, and as his power lessens his malevolence increases. At this moment they hear a mighty shout, the approach of Bedford is announced, the army are impatient to meet him, their ardour cannot be repressed, and they begin their march.

In the mean time Bedford leads on his troops, he harangues them, and they applaud him with an hundred shouts. But Terror comes among them, and they all refuse to proceed. He himself feels the influences of this power, and retires towards Paris. Charles pursues him, and on the fifth evening resolves to march all night to overtake and attack the English; he animates his soldiers, they proceed eagerly, and arrive near the enemies camp before morning.

But the great Devil was grievously troubled when he learnt from his agents the success of France. Even in the flames of Hell he felt his soul shiver.

In the profound abyss, which is the centre of the world, there is an immense cavity, another universe inhabited by Spectres. Its devouring fires, by a power unknown to our fires, burn even the very soul of the damned souls, and though they always burn it, it is always unconsumed. A false light only serves to render these horrors more horrible. There, shaped like a dragon, the great Devil reigns over the damned and the demons,

there he punishes all, and feels himself severer tortures than he inflicts.

As when under the torrid zone the Basilisc, that tremendous King who carries a crown on his head, and death in his eyes, prepares to go forth from his grotto and survey his empire, a sound goes before him, all his creeping subjects, every thing flies from him, and the solitude of the desart is redoubled; so, when the old Dragon prepared to go abroad, a murmur ran through Hell and the Fiends from fear or respect, avoided his way. Earth opened her bosom, and gave him a passage: from night eternal he rises to another night. He looks around; he sees—ah, what a sight!—he sees his dear Bedford ready to perish, the French approaching, Terror flying before them, and disheartening the English. Enraged at this sight, he discovers himself to Terror, and exclaims—"What art thou doing! I wonder no longer that my emissaries failed; thou only couldst have surmounted their arts. Ah, my dear Terror, if thou still rememberest my ancient glory, repent while thou mayest, and pour thy coldest venom in rapid torrents, through these fatal troops.

Then the old Dragon breathed out his foul breath over the French, and Terror built a chimera of an hundred vain phantoms, and displayed it to their eyes. The soldiers are alarmed, the chiefs partake their fear.

Above all, old Gillon is confounded, and abandons himself to cries and lamentations.

But Gillon recollects that the Holy Maid is advanced alone to survey the English camp. From rank to rank he goes, vomiting out his gall; Terror assists him; the Devil appears in the shape of the Bishop, filling the troops with fear and rage against the sorceress who has led them to death. Amaury endeavours to awaken the same sentiments in Charles. Charles, however, will not admit them; "if we must die," says he, "let us die nobly; let us perish like a king."

During this sudden change, the Maid penetrates the camp of the enemy; she beholds them all sleeping, chiefs as well as soldiers, and promises herself that, before morning, they shall pass from this usual, to their eternal sleep. She returns toward the army, but to her utter astonishment, finds them gone; eagerly she seeks them; she enters a deep valley between two mountains; a black whirlwind suddenly rises before her; more troubled she hastens toward it, when Termes meets her. "Holy Maid," he cries, "to whom France will one day burn incense, if you would preserve your own glory, fly from this rock, where Hell prepares your grave. All have sworn your destruction; the soldiers avow their hatred; Charles suffers them to attack your honour; Gillon is in favour; Amaury is

uncontrolled; and the Bishop makes every heart desire your death. By the God whom you serve, I conjure you to save yourself, and abandon these ungrateful ones who would destroy you.

"Ah Termes," replied the Maid, with a haughty smile, "is it thus that you hold the honour of the Maid dear? would you have her a coward? Lo! how she flies!—and immediately she hastened on; a glory emanated from her, and illuminated the valley; the Devil fled; the shades of hell changed into vapours, the sun arose and scattered them. Full of God, she addressed the French, and her voice was unlike a human voice.

Her thundering mouth was eloquent, even in silence, when she ceased. The flaming shields of a thousand angels reinforced the lightning of her looks, and the shadows that still remained upon the soldiers souls, fled before the splendour.

They hasten towards the English, but the opportunity was past; the English are gone. When first Charles retreated, the Devil in disguise informed Bedford, and urged him to pursue; but he soon returned and bade him save himself by instant flight. He terrifies the army, they fly towards Paris, Bedford himself flies, but he flies the last.

THE TENTH BOOK.

But amidst this great alarm another fear troubles Satan himself; he dreads that the Parisians may refuse to open their gates to the fugitives. Instantly he flies to Paris, assumes the form of Fastolff, and enters the bed-chamber of Isabel; tells her the danger of Bedford, that her son, her worst enemy is approaching, bids her open the gates to the fugitives; then, re-assuming his own shape, he disappears.

This execrable old Queen immediately arises; she pretends that some pious duty leads her out of the city; the bridge is lowered for her, her chariot breaks upon it, as if by accident; thus the gate is kept open, and Bedford enters. Isabel goes round the city, haranguing the citizens, and animating them against Charles. Bedford mans the walls, the inhabitants take courage, and prepare for the ensuing dangers.

Whilst Charles is reproaching himself for having suffered the English to escape him, Amaury complains to him of the contempt which he endures from the Maid. "She is right," exclaims the King, "to

despise those who make so bad a use of success. Our cowardice has made the English conquer. We have lived one day too long for our honour." Confounded by this reply, Amaury despairs of recovering his credit with the King, and resolves to seek death from the English, that this glorious end may make Charles regret him, and destroy the influence of the Maid.

Dunois and Tanneguy now arrive; the King holds a council; they advise him to attack Paris; but Charles would have yielded to the artful and cowardly persuasions of Gillon, had not the Maid entered, and once more determined his wavering resolution. Her courage animates the army; they advance to Paris through those really fortunate fields, that happy country, where peace and love have fixed their dwelling.

When they reach Paris, the King commands his oldest Herald to go and summon the Citizens to surrender; Amaury deems this a good opportunity to re-establish his character, or die nobly, and he accompanies the herald.

But Bedford, in order to render the citizens desperate, conceives the most horrible of plans; he communicates it to Millington, the captain of the guard, and when the Herald had finished his speech, Millington cries out to the guard to punish his insolence, and make him an example to his comrades. Satan mingles his

infernal breath with his words, and they kill the herald. Amaury escapes, relates the murder to Charles, and inspires all who hear him with indignation and rage. The devil promulgates among the citizens threats of merciless vengeance, and makes them desperate: and whilst Amaury is vomiting blasphemy after blasphemy, against the Parisians, he descends to hell, kindles two torches at the infernal fires, ascends again, and delivers them to Amaury, who sets fire to the suburbs.

Till this time, neither party had employed fire in their wars; now every kind of horrour is multiplied; the Maid has just gained the ramparts, when she beholds the flames. A sudden fear thrills her, she prays God to moderate this fury, and forgive the cruelties of the French; she abandons the advantages she had gained, and in a voice of thunder, bids them cease from this damnable assault. "What do I see, Charles!" she exclaims; "this is the work of hell! abandon the attack. Let us, henceforth, combat only in the face of day." Tanneguy seconds her advice, and the French retreat,

THE ELEVENTH BOOK.

Bedford loses no time in preparing for the assault. Talbot was scarcely yet recovered from his wounds, but on this occasion, he forgets his ancient enmity to Bedford, and without any command, resolves to fight where his presence shall most be wanted. Another motive animates his brave son Lyonnel; he loves Maria, and in the common danger, fears only for her.

Both parties employ the night in preparations. At length the morning comes; awhile they cannonade each other; a breach is made, and the French impetuously resolve to scale it; the Maid yields to the torrent which she is unable to stem. A desperate assault follows; the English pour boiling oil upon the besiegers, and they are every where repulsed with loss.

Dunois leaps into the town, followed by a chosen band; he attacks the Bastille. The excess of their danger weakens their fear, and they are on the point of forcing it, when Lyonnel turns the fortune of the day. After all his followers have fallen, Dunois still resists, but wounded and overpowered, he is on the point of

perishing, when Maria sees his danger, hastens to him, bids him yield to her, and makes Lyonnel support his rival.

The Maid's holy fury inspires her soldiers; she advances through the storm of weapons, and ascends the wall. Talbot attacks her; after a long combat they grapple each other; the Maid precipitates herself with him from that height, and makes him prisoner. Wounded in this attack, she extracts the weapon herself, binds up the wound, and prays to God. She beholds the army of Heaven descending to her succour, and rushes again to the wall: her soldiers fear to follow her to an assault so dangerous; "then I will go without your aid," she cries, "assisted by the squadrons of God!"

In the darkest recess of Heaven, Shame hides herself from every eye. Her body is formed of ice, her soul of splendour; a white veil envelopes her. No virtue is pure without her, she is the eternal companion of Honour. At the words of the Maid the French felt this cold Shame arising in fire within their souls. They follow her to the assault. Bedford pours down upon her head boiling oil, a forest of darts, a deluge of arrows and the ruins of an hundred palaces, but Heaven surrounded her with a wall of diamond; they fall harmless upon her. She presses onward, and, mounted at last upon piles of the slain, sees no longer an enemy to resist her.

At this instant when the victory is compleat, the Maid and her followers are astonished to hear a retreat sounded, and from every side the cry of Treason. At this dreadful cry they are all frozen and stopt.

THE TWELFTH BOOK.

Whilst Charles was pulverizing the walls of Paris, the Devil had taken upon himself the defence of that city. He had resisted the Maid more fiercely than Talbot; he hurled back her own spear to destroy her, and when an angel averted it, instantly directed it against Amaury and killed him; then changed himself into a soldier and ran to tell Gillon that the Maid had murdered his son.

Charles finds Gillon weeping over the body. The spear of the Maid is in the wound. Thy Saint, says the old man, has sent thee this glorious present; this is a clear testimony what Amaury was, what she is. You have made an idol of a Sorceress; her magic has made you the enemy of your country, and will ultimately destroy you. Great King! may you prove this prophecy false. As for me I follow my son—and he expired upon the corpse of Amaury.

Charles felt his blood freeze, his hair stood erect: he saw the spear of the Maid, he believed that she had murdered Amaury and betrayed him. The Devil deluded him. He conceives a sudden hatred for the Maid, instantly orders the retreat to be sounded, and with a voice of thunder cries out Treason. That cry terrified and astonished all, the Devil poured out another from his burning lungs, and the Maid abandons her victory to fly to the succour of the King.

Soldiers she exclaims, where is the Traitor? does the King live? whilst she is speaking, Charles approaches. Traitress come hither, he cried, and expiate thy crimes by my hand. The astonished Maid turns deathy pale, and her courage forsakes her. Go—detestable monster, cries Charles—I suffer thee to live for thy punishment; go and be thine own eternal executioner! before he concludes this speech, a cloud gathers over him, and the Maid sees God about to dart his lightnings at the head of the ungrateful Charles; she prays for him, extenuates his fault, and with sighs and tears implores forgiveness for the worthless King.

Above the highest part of the Heavens, an illuminated cloud shines amid a thousand fires. Upon this dreadful bed of Justice God will sit when he shall come to judge the quick and the dead, and hence he darts his bolts when signal crimes call aloud for vengeance. At the words

of Charles to the Maid, God mounted this cloud and hurled his lightning at the King, but her prayer intercepted it on its way.

Be it so, cried the Almighty—let him live! but abandon him to himself, and let him forever be the victim of Perfidy. Through the mouth of the winds God spake with the voice of Thunder; the camp knew that he was incensed against Charles, but the Maid alone understood him. She departs in profound sadness, accompanied by her wounded brother Rodolfe. But nothing now inspires the French, and they determine to abandon the siege. Charles obstinately resolves to remain though abandoned by his soldiers, but the faithful old Tanneguy carries him away by force.

The Maid proceeds still praying for Charles, but she hears the voice of God. Thy will be done, she cries, restore the feeble shepherdess to her crook. I obey, but unwillingly!

Not far distant from Paris, is the church of the French Apostle, where he is said to have laid his own head with his own hands in the tomb. Near this on the trunk of an old tree, she hangs her useless armour, the trunk felt its burden and became proud, whilst with her dagger she engraved upon the bark, THE DYING MAID CONSECRATES THIS TROPHY TO THE HONOUR OF THE MOST HIGH. Lord! she cries, since thy severe laws

forbid me longer to bear these arms, let them be the eternal terror of Hell, by their virtue only let the English be subdued, let the French be victorious. The storm ceased as she spake, the armour suddenly became luminous, and the spot from that hour never knew night.

Her tears ceased at this miracle. Lost to France, to her King, and to herself, she journeyed on in silence, and her brother in silence accompanied her. The Devil, beholding her thus abandoned, forms a damnable design upon her life, he follows her, stops with her, proceeds with her, and leaves her no more.

There is a vast Forest in this part of France which the eye of the universe never penetrates. Its trees look not like yews and beeches and maples, but like new Giants who oppose their great arms to the fall of Heaven, unlike the Titans. In this noble desert the Maid arrives, and in a cavern there, determines to end her days. They dwelt there a month, praying and living upon acorns, till their weakened limbs could scarcely support them.

Satan now stimulates the Burgundians to attack Compeign; the troops pass through the forest, and Rodolfe and the Maid take shelter in that town. There she dwells in a Convent employed in praying and weeping, but her presence encourages the citizens, and they intreat her to arm and assist them. In vain she refuses, the governor Flavy reproaches her with being the object that

Burgundy seeks to capture. She sallies out, and is at first successful, but attacked by superior numbers retreats the last, covering her troops. The Devil persuades Flavy to shut the gates upon her, and thus preserve the town by sacrificing her; Flavy who is the bitterest enemy of Richemont and the Maid, and the sworn friend of Amaury, consents.

Higher than all the Heavens there is a secret apartment to which the uncreated Being retires when he would deliberate upon the fate of the universe. This inconceivable apartment forms with its three equal sides an unique triangle, the mystery of which confounds the place containing with that which it contains. There God repairs and decrees the fate of the Maid; Rodolfe then falls, and she is captured.

They are led to Roüen; the insults of the people affect her not, she blesses her chains, and endures her pain with pleasure. Celestial music cheers her dungeon. This astonishes the English, the Bishop of Beauvais insists upon burning her, and her death is resolved. The Devil cannot longer be absent from his dominions, he appoints a band of fiends to attend at the execution, returns with his tidings, and makes a brief holyday in Hell.

It is remarkable that the name of the Heroine is never mentioned throughout this Poem.

I have so arranged the matter of this Poem, says Chapelain, that France represents the Soul of Man, at war with itself, and agitated by the most violent of all emotions; King Charles, the Will, absolute Ruler, attracted to good by its nature, but easily led to evil under the appearance of good. The English and the Burgundians, subjects and enemies of Charles, the different transports of the irascible appetite, which disturb the legitimate empire of the Will. Amaury and Agnes the one the favourite, the other the mistress of the Prince, the different movements of the concupiscible appetite which corrupt the innocence of the will, by their allurements and by their charms. The Count of Dunois, related to the King, inseparable from his interests and the champion of his cause, Virtue which has its roots in the will, which supports the seeds of Justice in it, and combats always to deliver it from the tyranny of the Passions. Tanneguy chief of the Council of Charles, the Understanding which enlightens the deluded Will. And the Maid who comes to assist the Monarch against the Burgundians and the English, and delivers him from Agnes and from Amaury, the divine Grace, which in the embarrassment or oppression of all the Powers of the soul, comes to re-establish the Will,

to support the Understanding, to join itself to Virtue, and by a victorious effort subjecting to the Will the irascible and concupiscible appetites which troubled it, to produce that internal peace and that perfect tranquillity in which all opinions agree the supreme good consists.

Joan of Arc,

by

Robert Southey.

THE INVADER VANQUISH'D, BY THAT CHOSEN MAID,
WHO SAVED HER COUNTRY, WHEN THE CHIEFS OF FRANCE
OR SLEPT IN DEATH, OR YIELDED TO THE YOKE,
I SING, AND LIBERTY MAY LOVE THE SONG.

JOAN of ARC.

THE FIRST BOOK.

THERE was high feasting held at Vaucouleur,
For old Sir Robert had a noble guest,
The *Bastard Orleans; and the festive hours,
Cheer'd with the Trouveur's merry minstrelsy,
Pass'd lightly at the hospitable board.

* "Lewes Duke of Orleance murthered 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

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
Left in Lorraine, but age, and youth unripe

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their lives. The next of kynne to the Lord Cawny chalenged the inheritaunce, 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 slaundered 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 wel learned his lesson, and would reherse it according to his in-

For slaughter yet, and widows, and young maids
Of widowed loves. And now with his high guest
The Lord of Vaucouleur sat communing
On what might profit France, and knew no hope,
Despairing of his country, when he heard
An old man and a maid awaited him

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struccion, 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 Orleaunce, more glad to be his bastarde, with a meane livyng, than the lawful sonne of that coward cuckolde Cawny, with his four thousand crownes." The Judges much merveiled at his bolde answere, 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 Orleaunce 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.

Hall, ff. 104.

Perhaps Shakespear recollected this anecdote of Dunois when he drew the character of the Bastard Falconbridge.

In the castle hall. He knew the old man well,
His vassal Claude, and at his bidding Claude
Approached, and after meet obeisance made,
Bespake 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
" Denying what she * sought. She saith that God

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* 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, & 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 nommee Dompre, 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 estè revelè que Dieu vouloit qu' elle allast devers le Roi Charles septiesme,

" Bids her go drive the Englishmen from France. . .
" Her parents mock at her and call her crazed,
" And father Regnier says she is possessed ; . .

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pour luy aider & le conseiller a recouvrèr son royaume & ses villes & places que les Anglois avoient conquises en ses pays. La quelle revelation elle n'osa dire à ses pere & mere, pource qu'elle scavoit bien que jamais n'eussent consenty qu'elle y fust allee ; & 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 instanment 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, & que elle luy feroit grand secours & aide a recouvrer son dict royaume, & que Dieu le vouloit ainsi, & que il luy avoit esté revelé par plusieurs fois. Des quelles parolles il ne faisoit que rire & se mocquer & la reputoit incensee : toutesfois elle persevera tant & si longuement qu'il luy bailla un Gentelhomme, nommè Ville Robert, & quelque nombre de gens, les quels la menerent devers le Roy que pour lors estoit a Chinon.

The portrait in this volume is from a picture in the Town-hall of Orleans, here probably for the first time engraved ; it has often been copied. The dress is of a later age than the time of Joan of Arc, and the countenance, beyond a doubt, fictitious.

" 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,
" And have seen many moon-struck in my time,
" And some who were by evil spirits vexed, . .
" I, Sirs, do think that there is more in this,
" And who can tell if, in these perilous times,
" It should please God, . . .but hear the Maid yourselves,
" For if, as I believe, this is of Heaven,
" 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

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* 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

Upon her cheek, yet had the loveliest hues
Of health with lesser fascination fix'd
The gazer's eye; for wan the Maiden was,

---

of Jesus in hir mouth about all her businesses, humble, obedient, and fasting divers daies in the weeke."

Holinshed, 600.

De Serres speaks thus of her, "A young maiden named Joan of Arc, borne in a village upon the Marches of Barre called Domremy, neere to Vaucouleurs, of the age of eighteene or twenty years, issued from bare 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 comming from the mouth of a poore country maide, whom they might with more reason beleeve to be possessed of some melancholy humour, than divinely inspired; being the instrument

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
The Lord of Vaucouleur, " that she frequents
" The loneliest haunts and deepest solitude,

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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."

The translator Edward Grimeston calls her in the margin, " Joane the Virgin, or rather Witch."

"Estranged from human kind and human cares
"With loathing like to madness. It were best
"To place her with some pious sisterhood,
"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 ceas'd, the Maiden cried,
"I am not mad. Possess'd indeed I am!
"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!
"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 unto whom he sends me, I must go,
"And that which he commands me, I must speak,
"And that which is his will, I must perform,
"And I must cast away all fear of man

"Lest HE in wrath confound me*.

At the first
With pity or with scorn Dunois had heard
The inspired Maid; but now he in his heart
Felt that misgiving that precedes belief
In what was disbelieved and scoff'd at late
As folly. "Damsel!" said the Chief, "methinks
"It would be wisely done to doubt this call,
"Haply of some ill spirit prompting thee
"To self destruction."

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* 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. 1.

"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
"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,
"To doubt God's goodness! there are feelings Chief
"That may not lie; and I have oftentimes
"Felt in the midnight silence of my soul
"The call of God."
They listened to the Maid,
And they almost believed. Then spake Dunois,
"Wilt thou go with me Maiden to the King
"And there announce thy mission?" thus he said
For thoughts of politic craftiness arose
Within him, and his unconfirmed faith
Determin'd to prompt action. She replied,

"Therefore I sought the Lord of Vaucouleur,
"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
"Hath sent such strange assistance. Let what force
"Lorraine may yield to Chinon follow us;
"And with the tidings of this holy Maid,
"Rais'd up by God, fill thou the country; soon
"The country shall awake as from the sleep,
"Of death. Now Maid! depart we at thy will."

"God's blessing go with thee!" 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,
"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,
Tho' all subdued of soul, untroubled now
In that sad parting;.. but she calmed herself,
Painfully keeping down her heart, and said,
" Comfort thyself, my Uncle, with the thought
" Of what I am, and for what enterprize
" 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,
" Thou for thy love didst hear me and believe,
" Shall I forget these things?"... By this Dunois
Had armed, the steeds are ready at the gate;
But then she fell upon the old man's neck
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 aweful thought
Had overpowered 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,
" 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
Scarcely thro' tears beheld them on their steeds
Spring up and go their way.
So on they went,
And now along the mountain's winding path
Upward they journeyed slow, and now they paus'd
And gazed where o'er the plain the stately towers
Of Vaucouleur arose, in distance seen,
Dark and distinct; below the castled height,
Thro' 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

Had waken'd thoughts of comfort and of home,
Till his heart ached for rest. But on one spot,
One little spot, the Virgin's eye was fix'd,
Her native Arc; embowered the hamlet lay
Upon the forest edge, whose ancient woods,
With all their infinite varieties,
Now form'd a mass of shade. The distant plain
Rose on the horizon rich with pleasant groves,
And vine-yards in the greenest hue of spring,
And streams now hidden on their winding way,
Now issuing forth in light.

The Maiden gazed
Till all grew dim upon her dizzy eye,
" O what a blessed world were this!" she cried
" But that the great and honourable men
" Have seiz'd the earth, and of the heritage
" 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

" Taught * wisdom to mankind! unhappy France!
" Fiercer than evening wolves thy bitter foes
" Rush o'er the land and desolate and † kill;

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

Days should speak, and multitude of years should teach wisdom.

Job.

† 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 murthered 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 spoyled, 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

" Long has the widow's and the orphan's groan
" Accus'd 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."

Then said the Son of Orleans, " Holy Maid!
" I would fain know, if blameless I may seek
" Such knowledge, how the heavenly call was heard
" First in thy waken'd soul; nor deem in me
" Aught idly curious, if of thy past days
" I ask the detail. In the hour of age,
" If haply I survive to see the realm

---

skirmishes and bickerings, her general wealth continually ebbed 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, from Polydore Virgil.

And, " the two nations were thus made miserable, because one individual aspired to the dominion of both!"

" By thee deliver'd, dear will be the thought
" That I have seen the delegated Maid,
" And heard from her the wonderous 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."

" Seest 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,
" 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
" A parent's love; for harsh my mother was,

" And deem'd the cares 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 steady fortitude,
" And stubbornly I bore unkind rebuke
" And wrathful 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 mine Uncle Claude approach'd!
" For he would place me on his knee, and tell
" The wonderous tales that 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
" Unhallowed 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.
" 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
" The flock; and well I know these mountain 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 tide roll glittering to the noon-tide sun,
" 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 lake at eve, their fleeting hues
" The traveller cannot trace with memory's eye,

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* 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.

" Yet he remembers well how fair they were,
" How lovely."
" Here in solitude and peace
" My soul was nurst, amid the loveliest scenes
" Of unpolluted nature. Sweet it was
" As the white mists of morning roll'd away
" To see the mountains wooded heights appear
" Dark in the early dawn, and mark its slope
" Rich with the blossom'd furze, as the slant sun
" On the golden ripeness pour'd a deepening light.
" Pleasant at noon beside the vocal brook
" To lie 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,
" 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,
" I loved her as a sister, and long time
" Her undivided tenderness possess'd,
" Till that a better and a holier tie
" Gave her one nearer friend; and then my heart
" Partook her happiness, for never lived
" 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 look'd lovely in the spring;
" But to Domremi wretched was that day,
" For there was lamentation, and the voice
" Of anguish, and the deeper agony
" That spake not. Never will my heart forget
" The feelings that shot thro' 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,
" 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
" Appeared at distance coming o'er the brow,
" Her eye was on him, and it might be seen
" By the flushed cheek what thoughts were in her heart,
" And by the deadly paleness which ensued
" How her heart died within her. So the days
" 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 lingered in her heart, and still at night
" 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 arriv'd,
" Sore with long anguish underneath that blow
" She sunk. Then would she sit and think all day
" Upon the past, and talk of happiness
" That never would return, as tho' she found
" Best solace in the thoughts that minister'd
" To sorrow : and she loved to see the sun
" 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
" 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
" 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,
" 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.
" I remember as the bier
" Went to the grave, a lark sprung up aloft,
" And soar'd amid the sunshine carolling

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* 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.

" So full of joy that to the mourner's ear
" More mournfully than dirge or passing bell,
" His joyful 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,
" And never feeling misery, never thought
" What others suffer. I, as best I might,
" Solaced the keen regret of Elinor;
" And much my cares avail'd, and much her son's,
" On whom, the only comfort of her age
" She centered now her love. A younger birth,
" Aged nearly as myself was Theodore,
" An ardent youth, who with the kindest cares
" Had sooth'd his sister's sorrows. We had knelt
" By her death-bed together, and no bond
" In closer union knits two human hearts
" Than fellowship in grief.

" It chanc'd as once

" Beside the fire of Elinor I sat,
" 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.
" The storm beats hard;" the stranger cried: "safe hous'd
" Pleasant it is to hear the pelting rain.
" I too were well 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,
" 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 that good God
" 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,
" When her brooks run with blood, and Rape, and
Murder,
" Stalk thro' her flaming towns ? live thou in peace
" Young man! my heart is human : I do feel
" For what my brethren suffer."
" While he spake,
" Such mingled passions charactered his face
" Of fierce and terrible benevolence,
" That I did tremble as I listen'd to him :
" Then in mine heart tumultuous thoughts arose
" Of high atchievements, indistinct, and wild,
" And vast, yet such they were as made me pant
" As tho' by some divinity possess'd.

" But is there not some duty due to those
" We love ?" said Theodore ; " Is it not most right
" To cheer the evening of declining age,

"With filial tenderness repaying thus
"Parental care?"
"Hard is it," Conrade cried,
"Aye, very hard, 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 centered all
"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 highest duties will be well discharg'd
"And I may dare be happy. There are those
"Who deem these thoughts wild 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 of self-esteem
"I must be honoured 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
" Drew the well-tempered blade. I gazed upon it
" And shuddering, as I felt its edge, exclaim'd,
" How horrible it is with the keen sword
" To gore the finely-fibred human frame!
" I could not strike a lamb."

" He answered me
" Maiden thou hast said well. I could not strike
" A lamb, . . But when the invader's savage fury
" 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
" Even on her murder'd husband's gasping corse!
" 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.
" Think well of this, young Man!* he cried and seiz'd

* Dreadful indeed must have been the miseries of the French from vulgar plunderers, when the manners of the highest clas-

" The hand of Theodore; " think well of this,
" As you are human, as you hope to live

---

ses were marked by hideous grossness and vices that may not be uttered.

" Of acts so ill examples are not good."

Sir William Alexander.

The following portrait of some of these outrages I extract from the notes of Andrews's useful History of Great Britain. " Agricola quilibet, sponsam juvenem acquisitus, ac in vicinia alicujus viri nobilis & præpotentis habitans, crudelissime vexabatur. 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, but a mirror of

" 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,
" As you would even to madness agonize
" To hear this maiden call on you in vain
" For aid, and see her dragg'd, and hear her scream
" In the blood-reeking soldier's lustful arms,
" Think that there are such horrors*; that even now,

---

justice when compared to his noble contemporaries) on its being proved against him " Quod super ipsum maritum vi prostratum, uxori, frustra repugnanti, vim adtuleret."

" Ensuite il avoit fait battre et decouper le mari, tant que c'etoit pitie a voir.

Mem. de Richemont.

* 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 mani-

" Some city flames, and haply as in Roan,
" Some famish'd babe on his dead mother's breast

---

fested 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 very 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 was heard, 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 the

" Yet hangs and pulls for * food!.. woe be to those
" By whom the evil comes! and woe to him,...

---

remembrance of God, that did not lament the great mischief that was there; for more than three thousand men and women and children had their throats cut 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 Francois—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.

* Holinshed says, speaking of the siege of Roan, " If I should rehearse how deerelie dogs, rats, mise and cats were sold within the towne, and how greedilie they were by the

" For little else his guilt, . . who dwells in peace,
" When every arm is needed for the strife!"

" When we had all betaken us to rest,
" Sleepless I lay, and in my mind revolv'd
" The high-soul'd warrior's speech. Then Madelon
" Rose in remembrance; over her the grave
" 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
" The sceptre of the * wicked?. . thoughts like these

---

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.

* 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

" Possess'd my soul, till at the break of day
" I slept ; nor then reposed my heated brain
" For visions rose, sent, as I do believe,
" From the Most High. I saw a high-tower'd town
" Hemmed in and girt around with enemies.
" 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,
" And there was revelry : the loud lewd laugh
" Burst on my ear, and I beheld the chiefs
" Sit at their feast, and plan the work of death.
" My soul grew sick within me ; I looked up,
" 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.

---

loins of the unmerciful, till he have taken away the multitude of the proud, and broken the sceptre of the unrighteous.

Ecclesiasticus.

" From that night I could feel my burthen'd soul
" Heaving beneath incumbent Deity.
" I sate in silence, musing on the days
" To come, unheeding and unseeing all
" Around me, in that dreaminess of soul
" When every bodily sense is as it slept,
" And the mind alone is wakeful. I have heard
" Strange voices in the evening wind; strange forms
" Dimly discovered throng'd the twilight air.
" The neighbours wonder'd at the sudden change,
" And call'd me crazed, and my dear Uncle too,
" Would sit and gaze upon me wistfully,
" A heaviness upon his aged brow
" And in his eye such trouble, that my heart
" Sometimes misgave me. I had told him all
" The mighty future labouring in my breast,
" But that methought the hour was not yet come.

" At length I heard of Orleans, by the foe
" Wall'd in from human succour; there all thoughts

" All hopes were turn'd; that bulwark once beat down
" All was the invaders. Now my troubled soul
" Grew more disturb'd, and shunning every eye,
" I loved to wander where the forest shade
" Frown'd deepest; there on mightiest deeds to brood
" Of shadowy vastness, such as made my heart
" Throb loud: anon I paus'd, and in a state
" Of half expectance, listen'd to the wind.

" There is a fountain in the forest call'd
" The fountain of the * Fairies: when a child

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* 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 Domprein, 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 Grande Fablaux.

" 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;
" 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,
" 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 ring, and bids him spare the tree.
" Fancy had cast a spell upon the place
" And made it holy; and the villagers
" Would say that never evil thing approached
" Unpunish'd there. The strange and fearful pleasure

---

* 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.

" That fill'd me by that solitary spring,
" Ceas'd not in riper years ; and now it woke
" Deeper delight and more mysterious awe.

" Lonely the forest spring : a rocky hill
" Rises beside it, and an aged yew
" Bursts from the rifted crag that overbrows
" The waters ; cavern'd there unseen and slow
" And silently they well. The adder's-tongue,
" Rich with the wrinkles of its glossy green,
" Hangs down its long lank leaves, whose wavy dip
" Just breaks the tranquil surface. Ancient woods
" Bosom the quiet beauties of the place,
" Nor ever sound profanes it, save such sounds
" As Silence loves to hear, the passing wind,
" Or the low murmuring of the scarce-heard stream.

" A blessed spot ! oh how my soul enjoy'd
" Its holy quietness, with what delight
" Escaping from mankind I hastened there

" To solitude and freedom! thitherward
" On a spring eve I had betaken me,
" And there I sate, and mark'd the deep red clouds
" Gather before the wind, the rising wind
" Whose sudden gusts, each wilder than the last,
" Seem'd as they rock'd my senses. Soon the night
" Darken'd around, and the large rain drops fell
" Heavy; anon tempestuously the gale
" Howl'd o'er the wood. Methought the heavy rain
" Fell with a grateful coolness on my head,
" And the hoarse dash of waters, and the rush
" Of winds that mingled with the forest roar,
" 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
" Spread the grey forest, *memory, thought, were gone,

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* " In this representation which I made to place myself near to Christ, (says St. Teresa) there would come suddenly

" All sense of self annihilate, I seem'd
" Diffus'd 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!"

---

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 Mistical 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.

" I felt his words
" Pierce in my heart; my soul was overcharged,
" I fell upon his neck and told him all;
" 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 out
" His wrath, and they shall perish who * oppress."

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* " Raise up indignation, and pour out wrath, and let them perish who oppress the people!"

Ecclesiasticus 36.

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 the tree
Its giant shadow stretch'd, or winding stream
Mirror'd the light of Heaven, still traced distinct
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

* The epithets *shrill* and *hoarse* will not appear incongruous to one who has attended to the grasshopper's chirp. Gazæus has characterized the sound by a word certainly accurate, in his tale of a grasshopper who perched upon St. Francis's fin-

Descended. On their way the travellers wend,
Cheering the road with converse, till at length

---

ger, 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.

St. Francis seems to have 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 beê beê suo
Devotus excitabat.
O agne jam non agne sed doctor bone!

They mark a cottage lamp whose steady light
Shone thro' the lattice : thitherward they turn ;
There came an old man forth ; his thin grey locks
Waved on the night breeze, and on his shrunk face
The characters of age were written deep.
Them, louting low with rustic courtesy,
He welcom'd in, on the white-ember'd hearth
Heapt up fresh fuel, then with friendly care
Spread out the homely board, and fill'd the bowl
With the red produce of the vine that arched
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
"Earn with hard 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
"Of Agincourt I met them."

" Wert thou then
" A sharer in that dreadful day's defeat ?"
" Exclaim'd the Bastard, " didst thou know the chief
" Of Orleans ?"
" Know him !" cried the veteran,
" I saw him ere the bloody fight began
" 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
" 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 his name !"
Exclaimed Dunois. " Strangers and countrymen
" Alike revered the good and gallant Chief.
" 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!
"Losing all hope because my arm so long
"Hath fail'd to win his liberty!"
He turn'd
His head away to hide the burning shame
That flush'd his face. "But he shall live, Dunois,"
Exclaim'd the Mission'd Maid, "but he shall live
"To hear good tidings; hear of liberty,
"Of his own liberty, by his brother's arm
"Atchiev'd in hard-fought battle. He shall live
"Happy*: 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.

" Shall heighten all his joys, and his grey hairs
" 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 the hopes of victory were lost,
" 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 wondered at his valour!
" 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; and D'Albert whose mad pride
" Brought the whole ruin on. There fell Brabant,
" Vaudemont, and Marle, and Bar, and Faquenberg,
" Our noblest warriors; the determined foe

" Fought for revenge and not for victory;
" Desperately brave, ranks fell on ranks before them;
" The prisoners of that shameful day out-summ'd
" Their * conquerors!"
" Yet believe not," Bertram cried,
" That cowardice disgraced the sons of France!
" They by their leaders arrogance led on
" With heedless fury, found all numbers vain
" All efforts fruitless there; and hadst thou seen,
" Skilful as brave, how Henry's ready eye
" Lost not a thicket, not a hillock's aid;

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* According to Holinshed the English army consisted of only 15,000 men, harrassed 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 the 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.

" From his hersed * bowmen how the arrows fled
" Thick as the snow flakes and with lightning force,

---

* This was the usual method of marshalling the bowmen. At Crecy " 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 ro reach home."

Barnes.

The victory at Poictiers 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 where they hit, but arrows enrage the horse,

" 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 carnage
" Had yielded up their arms, it was foul work

---

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 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.

" To glut on the defenceless * prisoners
" The blunted sword of conquest. Girt around
" I to their mercy had surrendered 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,
" 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,

---

* A company of fugitives, headed by Robert de Bournonville, who had retired by times out of the battle, knowing the English camp was but weakly guarded, pillaged it during the engagement; in consequence of this alarm, Henry ordered the prisoners to be slain, except the most eminent.

† Henry of Monmouth deserves every commendation for his calm and active courage in the fight of Azincour; but after the engagement we no longer discover the rival of the Edwards. The Black Prince may be suspected of ostentation when he

" And in their helpless prisoners' naked breasts
" They drove the sword. Then I expected 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
" In bitterness of heart. The gallant man,
" Whose by the chance of war I had become,
" Had pity, and he loos'd my hands and said
" Frenchman! I would have killed thee in the battle,
" But my arm shrinks at murder! get thee hence."
" It was the will of heaven that I should live

---

waited upon his captive John; but the uncharitable suspicion will cease when we reflect that he must have treated him either as a prisoner or as a guest, and that he conformed to the custom of the age in waiting upon a superiour. But of the conduct of Henry to those prisoners who had escaped the massacre at Azincour, only one opinion can be formed. The night after the battle " when the King sate at his refection in the aforesaid village, he was served at his boord of those great Lords and Princes that were taken in the field."

Stowe.

" Childless and old to think upon the past
" And wish that I had perish'd!"
The old man
Wept as he spake. " Ye may perhaps have heard
" Of the hard siege so long by Roan endur'd.
" I dwelt there strangers; I had then a wife
" And I had children tenderly beloved,
" 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 siege."
The Maid replied
Anxious of that devoted town to learn.
Thus then the veteran.
" So by Heaven preserved,
" From the disastrous plain of * Agincourt

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* 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

" I speeded homewards and abode in peace.
" Henry † as wise as brave had back to England
" Led his victorious army; well aware
" That France was mighty, that her warlike sons,
" Impatient of a foreign victor's sway,

---

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 letted."

Stowe. Elmham.

† 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 inconsiderable, 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.

" Might rise impetuous, and with multitudes
" Tread down the invaders. Wisely he return'd,
" For the proud barons in their private broils
" 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 sate
" 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
" Did with such anxious eagerness attend
" The tale of life preserved, as made me feel
" Life's value. My poor children! a hard fate
" Had they! but oft and bitterly I wish
" That God had to his mercy taken me
" In childhood, for it is a heavy thing
" To linger out old age in loneliness!
" Ah me! when war the masters of mankind,
" Woe to the poor man! if he sow the field,
" He shall not reap the harvest; if he see

" His blooming children rise around, his heart
" Aches at the thought that they are multiplied
" To the sword! Again from England the fierce foe,
" Rush'd on our ravaged coasts. In battle bold,
" Savage 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;
" Nor unresisted round our massy walls
" Pitched they their camp. I need not tell Sir Knight
" How oft and boldly on the invading host
" We burst with fierce assault impetuous forth,
" For many were the warrior * Sons of Roan.

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* 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 the siege 210,000 persons. Dailie were issues made out of

" O'er all that gallant Citizen was famed,
" For virtuous hardihood præeminent,
" Blanchard. He, gathering round his countrymen,
" With his own courage kindling every breast,
" Had bade * them vow before Almighty God
" Never to yield them to the usurping foe
" While yet their arms could lift the spear, while yet
" Life was to think of every pledge that man
" Most values. To the God of Hosts we vow'd;
" And we had baffled the besieging power,
" But our cold-hearted foeman drew around
" His strong entrenchments. From the watch-tower's top

---

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.

* 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.

" 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. Ah me! no more
" Rose on our aching sight the food-fraught bark;
" For guarded was the Seine, and our stern foe
" Had made a league with * Famine. How my heart

---

* " 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.

This 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.

" Sunk in me when at night I carried home
" The scanty pittance of to-morrow's meal!
" 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 oppos'd,
" But to the exasperate patience of the foe,
" Desperate * endurance. Tho' with christian zeal

---

* " 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 confusion; 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.

" Ursino would have pour'd the balm of peace
" Into our wounds, Ambition's ear best pleas'd
" With the war's clamour and the groan of Death,
" Was deaf to prayer. Day after day fled on;
" We heard no voice of comfort. From the walls
" Could we behold the savage Irish * Kernes,
" Ruffians half-clothed, half-human, † half-baptized,

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* " 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 plaied with the French, in spoiling the country, rifeling the houses, and carrying away children with their baggage upon their cowes backs."

Speed. P. 638.

† " In some corners of Connaught, the people leave the right armes of their infants male unchristend (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*

" Come with their spoil, mingling their hideous shouts
" With the moan of weary flocks, and the piteous low
" Of kine sore-laden, in the mirthful camp
" Scattering abundance ; while the lothliest food
" We prized above all price ; while in our streets
" The dying groan of hunger, and the scream
" Of famishing infants echoed, . . and we heard,
" 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 nobly ! Blanchard still
" Spake of the savage fury of the foe
" Of Harfleur's wretched race cast on the * world

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parts of the world. Printed for William Humble, in Pope's-Head Palace. 1646.

* " Some writing of this yeelding up of Harflue, doo in like sort make mention of the distresse whereto the people, then

" Houseless and destitute, while that fierce King

---

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 despotic 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 tenerâ cum prole parentes
Virgineusque chorus veteres liquere 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.

" Knelt at the * altar, and with impious prayer
" 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,
" In † cold blood murder'd. Then his scanty food
" Sharing with the most wretched, he would bid us
" Bear with our miseries bravely.
" Thus distress'd
" Lest all should perish thus, our chiefs decreed
" Women and children, the infirm and old,
" All who were useless in the work of war,

---

* Before Henry took possession of Harfleur, he went barefooted to the Church to give God thanks.

De Serres.

† 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.

" Should forth and find their fortunes. Age, that makes
" The joys and sorrows of the distant years
" Like a half-remembered dream, yet on my heart
" Leaves deep impress'd the horrors of that hour.
" 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,
" He groan'd and * curs'd in bitterness of heart
" That merciless man. The wretched crowd pass'd on:
" My wife—my children—thro' the gates they pass'd,
" Then the gates clos'd.—Would I were in my grave
" That I might lose remembrance.

" What is man

---

* 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 deteined in prison till he died."

Holinshed. Titus Livius.

" That he can hear the groan of wretchedness
" And feel no fleshy 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
" Could hear a famish'd woman cry for bread,
" And know no pity. As the outcast train
" Drew near, the English Monarch bade his troops
" Force * back the miserable multitude.
" They drove them to the walls—it was the depth
" Of winter—we had no relief to grant.
" The aged ones groan'd to our foe in vain,

---

* " 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 againe 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.

" The mother pleaded for her dying child
" And they felt no remorse !"
The mission'd Maid
Starts from her seat—" The old and the infirm
" The mother and her babes—and yet no lightning
" Blasted this man !"
" Aye Lady," Bertram cried,
" And when we sent the * herald to implore

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* One of the deputed citizens " shewing himself more rash than wise, more arrogant than learned, took upon him to shew wherein the glorie of victorie consisted; advising the King not to shew 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 Almightie 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

" His mercy on the helpless, he relax'd
" His stern face into savage merriment,
" Scoffing their agonies. On the high wall
" I stood and mark'd the miserable outcasts,
" And every moment thought that Henry's heart,
" Hard as it was, must feel. All night I stood—
" Their deep groans sounded on the midnight gale,
" Fainter they grew, for the cold wintry wind
" Blew bleak; fainter they grew, and at the last
" All was still, save that ever and anon

---

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 hawtinesse of courage.

Holinshed.

" Some mother shriek'd o'er her expiring child
" The * shriek of frenzying anguish.
" From that hour
" On all the busy turmoil of the world
" I gaz'd with strange indifference; bearing want
" With the sick patience of a mind worn out.

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* The names of our Edwards and Henrys are usually cited together, but it is disgracing the Black Prince and his father to mention them with Henry of Monmouth. We have seen what was the conduct of this cold-hearted and brutal soldier 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 they had nothing to live on. Then King Edward, who was so fierce in battle,

" Nor * when the traitor yielded up our town
" Ought heeded I as through our ruin'd streets,
" Thro' putrid heaps of famish'd carcasses,
" Pass'd the long pomp of triumph. One keen pang
" I felt, when by that bloody King's command
" The † gallant Blanchard died. Calmly he died,

---

shewed 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.

This was the conduct of policy, but it was also that of humanity. The *royal disposition* of Edward did not appear till the conclusion of the siege.

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

† Roy d' Angleterre fist coupper la teste a Allain Blanchart cappitaine du commun.

Monstrellet. Feuillet cxcvii.

" And as he bow'd beneath the axe, thank'd God
" That he had done his duty.
" I survive,
" A solitary friendless wretched one,
" Knowing no joy save in the faith I feel
" 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."

" 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,
" The hard wrongs of the great. A little while
" Tho' 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,

---

* There the wicked cease from troubling; and the weary be at rest.

Job. iii. 17.

" Woe to the Mighty Ones who send abroad
" Their train'd assassins, and who 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 Azincour, this conqueror King,
" Go to his grave. The long procession past
" Slowly from town to town, and when I heard
" The deep-toned dirge, and saw the banners wave
" A pompous * shade, and the high torches glare
" In the mid-day sun a dim and gloomy † light,

---

* Cent drapeaux funebres
Etaloient en plein jour de pompeuses tenebres.
Le Moyne. St. Louis. Liv. xvi.

† " 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

" I thought what he had been on earth who now

---

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 crosse 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 thro 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 Offrane. From Abville he was brought to Hedin, and from thence to Menstreuil, 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 accompanyed. In this manner they entered Calice.

Stowe.

" Was gone to his account, and blest my God
" I was not such as he!"
So spake the old man
And they betook them to their homely rest.

JOAN of ARC.

THE THIRD BOOK.

FAIR dawn'd the morning, and the early sun
Pour'd on the latticed cot a chearful gleam,
And up the travellers rose, and on their way
Hasten'd, their * dangerous way, thro' fertile tracks
The waste of war. They pass'd the Auxerrois;

* 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 auprés du Roi, sans qu'il leur arrivât rien de fâcheux.

Ils partirent, passerent par l'Auxerrois sans obstacle quoique les Anglois en fussent les maitres, traversérent plusieurs rivières à la nage, entrérent dans les pays de la domination du Roi, ou les parties ennemis couroient de tous côtes, sans en

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
Where he had slumber'd at his master's feet
The rank weed flourish'd. Did they sometimes find
A welcome, he who welcomed them was one

---

rencontrer aucun; arrivérent heureusement à Chinon où le Roi étoit, et lui donnérent avis de leur arrivée et du sujet qui les amenoit. Tout le monde fût extrémement surpris d'un si long voyage fait avec tant de bonheur.

Pere Daniel.

* "Nil Galliâ perturbatius, nil spoliatius, nil egentius esset, Sed neque cum milite melius agebatur, qui tametsi gaudebat prædâ, interim tamen trucidabatur passim, dum uterque rex civitates suæ 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

Who lingered in the place where he was born,
For that alone was left him now to love.
They past the Yonne, they past the rapid Loire,
Still urging on their way with cautious speed,

---

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 orrour to think or here it."

Henry. Rymer's Fœdera

Shunning Auxerre and Bars embattled wall
And Romorantins towers.
So journeying on,
Fast by a spring, which welling at his feet
With many a winding crept along the mead,
A Knight they saw, who at his plain repast
Let the west wind play round his ungirt brow.
Approaching near, the Bastard recogniz'd
The gallant friend of Orleans, the brave chief
Du Chastel; and the mutual greeting pass'd,
They, on the streamlet's mossy bank reclin'd,
Paus'd on their way, the frugal fare partook,
And drank the running waters.
"Art thou bound
"For the Court Dunois?" exclaim'd the aged Knight;
"I deem'd thee far away, coop'd in the walls
"Of Orleans; a hard siege her valiant sons
"Right loyally endure!"
"I left the town,"
Dunois reply'd, "thinking that my prompt speed

" Might seize the hostile stores, and with fresh force
" Re-enter. Fastoffe's * better fate prevail'd,
" And from the field of shame my maddening horse
" Bore me, for the barb'd arrow gored his flank.
" Fatigued and faint with that day's dangerous toil,
" My deep wounds bleeding, vainly with weak hand
" Check'd I the powerless rein. Nor ought avail'd
" When heal'd at length, defeated and alone
" Again to enter Orleans. In Lorraine
" I sought to raise new powers, and now return'd
" With strangest and most unexpected aid
" Sent by high Heaven, I seek the Court, and thence
" To that beleager'd town shall lead such force,
" That the proud English in their fields of blood
" Shall perish."
" I too," Tanneguy reply'd,
" In the field of battle once again perchance

---

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

" 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
" To die for him whom I have liv'd to * serve.
" Thou art for the Court; Son of the Chief I lov'd!
" Be wise by my experience. He who seeks
" Court favour, ventures like the boy who leans
" Over the brink of some high precipice
" To reach the o'er-hanging † fruit. Thou seest me here

---

* 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.

† 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.

" A banish'd * man, Dunois! so to appease
" Richemont†, who jealous of the royal ear,
" With midnight murder leagues, and down the Loire,
" Rolls the black carcase of his strangled foe.

---

* De Serres says, " the King was wonderfully discontented for the departure of Tanneguy of 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.

† 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 Beaulieu accepted De Giac's place, and was by the Constable's means assassinated in the King's presence.

" 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 lov'd Chief
" Whose death my * arm avenged, may thy days

---

* " The Dukes of Orleans and Burgundy had agreed to bury all past quarrels in oblivion, and to enter into strict amity: they swore before the altar the sincerity of their friendship; the priest administered the sacrament to both of them; they gave to each other every pledge which could be deemed sacred among men. But all this solemn preparation was only a cover for the basest treachery, which was deliberately premeditated by the Duke of Burgundy. He procured his rival to be assassinated in the streets of Paris; he endeavoured for some time to conceal the part which he took in the crime, but being detected, he embraced a resolution still more criminal and more dangerous to society, by openly avowing and justifying it. The Parliament itself of Paris, the tribunal of justice, heard the harangues of the Duke's advocate, in defence of assassination, which he termed tyrannicide; and that assembly, partly influenced by faction, partly overawed by power, pronounced no sentence of condemnation against this detestable doctrine "——" This murder, and still more the open avowal of the deed, and defence of the doctrine, tended to dissolve all bands of civil society, and even men of

" Be happy; serve thy country in the field,
" And in the hour of peace amid thy friends
" Dwell thou without ambition."

---

honour, who detested the example, might deem it just, on a favourable opportunity, to retaliate upon the author. Burgundy had entered into a secret treaty with the Dauphin, and the two Princes agreed to an interview, in order to concert the means of rendering effectual their common attack on the English; but how both or either of them could with safety venture upon this conference, it seemed somewhat difficult to contrive. The Duke, therefore, who neither dared to give, nor could pretend to expect any trust, agreed to all the contrivances for mutual security which were proposed by the Ministers of the Dauphin. The two Princes came to Monteseau; the Duke lodged in the castle, the Dauphin in the town, which was divided from the castle by the river Yonne; the bridge between them was chosen for the place of interview; two high rails were drawn across the bridge; the gates on each side were guarded, one by the officers of the Dauphin, the other by those of the Duke. The Princes were to enter into the intermediate space by the opposite gates, accompanied each by ten persons, and with all these marks of diffidence, to conciliate their mutual friendship. But it appeared that no precautions are sufficient where laws have no place, and where all principles of honour are utterly abandoned. Tanne-

So he spake.
But when the Bastard told the wonderous tale,
How interposing Heaven had its high aid
Vouchsafed to France, the old man's eyes flash'd fire,
And rising from the bank, the stately steed
That grazed beside he mounts. "Farewell Dunois,
"Thou too the Delegate of Heaven, farewell!
"I go to raise the standard! we shall meet
"At Orleans." O'er the plain he spurr'd his steed.

They journey on their way till Chinon's towers
Rose to the distant view; imperial seat
Of Charles, for Paris with her servile sons,

---

guy du Chatel, and others of the Dauphin's retainers, had been zealous partizans of the late Duke of Orleans, and they determined to seize the opportunity of revenging on the assassin the murder of that Prince. They no sooner entered the rails, than they drew their swords, and attacked the Duke of Burgundy. His friends were astonished, and thought not of making any defence; and all of them either shared his fate, or were taken prisoners by the retinue of the Dauphin."

Hume.

A headstrong, mutable, ferocious race,
" Bow'd to the invader's yoke, since that sad * hour
When Faction o'er her streets with giant stride
Strode terrible, and Murder and Revenge,
As by the midnight torches' lurid light
They mark'd their mangled victims writhe convuls'd,
Listen'd the deep death groan. Ill-fated scene!
Thro' many a dark age drenched with innocent blood,
And one day doom'd to know the damning guilt

---

* A dreadful slaughter of the Armagnacs had taken place when Lisle Adam entered Paris at midnight, May 18, 1418. This, however, was only a prelude to a much greater commotion in the same city some days after. Upon news of what had passed, the exiles being returned to Paris from all quarters, the massacre was renewed June the 12th. The constable Armagnac was taken out of prison, murdered, and shamefully dragged through the streets. The Chancellor, several Bishops, and other persons, to the number of two thousand, underwent the same barbarous treatment. Women and children died smothered in dungeons. Many of the Nobles were forced to leap from high towers upon the points of spears. The massacre being ended, the Queen and the Duke of Burgundy entered Paris in triumph.

Mezeray.—Rapin.

Of Brissot murder'd, and the blameless wife
Of Roland! Martyr'd patriots, spirits pure,
Wept by the good ye fell! Yet still survives
Sown by your toil and by your blood manur'd,
The imperishable seed; and still its roots
Spread, and strike deep, and yet shall it become
That Tree beneath whose shade the Sons of Men
Shall pitch their tents in peace.

In Paris now
Triumphed the Invader. On an infant's head
Had Bedford placed the crown of Charlemagne,
And factious nobles bow'd the subject knee
In homage to their King, their baby Lord,
Their cradled mighty one!

"Belov'd of Heaven,"
So spake the Son of Orleans as they pass'd,
"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
"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
" Or dead or captur'd, and the hopes of youth
" All blasted, have subdued the royal mind
" Undisciplin'd in Fortitude's stern school.
" So may thy voice arouse his sleeping virtues!"

The mission'd maid reply'd, " go thou Dunois,
" Announce my mission to the royal ear.
" I on the river's winding banks the while
" Would roam, collecting for the enterprize
" My thoughts, tho' firm, yet troubled. Who essays
" Atchievements of great import will perforce
" Feel the heart heave; and in my breast I feel
" Such perturbation."

On the banks of Vienne
Devious the Damsel turn'd. Thro' Chinon's gates
The Son of Orleans press'd with rapid step

Seeking the King. Him from the public view
He found secluded with his blameless Queen,
And his partaker of the unlawful bed,
The lofty-minded Agnes.
" Son of * Orleans!"
So as he entered cried the haughty Fair,
" Thou art well come to witness the disgrace,

---

* " 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 who 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

" The weak, unmanly, mean despondency
" Of this thy Sovereign Liege. He will retreat
" To distant Dauphinè and fly the war!
" Go then, unworthy of thy rank! retreat
" To distant Dauphinè, and fly the war,
" Recreant from battle! I will not partake
" A fugitive's fate, when thou hast lost thy crown
" Thou hast lost Agnes.—Do'st not blush Dunois!

---

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, maitresse de ce Prince, d'avoir beaucoup contribuè 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 mérite,
La cause étant de France recouvrer,
Que ce que peut dedans un Cloitre ouvrer
Clausé Nonnain, ou bien dévot Hermite.

P. Daniel.

" To bleed in combat for a Prince like this,
" Fit only like the Merovingian race
" On a May * morning deck'd with flowers, to mount

---

* 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 shewed 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.

Franciade de Ronsard.

" His gay-bedizened 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 !"

---

* Long hair was peculiar to the Kings in the first ages of the French monarchy. When Fredegonda had murthered 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'advis de la tondre. Depuis il ne porta plus longs cheveux, estant le premier de nos Roys, qui par un sinistre augere degenera de ceste venerable ancienneté. Sur son exemple, les princes premierement, puis les Gentilshommes et finalement tous les subjects se volourent 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 rasé, où maintenant chacun est tondu, et porte longue barbe.

" 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 Chiefs
" Fall'n in the field, or captives far away.
" Dead is the Douglas; cold thy warrior frame,
" Illustrious Buchan; ye from Scotland's hills,
" Not mindless of your old ally distress'd,
" Rush'd to his succour: in his cause ye fought,
" 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;
" Fall'n is Ventadaur; silent in the grave
" Rambouillet sleeps: Bretagne's unfaithful chief

---

* Le Viscomte de Narbonne y périt aussi, et porta le peine de sa témérite, qui avoit eté une des principales causes de la perte de la battaille. Le Duc de Betfort aiant fait chercher son corps, le fit écartaler et pendre à un gibet, parce qu'il passoit pour avoir été complice de la mort du Duc de Bourgogne.

P. Daniel.

" Leagues with my foes, and Richemont*, or in arms
" Defies my weak controul, or from my side,

---

* Richemont has left an honourable name, though he tyed 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 Françoise, qui produisit la tranquillité de la France et les grands victoires dont elle fut 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 publieés par le Roi pour la discipline militaire; et les examples 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 conseillérent de se démettre de sa charge de Connétable, comme d'une dignité qui etoit 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, etoit, 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

" A friend more dreaded than the enemy,
" Drives my best servants with the assassin sword.
" Soon must the towers of Orleans fall !—But now
" These sad thoughts boot not. Welcome to our court,
" Dunois ! We yet can give the friendly feast,
" And from the heavy cares of empire win,
" One hospitable day of merriment.

The Chief reply'd, " so may thy future years
" Pass from misfortune free, as all these ills
" Shall vanish like a vision of the night !
" To thee, to France I come the messenger
" Of aid from Heaven. The delegated Maid
" With me, whom all wise Providence decrees

---

grands Capitaines que la France ait eus à son service. Il avoit beaucoup de religion, il etoit liberal, aumônier, bienfaisant, et on ne peut guères lui reprocher que la hauteur et la violence, dont il usa envers les trois Ministres. And yet this violence to the favourites may have been among the services, *qu'il rendit au Roi, malgré ce Prince méme.*

" The Saviour of the realm ;—a holy Maid,
" Bearing strange promise of miraculous things,
" One whom it were not possible to hear
" And disbelieve."
Astonish'd by his speech
Stood Charles. " At one of meaner estimation
" I should have smil'd, Dunois. Thy well-known worth,
" The loyalty of all thy noble house,
" Compel me even to this, a most strange tale,
" To lend a serious ear. A woman sent
" From Heaven, the Saviour of this wasted realm,
" One whom it were not possible to hear,
" And disbelieve ! Dunois, ill now beseems
" Ought wild and hazardous ; the throne of France
" Totters upon destruction. Is my person
" Known to this woman ?"
" She has liv'd retir'd,"
The Bastard answer'd, " ignorant of courts,
" And little heeding, till the spirit of God
" Rous'd her to this great work."

To him the King,
" If then she knows me not, abide thou here,
" And hither, by a speedy messenger,
" Summon the Maiden. On the throne meantime,
" I the while mingling with the menial throng,
" Some courtier shall be seated. If the Maid
" Be by the spirit of God inspired indeed,
" That holy spirit will gift her with the power
" To pierce deception. But if strange of mind
" Enthusiast fancy fire her wilder'd brain,
" Thus proved, she to obscurity again
" May guiltlessly retire. Our English foes
" Might well exult to see the sons of France
" Led by a frenzied * female." So he said;

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* 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

And, with a doubtful hope, the son of Orleans
Dispatched a speedy messenger, to seek
Beside the banks of Vienne, the mission'd Maid.

Soon is the court conven'd; the jewell'd crown
Shines on a menial's head. Amid the throng
The Monarch stands, and anxious for the event,
His heart beats high. She comes, the inspir'd Maid!
And as the Bastard led her to the throne,
Quick glancing o'er the mimic Majesty
Fix'd full her eye on * Charles.

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sharp reprehension of the Duke of Glocester, because he would not deliver his wife Jaqueline 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.

* 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

" Thou art the King !
" I come the avenging Delegate of Heaven,
" To wield the fated weapon, from whose death,
" Their stern hearts palsied by the arm of God,
" Far, far from Orleans shall the English wolves
" Speed their disastrous flight. Monarch of France !
" Spread the good tidings through thy ravag'd realm !
" The Maid is come, the Mission'd Maid, whose hand

King and his Councell, 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 étonnnée, 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,

" Shall in the consecrated walls of Rheims
" Crown thee the anointed * King."

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pour faire lever le siège d' Orléans, 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.

* 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 in confirmation. " Quod autem in fine literæ vestræ nobis mandastis, videlicet quod intimaremus quid unctionis sacramentum videatur adjicere regiæ dignitati, cum multi sint reges qui nullatenùs 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 eminentér 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*

In wonder mute
The courtiers heard. The astonish'd King exclaim'd,
" This is indeed the agency of Heaven !
" Hard, Maiden, were I of belief," he cried,
" Did I not now, with full and confirm'd faith,

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leges justas ad regnum justè regendum ponat, positas observet et observari faciat, erroneas destruat; dono *Fortitudinis* omnia regno adversantia repellat et pro salute Reipublcæ mortem non timeat. Ad prædicta autem præcelenter agenda dono Consilii 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 Regiæ dignitati unctionis sacramentum quod Rex unctus præ cæteris in suo genere debet, ut prætactum 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

" Thee the redeemer of this ravaged realm
" Believe. Not doubting therefore the strange will
" Of all-wise providence, delay I now
" Instant to marshal the brave sons of France

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 & de la voix veut 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.

" Beneath thy banners ; but to satisfy
" Those who at distance from this most clear proof
" May hear and disbelieve, or yield at best
" A cold assent. These fully to confirm
" And more to manifest thy holy power,
" Forthwith with all due speed I shall convene
" The Doctors * of Theology, wise men

Elle apporte au Prelat ce vase precieux,
Plein d'un baume sacré, rare present des Cieux.

Clovis.

Guillermus Brito says that the Devil brake the viol of oil which St. 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.

* Ces paroles ainsi par elle dictes, la fist le Roy remener honorablement en son logis, & assemble son grand Conseil, au quel furent plusieurs Prelats Chevaliers Escuyers & chefs de guerre, avecques aucuns Docteurs en Theologie en Loix & en Decret, qui tous ensemble advisèrent qu'elle seroit interrogue 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, & tant sage

"And skilful in the mysteries of Heaven.

"By these thy mission studied and approved,

---

en ses paroles, que leur revelation faicte on en tent tres grand conte.

Diverses interrogations luy furent faictes par plusieurs Docteurs & autres gens de grand estat, a quoy elle respondit moult bien, & 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, & Dieu donneroit la victoire.

From the history of the siege of Orleans. Troyes. 1621.

In the *Gesta Joannæ Gallicæ of Valerandus Varanius,* one of the Counsellers 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.

Quâ me stultitiâ, quâ me levitate notandam
Creditis o patres? armis si forsitan, inquit,
Aptæ 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 vincta abeam, et cunctis sim fabula sæclis.

" As needs it must, their sanction to all minds
" Shall bring conviction, and the firm belief
" Lead on thy favour'd troops to mightiest deeds,
" Surpassing human credibility."

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
She sat with Agnes; Agnes proud of heart,
Majestically fair, whose large full eye
Or flashing anger, or with scornful scowl
Deform'd her beauteous features. Yet with her
The lawless idol of the Monarch's heart,
Mary, obedient to her husband's will,
Dwelt peaceful, from the proudly-generous mind
Of Agnes winning friendship. Soon the Maid
Lov'd the mild Queen, and sojourning with her
Expects the solemn summons.
Thro' the realm
Meantime the King's convoking voice was heard

And from their palaces and monasteries
Forth came the Doctors, men acute and deep,
Grown grey in study; Priests and Bishops haste
To Chinon: teachers wise and with high names,
Seraphic, Subtile, or Irrefragable,
By their admiring pupils dignified.

The Doctors met, from cloister gloom recluse,
Or from the haunts luxurious of the abode
Episcopal, they met, and sought the place
Of judgement. Very ancient was the dome,
The floor with many a monumental stone
O'erspread, and brass-ensculptur'd effigy
Of holy abbots honour'd in their day,
Now to the grave gone down. The branching arms
Of many a ponderous pillar met aloft,
Wreath'd on the roof emboss'd. The windows gleam'd
Awful and dim their many-colour'd light,
Thro' the rich robes of Eremites and Saints,
Trees, mountains, castles, ships, sun, moon, and stars,

Splendid confusion! the pure wave beneath
Reflects and trembles in the purpling beam.
On the altar burns that mystic lamp whose flame
May not be quenched.
Circling round the vase
They bow the knee, uttering the half-heard prayer;
Mysterious power communicating thus
To the hallowed water, deem'd a mightier spell
O'er the fierce fiends of Satan's fallen crew,
Than e'er the hell-hags taught in Thessaly,
Or they who sitting on the rifled grave,
Dim seen by the blue tomb-fire's lurid light,
Partake the Vampire's banquet.
This perform'd,
The Maid is summon'd. Round the holy vase
Mark'd with the mystic tonsure and enrob'd
In sacred vests, a venerable train,
They stand. The delegated Maid obeys
Their summons. As she came, a loveliest blush
O'er her fair cheek suffus'd, such as became

One mindful still of maiden modesty,
Tho' of her own worth conscious. Thro' the aisle
The cold wind moaning as it pass'd along
Waved her dark flowing locks. Before the train
In reverend silence waiting their sage will,
With half-averted eye she stood compos'd.
So have I seen the simple snow-drop rise
Amid the russet leaves that hide the earth
In early spring, so seen its gentle bend
Of modest loveliness amid the waste
Of desolation.

By the Maiden's side
The Son of Orleans stood, prepar'd to vouch
That when on Charles the Maiden's eye had fix'd,
As led by power miraculous, no fraud,
No juggling artifice of secret sign
Dissembled inspiration. As he stood
Steadily viewing the mysterious rites,
Thus to the attentive Maid the Arch-Priest spake
Severe.

"Woman, 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
"Of water hallowed in the name of God
"That damned spirit adjure I to depart
"From his possessed prey."
Slowly he spake
And sprinkled water on the virgin's face:
Indignant at the unworthy charge the Maid
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! before your view I stand
'A poor weak woman. Of the grace vouchsafed,
"How far unworthy, conscious: yet tho' mean,
"Guiltless of fraud, and chosen by highest heaven
"The minister of aid. Strange voices heard,
"The dark and shadowing visions of the night,

" And feelings that I may not dare to doubt,
" These portents make me conscious of the God
" Within me; he who gifted my purged eye
" To know the Monarch 'mid the menial throng,
" Unseen before. Thus much it boots to say.
" The life of simple virgin ill deserves
" To call your minds from studies wise and deep,
" Not to be fathom'd by the weaker sense
" Of man profane."

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

The Maid replied,
" Amid the mountain vallies I had driven
" My father's flock. The eve was drawing on,
" When by the sudden storm surpriz'd, 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,
" Awaking 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
" I drove my flock, with no irreverent thoughts,

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* 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 Galliæ mandatum divinitus accepit.

Bonfinius.

Heroinæ nobilissimæ Joannæ Darc Lotheringæ vulgo Aurelianensis Puellæ historia. Authore Joanne Hordal ser: ducis Lotharingæ consiliario. Ponti-Mussi. 1612.

" 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,
" Then heap'd the wither'd leaves that the autumn wind
" 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

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* 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 ought to be preserved. " 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 with my hands. 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! " Benedico te pater

" Before mine eyes, such and so beautiful
" As when, amid the house of wickedness,
" The Power whom with such fervent love she served
" Veiled her with glory. And she seem'd to point
" To the moss-grown altar, and the crucifix
" Half hid by weeds and grass;—and then I thought
" I could have withered armies with a look,
" For from the present Saint such divine power
" I felt infused.—'Twas 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

---

omnipotens, qui etiam per flammas, intrepidam me ad te venire permittis. Ecce quod credidi jam video, quod speravi jam teneo, quod concupivi manibus jam complector. Te igitur labiis confiteor, te corde, te totis visceribus concupisco. Ecce ad te venio vivum et verum deum.

Jacobus Philippus Bergomensis.

St. Agnes, St. Catherine, and St. Margaret, were the Saints more particularly reverenced by the Maid of Orleans.

" And accurate in every circumstance
" Of time and place."
Attentive to her words
Thus the Priest answered.
" Brethren ye have heard
" The woman's tale. Beseems us now to ask
" Whether of holy Church a duteous child
" Before our court appears, so not unlike
" Heaven might vouchsafe its gracious miracle;
" Or silly heretic whose erring thoughts,
" Monstrous and vain, perchance might stray beyond
" All reason, and conceit strange dreams and signs
" Impossible. Say, woman, from thy youth
" Hast thou, as rightly mother church demands,
" Confess'd to the holy Priest each secret sin,
" That by the grace vouchsafed to him from Heaven,
" He might absolve thee?
" Father," she replied,
" The forms of worship in mine earlier years
" 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
" A cold damp chill me, I beheld the flame
" 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
" Devoutest meaning. Often when I saw
" The pictur'd flames writhe round a penanced soul,
" Have I retired, and knelt before the cross
" And wept for grace, and trembled and believed
" A God of Terrors. But in riper years,
" 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 flamy path,
" And on the lowliest flowret of the field
" 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.
"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
"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
"Making a holy music to mine ear:
"Oh! was it strange, if for such scenes as these
"Such deep devoutness, such intense delight

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* Thro' the scene are faintly heard
Sounds that are silence to the mind.

Charles Lloyd.

"Of quiet adoration, I forsook
"The house of worship? strange that when I felt
"That God had made my Spirit quick to feel
"And love whate'er was beautiful and good,
"And from ought evil and deform'd to shrink
"Even as with instinct; father! was it strange
"That in my heart I had no thought of sin
"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 Priest replied,
"Woman thou seemst to scorn
"The ordinances of the holy Church,
"And, if I rightly understand thy words,
"Thou sayest that Solitude and Nature taught
"Thy feelings of religion, and that now
"Masses and absolutions and the use
"Of mystic wafer, are to thee unknown.
"How then could nature teach thee true religion,

" Depriv'd of these ? Nature can teach 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
" Absolve the soul. 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 ? Altho' thy life
" Of sin were free, if of this holy truth
" Ignorant, thy soul in liquid flames must rue
" Transgression."

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

" Fathers of the holy church,
" If on these points abstruse a simple maid
" Like me, should err, impute not you the crime
" To self-will'd reason, vaunting its own strength
" Above the eternal wisdom. True it is
" That for long time I have not heard the sound

"Of mass high-chaunted, nor with trembling lips
"Partook the mystic wafer: yet the bird
"Who to the matin ray prelusive pour'd
"His joyous song, methought did warble forth
"Sweeter thanksgiving to Religion's ear
"In his wild melody of happiness,
"Than ever rung along the high-arched roofs
"Of man. Yet never from the bending vine
"Pluck'd I its ripen'd clusters thanklessly,
"Of that good God unmindful, who bestow'd
"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 can teach to sin:
"Nature is all Benevolence, all Love,
"All Beauty! In the greenwood's simple 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
" And famine-fall'n, hangs o'er her hungry babes,
" With such a look, so wan, so woe-begone,
" As shall one day, with damning eloquence,
" Against the mighty plead! Nature teach sin!
" O blasphemy against the Holy One,
" 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,
" 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 Churches saving power,
" Deems nature sinless. Therefore, mark me well,
" Brethren, I would propose this woman try
" The holy ordeal. Let her, bound and stript,

" Lest haply in her clothes should be conceal'd
" Some holy relic so profan'd, be cast
" In the deep pond; there if she float, no doubt
" Some fiend upholds, but if she instant sink,
" Sure sign is that that Providence displays
" Her free from witchcraft. This done, let her walk
" Blinded and bare o'er ploughshares heated red,
" And o'er these past, her naked arm plunge deep
" In scalding water. If from these she pass
" Unhurt, to holy father of the church
" Most blessed Pope, we then refer the cause
" 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 dance to please
" Your dotard fancies! Fathers of the church,
" 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
" In victory to prove the mission sent
" From favouring Heaven. To the Pope refer
" For judgement! Know ye not that France even now
" Stands tottering on destruction!"
Starting wild,
With a strange 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
Beside her: and within that house of death
The clash of arms was heard, as tho' below
The shrouded warrior shook his mailed limbs.

" 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
" Here from the sepulchre, where many an age,
" Incorruptible, they have lain conceal'd,
" For me preserv'd, the Delegate of Heaven."

Recovering from amaze, the Priest replied:
" Thou art indeed the Delegate of Heaven!
" 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 to the assembled court the minstrel harp'd
The 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,
"Enough is given of the wearying day
"To the public weal."
Obedient to the King
The guard invites the traveller to his fare.
"Nay, I will see the monarch," he replied,
"And he shall hear my tidings; duty-urg'd,
"For many a long league have I hasten'd on,
"Not now to be repell'd." Then with strong arm
Removing him who barr'd his onward way,

The hall he enters.

" King of France! I come
" From Orleans, speedy and effectual aid
" Demanding for her gallant garrison,
" Faithful to thee, tho' thinn'd in many a fight,
" And wither'd now by want. Thee it beseems
" For ever anxious for thy people's weal,
" To succour the brave men whose honest breasts
" Bulwark thy throne."

He said, and from the hall
With upright step departing, in amaze
At his so bold deportment left the court.
The King exclaim'd, " but little need to send
" 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 has serv'd thee well.
" Him have I seen the foremost of the fight,
" Wielding so fearfully his death-red 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
"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 pour their yells of victory!
"The will of God defends those fated walls,
"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, thro' many an age
"Kept holy and inviolate by time."
She said, and rising from the board, retired.

Meantime the herald's brazen voice proclaim'd
Coming solemnity, and far and wide

Spread the strange tidings. Every labour ceas'd;
The ploughman from the unfinish'd furrow hastes;
The armourer's anvil beats no more the din
Of future slaughter. Thro' the thronging streets
The buz of asking wonder hums along.

On to St. Catherine's sacred fane they go;
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,
Her lovely limbs robed in a snow-white vest;
Wistless that every eye on her was fix'd,
With stately step she moved: her labouring soul
To high thoughts elevate; and gazing round
With the wild eye, that of the circling throng
And of the visible world unseeing, saw
The shapes of holy phantasy. By her
The warrior Son of Orleans strode along

Preeminent. He, nerving his young frame
With manly exercise, had scaled the cliff,
And dashing in the torrent's foaming flood,
Stemm'd with broad breast its fury; so his form,
Sinewy and firm, and fit for loftiest deeds,
Tower'd high amid the throng effiminate;
No dainty bath had from his hardy limbs
Effaced the hauberk's * honourable marks;
His helmet bore of hostile steel the dints
Many and deep; upon his pictur'd shield
A Lion vainly struggled in the toils,
Whilst by his side the cub with pious rage,
His young mane floating to the desart air,
Rends the fallen huntsman. Tremouille him behind,

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* 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 precautions cependant il en laissait encore; ces marques s'appellaient *camois*, et on les faisait disparaître par le bain.

Le Grand.

The worthless favourite of the slothful Prince,
Stalk'd arrogant, in shining armour clasp'd,
Emboss'd with gold and gems of richest hue,
Gaudily graceful, by no hostile blade
Defac'd, and rusted by no hostile blood;
Trimly accoutred court habiliments,
Gay lady-dazzling armour, fit to adorn
In dangerless manœuvres some review,
The mockery of murder! follow'd him
The train of courtiers, summer-flies that sport
In the sun-beam 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
Pour their deep music, pleasant melody
To the tired traveller, under some old oak
Stretch'd in the checquer'd shade; or as the sound
Of many waters down the far off-steep
Dash'd with loud uproar, rose the murmur round

Of admiration. Every gazing eye
Dwelt on the mission'd Maid; of all beside,
The long procession and the gorgeous train,
Tho' glittering they with gold and sparkling gems,
And their rich plumes high waving to the air,
Heedless.

The consecrated dome they reach,
Rear'd to St. Catharine's holy memory.
Her tale the altar told; when Maximin,
His rais'd lip kindled with a savage smile,
In such deep fury bade the tenter'd wheel
Tear her life piecemeal, that the very face
Of the hard executioner relax'd
With horrour; calm she heard, no drop of blood
Forsook her cheek, her steady eye was turn'd
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 Catharine cast,

Then bow'd her to the sword of * martyrdom.

Her eye averting from the storied woe,
The delegated damsel knelt and pour'd
To Heaven the earnest prayer.

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* Such is the legend of St. Catharine, Princess of Alexandria, whose story has been pictured upon sign-posts and in churches, but whose memory will be preserved longer by the ale-house than by the altar. The most extravagant perhaps of Dryden's Plays is upon this subject. In my former edition I had, ignorantly, represented Catharine as dying upon the wheel, and the description of her sufferings was too painfully 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. Catharine 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 desposo con el Esposo eterno,
La Angelica Rachel siendo madrina;

A trophied tomb
Close to the altar rear'd its ancient bulk.
Two pointless javelins and a broken sword,
Time-mouldering now, proclaim'd some warrior slept
The sleep of death beneath. A massy stone

Aquel Esposo, que el nevado invierno
Se cubrio con escarcha matutina,
El que tiene los ojos de palomas
Y del labio de lirio vierte aromas.

Lope de Vega.

The marginal note adds La Virgen fue Madrina en los desporios 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

And rude-ensculptur'd effigy o'erlaid
The sepulchre. In silent wonderment
The expectant multitude with eager eye
Gaze, listening as the mattock's heavy stroke
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 sun-beam
Beams on the inshrined arms, the crested helm,
The bauldrick's strength, the shield, the sacred* sword.

---

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 his 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.

* Puella petiit gladium, quem divinitus uti aiebat, erat facta certior in templo divæ Catherinæ in Turonibus, inter antiqua

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
The white plumes nod, majestically slow;
She lifts the buckler and the sacred sword,
Gleaming portentous light.

---

donaria pendere. Miratus Carolus, gladium inquiri, ac inventum protinus Puellæ afferri 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 *cilicio* 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 Rodrigo, 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.

The wondering crowd
Raise the loud shout of transport. "God of Heaven,"
The Maid exclaim'd, "Father all merciful!
"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 Love, preserve
"Those whom no lust of glory leads to arms."

She ceas'd, 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 rais'd the choral hymn
"Thee Lord we praise, our God!" the throng without
Catch the strange tidings, join the hymn of joy,
And thundering transport peals along the heavens.

As thro' the parting crowd the virgin pass'd,
He who from Orleans on the yesternight
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 the 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 warrior virgin pass'd along,
And much revolving in her troubled mind,
Retreads the court.
And now the horn announced
The ready banquet; 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 appellons entrées, rôti et entremets, on sortait de table pour se laver les mains une seconde fois, comme chez les Romains de qui paraît être venu cet usage. Les domestiques desservaient pendant ce tems; ils enlevaient une des nappes et apportaient les confitures (qu'on nommait *epices*) 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

Then rose and in the cooling water cleansed
Their hands, and seated at the board again
Enjoyed the bowl, or scented high with spice,
Or flavour'd with the fragrant summer fruit,
Or luscious with metheglin * mingled rich.

Ménétriers venoient réciter leurs fabliaux, lorsqu'on admettait leur présence.

Le Grand.

* 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 appellait 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'on en donnait meme aux Moines dans les Couvens à certains jours de l'année.

Le Grand.

Meantime the Trouveur struck the harp; he sung
Of Lancelot du Lake, the truest Knight
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.
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 enwreathe
The immortal garland for himself and you.

The full sound echoed o'er the arched roof,
And listening eager to the favourite lay,
The guests sat silent, when into the hall

---

* Sir Tristam du Lyones.
† Sir Balin le Sauvage.
§ Ariosto.

The Messenger from that besieged town,
Stalk'd stately. " It is pleasant, King of France,
" To feast at ease and hear the harper's song;
" Far other music hear the men of Orleans!
" DEATH is among them; there the voice of Woe
" Moans ceaseless."
" Rude unmannerly intruder!"
Exclaim'd the Monarch, " Cease to interrupt
" The hour of merriment; it is not thine
" To instruct me in my duty."
Of reproof
Heedless, the stranger to the minstrel cried,
" 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 mighty one,
" Who tore the ewe lamb from the poor man's bosom,
" That was to him even as a daughter! Charles,

"This holy tale would I tell, prophet-like,
"And look at thee and cry, "thou art the man!"

He said, and with a quick and troubled step
Retired. Astonish'd at his daring phrase,
The guests sat heedless of the minstrel's song,
Pondering the words mysterious. Soon the harp
Beguil'd their senses of anxiety.

The court dispers'd: retiring from the hall,
Charles and the delegated damsel sought
The inner palace. There awaited them
The Queen: with her *JOAN* loved to pass the hours,
By various converse cheer'd; for she had won
The Virgin's heart by her mild melancholy,
The calm and duteous patience that deplor'd
A husband's cold half-love. To her she told
With what strange words the messenger from Orleans
Had rous'd uneasy wonder in her mind;
For on her ear yet vibrated his voice,

When lo! again he came and at the door
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,
" That thou mayest 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 awfully severe, he cried,
" Dost thou too know me not!"
She glanced on him,
And pale and breathless hid her head convuls'd
In the Maid's bosom.
" King of France!" he said,
" She lov'd me! day by day I dwelt with her,
" Her voice was music, very sweet her smiles!

" I left her ! left her Charles, in evil hour,
" To fight thy battles. Thou meantime didst come,
" Staining most foul her spotless purity ;
" For she was pure.—Alas ! these courtly robes
" Hide not the hideous stain of infamy,
" Thou canst not with thy golden * belt put on

---

* 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 robbes à collets renversez, queües, ne ceintures dorees, boutonnieres à leurs chaperons, sur peine de confiscation et amende, et que les Huissiers de Parlement, Commissaires & Sergents du Chastelet qui les trouveroient, eussent à les mener prisonnieres.

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:

" An honourable name, unhappy one!
" My poor polluted Agnes!—Charles almost
" My faith in heaven is shaken! thou art here
" Rioting in joy, while I, tho' innocent
" Of ill, the victim of another's vice,
" Drag on the loathsome burthen of existence,
" And doubt Heaven's justice?"

So he said, and frown'd
Dark as the form who at Mohammed's door
Knock'd fierce and frequent; from whose fearful look
Bath'd with cold damps, every beholder fled.
Even the prophet almost terrified,
Endur'd but half to view him, for he knew
AZRAEL, the dreadful Messenger of Fate,
And his death-day was come. Guilt-petrified
The Monarch sat, nor could endure to face

---

car il n'y auroit point plus prompt moyen que cestuy, pour bannier le superfluité & bombance des Dames.

Pasquier.

His bosom-probing frown. The mission'd Maid
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,
Dreadful though calm : him from the Court she drew,
And to the river's banks resisting not,
Both sadly silent, led ; till at the last
As from a dream awaking, Conrade look'd
Full on the Maid, and falling on her neck,
He wept.
" I know thee, Damsel !" he exclaim'd,
" Dost thou remember that tempestuous night,
" When I, a weather-beaten traveller, sought
" Your hospitable doors ? ah me ! I then
" Was happy ! you too sojourn'd then in peace.
" Fool that I was, I blam'd such happiness,
" 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,
" Wak'd by thy words, possess'd me."
Conrade cried,
" Poor Maiden, thou wert happy ! thou hadst liv'd
" Blessing and blest, if I had never stray'd,
" Needlessly rigid from my peaceful path.
" And thou hast left thine home then, and obey'd
" The feverish fancies of thine 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.
" I am alone" she answer'd, " for this realm
" Devoted." Nor to answer more the Maid
Endur'd; for many a melancholy thought
Throng'd on her aching memory. Her mind's eye
Beheld Domremi and the fields of Arc :

Her burthen'd heart was full; such grief she felt
Yet such sweet solacing of self-applause
As chears the banish'd Patriots lonely hours
When Fancy pictures to him all he lov'd,
Till the big tear-drop rushes o'er its orb,
And drowns the soft enchantment.

With a look
That spake solicitous wonder, Conrade eyed
The silent Maid; nor would the Maid suppress
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,
" I sate beside the brook, my soul was full,
" As if inebriate with Divinity.
" Then Conrade! I beheld the ruffian herd
" Circle a flaming pile, where at the stake
" A woman stood; the iron bruised her breast,
" And round her limbs ungarmented, the fire
" Curl'd its fierce flakes. I saw her countenance,

"I knew * MYSELF." Then, in subdued tones
Of calmness, "there are moments when the soul
"From her own impulse with strange dread recoils,
"Suspicious of herself: but with most 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,
"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 serv'd,
"In the hour of ill abandon'd, thou shalt curse

---

* Hæc igitur Janna Pulcella virgo, cum magnam gloriam in armis esset adepta, 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.

"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
"Knows not its hidden windings: I have trod
"That path, and mark'd a melancholy den,
"Where one whose jaundiced soul abhors itself,
"May pamper him in compleat wretchedness.
"There sepulchred, the ghost of what he was,
"Conrade shall dwell, and in the languid hour,
"When the jarr'd senses sink to a sick calm,
"Shall mourn the waste of frenzy!"

Then the Maid
Fix'd upon Conrade her commanding eye,
"I pass'd the fertile Auxerrois," she cried,

---

* There is a path which no fowl knoweth, and which the vulture's eye hath not seen: The lion's whelps hath not trodden it, nor the fierce lion passed by it.

Job xxviii. 7, 8.

" The vines had spread their interwoven shoots
" Over the unpruned vineyards, the rich grapes
" Rotted beneath the leaves, for there was none
" To tread the vintage, and the birds of Heaven
" Had glutted them. I saw the cattle start
" 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

" And with a piteous moaning vainly seek
" To fly the death to come. I have look'd back
" Upon the cottage where I had partook
" The peasant's meal, and seen it wrapt in flames;
" And then I thank'd my God that I had burst
" The stubborn ties that fetter down the soul
" 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

---

yeere, *he gave Charles a goodly sonne by Queen Mary his wife.*"

* 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.

† 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.

" Of love, the overflowings of the heart;
" There is oppression in thy country Conrade!
" There is a cause, a holy cause, that needs
" The just man's aid. Live for it, and enjoy
" Earth's noblest recompense, thine own esteem;
" Or die in that good cause, and thy reward
" Shall sure be found in Heaven."

He answer'd not,
But clasping to his heart the Virgin's hand,
Hastened across the plain. She with dim eyes,
For gushing tears obscur'd them, follow'd him
Till lost in distance. With a weight of thought
Opprest, along the poplar-planted Vienne
Awhile she wandered, then upon the bank
She laid her down, and watch'd the tranquil stream
Flow with a quiet murmuring, by the clouds
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
Its long green tresses in the stream, the crag
That overbrow'd the spring, and that old yew
Which thro' the bare and rifted rock had forced
Its twisted trunk, the berries chearful red
Starring its gloomy green. Her pleasant home
She saw, and those who made that home so dear,
Her loved lost friends. The mingled feelings fill'd
Her eye, when from behind a voice address'd her,
"Forgive the intrusion, Lady! I would ask
"Where I might meet that Heaven-commission'd Maid,
"Call'd to deliver France."
The well-known tones
Thrill'd her; her heart throbb'd fast, she started up,
And fell upon the neck of Theodore.

"Oh! I have found thee!" cried the enraptur'd youth,
"And I shall dare the battle by thy side,
"And shield thee from the war! but tell me, *JOAN*,
"Why didst thou brood in such strange mystery,

"Over thy Heaven-doom'd purpose? trust me, Maiden
"I have shed many tears for that wild gloom
"That so estranged thee from thy Theodore!
"If thou couldst know the anguish I endur'd
"When thou wert gone!"

Forgetful of her call,
Again the lowly shepherdess of Arc,
In half-articulated words the Maid
Express'd her joy. Of Elinor she ask'd,
How from a doting mother he had come
In arms array'd.

"Thou wakest in my mind
"A thought that makes me sad," the youth replied,
"For Elinor wept much at my resolve,
"And, eloquent with all a mother's fears,
"Urged me to leave her not. My wayward heart
"Smote me, as I look'd back and saw her wave
"Adieu! but high in hope I soon beguil'd
"These melancholy feelings, by the thought
"That we should both return to cheer her age,

" Thy mission well-fulfill'd, and quit no more
" The copse-embosom'd cottage."
But the Maid
Soon started from her dream of happiness,
For on her memory flash'd the flaming pile.
A death-like paleness at the dreadful thought
Wither'd her cheek; the dews on her cold brow
Started, and on the arm of Theodore
Feeble and faint she hung. His eager eye
Concentring all the anguish of the soul,
And strain'd in anxious love, on her wan cheek
Fearfully silent gazed. But by the thought
Of her high mission rous'd, the Maiden's soul
Collected, and she spake.
" My Theodore,
" Thou hast done wrong to quit thy mother's home!
" Alone and aged she will weep for thee,
" Wasting the 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,
" And Elinor looks on to the glad hour
" When we shall both return. Amid the war
" How many an arm will seek thy single life,
" How many a sword, . . . nay I will go with thee
" And spread the guardian shield!"
Again the Maid
Grew pale; for of her last and terrible hour
The vision'd scene she saw. " Nay," she replied,
" I shall not need thy succour in the war.
" 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. " O! the Court
" Is pleasant, and thy soul would fain forget

" An obscure Villager, who only boasts
" The treasure of the heart!"
She look'd at him
With the reproaching eye of tenderness:
" Devoted for the realm of France, I go
" A willing victim. The unpierced veil
" To me was rais'd, my gifted eye beheld
" The fearful features of Futurity.
" Yes, Theodore, I shall redeem my country,
" Abandoning for this the joys of life,
" Yea, life itself!" then on his neck she fell,
And with a faultering voice, " return to Arc!
" I do not tell thee there are other maids
" As fair; for thou wilt love my memory,
" Hallowing to it the temple of thy heart.
Worthy * a happier, not a better love,
" My Theodore!"—Then, pressing his pale lips

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* Digna minus misero, non meliore viro.

Ovid.

" A last and holy kiss the Virgin fix'd,
And rush'd 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 retir'd; but her the King
Met on the threshold. He of the late scene
Forgetful and his crime, as chearful seem'd
As tho' there had not been a God in Heaven!
" Enter the hall," he cried, " the masquers there
" Join in the dance. Why Maiden art thou sad?
" Has that rude madman shook thy gentle frame
" With his strange frenzies?"
Ere the Maid replied
The Son of Orleans came with joyful speed
Poising his massy javelin.
" Thou hast rous'd
" The sleeping virtue of the sons of France;
" They crowd around the standard," cried the chief,

" My lance is ponderous, I have sharp'd my sword
" To meet the mortal combat. Mission'd Maid,
" Our brethren sieged in Orleans, every moment
" Gaze from the watch-tower with the sick'ning 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
" 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
" 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."

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2 *Esdras*, xiv. 14.

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."

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;
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,
Await her coming. Terrible in arms
Before them tower'd Dunois, his manly face
O'ershadow'd by the helmet's iron cheeks.

The assembled court gaz'd on the marshall'd train,
And at the gate the aged prelate stood
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,
Snow-white they bore. A mingled sentiment
Of awe, and eager ardor for the fight,
Thrill'd thro' the army, as the reverend man
Took the white standard, and with heaven-ward eye
Call'd on the God of Justice, blessing it.
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
Receiv'd the mystic ensign. From the host
A loud and universal shout burst forth,
As rising from the ground, on her white brow,
She placed the plumed casque, and waved on high
The banner'd lillies. On their way they march,

And dim in distance, soon the towers of Chinon
Fade from the eye reverted.

The sixth sun,
Purpling the sky with his dilated light,
Sunk westering; when embosomed in the depth
Of that old forest, that for many a league
Shadows the hills and vales of Orleannois,
They pitch their tents. The hum of occupation
Sounds ceaseless. Waving to the evening gale,
The streamers wanton; 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,
The martial Maiden wander'd thro' 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 as she did sing
Sad ditties, and enwreathe to bind his brow
The melancholy garland. At the sound

Of one in arms approaching, she had fled;
But Conrade, looking upward, recogniz'd
The Maid of Arc. "Nay fear not, Isabel,
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 held it to his bosom. "My weak heart,
"Tho' 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 shall be thy friend more readily
"Because thou art unhappy."
Isabel
Saw a tear starting in the Virgin's eye,
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
" 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,
" High joys and soul-ennobling."

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
" 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,
" Lightlier the time would pass. Return with me,
" I may not long be absent."

So she spake.

The wanderer in half-uttered words express'd
Grateful assent. " Art thou astonish'd Maid,
" That one tho' powerful is benevolent?
" In truth thou well mayest wonder!" Conrade cried.
" But little cause to love the mighty ones
" Has the low cottager! for with its shade
" Doth POWER, a barren death-dew-dropping tree,
" Blast ev'ry herb beneath its baleful boughs!
" 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
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 woodbin'd wall,
" The jessamine that round the straw-roof'd cot
" Its fragrant branches wreath'd, beneath whose shade

" I wont to sit and watch the setting sun
" And hear the redbreast's lay. Nor far remote
" As o'er the subject landskip round I gazed,
" The towers of Yenwell rose upon the view.
" 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
" Procur'd our homely sustenance; our herds
" Duly at morn and evening to my hand
" Gave their full stores; the vineyard he 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.
" How chearful seated round the blazing hearth
" When all the labour of the day was done,
" We past the evening hours! for they would sing
" Or chearly roundelay, or ditty sad
" Of maid forsaken and the willow weed,

" Or of the doughty Paladins of France,
" Some warlike fit, the while my spinning wheel
" Humm'd not unpleasing round!"
" Thus long we lived,
" And happy. To a neighbouring youth my hand
" In holy wedlock soon to be confin'd
" Was plighted: my poor Francis:" Here she paus'd,
And here she wept awhile.
" We did not dream
" The desolating sword of War would stoop
" To us; but soon as with the whirlwind's speed
" Ruin * rush'd round us. Mehun, Clery, fell,
" The banner'd Leopard wav'd on Gergeau's wall;

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* " 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.

" Baugenci yielded; soon the foe approach'd
" The towers of Yenville."
" Fatal was the hour
" To wretched Isabel: for from the wall
" The rusty sword was taken, and the shield
" That long had mouldered 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 thro' the day a dismal din.
" 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
" Should bear the helmet's weight! but in the field
" Better to boldly 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,

"There is a better world!"

"In broken words
"Lifting his looks to Heaven, my father breath'd
"His blessing on me. As they strode away,
"My brethren gazed on me and wrung my hand
"In silence, for they lov'd their Isabel.
"From the near cottage Francis join'd the troop.
"Then did I look on our forsaken home,
"And almost sob my very soul away!
"For all my hopes of happiness were fled,
"Like a vain dream!"

"Perish these mighty ones," Cried Comrade, "these prime ministers of death,
"Who stalk elated o'er their fields of fame,
"And count the thousands they have massacred,
"And with the bodies of the innocent, rear
"Their pyramid of glory! perish these,
"The epitome of all the pestilential plagues
"That Egypt knew! who pour 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!"

Thus whilst 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;
And thro' the opening glade gleamed 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 paus'd awhile, and gaz'd
" And wept; for often had I crost the hill
" With chearful step, and seen the rising smoke
" Of hospitable fire; alas! no smoke
" Curl'd o'er the melancholy chimneys now!
" Orleans I reach'd. There in the suburbs stood

" 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 the fatal fight !

" And soon the foes approach'd : impending war
" Soon Sadden'd * Orleans. There the bravest chiefs

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* " 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 aud 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 maintain-

" Assemble: Thouars, Coarase, Chabannes,
" And the Sire * Chapelle in successful war
" Since wounded to the death, and that good Knight
" Gfresme of Rhodes, who in a better cause
" Can never wield the crucifix † that hilts

---

ing the independance of their monarchy, and the rights of their sovereign."

Hume.

* 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 Allmighty, 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."

† 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.

" His hallowed sword, and Xaintrailles ransom'd now,
" And Fayette late releas'd, and that young * Duke
" Who at Verneuil senseless with many a wound
" Fell prisoner, and La Hire, the † merriest man

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* Alençon.

† " In the late warres in France between King Henry the fifth of England and Charles the 7th 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 thinges 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 had just time before an engagement to make a general confession of his sins, and tell his Confessor that they were all of them very soldier-like ones. This done he made this prayer, " Dieu je te prie, que tu fasses aujourd'hui pour

" 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
" 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,
" Late throng'd with multitudes, now feel the hand
" Of * Ruin. These preventive care destroys,

La Hire, autant que tu voudrois que La Hire fit pour toi, s'il etoit Dieu et tu fusses La Hire." The epitaph of Thomas Hodmandod was evidently suggested by this ill-directed jest of La Hire. It is surprising how few witticisms are original.

* " 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. Monstrellet.

" Lest England, shelter'd by the friendly walls,
" Securely should approach. The monasteries
" Fell in the general waste. The holy Monks
" Unwillingly their long-accustomed haunts
" Abandon, haunts where every gloomy nook
" Call'd to awakened memory some trace
" Of vision seen, or sound miraculous.
" Trembling and terrified, their noiseless cells
" For the rude uproar of a world unknown,
" The nuns desert: their Abbess, more composed,
" Collects her maids around, and tells her beads,
" And pours the timid prayer of piety.
" The citizens with long and ceaseless stroke
" Dig up the violated earth, to impede
" The foe: the hollow chambers of the dead
" Echo'd beneath. The brazen-trophied tomb
" Thrown in the furnace, now prepares to give
" The death it late recorded. It was sad
" To see so wide a waste; the aged ones
" Hanging their heads, and weeping as they went

" O'er the fall'n dwellings of their happier years;
" The stern and sullen silence of the men
" Musing on vengeance: and, but ill represt,
" The mother's fears as to her breast she clasp'd
" Her ill-doom'd infant. Soon the suburbs lay
" One ample ruin; the huge stones remov'd,
" Wait in the town to rain the storm of death.

" And now without the walls the desolate plain
" Stretch'd wide, a rough and melancholy waste,
" With uptorn pavements and foundations deep
" Of many a ruined dwelling: nor within
" Less dreary was the scene; at evening hour
" No more the merry * viol's note was heard,

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* 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 stripe with the frets with which viols of all kinds seem to have been

" No more the aged matron at her door
" Humm'd cheery to her spinning wheel, and mark'd
" Her children dancing to the roundelay.
" The chieftains strengthening still the massy walls,
" Survey them with the prying eye of fear.
" The eager youth in dreadful preparation
" Strive in the mimic war. Silent and stern,
" With the hurrying restlessness of fear, they urge
" Their gloomy labours. In the city dwelt
" An utter silence of all pleasant sounds,
" But all day long the armourers beat was heard,
" And all the night it echoed.

" Soon the foe

---

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.

" Led to our walls the siege: as on they move
" The clarions clangor, and the chearful fife,
" According to the thundering drum's deep sound,
" Direct their measur'd march. Before the ranks
" Stalks the stern form of Salisbury, the scourge
" Of France; and Talbot towered by his side;
" Talbot, at whose dread name the froward child
" Clings mute and trembling to his nurse's breast.
" Suffolk was there, and Hungerford, and Scales,
" And Fastolffe, victor in the frequent fight.
" Dark as the autumnal storm they roll'd along,
" A countless host! From the high tower I mark'd
" The dreadful scene; I saw the iron blaze
" Of javelins sparkling to the noontide sun,
" Their banners tossing to the troubled gale,
" And—fearful music—heard upon the wind
" The modulated step of multitudes.

" There in the midst, shuddering with fear, I saw
" The dreadful stores of death; tremendous roll'd

" Over rough roads the harsh wheels; the brazen tubes
" Flash'd in the sun their fearful splendor far,
" And last the loaded waggons creak'd along.

" Nor were our chieftains whilst their care procur'd
" Human defence, neglectful to implore
" That heavenly aid, deprived of which the strength
" Of man is weakness. Bearing thro' our streets
" 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
" Was throng'd by supplicants, the general voice
" Call'd on Saint * Aignan's name again to save

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* St. Aignan was the tutelary Saint of Orleans. He had miraculously been chosen Bishop of that City when Attilla 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'estant mocqué, disant, que

" His people, as of yore, before he past
" Into the fullness of eternal rest,
" When by the Spirit to the lingering camp

---

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 ces 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 assuere que c'etoit le secours d'Ætius et de Teudo Roy des Goths, lesquels tardans a se montrer a l'armee d'Attilla, 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 contens de cette victoire, le poursuivirent si vivement avec le Roy Merouee, qui se vint joindre a eux, qu' ils le defirent en battaille 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.

" Of Ætius borne, he brought the timely aid,
" And Attilla with all his multitudes
" Far off retreated to their field of shame.

And now Dunois, for he had seen the camp
" Well-order'd, enter'd. " One night more in peace
" England shall rest," he cried, " ere yet the storm
" Bursts 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
" The detail. Isabel proceed! for soon
" Destin'd to rescue that devoted town,
" The tale of all the ills she hath endur'd,
" I listen, sorrowing for the past, and feel
" High satisfaction at the saviour power
" To me commission'd."
Thus the virgin spake,

Nor Isabel delayed. "And now more near
"The hostile host advancing pitch their tents.
"Unnumber'd streamers wave, and clamorous shouts,
"Anticipating conquest, rend the air
"With universal uproar. From their camp
"A Herald comes; his garb emblazon'd o'er
"With leopards and the lilies of our realm
"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 prond
"That Herald spake, as certain of success
"As he had made a league with Victory."
"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,
"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
" 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
" Of Henry and your Princess, yields 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

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* " 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.

"Of wilful perjury, most atrocious crime,
"Stands guilty, and of flat rebellion 'gainst
"The Lord's anointed. He at Paris crown'd
"With loud acclaim from the duteous multitude
"Thus speaks by me. Deliver up your town
"To Salisbury, and yield yourselves and arms,
"So shall your lives be safe: and—mark his grace!
"If of your free accord, to him you pay
"Due homage to your sovereign Lord and King,
"Your rich estates, your houses shall be safe,
"And you in favour stand, as is the Duke,
"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
"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 paus'd
" To form reply.
" Herald! to all thy vaunts
" Of English sovereignty let this suffice
" For answer : France will only own as King
" Him whom the people chuse. On Charles's brow
" Transmitted thro' a long and good descent
" 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,
" We shall remember Meaux, and Caen, and Roan!
" Go tell the mighty Earl of Salisbury,
" That as like Blanchard, Gaucour dares his power;
" Like Blanchard, he can mock his cruelty,
" And triumph by enduring. Speak I well,
" 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,
" And struck their sounding shields. The towers of
" Orleans
" Echoed the loud uproar. The Herald went.
" The work of war began."
" A fearful scene,"
Cried Isabel. " The iron storm of death
" Clash'd in the sky; from the strong engines hurl'd
" Huge rocks with tempest force convuls'd the air;
" Then was there heard at once the clang of arms,
" The bellowing 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
" Our friends: for winning down the Loire its way
" The frequent vessel with provision fraught,
" And men, and all the artillery of death,

" Cheer'd us with welcome succour. At the bridge
" These safely stranded mock'd the foeman's force.
" This to prevent, * Salisbury their watchful chief,
" Prepares the mighty work. Around our walls,

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* " The besiegers received succours in the very beginning of the siege; but the Earl of Salisbury, who considered this enterprize 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.

" Encircling walls he builds, surrounding thus
" The city. Firm'd with massiest buttresses,
" At equal distance, sixty forts protect
" The pile. But chief where in the sieged town
" The * six great avenues meet in the midst,
" Six castles there he rear'd impregnable,
" With deep-dug moats and bridges drawn aloft,
" 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

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* Rheims had six principle streets meeting thus in one centre where the Cathedral stood.

Au centre de la Ville, entre six avenües,
S' eleve un sacré temple a la hauteur des nues.

Chapelain.

I know not whether towns were usually built upon this plan.

" And tedious, how with many a bold assault
" The men of Orleans rush'd upon their foes;
" How after difficult fight the enemy
" Possess'd the * Tournelles, and the embattled tower
" That shadows from the bridge the subject Loire;
" Tho' 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
" Gave to the dews of night free passage there,
" And ever and anon the ponderous stone,
" Ruining where'er it fell, with hideous crash

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* "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.

" Came like an earthquake, startling from his sleep
" The affrighted soldier. From the brazen slings
" The wild-fire * balls shower'd thro' the midnight sky,
" And often their huge engines cast among us
" The dead and loathsome cattle of their camp,
" As tho' our enemies, to their deadly league
" Forcing the common air, would make us breathe
" Poisonous † pollution. Thro' the streets were seen

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* 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."

† Thus at the siege of Thin sur l' escault. " Ceulx de lost leur gectoient par leur engins chevaulx mors & 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

" The frequent fire, and heaps of dead, in haste
" Piled up and steaming to infected Heaven.
" For ever the incessant storm of death
" Pours down, and shrouded in unwholesome * vaults

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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 1 f. 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 chevaulx qui estoient mors, lair estoit tout corrumpu, dont moult de chevaliers et escuyers en estoient malades et merencolieux, et sey alloient les plusieurs, refreschir a Bruges et ailleurs pour eviter ce mauvais air."

Froissart 1. 175.

* 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 mangonneaulx 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 & en celiers."

Froissart 1. 38.

" 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!

" 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;
" 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 famished babe
" Clings closely to his dying mother's breast;
" 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.

" 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
" Sick with calamity, and the sore ills
" Of hunger, dwelt upon you! quiet home!
" Thinking of you amid the waste of war,
" I could in bitterness have curs'd the Great
" Who made me what I was! a helpless one,
" Orphan'd, and wanting bread!

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* 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."

" 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
" Should one day from Oppression's hand be wrenched
" By everlasting Justice! come that hour
" When in the Sun * the Angel of the Lord

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* 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.

Revelations, xix. 17, 18.

The same idea occurs in Ezekiel, though not with equal sublimity.

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.

" 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,
" 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,
" With a long look I hung! At dead of night,

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.

" 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,
" 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
" 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
" Did I atchieve 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

"Thy march. 'Tis night—and hark! how dead a
"silence!
"Fit hour to tread so perilous a path!"

So saying Conrade from the tent went forth.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.