JOAN OF ARC,

AN

EPIC POEM,

BY

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

ΕΙΣ ΟΙΩΝΟΣ ΑΡΙΣΤΟΣ ΑΜΥΝΕΣΘΑΙ ΠΕΡΙ ΠΑΤΡΗΣ.

ΟΜΗΡΟΣ.

BOSTON:
Printed by MANNING & LORING,
For J. NANCREDE, No. 49, *Marlbro'-Street.*

1798.

JOAN OF ARC,

BOOK THE FIRST.

ARGUMENT.

Dunois (the Baſtard of Orleans) carried away by his wounded Steed, faints with loſs of blood. JOAN diſcovers and heals him. They proceed to the King. Narrative of the Maid. She relates the Capture of Harfleur, and the expulſion of the inhabitants by Henry the 5th. Her education with Bizardo. The annunciation of her miſſion and ſubſequent life.

WAR's varied horrors, and the train of ills
That follow on Ambition's blood-ſtain'd path
And fill the world with woe; of France preſerv'd
By maiden hand, what time her chiefs ſubdued,
Or ſlept in death, or lingered life in chains, 5
I ſing: nor wilt thou FREEDOM ſcorn the ſong.
Sunk was the ſun: o'er all the expanſe of air
The miſts of evening deepening as they roſe
Chill'd the ſtill ſcene; when thro' the foreſt gloom,
Rapt on with lightning ſpeed, in vain Dunois 10

Now check'd with weaker force the unheeded rein,
Now rais'd the unheeded voice. Swift as the ſtorm
Tremendous urges o'er the dangerous cape
His ſweeping pinions, ruſh'd the ſteed; for deep
The heavy-hanging arrow's barbed point 15
Gor'd his red flank. Impatient of defeat
Shame and Revenge boil'd in the Baſtard's breaſt.
Adown his batter'd arms the tide of life
Roll'd purpling; ſoon its graſp the nerveleſs hand
Relax'd, and faint and fainter wax his limbs. 20
Dim rolls the ſhadowy eye—he droops—he falls.
Chill drop the dews of night. The new-born ſun
Refulgent ſmiles around. From trance reviv'd
In dubious life Dunois unſeals his eyes,
And views a form with mildly-melting gaze 25
Hang o'er his wounds: looſe to the morning breeze
Waved her brown hair, and on her rubied cheek
Hung Pity's cryſtal gem. Fearful awhile
Leſt wandering Fancy's unſubſtantial ſhapes
Had mock'd the vagrant ſenſe, ſilent he gaz'd, 30
And gazing wonder'd; o'er his aching ſoul
Soon Memory ruſh'd and woke with ruthleſs hand
Each ſleeping care.

"O France," he cried, "my country!"
When ſoft as breeze that curls the ſummer clouds
At cloſe of day, ſtole on his ear a voice 35
Seraphic. "Son of Orleans! grieve no more.
His eye not ſlept, tho' long the All-Juſt endur'd
The woes of France; at length his bar'd right arm

Volleys red thunder. From his veiling clouds
Rufhes the ftorm, Ruin, and Fear, and Death. 40
Take Son of Orleans the relief of Heaven:
Nor thou the wintry hour of adverfe fate
Deem ufelefs: Tho' unhous'd thou roam awhile,
The keen and icy wind that fhivers thee
Shall brace thine arm, and with ftern difcipline 45
Firm thy young heart for fearlefs enterprife.
As who, through many a fummer night ferene
Had hover'd round the fold with coward wifh;
Horrid with brumal ice, the fiercer wolf
From his bleak mountain and his den of fnows 50
Leaps terrible, and mocks the fhepherd's fpear."
So fpake the delegated Maid. Meantime
From many a potent herb the juice fhe prefs'd
Medicinal, and touch'd with lenient hand
Each gaping wound, where life as loath to fly 55
Sat trembling: not the plants Medea cull'd
On Colchis' plain, nor thofe ingredients dire
Erichtho mingled on Pharfalia's field,
Making the foul retenant its cold corfe,
More potent; thro' his frame with force divine 60
The fubtle fpirit ran, and every limb
Fill'd with unwonted vigor; from the ground
On nimble feet he fprang, and knelt, and fpake.
"O more than mortal! thou whofe powerful hand
Avails to check the rapid ftep of death, 65
Snatching his prey even from the open'd grave.
O Powerful! O Benignant! for myfelf

Thus ſaved, I thank thee ; for my country, more ;
Angel of Heaven ! for ſurely thou wilt aid
My country, and mine arm nerv'd with new life 70
Shall on theſe proud invaders pour the war
With tenfold fury." " Son of Orleans, ceaſe ;"
With lovelieſt ſmile ſhe ſaid, " nor thus miſgive
What Heaven alone can claim. To Heaven return
The grateful prayer ; to Heaven, whoſe bounteous will 75
Me, moſt unworthy, delegates to wield
His thunder. Hear Dunois the tale of Her,
Offspring of frail Mortality, yet doom'd
To ſave her country. Lead me to the king,
And as we journey on, theſe lips ſhall tell 80
The wonderous work of Fate."
She paus'd ; meantime,
As down the ſteep deſcent with many a ſtep
They urge their way, her eye with wiſtful gaze 85
Views the departing ſcene ; ſo his laſt glance
High from the deck the wretched exile ſends
To all that life holds dear ; the gliſt'ning tear,
Soften'd her eye and all the Woman reign'd.
Soon the deluſion dies ; in diſtance loſt 90
Fades every ſpot belov'd ; the hillock's top,
The oak wide-branching, and the riſing ſmoke
Slow o'er the copſe that floated on the breeze
Melt in the morning clouds. She dried the tear,
Then thus :

"Near Harfleur's wall, where rolls the Seine 95
Full to the ſea his congregated waves,
Dwelt Albert once.---Seat of my earlieſt years!
Still buſy Fancy loves with fairy touch
To paint its faded ſcenes: even now mine eye
Darts thro' the paſt its retroſpective glance, 100
And calls to view each haunt of ſportive youth,
Each long-loſt haunt I lov'd: the woodbin'd wall,
The jaſmine that around the ſtraw-roof'd cot
Its fragrant branches wreath'd, beneath whoſe ſhade
I wont to ſit and mark the ſetting ſun 105
And hear the redbreaſt's lay. Nor far remote
As o'er the ſubject landſkip round I gaz'd,
The tow'rs of Harfleur roſe upon the view.
A foreign maſter holds my father's home!
I, far away, remember the paſt years, 110
And weep. The invader came. High o'er the waves
Rides the proud armament in dreadful pomp
That wafted ſlaughter; to the pebbled ſhore
The anxious natives throng, and gaze upon
The approaching ruin. On the fav'ring gale, 115
The banner'd lion floats. Then might be heard,
(That dreadful emblem of deſtruction ſeen,)
The mother's anguiſh'd ſhriek, the old man's groan
Of deep deſpondence. Deſolate the cot;
Silent the hamlet haunts of Innocence; 120
For the poor villagers remembering all
Their grandſires told of war, fled wing'd with fear
To Harfleur's ſhelter; thither me, yet young,

(For ſcarce four ſummers o'er my head had beam'd
Their radiance) bore my ſire; the well barr'd gate,
The maſſy wall, the turrets guarded ſtrength,
Too fondly wiſh'd, too fondly deem'd ſecure.
"Firm on the battlements the natives ſtand,
Heedleſs of Death that rode the iron ſtorm.
Fire-brands and darts and ſtones and javelins 130
(Vainly deſtructive) thinn'd the hoſtile hoſt.
The intrepid foe ruſh onward. Fourteen years,
Young as I was, have not effaced the ſcene
From bleeding memory. The widow's cry,
The ſhrieks of anguiſh and the yell of war 135
And Death's deep groan, yet vibrate on my heart,
Yet wake the ſtrings of grief! 'Twere long to tell
The vaſt variety of woe that fill'd
Unhappy Harfleur. Long Eſtouteville ſtrove,
Long Gaucour's forceful arm repell'd the foe. 140
In vain they ſtrove, for weak were the wide walls
And few the gallant garriſon, worn out
With days of ceaſeleſs toil, and fearful nights
Of unſeen peril. O'er the waſted town
The dreadful engines of deſtruction hurl'd 145
Their ponderous ruin: then my father died!
Spirit of Albert! bend from yon high Heaven
Thy head; look down---behold thine orphan child!
She goes to fill her deſtiny; like thee,
Leaving domeſtic joys, in rugged arms 150
To claſp her limbs;---like thee to dare the war,
To die---yet not inglorious! Wild with woe

O'er my poor father's ſhatter'd corſe I lay,
And kiſt his rigid cheek, and tore my veſt
To bind his mangled limbs; nor, now bereft 155
Of him the only parent of my youth,
Fear'd I the horrors that prevail'd around.
Suddenly all was ſtill: anon burſt forth
The ſhout of conqueſt: from their long-lov'd homes
Thruſt forth, the unhappy natives wander o'er 160
The waſted plain, in want and wretchedneſs,
Feebly I followed; one who knew and lov'd
My fallen father, ſav'd his helpleſs child.
Long time he journeyed on in hopes to gain
Beyond old Arden, in his ſiſter's home 165
A ſafe aſylum; and we now had reach'd
The wood, with many a painful day's hard toil,
When by the rankling wound that prey'd upon him
Worn out, he fell. My agonizing ſhrieks
Pierced thro' the foreſt, and a holy man 170
Drew near: he bore him to his rock-roof'd cell,
And many a precious balm, and virtuous herb
The aged leech applied; his earthly cares
Were fruitleſs, for worn nature ſunk to reſt.
Yet of a Judge, all juſt, all merciful, 175
A God of Love, inſpir'd the hermit told,
And ſolaced his departing ſoul with ſtrains
Of ſweeteſt piety, and bade it riſe
On Faith's ſtrong wings to Heaven. Thus, once again
Bereav'd of friends, the ſport of adverſe fate, 180
On his turf'd grave I pour'd the orphan tear.

"Rude was Bizardo's cell; the beetling rock
Frown'd o'er its ivied entrance; the hewn stone
Form'd his rough seat, and on a bed of leaves
The aged hermit took his nightly rest. 185
A pure stream welling from the mossy rock
Crept murmuring thro' the wood, and many a flow'r
Drank on its side the genial sap of life.
The rich soil wasted not in worthless weeds
Its nurture; for Bizardo's patient hand 190
Cultur'd each healing and salubrious herb;
And every fruit that courts the summer sun
Bloom'd for the holy hermit's blameless food.
Oft would the sage exclaim, "Ah why should man,
Stern tyrant of the field, with blood pollute 195
His festive board; Nature has spread around
The unguilty food of life abundantly.
How frolic in the sun yon little fawn
Strains his young limbs; now browzes the sweet grass,
Now o'er the plain leaps lightly; that man's heart
Were hard and alien from humanity
Who could endure to gore his innocent side!
Sport on, poor forester! sport on secure,
Fearless of one by hard misfortune school'd
To feel for others. Here my infant years 205
Roll'd on at length in peace; he taught my knees
To bend in prayer to that all-gracious God
Whose parent power had call'd me into life;
And who, from every perilous chance preserv'd,
Had to the friendless orphan given a friend. 210

Of every herb that blooms amid the grove,
Or on the high cliff drinks a purer air
He bade me know the virtue; with the morn
Up from the homely couch we rose to pour
The soul-expanding prayer: his eyes would beam
Seraphic rapture, as with eloquent tongue
He told the works of Heaven to thankless man.
How from the womb of darkness nature rose
Refulgent: at the Godhead's high command
How matter teem'd with life: the earth put forth 220
Her various stores: the groves of Paradise
Gave their mild echoes to the choral song
Of new-born beings: and the last best work
Form'd in God's image, reared the lordly face
To Heaven. But when Bizardo told how man 225
Fell from perfection, from angelic state,
Plung'd deep in sin, and pluck'd the fruit of woe,
And bow'd the knee to fiends, and mock'd at God,
Till Christ expiring on the sacred cross
Pour'd forth the atoning life; the tears ran down
His aged cheeks with woe-mixt gratitude.
" Forgive the prolix tale! Oh I could dwell
Forever thus; for weeks, and months, and years,
Roll'd undistinguish'd down the stream of Time,
Till fourteen summers smiling o'er my head 235
Saw my young mind rich with the precious lore
Of virtue, and the leeches healing art
By him---the good man---taught.

" One morn it chanc'd,
As wandering thro' the wilds my ſteps ſtray'd on,
And from the high graſs bruſhed the morning dew,
The track of blood alarm'd me ; void of fear,
For the innocent fear little ; eagerly
I traced the ſtain, thinking ſome mangled fawn
Or lamb had from the ſavage wolf eſcap'd,
And I might haply heal its bleeding wounds. 245
It led me where outſtretch'd on the red earth
There lay a youth wounded, and faint ; his hair
Clotted with gore ; faſt from his ſide ſtream'd out
The blood ; on his pale cheek the cold dews ſtood,
And from his hand the blood-ſtain'd ſword had fall'n.
Fearful to leave, yet impotent alone
To bear him to our cell---my echoing voice
Calls on Bizardo's aid ; he heard ; our hands
Enwove the oſier car ; the cave receives
The ſenſeleſs ſtranger. O'er his couch I bent 255
With pious vigilance and fearful hope,
Watching the wounded man till fugitive life
Dubious return'd. His eyes gazed wiſtful round
And ere again the heavy lids clos'd on them
Beam'd languid gratitude. Long time elapſed 260
Ere thro' his frame the temperate current roll'd
Of former ſtrength : for deeply had he felt
The ruffian's ſword, and diſtant many a league
Domremi lay the ſtranger's native home.
" Scarce eighteen years had nerv'd the ſtripling's arm ; 265

Yet *Theodore* had view'd each deathful ſcene:
And oft the tear from his averted eye
He dried; mindful of fertile fields laid waſte,
Diſpeopled hamlets, the lorn widow's groan,
And the pale orphan's feeble cry for bread. 270
But when he told of thoſe fierce ſons of guilt
That o'er this earth which God had fram'd ſo fair
Spread deſolation, and its wood-crown'd hills
Make echo to the mercileſs war dog's howl;
And how himſelf from ſuch foul ſavagery 275
Had ſcarce eſcap'd with life, then his ſtretch'd arm
Seem'd, as it wielded the reſiſtleſs ſword
Of Vengeance: in his eager eye the ſoul
Was eloquent; warm glow'd his manly cheek;
And beat againſt his ſide the indignant heart. 280
"Meantime autumnal gales had ſwept the grove,
And to the cold blaſt now the ſullen oak
Spread his unfoliag'd arms; the cloud-clad ſky
Frown'd o'er the drear and melancholy ſcene.
At length the ſnows fell faſt, and drifting deep 285
Choak'd up the road; yet felt not Theodore
One tedious hour of all the live-long day.
Oh! he would ſit and mark the driving ſtorm,
Whilſt o'er the high heap'd hearth, of a bad world
And of the woes that Man creates for Man 290
He told. Then gazing round our peaceful cell,
"Here (he would cry) let Theodore remain,
Till at the laſt his waſted lamp of life
Gently go out." Yet were not then the hours

Devoid of ſorrow; for our anxious eyes 295
Beheld Bizardo waining to the tomb.
In the full of years he ſunk: his eyes grew dim,
And on the bed of leaves his feeble frame
Lay helpleſs. Patiently did he endure,
In faith anticipating bleſſedneſs, 300
Already more than Man in that dread hour
When Man is meaneſt. His were the beſt joys
The pious know, and his laſt prayer was praiſe.
I ſaw him die: I ſaw the dews of Death
Starting on his cold brow: I heard him then 305
Pour out a bleſſing on me,---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. Aching at the heart we delv'd
The narrow houſe, and o'er the inearthed corſe 310
Heapt we the graſs-green ſod. The ſpring came on;
I felt a pang that may not be expreſs'd
Leaving that little cell where many a year
Had paſt in peace. We journeyed on our way,
Seeking the diſtant home of Theodore; 315
And at the laſt ſaw o'er the budding copſe
The curling ſmoke riſe ſlow: onward he ſpeeds
Elate of heart. The watch dog with hoarſe bark
Announc'd the coming gueſt; then, wild with joy
Soon as Remembrance ſpake his long-loved Lord,
Fawn'd on his feet and howl'd with ecſtaſy.
'Twas happineſs indeed, one face of bliſs
Shines thro' the houſe: the eager ploughman quits

The labouring team, for Theodore is come.
Faſt down his mother's cheek roll'd the warm tear
Of tranſport, to her breaſt ſhe claſpt her child,
Long wept as one no more; nor me forgot,
But welcomed me even with a mother's ſmile.
Here paſt my unruffled days. Sometimes at morn
With pleaſing toil to drive the woolly flock 330
To verdant mead or ſtream, ſometimes to eaſe
The lowing cattle of their milky load,
My grateful taſk; as with a parent's love
Would *Eleanor* partake each peaceful hour.
Hours of delight, ye are forever gone! 335
I ſhall no more with cheerful toil prepare
The rural cates for high ſolemnity
At holy hour; no more amid the dance
Move in briſk meaſures with the blameleſs train.
The cot's calm quiet and the village ſports 340
Theſe leave I willingly, theſe do I change
For the camp's din, the clangor of the war,
The pomp of ſlaughter: ſuch the high command
Of Duty; that command I ſhall obey.
"Dunois! I dwelt in happineſs, my ſoul 345
Slumber'd; and never feeling wretchedneſs
I never dreamt of what the wretched feel.
The night was comfortleſs; the loud blaſts howl'd,
And as we ſat around the ſocial hearth
We heard the rain beat hard: driven by the ſtorm
A warrior mark'd our diſtant taper's light. 350
We heapt the fire: the friendly board was ſpread:

The bowl of hoſpitality went round.
"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, 355
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 of Conrade." Theodore replied,
"Succeſs go with thee. Something I have ſeen 360
Of war, and of its dreadful ravages.
My ſoul was ſick at ſuch ferocity;
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, 370
Stalk thro' her flaming towns? live thou in peace,
Young man! my heart is fleſhly: I do feel
For what my brethren ſuffer." As he ſpake,
Such mingled paſſions charactered his face
Of fierce and terrible benevolence, 375
That I did tremble as I liſtened to him.
Then in mine heart tumultuous thoughts aroſe
Of high achievements, indiſtinct, and wild,

And vaſt, yet ſuch they were that I did pant
As tho' by ſome divinity poſſeſs'd. 380
"But is there not ſome duty due to thoſe
We love?" ſaid Theodore; and as he ſpake
His warm cheek crimſon'd. "Is it not moſt right
To cheer the evening of declining age,
With filial tenderneſs repaying thus, 385
Parental love?" "Hard is it," Conrade cried,
"Aye, very hard, to part from thoſe we love;
And I have ſuffer'd that ſevereſt pang.
My Agnes! I have left an aged mother;
I have left one, on whom my fond heart doats 390
With love unutterable. 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 395
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 honor me.
But pure of heart and high of ſelf-eſteem 400
I muſt be honored by myſelf. All elſe,
The breath of Fame, is as the unſteady wind
Worthleſs." So ſaying from his belt he took
The encumb'ring ſword. I held it, liſt'ning to him,
And wiſtleſs what I did, half from the ſheath 405
Drew the well-temper'd blade. I gaz'd upon it
And ſhuddering, as I felt its edge, exclaim'd,

It is moſt horrible with the keen ſword
To gore the finely fibred human frame!
I could not ſtrike a lamb. He anſwer'd me, 410
"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 he does writhe upon his curſed lance,
And forces to his foul embrace, the wife 415
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
The hand of Theodore; "think well of this
As you are human, as you hope to live
In peace, amid the deareſt joys of home;
Think well of this: you have a tender mother,
As you do wiſh that ſhe may die in peace, 425
As you would even to madneſs agonize
To hear this maiden call on you in vain
For 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!
Some city flames, and haply as in Rouen
Some famiſh'd babe on his dead mother's breaſt
Yet hangs for food. Oh God! I would not loſe
Theſe horrible feelings tho' they tear mine heart."
"When we had all betaken us to reſt, 435
Sleepleſs I lay, and in my mind revolv'd

The high-ſoul'd Warrior's ſpeech. Then roſe the thought
Of all the miſeries that my early youth
Had ſeen in that beleager'd city, where
Death never reſted, and the morning ſun 440
Made ſteam the fearful havoc of the night;
Till at the break of day I ſlept; nor then
Repos'd my heated brain; for to my view
Aroſe ſtrange forms, ſent as I do believe
From the Moſt High. I ſaw a town hemm'd in 445
Like Harfleur, round with enemies begirt,
Where Famine on a heap of carcaſſes
Half envious of the unutterable feaſt
Mark'd the gorg'd raven clog his beak with gore.
I turn'd me then to the beſieger's camp, 450
And there was revelry; the loud lewd laugh
Burſt on mine ears, and I beheld the chiefs
Even at their feaſt plan the device of Death.
My ſoul grew ſick within me: then methought
From a dark lowering cloud, the womb of tempeſts,
A giant arm burſt forth, and dropt a ſword
That pierc'd like lightning thro' the midnight air.
Then was there heard a voice, which in mine ear
Shall echo, at that hour of dreadful joy
When the pale foe ſhall wither in my rage. 460
"From that night I could feel my burthen'd ſoul
Heaving beneath incumbent Deity.
I ſat in ſilence, muſing on the days
To come. Anon my raptur'd eye would glance

A wild prophetic meaning. I have heard 465
Strange voices in the evening wind. Strange forms
Dimly discovered throng'd the twilight air.
They wondered at me who had known me once
A cheerful, careless damsel. I have seen
Theodore gaze upon me wistfully 470
Till he did weep. I would have 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; to the event 475
All look with fear, for there the fate of France
Hung in the balance. Now my troubl'd soul
Grew more disturb'd, and shunning every eye,
I lov'd to wander where the forest shade
Frown'd deepest; there on mightiest deeds to brood
Of shadowy vastness, such as made my heart
Throb fast. Anon I paus'd, and in a state
Of half expectance listen'd to the wind.

"Last evening lone in thought I wandered forth.
Down in the dingles depth there is a brook 485
That makes its way between the craggy stones
Murmuring hoarse murmurs. On an aged oak
Whose root uptorn by tempests overhangs
The stream, I sat, and mark'd the deep red clouds
Gather before the wind, whilst the rude dash 490
Of waters rock'd my senses, and the mists
Rose round: there as I gazed, a form dim-seen
Descended, like the dark and moving clouds

That in the moon-beam change their ſhadowy ſhapes.
His voice was on the breeze; he bade me hail 495
The miſſioned Maid! for lo! the hour was come.
Then was the future preſent to my view,
And ſtrange events yet in the womb of Time
To me made manifeſt. I ſat entranc'd
In the beatitude of heavenly viſion. 500
At length a wounded courſer dropping blood
Ruſh'd by me. I aroſe and ſought the ſpot
Where thou hadſt fallen; there the Moſt High vouchſaf'd
That aid miraculous which thou haſt known.

BOOK THE SECOND.

ARGUMENT.

Preternatural agency. JOAN and Dunois rest at a cottage. Their host speaks of the battle of Azincour, and the massacre of the prisoners after that defeat. The siege of Rouen related and the miseries of the besieged. The useless inhabitants sent out of the town. Behaviour of Henry to them. Capture of Rouen and execution of Allain Blanchard, its gallant defender.

NO more of Usurpation's doom'd defeat,
Ere we the deep preluding strain have pour'd
To the Great Father, Only Rightful King,
Eternal Father! King Omnipotent!
Beneath whose shadowy banners wide unfurl'd
Justice leads forth her tyrant-quelling Hosts.
Such Symphony requires best Instrument.
Seize then, my Soul! from Freedom's trophied Dome
The Harp which hanging high between the shields
Of Brutus and Leonidas, oft gives 10
A fitful music to the breezy touch

Of patriot Spirits that demand their fame.
For what is Freedom, but the unfetter'd uſe
Of all the Powers which God for uſe had given?
But chiefly this, with holieſt habitude 15
Of conſtant Faith, him Firſt, him Laſt to view
Thro' meaner powers and ſecondary things
Effulgent, as thro' clouds that veil his blaze.
For all that meets the bodily ſenſe I deem
Symbolical, one mighty alphabet 20
For infant minds; and we in this low world
Placed with our backs to bright Reality,
That we may learn with young unwounded ken
Things from their ſhadows. Know thyſelf, my Soul!
Confirm'd thy ſtrength, thy pinions fledged for flight
Burſting this ſhell and leaving next thy neſt
Soon upward ſoaring ſhalt thou fix intenſe
Thine eaglet eye on Heaven's eternal Sun!
But ſome there are who deem themſelves moſt free,
When they within this groſs and viſible ſphere 30
Chain down the winged thought, ſcoffing aſcent
Proud in their meanneſs: and themſelves they cheat
With noiſy emptineſs of learned phraſe,
Their ſubtle fluids, impacts, eſſences,
Self-working Tools, uncaus'd Effects, and all 35
Thoſe blind Omniſcients, those Almighty Slaves,
Untenanting Creation of its God.
But Properties are God: the naked maſs
Acts only by its inactivity.
Here we pauſe humbly. Others boldlier think 40

That as one body is the aggregate
Of atoms numberlefs, each organiz'd;
So by a ftrange and dim fimilitude,
Infinite myriads of felf-confcious minds
Form one all-confcious Spirit, who directs 45
With abfolute ubiquity of thought
All his component monads, that yet feem
With various province and apt agency
Each to purfue its own felf-centering end.
Some nurfe the infant diamond in the mine; 50
Some roll the genial juices thro' the oak;
Some drive the mutinous clouds to clafh in air;
And rufhing on the ftorm with whirlwind fpeed
Yoke the red lightning to their vollying car.
Thus thefe purfue their never-varying courfe, 55
No eddy in their ftream. Others more wild,
With complex intereftsweaving human fates,
Duteous or proud, alike obedient all,
Evolve the procefs of eternal good.
And what if fome rebellious, o'er dark realms 60
Arrogate power? yet thefe train up to God,
And on the rude eye unconfirm'd for day
Flafh meteor lights better than total gloom.
As ere from Lieule-Oaive's vapoury head
The Laplander beholds the far off fun 65
Dart his flant beam on unobeying fnows,
While yet the ftern and folitary Night
Brooks no alternate fway, the Boreal Morn
With mimic luftre fubftitutes its gleam

Guiding his courſe, or by Niemi's lake 70
Or Balda-Zhiok, or the moſſy ſtone [2]
Of Solfar-Kapper, while the ſnowy blaſt [3]
Drifts arrowy by, or eddies round his ſledge
Making the poor babe at its mother's back
Scream in its ſcanty cradle: he the while 75
Wins gentle ſolace as with upward eye
He marks the ſtreamy banners of the North,
Thinking, himſelf thoſe happy ſpirits ſhall join
Who there in floating robes of roſy light
Dance ſportively. For Fancy is the power 80
That firſt unſenſualizes the dark mind
Giving it new delights; and bids it ſwell
With wild activity; and peopling air,
By obſcure fears of Beings inviſible
Emancipates it from the groſſer thrall 85
Of the preſent impulſe, teaching ſelf control
Till Superſtition with unconſcious hand
Seat Reaſon on her throne. Wherefore not vain,
Nor yet without permitted power impreſs'd,
I deem thoſe legends terrible, with which 90
The polar Ancient thrills his uncouth throng:
Whether of pitying ſpirits that make their moan
O'er ſlaughter'd infants, or that Giant Bird
VUOKHO, of whoſe ruſhing wings the noiſe
Is Tempeſt, when the unutterable Shape 95
Speeds from the Mother of Death his deſtin'd way [4]
To ſnatch the murderer from his ſecret cell!
Or if the Greenland Wizard in ſtrange trance

Pierces the untravell'd realms of ocean's bed
(Where live the innocent, as far from cares 100
As from the ſtorms and overwhelming waves
Dark-tumbling on the ſurface of the deep) [5]
Over the abyſm even to that uttermoſt cave
By miſhap'd Prodigies beleager'd, ſuch
As Earth ne'er bred, nor Air, nor the upper Sea.
There dwells the fury Form, whoſe unheard name
With eager eye, pale cheek, ſuſpended breath
Unſleeping SILENCE guards, worn out with fear
Leſt haply eſcaping on ſome treacherous blaſt
The fatal Sound let ſlip the Elements 110
And frenzy Nature. Yet the wizard her,
Arm'd with Torngarſuck's power, the Spirit of good,
Forces to unchain the foodful progeny
Of the Ocean ſtream. Wild phantaſies! yet wiſe,
On the victorious goodneſs of high God 115
Teaching Reliance and medicinal Hope,
Till, from Bethabra northward, heavenly Truth
With gradual ſteps winning her difficult way
Transfer their rude Faith perfected and pure.
If there be Beings of higher claſs than Man, 120
I deem no nobler province they poſſeſs
Than by diſpoſal of apt circumſtance
To rear ſome realm with patient diſcipline,
Aye bidding PAIN, dark ERROR's uncouth child,
Blameleſs Parenticide! his ſnakey ſcourge 125
Lift fierce againſt his Mother! Thus they make

Of tranſient Evil ever-during Good
Themſelves probationary, and denied
Confeſs'd to view by preternatural deed
To o'erwhelm the will, ſave on ſome fated day 130
Headſtrong, or with petition'd might from God.
And ſuch perhaps the guardian Power whoſe ken
Still dwelt on France. He from the Inviſible World
Burſt on the MAIDEN's eye, impregning Air
With Voices and ſtrange Shapes, illuſions apt, 135
Shadowy of Truth. And firſt a landſcape roſe
More wild and waſte and deſolate, than where
The white bear drifting on a field of ice
Howls to her ſunder'd cubs with piteous rage
And ſavage agony. Mid the drear ſcene 140
A craggy maſs uprear'd its miſty brow,
Untouch'd by breath of Spring, unwont to know
Red Summer's influence, or the cheerful face
Of Autumn; yet its fragments many and huge
Aſtounded ocean with the dreadful dance 145
Of whirlpools numberleſs, abſorbing oft
The blameleſs fiſher at his perilous toil.
Upon the topmoſt height the MAIDEN ſaw
A meteor-lighted dome: to every blaſt
Shook the wide fabric, tottering as to fall, 150
Forever tottering; round the tempeſts yell'd
Tremendous, muſic hoarſe! yet to the ear
Of him who there had rule, the Dynaſt ſtern,
Not undelightful. His perturbed flight
Anxious and gloomy, ſpeeding hitherwards, 155

She ſaw the dark-wing'd Shape: with all its towers
The palace nods: ſuch was AMBITION's voice
Obedient firſt, fierce ſervant of fierce Lord,
Cowl'd SUPERSTITION comes, her looſen'd robes
Float on the breeze and half expoſed to view 160
The ruſted dagger. By her ſide crept on
Mitred HYPOCRISY, with meekeſt mien
And ſtep demure, and croſs, which to his heart
He preſt, and ſeem'd with heaven-ward eye to pour
The pious prayer; yet never prayer he pour'd 165
Save when with ſecret glance he view'd the crowd
Admiring near. REVENGE unwilling quits
The mangled corſe; and prodigal of death
Next SLAUGHTER ſtrode; his falchion yet unſheath'd
Reeks from the wound, looſe flow his long black locks, 170
The wide roll of his eye is terrible,
And each limb quivers. CRUELTY comes next,
With ſavage ſmile graſping a widowed dove.
And FURY next beating her own ſwoln breaſt
Ruſh'd at the call: and ENVY hideous form 175
Gnawing her fleſh, and tearing from her head
The viper turn'd to bite: and HORROR wild
With creeping fleſh. DESPAIR, his ſullen arms
Folded; aye muttering dark and half-form'd words
Of dreadful import. Aged AVARICE next 180
Hugg'd to his heart his bags, and caſt around
(Unwilling tho' to loſe the golden ſight,)
The fearful look. And fitful JEALOUSY

Anxious for miſery came : and feveriſh LUST
Hot from the convent. Palſied FEAR fled on, 185
And ever as he fled his ghaſtly eye
Reverts. Then ſtalk'd along the giant form
Of proud OPPRESSION, on his crowned brow
Sate Deſolation, and his pityleſs frown
Diſpeopled countries : him behind a train 190
Loathly and horrible, of nameleſs fiends
Outnumbering locuſts. Laſt, as fill'd with fear,
SUSPICION ever-watchful clos'd the train :
Pale meagre ſpectre, ribb'd with iron plates,
Sleepleſs, and fearful of the friendly meal, 195
Worn out with anxious vigilance of life.
Theſe at the palace meet, there, porter fit,
REMORSE forever his ſad vigils kept,
His heart the viper's feaſt : worn down his face,
If face it were when ſcarce the ſhrivell'd ſkin 200
Wrap'd o'er the bone, proclaim'd the gnawing pang :
Inly he groan'd, or ſtarting wildly, ſhriek'd,
Aye as the fabric tottering from its baſe
Threaten'd deſtruction, tho' oft announc'd withheld,
Tho' ſtill withheld, expected. Theſe the maid 205
Mark'd as they ſteer'd their duſky flight along ;
And lo ! ſhe was amidſt them. Paved with bones
The floor breath'd peſtilence : the emblazon'd walls
With enſigns and with blood-ſtain'd arms were hung,
The trophies of AMBITION. On his throne 210
That Form portentous rear'd his giant bulk,
More huge than he, who with his hundred arms

Scatter'd confuſion o'er the hoſt of Gods
Briareus: or the monſter brethren twain,
Whoſe ſtature ſwelling ev'ry hour gave hopes 215 [6]
Of equalling higheſt Heaven: nor larger he
Illuſive, 'gainſt whoſe head the thunderer Thor
Sped fruſtrate his full force. A ſable helm [7]
Shades his brown face, where glow'd thro' each dark tint
The fire of anger; in his hand he graſp'd 220
The deſolating ſpear: his broad black brow
In thought contracted ſpake his brooding ſoul,
Sullenly ſilent. "Maid beloved of Heaven!
(To her the tutelary Power exclaim'd)
Of CHAOS the adventurous progeny 225
Thou ſeeſt; foul miſſionaries of foul ſire,
Fierce to regain the loſſes of that hour
When LOVE roſe glittering, and his gorgeous wings
Over the abyſs flutter'd with ſuch glad noiſe,
As what time after long and peſtful Calms 230
With ſlimy ſhapes and miſcreated life
Pois'ning the vaſt Pacific, the freſh breeze
Wakens the merchant ſail, upriſing. NIGHT
An heavy unimaginable moan
Sent forth, when ſhe the PROTOPLAST beheld 235
Stand beauteous on Confuſion's charmed wave.
Moaning ſhe fled, and entered the Profound
That leads with downward windings to the Cave
Of darkneſs palpable, deſart of Death,
Sunk deep beneath GEHENNA's maſſy roots. 240

There many a dateleſs age the Beldame lurk'd
And trembled: till engender'd by fierce HATE,
Fierce HATE and gloomy HOPE, a DREAM aroſe
Shap'd like a black cloud mark'd with ſtreaks of fire.
It rous'd the Hell-hag; ſhe the dew-damps wip'd
From off her brow, and thro' the uncouth maze
Retraced her ſteps; but ere ſhe reach'd the mouth
Of that drear labyrinth, ſhudd'ring ſhe paus'd
Nor dar'd re-enter the diminiſh'd Gulph.
As thro' the dark vaults of ſome moulder'd tower
(Which fearful to approach, the evening hind
Circles at diſtance in his homeward way)
The winds breathe hollow, deem'd the plaining groan
Of priſon'd ſpirits; with ſuch fearful voice
NIGHT murmur'd, and the ſound thro' Chaos went.
Leapt at the call her hideous-fronted brood!
A dark beheſt they heard, and ruſh'd on earth,
Since that ſad hour in camps and courts adored
Rebels from God and Monarchs o'er Mankind!
Theſe are the fiends that o'er thy native land 260
Spread Guilt and Horror. Maid belov'd of Heaven!
Dar'ſt thou inſpir'd by the holy flame of Love
Encounter ſuch fell ſhapes, nor fear to meet
Their wrath, their wiles? O Maiden, dar'ſt thou die?
"FATHER OF HEAVEN! I will not fear," ſhe ſaid,
"My arm is weak, but mighty is thy ſword."
She ſpake, and as ſhe ſpake the trump was heard
That echoed ominous o'er the ſtreets of Rome,

When the firſt Ceſar totter'd o'er the grave
By FREEDOM delv'd : the trump whoſe chilling blaſt
On Marathon and on Platæa's plain
Scatter'd the Perſian. From his obſcure haunt
Shriek'd FEAR, the ghaſtlieſt of AMBITION's throng,
Fev'riſh, yet freezing, eager-pac'd, yet ſlow;
As ſhe that creeps from forth her ſwampy reeds 275
AGUE, the biform Hag! when early Spring
Beams on the marſh-bred vapours. "Lo! ſhe goes!
To Orleans lo! ſhe goes---the Miſſion'd Maid!
The Victor Hoſts wither beneath her arm!
And what are Crecy, Poictiers, Azincour 280
But noiſy echoes in the ear of Pride?"
AMBITION heard and ſtarted on his throne;
But ſtraight a ſmile of ſavage joy illum'd
His griſly features, like the ſheety Burſt
Of Lightning o'er the awaken'd midnight clouds 285
Wide-flaſh'd. For lo! a flaming pile reflects
Its red light fierce and gloomy on the face
Of SUPERSTITION and her goblin Son,
Loud-laughing CRUELTY, who to the ſtake
A female fix'd, of bold and beauteous mien, 290
Her ſnow-white limbs by iron fetters bruis'd,
Her breaſt expos'd. *JOAN* ſaw, ſhe ſaw and knew
Her perfect image. Nature thro' her frame
One pang ſhot ſhiv'ring; but, that frail pang ſoon
Diſmiſs'd, "Even ſo (the exulting Maiden ſaid) 295
The ſainted Heralds of Good Tidings fell,
And thus they witneſs'd God! But now the Clouds

Treading, and ſtorms beneath their feet, they ſoar
Higher, and higher ſoar, and ſoaring ſing
Loud Songs of Triumph! O ye Spirits of God, 300
Hover around my mortal agonies!"
She ſpake: and inſtantly faint melody
Melts on her ear, ſoothing, and ſad, and ſlow,
Such meaſures as at calmy midnight heard
By aged Hermit in his holy dream 305
Foretel and ſolace death: and now they riſe
Louder, as when with harp and mingled voice
The white-rob'd multitude of ſlaughter'd Saints
At Heaven's wide-open'd portals gratulant
Receive ſome martyr'd Patriot. The harmony 310
Entranc'd the maid, till each ſuſpended ſenſe
Brief ſlumber ſeiz'd and confus'd ecſtacy.
At length awak'ning ſlow ſhe gaz'd around;
But lo! no more was ſeen the ice-pil'd mount
And meteor-lighted dome. An Iſle appear'd, 315
Its high, o'erhanging, rough, broad-breaſted cliffs
Glaſs'd on the ſubject ocean. A vaſt plain
Stretch'd oppoſite, where ever and anon
The Ploughman following ſad his meagre team
Turn'd up freſh ſkulls unſtartled, and the bones 320
Of fierce, hate-breathing Combatants, who there
All mingled lay beneath the common earth,
Death's gloomy reconcilement! O'er the fields
Stepp'd a fair Form repairing all ſhe might,
Her temples olive-wreath'd; and where ſhe trod,
Freſh flowerets roſe and many a foodful herb.

But wan her cheek, her footſteps inſecure,
And *anxious* pleaſure beam'd in her faint eye.
As ſhe had newly left a couch of pain,
Pale Convaleſcent! (Yet ſome time to rule 330
With power excluſive o'er the willing world,
That bleſt prophetic Mandate then fulfill'd,
PEACE be on earth!) An happy while but brief
She ſeem'd to wander with aſſiduous feet,
And heal'd the recent harm of chill or blight, 335
And nurs'd each plant that fair and virtuous grew.
But ſoon a deep precurſive ſound moan'd hollow:
Black roſe the clouds, and now, (as in a dream)
Their redd'ning ſhapes transform'd to warrior hoſts,
Cours'd o'er the ſky, and battled in mid air. 340
The Sea meantime his billows darkeſt roll'd,
And each ſtain'd wave daſh'd on the ſhore a corſe.
Nor did not the large blood-drops fall from Heaven
Portentous! while aloft were ſeen to float,
His hideous features blended with the miſt, 345
The long black locks of SLAUGHTER. PEACE beheld,
And o'er the plain with oft-reverted eye
Fled, till a place of tombs ſhe reach'd, and there
Within a ruin'd ſepulchre obſcure
Found hiding-place. The delegated Maid 350
Gaz'd thro' her tears, then in ſad tones exclaim'd,
"Thou mild-ey'd Form! wherefore, ah! wherefore fled?
The name of JUSTICE written on thy brow
Reſplendent ſhone; but all they, who unblam'd

Dwelt in thy dwellings, call thee HAPPINESS. 355
Ah! why uninjur'd and unprofited
Should multitudes againſt their brethren ruſh?
Why ſow they guilt, ſtill reaping miſery!
Lenient of care, thy ſongs, O PEACE! are ſweet,
As after ſhowers the perfum'd gale of Eve, 360
That plays around the ſick man's throbbing temples;
And gay thy graſſy altar pil'd with fruits.
But boaſts the ſhrine of Demon WAR one charm?
Save that with many an orgie ſtrange and foul
Dancing around with interwoven arms 365
The Maniac SUICIDE and Giant MURDER
Exult in their fierce union! I am ſad
And know not why the ſimple Peaſants crowd
Beneath the Chieftain's ſtandard!" Thus the Maid.
To her the tutelary Spirit reply'd, 370
"When Luxury and Luſt's exhauſted ſtores
No more can rouſe the appetites of KINGS;
When the low flattery of their reptile Lords
Falls flat and heavy on the accuſtomed ear;
When Eunuchs ſing, and Fools buffoon'ry make, 375
And Dancers writhe their harlot limbs in vain:
Then War and all its dread viciſſitudes
Pleaſingly agitate their ſtagnant hearts,
Its hopes, its fears, its victories, its defeats,
Inſipid Royalty's keen Condiment. 380
Therefore, uninjur'd and unprofited
(Victims at once and executioners)
The congregated huſbandmen lay waſte

The vineyard and the harveſt: as along
The Bothnic Coaſt or ſouthward of the Line 385
Tho' huſh'd the winds, and cloudleſs the high noon,
Yet if LEVIATHAN, weary of eaſe,
In ſports unwieldy toſs his iſland bulk,
Ocean behind him billows, and, before,
A ſtorm of waves breaks foamy on the ſtrand. 390
And hence for times and ſeaſons bloody and dark
Short Peace ſhall ſkin the wounds of cauſeleſs War,
And War, his ſtrained ſinews knit anew,
Still violate th' unfiniſhed Works of Peace.
But yonder look---for more demands thy view." 395
He ſaid; and ſtraightway from the oppoſite Iſle
A Vapor roſe, pierc'd by the MAIDEN's eye.
Guiding its courſe OPPRESSION ſat within,
With terror pale and rage, yet laugh'd at times
Muſing on Vengeance: trembled in his hand 400
A Sceptre fiercely-graſp'd. O'er ocean weſtward
The Vapor ſail'd, as when a Cloud exhal'd
From Egypt's fields, that ſteam hot Peſtilence,
Travels the ſky for many a trackleſs league,
Till o'er ſome death-doom'd Land diſtant in vain
It broods incumbent. Forthwith from the Plain
Facing the Iſle, a brighter Cloud aroſe
And ſteer'd its courſe which way the Vapor went.
ENVY ſat guiding---ENVY, hag abhorr'd!
Like JUSTICE maſk'd, and doom'd to aid the fight
Victorious 'gainſt OPPRESSION. Huſh'd awhile
The Maiden paus'd, muſing what this might mean;

But long time paſs'd not, ere that brighter Cloud
Return'd more bright: along the Plain it ſwept;
And ſoon from forth its burſting ſides emerg'd 415
A dazzling Form, broad-boſom'd, bold of Eye,
And wild her hair ſave where by Laurels bound.
Not more majeſtic ſtood the healing God
When from his Bow the arrow ſped, that ſlew
Huge Python. Shriek'd AMBITION's ghaſtly throng,
And with them thoſe, the locuſt Fiends that crawl'd
And glitter'd in CORRUPTION's ſlimy track.
Great was their wrath, for ſhort they knew their reign.
And ſuch Commotion made they and Uproar
As when the mad Tornado bellows thro' 425
The guilty Iſlands of the weſtern main,
What time departing for their native ſhores,
Eboe, or Koromantyn's plain of Palms, [9]
The infuriate Spirits of the Murder'd make
Fierce merriment, and vengeance aſk of Heaven.
Warm'd with new Influence the unwholſome Plain
Sent up its fouleſt fogs to meet the Morn:
The Sun, that roſe on FREEDOM, roſe in blood!
"MAIDEN beloved, and Delegate of Heaven!
(To her the tutelary Spirit ſaid) 435
"Soon ſhall the Morning ſtruggle into Day,
The ſtormy Morning into cloudleſs Noon.
Much haſt thou ſeen, nor all canſt underſtand---
But this be thy beſt Omen, SAVE THY COUNTRY!"
Thus ſaying, from the anſwering MAID he paſs'd,

And with him diſappear'd the goodly Viſion.
"Glory to thee, FATHER of Earth and Heaven!
All-conſcious PRESENCE of the Univerſe!
Nature's vaſt ever-acting ENERGY!
In will, in deed, IMPULSE of All to all; 445
Whether thy LAW with unrefracted Ray
Beam on the PROPHET's purged Eye, or if
Diſeaſing Realms the ENTHUSIAST wild of thought
Scatter new frenzies on the infected Throng,
THOU Both inſpiring, and predooming Both, 450
Fit INSTRUMENTS and beſt of perfect END.
Glory to thee, Father of Earth and Heaven!"
Return, adven'trous Song! to where Dunois
With eager ear heard from the MAID her tale
Of early youth and Miſſion from on high. 455
And now beneath the Horizon weſt'ring ſlow
Had ſunk the orb of Day: a milder Light
Soften'd the ſcene, fading thro' every hue
Till twilight's deep'ning miſts o'erſhadow'd all.
The trav'llers wend, beguiling the long way 460
With converſe, till the dewy Damps of Night
Roſe round. Far off a glimm'ring taper's ray
Gleam'd thro' the embowered gloom: to that they turn.
An aged man came forth; his ſcant grey locks
Waved on the night breeze. Time had written deep
On his ſhrunk face the characters of age.
Them louting low with ruſtic courteſy
He welcom'd in, on the white-ember'd hearth

Then heapt freſh fuel, and with friendly care
Spread out the homely board : fatigued they eat 470
The country cakes and quaff the nut-brown bowl.
"Strangers, your fare is homely," ſaid their Hoſt,
"But ſuch as we poor men earn with hard toil :
In faith ye are welcome to it. I do love
A ſoldier, my old heart ſeems young again. 475
Poor and decrepit as I am, my arm
Once graſp'd the ſword full firmly, and my limbs
Were ſtrong as thine, Sir Warrior ! God be with thee,
And ſend thee better fortune than old BERTRAM !
I would that I were young again to meet 480
Theſe haughty Engliſh in the field of fight.
Such as I was when on the fatal plain
Of Azincour 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 !" the old veteran cried,
"I ſaw him ere the bloody fight began
Riding from rank to rank, his beaver up,
The long lance quivering in his mighty graſp.
Full was his eye and fierce, yet beaming ſtill 490
On all his countrymen cheerful and mild,
Winning all hearts. Looking at thee, Sir Knight,
Methinks I ſee him now, ſuch was his eye
So mild in peace, ſuch was his manly brow.
Beſhrew me but I weep at the remembrance." 495

"Full was his eye," exclaim'd the Baſtard Son
Of Orleans, "yet it beam'd benevolence.
I never yet ſaw love ſo dignified!
There lived not one his vaſſal but adored
The good, the gallant Chief. Amid his halls 500
High blazed the hoſpitable hearth, the pilgrim
Of other countries ſeeing his high towers [10]
Rejoiced, for he had often heard of Orleans:
He lives, my brother! bound in the hard chain
He lives moſt wretched." The big tear roll'd down
The Warrior's cheeks. "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
Achiev'd in hard-fought battle. He ſhall live 510
Happy. The memory of his priſon'd years
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 once more to behold
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 unhop'd for conqueſt: all around 520
Our dead and dying countrymen lay heap'd.
Yet ſtill he ſtrove, I wonder'd at his valor!
Was not a man that on that fatal day

Fought bravelier." "Fatal was that day to France,"
Exclaim'd the Baſtard, "there Alencon died 525
Valiant in vain; and he the haughty chief
D'Albert, who raſhly arrogant of ſtrength
Impetuous ruſh'd to ruin. Brabant fell,
Vaudemont and Marle, and Bar, and Faquenberg,
Her nobleſt warriors: daring in deſpair 530
Fought the fierce foe---ranks fell on ranks before them:
The priſoners of that ſhameful day out-ſumm'd
Their victors!" [11]
"There are thoſe," old Bertram cried,
"Who for his deeds will honor Henry's name.
That honor that a conqueror may deſerve 535
He merits, for right valiantly he fought
On that diſaſtrous day; but when the field
Was won, and thoſe who had eſcap'd the carnage
Had yielded up their arms, it was moſt foul
On his defenceleſs priſoners to glut [12] 540
The blunted ſword of conqueſt. Girt around
I to their mercy had ſurrendered me,
When lo! I heard the dreadful groan of death---
Not as amid the fray, when man met man
And in fair combat gave the mortal blow; 545
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 550

In vain: Their King had bade them maſſacre,
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 flight was over; of my home 555
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
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 Rouen 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 570
Mayhap 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---"From that field of ſhame
To France ſo fatal, Azincour eſcap'd; 575
I ſpeeded homewards and abode in peace.
Henry as wife as brave had back to England [13]
Led his victorious army; well aware
That France was mighty, that her warrior ſons,

Impatient of a foreign victor's ſway, 580
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
Peaceful though lowly, with my little ſtore 585
Content. I lov'd around the cheerful hearth
To tell of all the perils I had known:
My children they would ſit and liſten eager,
And bleſs the all-good Father who preſerv'd me.
"Ah me---when war the maſters of mankind, 590
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 ravag'd coaſts. In battle bold,
Savage in conqueſt, their victorious King
Swept like the deſolating tempeſt round.
Dambiere's ſubmits---on Caen's ſubjected walls
Proudly in conqueſt wav'd the Engliſh flag. 600
Bulwark of Normandy, Rouen ſtill remain'd;
Nor unreſiſted round our maſſy walls
Fix'd they their camp. I need not tell Sir Knight
How oft and boldly on th' invading hoſt
We burſt with fierce aſſault impetuous forth; 605
For many were the warrior ſons of Rouen. [14]
O'er all that gallant Citizen was fam'd
For virtuous hardihood pre-eminent

Blanchard. He gathering his compatriots round,
With his own courage kindling every breaſt, 610
Had bade them vow before Almighty God
Never to yield them to the uſurping foe [15]
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; 615
And we had baffled the beſieging power,
But our cold-hearted Foeman drew around
His ſtrong entrenchments. From the watch-tower's top
In vain with fearful hearts along the Seine
We ſtrain'd the eye, and every diſtant wave 620
That 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 [16]
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, till ſickening Expectation 630
Felt never hope, and yet moſt keen the pang
Of diſappointment. Tho' with chriſtian zeal
Urſino would have pour'd the balm of peace [17]
Into our wounds, ambitious ear beſt pleas'd
With the War's clamor and the groan of Death,
Was deaf to prayer. Day after day fled on;

We heard no voice of comfort; never aid
Arriv'd. And now the loathlieſt food was ſought
And now the wretched ones lay in our ſtreets
Crying for food, and dying as they cry'd--- 640
Oh God it was a dreadful ſight to ſee!
Yet ſtill we ſtruggled nobly. Blanchard ſtill
Spoke of the ſavage fury of the foe,
Of captives maſſacred at Azincour;
Of ravaged Caen, and of her gallant ſons 645
In cold blood murder'd. Then his ſcanty food
Sharing with the moſt wretched, he would bid us
Bear with our miſeries cheerly. Thus diſtreſs'd
Leſt all ſhould periſh thus, our chieftains doom'd
The helpleſs ones---dreadful alternative,
To ſeek their fates. I never ſhall forget
The horrors of that hour! Oh God forbid
That my worſt foe ſhould ever feel ſuch pangs.
Then as our widow wives clung round our necks,
And the deep ſob of anguiſh interrupted 655
The prayer of parting---even the pious prieſt
As he implor'd 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
That he can hear the groan of wretchedneſs
And feel no fleſhly pang! Why did the All-Good

Create these warrior scourges of mankind,
These who delight in slaughter? I did think
There was not on this earth a heart so hard
Could hear a famish'd woman cry for bread,
And know no pity. As the outcast train 670
Drew near, the English Monarch bade his troops
Force back the miserable multitude. [20]
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, 675
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 [21]
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, 685
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 690
All was still, save that ever and anon
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 695
With the ſick patience of a mind worn out.
Nor when the Traitor yielded up our town [22]
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, [23]
And as he bow'd beneath the axe, thank'd God
That he had done his duty. I ſurvive,
A ſolitary, friendleſs, wretched one, 705
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, 710
"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, 715
The wind ſhall whiſtle o'er their turf-grown grave,
And all beneath be peace. But woe to thoſe,
Woe to the Mighty Ones who ſend abroad
Their train'd aſſaſſins, and who give to Fury
The flaming firebrand; theſe indeed ſhall live 720
The heroes of the wand'ring minſtrel's ſong,

But they have their reward: the innocent blood
Steams up to Heaven againſt them. God ſhall hear
The widow's groan." So ſpake ſhe and aroſe,
And they betook them to their homely reſt.

BOOK THE THIRD.

ARGUMENT.

DUNOIS and the Maid arrive at Chinon. DUNOIS announces the Miſſion of JOAN. Deſpondency and incredulity of the King. He attempts to deceive her. She diſcovers and addreſſes him. CHARLES ſtill incredulous convenes the Doctors of Theology. They aſſemble and examine the Maid. Event of that Examination.

THE early ſun beams on the latticed cot;
Up ſpring the travellers, and along their way
Holding high converſe ſpeed. So as they paſs,
Faſt by a ſpring that welling at his feet
With many a winding crept along the mead, 5
A Knight they ſaw. He at his plain repaſt
Felt the Weſt wind play round his ungirt brow.
Him, drawing near the Baſtard recogniz'd,
The gallant friend of Orleans, the brave chief
Du Chaſtel; and the mutual greeting paſs'd, 10
They on the ſtreamlet's moſſy brink 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 15
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. Faſtolffe's better fate prevail'd, 20
And from the field of ſhame my maddening horſe
Bore me, for the barb'd arrow gor'd 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. Now thus reviv'd
By Heaven's high aid, 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," Tannegui reply'd,
"May haply in the battle once again 30
Serve him 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. Look not thou
For happineſs in that polluted ſcene.
Thou ſeeſt me here, Dunois, a baniſh'd man,
A not unwilling exile, to appeaſe
The proud and powerful Richemont, who long time
Moſt ſternly jealous of the royal ear

With midnight murder leagues, and down the Loire,
Rolls the black carcaſs of his ſtrangled foe.
Now confident of ſtrength at the King's feet
He ſtabs the King's beſt friends, and then demands,[3]
As with a conqueror's imperious tone,
The poſt of honor. Son of that lov'd Chief
Whoſe death my arm avenged, may thy days
Be happy; ſerve thy country in the field,
And in the hour of peace amid thy friends 50
Dwell thou without ambition." So he ſpake.
But when the Baſtard told the wond'rous tale,
How interpoſing Heaven had its high aid
Vouchſaf'd to France, the old man's eyes flaſh'd fire,
And riſing from the bank, the ſtately ſteed 55
That graz'd 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 60
Roſe to the diſtant view; imperial ſeat
Of Charles, for Paris with her ſervile ſons
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 65
Strode terrible, and Murder and Revenge,
As by the midnight torch's lurid light [4]
They mark'd their mangled victims writhe convul'd,
Liſten'd the deep death groan. Ill-fated ſcene!

Thro' many a dark age drench'd with innocent
blood, 70
And one day doom'd to know the damning guilt
Of Brissot murder'd, and the blamelefs wife
Of Roland! Martyr'd patriots---fpirits pure,
Wept by the good ye fell! Yet ftill furvives
Sow'd by your toil and by your blood manur'd 75
Th' imperifhable feed, foon to become
That Tree, beneath whofe vaft and mighty fhade
The fons of men fhall pitch their tents in peace,
And in the unity of truth preferve
The bond of love. For by the eye of God 80
Hath Virtue fworn, that never one good act
Was work'd in vain. In Paris triumph'd now
Th' Invader. On a cradled infant's head
Had Bedford placed the crown of Charlemagne,
And factious nobles bow'd the fubject knee 85
In homage to their King, their Sovereign Lord,
Their baby Mighty One. "Belov'd of Heav'n,"
So fpake the Son of Orleans as they pafs'd,
"Lo thefe the walls of Chinon, this the abode
Of Charles our monarch. Here in revelry 90
He of his armies vanquifh'd, his fair towns
Subdu'd, hears carelefs and prolongs the dance.
And little marvel I that to the cares
Of empire ftill he turns the unwilling ear,
For lofs on lofs, defeat upon defeat, 95
His ftrong holds taken, and his braveft Chiefs
Or dead or captur'd, and the hopes of youth

All blasted, have subdu'd the royal mind
Undisciplin'd in Fortitude's stern school.
So may thy voice arouse his sleeping virtues!" 100
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 high enterprize
My thoughts, troubled tho' firm. He who essays 105
Achievements of vast import, will perforce
Feel his 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 110
Seeking the King. Him from the public view
He found secluded with his blameless Queen,
And her partaker of the unlawful bed,
The lofty-minded Agnes. "Son of Orleans!"
So as he enter'd cried the haughty fair, 115
"Thou art well come to witness the disgrace,
The weak, unmanly, mean despondency
Of this thy Sovereign Liege. He will retreat
To distant Dauphine, and fly the war!
Go, then, unworthy of thy rank! retreat 120
To distant Dauphine, and fly the war,
Recreant from Battle! I will not partake
A fugitive's fate, but to my home returning
In bitterness of memory curse the hour
When to a coward basely I resign'd 125
My virgin worth." "Nay Agnes," Charles replied,

"Add not the anguiſh of thy keen reproach!
I have enough of ſorrow. Look around,
See this fair country ravag'd by the foe,
My ſtrong holds taken, and my braveſt Chiefs 130
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, 135
Ye periſh'd. Gallant, raſh, ill-deſtin'd 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 140
Leagues with my foes, and Richemont or in arms
Defies my weak control, or from my ſide,
(A friend more dreaded than the enemy)
Drives my beſt ſervants with the aſſaſſin ſword.
Soon muſt the towers of Orleans fall. But now 145
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 Providence all-wiſe decrees 155

The ſaviour of the realm. Me, gaſh'd with wounds,
And in mine own blood ſenſeleſs on the plain,
This more than mortal, with celeſtial touch,
Woke to new life." Aſtoniſh'd by his ſpeech
Stood Charles. "At one of meaner eſtimation 160
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, 165
Whoſe magic touch awoke thee to new life
When gaſh'd with wounds and ſenſeleſs! Son of Orleans,
Ill now beſeems ought hazardous. My ſtate
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,
"She knows not then my perſon. Thou, Dunois,
Lead here the Maiden. On the throne meantime,
I the while mingling with the menial throng,
Some courtier ſhall be ſeated. If this Maid
Be by the holy ſpirit of God inſpir'd,
That holy ſpirit will gift her with the power
To pierce deception. But if ſtrange of mind 180
Enthuſiaſt fancy fire her wilder'd brain,
Thus prov'd, 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 ; 185
And confident in faith the ſon of Orleans
Sought on 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, 190
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. "Thou art the King.
I come the avenging Delegate of Heaven, 195
Wielding the wrathful 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
Shall in the conſecrated walls of Rheims
Place on thy head the crown." In wonder mute
The courtiers heard. The aſtoniſh'd King exclaim'd,
"This is indeed the agency of Heaven! 205
Hard, Maiden, were I of belief," he cried,
"Did I not now with full and confirm'd faith
Thee the redeemer of this ravag'd realm
Believe. Not doubting therefore the ſtrange will
Of the All-Wiſe, nor thoſe high miracles 210
Vouch'd by the Son of Orleans, do I now
Delay to marſhal the brave ſons of France

Beneath thy banners; but to ſatisfy
Thoſe who at diſtance from this moſt clear proof
May hear and diſbelieve, or yield at beſt 215
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
And ſkilful in the myſteries of Heaven. 220
By theſe thy miſſion ſtudied and approv'd
As needs it muſt be; of theſe holy men
The ſanction to the dubious minds of all
Shall bring conviction, and the firm belief
Lead on thy favor'd troops to mightieſt deeds, 225
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, 230
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, 235
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
Swarm'd forth 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, 245
By their admiring pupils dignified.
Nor SUPERSTITION to embrace the hour
Neglects. She haſtens from the Engliſh court,
Where mad Ferocity led the holy war,
Arm'd with the mitred helmet. By her ſide 250
Inanely learn'd, came reverend IGNORANCE,
His grey eye large and rayleſs; o'er his beads
Aye wont to mutter forth the drowſy prayer.
And meet companion came with theſe the form
Of CRUELTY, like monk Dominican 255
His garb. One hand Tertullian's volume graſp'd,
Volume beloved! and high the other rear'd
The thirſty ſword, whoſe impious hilt diſplay'd
The croſs. Theſe join'd the theologic train.
The Doctors met—from cloiſter gloom recluſe 260
Or from the haunts luxurious of the abode,
Epiſcopal they met, and fought the place
Of judgment. Very ancient was the dome,
The floor with many a monumental ſtone
O'erſpread, and braſs-enſculptur'd effigy 265
Of holy abbots honor'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 275
May not be quench'd. 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, 280
Than e'er the hell-hags taught in Theſſaly,
Or they who ſitting on the rifled grave,
Seen by th' exhalations lurid light,
Partake the Vampire's banquet. This perform'd,
The Maid is ſummon'd. Round the holy vaſe 285
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 290
One mindful ſtill of maiden modeſty,
Tho' of her own worth conſcious. Thro' the aiſle
The cold wind moaning as it paſs'd along
Wav'd her dark flowing locks. Before the train
In reverend ſilence waiting their ſage will, 295
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 300
Of deſolation. By the maiden's ſide
Proud in conviction ſtood the warrior Son
Of Orleans, to avow his deep wounds heal'd
By power miraculous vouchſaf'd from Heaven
To her the inſpir'd damſel. As he ſtood, 305
Viewing with ſteady eye the magic rites
Of preparation, thus 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 310
Of God and holy church, thus by the virtue
Of water hallow'd by the name of God
That damned ſpirit adjure I to depart
From his poſſeſſed prey. Detected thus
Thy impious wiles, to th' eccleſiaſtic arm 315
Thou muſt deliver'd purge in flames the crime
Atrocious." Thus he ſpake, and daſh'd the wave
With hand unſparing on the virgin's face:
The water ſhone upon her glowing cheek
Like morning dew-drops on the opening roſe. 320
Indignant at th' 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 325
A poor weak woman. Of the grace vouchſaf'd,
How far unworthy conſcious: yet tho' mean,

Guiltleſs of ill, and choſen by higheſt Heaven
The miniſter of aid. Strange voices heard,
The dark and ſhadowing viſions of the night, 330
And that miraculous power that thro' the frame,
Then gor'd with wounds and ſenſeleſs, of Dunois,
Pour'd rapid the full tide of life and health,
Theſe portents make me conſcious of the God
Within me—he who gifted my purg'd eye 335
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 340
Of man profane." Bluſhing the Maiden ſpake.
Thus then the Father: "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 345
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 350
Haſt thou (as rightly mother church demands)
To holy Prieſt confeſs'd each ſecret ſin,
So purg'd by grace to him vouchſaf'd from Heaven
Of abſolution?" "Father," ſhe replied,
"In foreſt ſhade my infant years train'd up 355
Knew not devotion's forms. The chaunted maſs,

The ſilver altar and religious robe,
The myſtic wafer and the hallowed cup,
Gods prieſt-created, are to me unknown.
Beneath no high arch'd roof I bow'd in prayer, 360
No ſolemn light by ſtoried pane diſguis'd,
No trophied pillars, and no imag'd croſs
Wak'd my young mind to artificial awe,
To fear the God I only learnt to love.
I ſaw the eternal energy pervade 365
The boundleſs range of nature, with the Sun
Pour life and radiance from his flamy path,
And on the lowlieſt flowret in the field
The kindly dew-drops ſhed. All nature's voice
Proclaim'd the all-good Parent; nor myſelf 370
Deem'd I by him neglected. This good Power
My more than Father taught my youth to know,
Knowing to love, and loving to adore.
At earlieſt morn to him my grateful heart
Pour'd forth the unſtudied prayer, that ſpake my thanks 375
For mercies oft vouchſaf'd, and humbly aſk'd
Protection yet to come. Each flower, that bloom'd
Expanding in the new-born ſpring, call'd forth
The ſoul of full devotion. Every morn
My ſoaring ſpirit glorified the God 380
Of light, and every evening thank'd the Power
Preſerving thro' the day. For ſins confeſt
To holy Prieſt and abſolution given
I knew them not; for ignorant of ſin

Why ſhould I ſeek forgiveneſs? Of the points 385
Abſtruſe of nice religion, aud the bounds
Subtile and narrow which confine the path
Of orthodox belief, my artleſs creed
Knew nought. 'Twas nature taught my early youth
Religion—Nature bade me ſee the God 390
Confeſt in all that lives, and moves, and is."
She ſpake energic. The full force of truth
Breath'd from her lips. Appall'd the Doctors ſtood
In vacant wonder, liſtening to the ſounds
Unwonted; till at laſt a Prieſt replied: 395
"Woman, of holy church thou ſeem'ſt to ſcorn
Profane the mighty power; nay more, thy lips
Confeſs that Nature taught thee thy religion.
This is heretical, and thou thyſelf
Haſt proved it impious; for thou haſt declared 400
Maſſes and abſolution, 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, 405
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 ſucceſſors' unbounded power 410
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 415
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 wiſdom, vaunting its own ſtrength
Above Omnipotence. 'Tis true my youth, 420
Conceal'd in foreſt gloom, knew not the ſound
Of maſs high chaunted, nor with trembling lips
I touch'd the myſtic wafer: yet the Bird
That to the matin ray preluſive pour'd
His joyous ſong, methought did warble forth 425
Sweeter thankſgiving to Religion's ear
In his wild melody of happineſs,
Than ever rung along the high-arch'd roofs
Of man. Yet never from the bending vine
Pluck'd I its ripen'd cluſters thankleſsly, 430
Of that good God unmindful who beſtow'd
The bloodleſs banquet. Ye have told me, Sires,
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, REVEREND! 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 440
Bids the red current ruſh. No miſery there---

No wretched mother, that 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, 445
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, 450
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 455
Is that deluded one, who, of the maſs
Unheeding, and the Church's ſaving power,
Deems nature ſinleſs. Therefore, mark me well,
Brethren, I would propoſe this woman try
The holy ordeal. Let her, bound and ſtript, 460
(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
O'erwhelm'd, ſure ſign that Providence diſplays 465
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 judgment: and this Chief, the Son of Orleans,
Heal'd, as he ſays, even at the point of death,
By her miraculous touch, 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
This fairer than Suſannah would you eye? 480
Ye call for ordeals—and I too demand
The nobleſt ordeal, on the Engliſh hoſt
To prove in victory the miſſion ſent
From favoring Heaven. To the Pope refer
For judgment! 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 490
Beſides her. A deep ſilence thro' the dome
Dwelt awful. Sudden from that houſe of death
The claſh of arms was heard, as tho' within
The ſhrouded warrior ſhook his mailed limbs.
"Hear ye," the Damſel cried; "theſe are the arms
That ſhall flaſh terror o'er the hoſtile hoſt.
Theſe, in the preſence of our Lord the King,
And the aſſembled people, I ſhall take
From this the ſepulchre, where many an age

Incorruptible they have lain conceal'd, 500
Deſtin'd for me, 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."

BOOK THE FOURTH.

ARGUMENT.

A Meſſenger arrives from Orleans, repreſenting the Diſtreſs of that city, and requeſting immediate ſuccours. JOAN, in the preſence of the King and aſſembled people, takes the armour of Orlando from his tomb in the church of St. Catharine of Fierbois. Strange conduct of the Meſſenger. The Maid recognizes him. She meets with Theodore. Returns deſpondently to the palace, aud after expreſſing her diſguſt at the licentiouſneſs of the court, announces her intention of marching on the morrow to relieve Orleans.

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, 5
"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 ſhall ſee the monarch," he replied,

"And he ſhall hear my tidings, duty-urg'd: 10
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 15
Demanding for her gallant garriſon,
Faithful to thee, tho' thinn'd in many a fight,
And wither'd now by want. Thee it beſeems
Forever anxious for thy people's weal,
To ſuccour theſe brave men whoſe honeſt breaſts 20
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, "that man has ſerv'd thee well.
Him have I ſeen the foremoſt of the fight,
Wielding ſo fearfully his blood-red ſword, 30
His eye ſo fury-fired, that the pale 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
When one the braveſt of her garriſon 35
Is thus commiſſion'd." 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 40
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 armor gleam, thro' many an age
Kept holy and inviolate by time." 45
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 armorer'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 imag'd croſs 55
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 rob'd in a ſnow-white veſt: 60
Wiſtleſs that every eye dwelt on her form,
With ſtately ſtep ſhe paced; 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 65
The ſhapes of holy phantaſy. By her
The warrior Son of Orleans ſtrode along

Preeminent. He, nerving his young limbs
With manly exercise, had scaled the cliff,
And dashing in the torrent's foaming flood, 70
Stemm'd with broad breast its fury: so his form,
Sinewy and firm, and fit for loftiest deeds,
Tower'd high amid the throng effeminate;
His armor bore of hostile steel the marks,
Many and deep. His pictur'd shield display'd 75
A Lion vainly struggling in the toils,
Whilst by his side the cub with pious rage,
His young mane floating to the desart air,
Rends the fall'n huntsman. Tremouille him behind,
The worthless favourite of the slothful Prince, 80
Stalk'd arrogant, in shining armor clasp'd
With gold and gems of richest hues emboss'd,
Gaudily graceful, by no hostile blade
Defaced, and rusted by no hostile blood;
Trimly-accoutred court habiliment, 85
Gay, lady-dazzling armor, fit to adorn,
In dangerless manœuvres some review,
The mockery of murder! followed him
The train of courtiers, summer-flies that sport
In the sun-beam of favor, insects sprung 90
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 95
Stretchd in the chequerd shade; or as the sound

Of far-off waters down the craggy ſteep
Daſh'd with loud uproar, roſe the murmur round
Of admiration. Every gazing eye
Dwelt on the miſſion'd Maid. Of all beſides, 100
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. Catherine's holy memory. 105
Her death the altar told, what time expos'd
A virgin victim to the deſpot's rage,
The agonizing rack outſtretch'd her limbs,
Till the ſtrain'd muſcles crack'd, and from their ſockets
Started the blood-red eyes. Before her ſtood 110
Glutting his iron ſight, the giant form
Of Maximin, on whoſe rais'd lip Revenge
Kindled a ſavage ſmile; whilſt even the face
Of the hard executioner relax'd,
And ſternly ſoften'd to a maiden tear. 115
Her eye averting from the ſtoried woe,
The delegated damſel knelt and pour'd
To Heaven the prayer of praiſe. A trophied tomb
Cloſe to the altar rear'd its antique bulk.
Two pointleſs javelins and a broken ſword, 120
Time-mouldering now, proclaim'd ſome warrior ſlept
The ſleep of death beneath. A maſſy ſtone
And rude-enſculptur'd effigy o'erlaid

The ſepulchre. Above ſtood VICTORY,
With lifted arm and trump as ſhe would blow 125
The blaſt of Fame, but on her outſtretch'd arm
DEATH laid his ebon rod. The Maid approach'd---
DEATH dropt his ebon rod---the lifted trump
Pour'd forth a blaſt whoſe ſound miraculous
Burſt the rude tomb. Within the arms appear'd
The creſted helm, the maſſy bauldrick's ſtrength,
The oval ſhield, the magic-temper'd blade.
A ſound of awe-repreſs'd aſtoniſhment
Roſe from the crowd. The delegated Maid
O'er her white 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 magic ſword,
Gleaming portentous light. The amazed 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 hoſts!
All-juſt avenger of the innocent,
Be thou our Champion! God of Love, preſerve 145
Thoſe whom no luſt of glory leads to arms."
She ſpake, and lo again the magic trump
Breath'd forth the notes of conqueſt. The white plumes
Reſponſive o'er the martial Maiden's head,
Triumphant waved. They rais'd the chaunted maſs

"Thee, Lord, we praiſe, our God." The aſſembled
Join'd the loud hymn in choral harmony. [throng
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 160
Diſturb'd, the warrior Virgin paſs'd along,
And much revolving in her troubled mind,
Retreads the palace: there the feaſt was ſpread,
And ſparkling with the red dew of the vine-yard,
The bowl went round. Meantime the minſtrel ſtruck
His harp: the Palladins of France he ſung;
The warrior who from Arden's fated fount
Drank of the bitter waters of averſion,
And loathing beauty, ſpurn'd the lovely Maid,
Suppliant for Love; ſoon doom'd to rue the charm
Revers'd: and that invulnerable Chief
Orlando, he who from the magic horn
Breath'd ſuch heart-withering ſounds, that every foe
Fled from the fearful blaſt, and all-appall'd,
Spell-ſtricken Valour hid his recreant head. 175
The full ſound echoed o'er the arched roof,
And liſtening eager to the favorite lay,
The gueſts ſat ſilent. When into the hall
The Meſſenger from that beſieged town,

Stalk'd ſtately. "It is pleaſant, King of France, 180
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 185
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 Rinaldo's fame
Amid theſe walls? Virtue and Genius love 190
That lofty lay. Haſt thou no looſe lewd tale
To pamper and provoke the appetite?
Such ſhould procure thee worthy recompenſe:
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 gazing on thee cry, "Thou art the man!"

He ſaid, and with a quick and troubled ſtep
Retired: Aſtoniſh'd at his daring phraſe, 200
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 205
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 210
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 the voice,
"Ill-omen'd Maid, I pity thee!" when lo! 215
Again that man stalk'd to the door, and stood
Scowling around. "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!" 220
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 225
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; 230
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---my Agnes! even as snow 235
Fall'n in some cleft where never the fierce sun

Pours his hot ray---moſt foul, for once moſt fair :
My poor polluted Agnes !---Thou bad man !
Thou haſt almoſt ſhaken my faith in Heaven.
I ſee thee rioting in ſloth and guilt, 240
And yet thou reſteſt, pillowing thy head
Even on her boſom ! I, though 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 245
Dark as that man who at MOHAMMED's door
Knock'd fierce and frequent ; from whoſe fearful look
Bath'd with cold damps, every beholder fled.
Even he the prophet almoſt terrified,
Endur'd but half to view him, for he knew 250
AZARAEL, ſtern-brow'd Meſſenger of Fate,
And his death-day was come. Guilt-petrified
The Monareh ſat, nor could endure to face
His boſom-probing frown. The miſſion'd Maid
Read anxious his ſtern features and exclaim'd 255
" I know thee, Conrade !" Riſing from her ſeat,
She took his hand, for he ſtood motionleſs,
Gazing on Agnes now with full-fix'd eye,
Dreadful though calm : him from the Court ſhe
And to the river's banks reſiſting not, [drew,
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, 265
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, 270
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, 275
"Then I have one more ſin to anſwer for!
Oh 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 280
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. 285
"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: 290
She gaz'd amid the air with ſuch ſad look,
Yet ſuch ſweet ſolacing of ſelf-applauſe,

As he the virtuous exile feels, who, driven [1]
By "that dark Vizier" from his native land, [2]
Roams on the ſea-beach, while the roaring waves
Rocking his ſenſes, break upon the ſhore.
Loſt in ſad dreams his diſtant home he ſees,
His friends, and haply too an aged Mother
That weeps for him in bitterneſs of heart.
All, all he loved fond fancy ſees again, 300
Till the big tear-drop ruſhes o'er its orb,
And drowns the ſoft enchantment. 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 305
Like me, the worthleſs Court, and having ſerv'd,
In the hour of ill abandon'd, thou ſhalt curſe
The duty that deluded. Of the world
Fatigued, and loathing at my fellow-men,
I ſhall be ſeen no more. There is a path— 310
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 complete wretchedneſs. 315
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!" So he ſpake,
And claſping to his heart the Virgin's hand, 320
Sped rapid o'er 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
Then wander'd, till o'erwearied on the banks 325
She laid her down, and watch'd its ſloweſt ſtream
Dim purpling to the clouds, that ſtill were pierc'd
By the ſunk day-ſtar's ray. The murmuring tide
Lull'd her, and many a penſive pleaſing dream
Roſe in ſad ſhadowy trains at Memory's call. 330
She thought of Arc, and of the dingled brook,
Whoſe waves oft leaping on their craggy courſe
Made dance the low-hung willow's dripping twigs;
And where it ſpread into a glaſſy lake,
Of that old oak, which on the ſmooth expanſe 335
Imaged its hoary moſſy-mantled boughs.
Wak'd by the thought, a tear ran down her cheek
Unconſcious, when a voice behind 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. [youth,
"Oh! I have found thee!" cried th' enraptur'd
"And I ſhall dare the battle by thy ſide, 345
And ſhield thee from the war! but tell me, *JOAN*,
Why didſt thou brood in ſuch ſtrange myſtery,
O'er this thy Heav'n-doom'd purpoſe? truſt me,
Maiden,
I have ſhed many tears for that wild gloom

That ſo eſtrang'd thee from thy Theodore! 350
If thou couldſt know the anguiſh I endur'd
When thou wert gone! how thro' the live-long night
I vainly travers'd o'er thy wonted paths,
Making the foreſt echo to thy name!
Our mother too! in ſooth it was unkind 355
To leave us thus!" Mindleſs of her high 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 doating mother he had come 360
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,
Urg'd me to leave her not. My wayward heart 365
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 370
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 thoughts
Wither'd her cheek; the dews on her cold brow 375
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 380
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 385
In anguiſh. Go thee back again to Arc,
And cheering ſo her wintry hour of age,
Cheriſh my memory there." Swift he exclaim'd,
"Nay, Maid! the pang of parting is o'erpaſt,
And Elinor looks on to the glad hour 390
When we ſhall both return. Amid the war
How many an arm will ſeek thy ſingle life,
How many a ſword pierce through thy brittle mail,
Wound thy fair face, or, driven with impious rage,
Gore thy white boſom! *JOAN*, 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, 400
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 405
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 unpierc'd Veil 410
Was raiſed, and 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, 415
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, 420
My Theodore!"---Then, preſſing his pale lips,
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, 425
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 cheerful ſeem'd
As tho' there had not been a God in Heav'n! 430
"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?" The diſguſted Maid,
As ſternly ſorrowful ſhe frown'd upon him, 435
Replied. "Yes, Charles! that madman has indeed

Made me moſt ſad. Much had I heard of courts,
Much of the vice and folly that enthrall'd
The maſters of mankind. Incredulous
I heard, incredulous that man ſhould bow 440
In homage to the ſlaves of appetite.
Thron'd in Infinity, the Eternal Juſtice
Gives or withholds ſucceſs; by his high will
Withering the uplifted Warrior's ſinewy arm.
VICTORY is his; on whom he delegates 445
His miniſter of wrath, the Genius waits
Stern-brow'd attendant. In the human heart
Dwells VIRTUE; milder form! and templed there
Loves her meet altar; and, tho' oft diſlodg'd,
Reluctantly ſhe quits her lov'd abode, 450
And oft returns, and oft importunate
Reclaims her empire. Wilt thou, Charles, reject
The ſuppliant angel? wilt thou thruſt her from thee,
Turning thine ear from her unheeded cries,
To Riot's deaf'ning clamors? King of France! 455
To thee elated, thus above mankind
Subjected thouſands gaze: they wait thy will,
They wait thy will to quit their peaceful homes,
To quit the comforts of domeſtic life,
For the camp's diſſonance, the clang of arms, 460
The banquet of deſtruction. King of France,
Glows not thy crimſon cheek---ſinks not thine heart
At the dread thought of thouſands in thy cauſe,
Mow'd by the giant ſcythe of Victory?
Of widows weeping for their ſlaughter'd huſbands?

Of orphans groaning for their daily food?
Oh that my voice in thunder might awake
The monitor within thee! that thy ſoul
Might, like Manoah's iron-ſinew'd ſon,
Burſt its baſe fetters!" The aſtoniſh'd King 470
Trembled like Felix, when the Apoſtle ſpake
Of righteouſneſs to come. And now Dunois,
Poiſing a javelin, came with haſty ſtep:
His eye beam'd exultation. "Thou haſt rous'd
The ſleeping virtue of the ſons of France; 475
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." Rous'd from his amaze,
And truſting by religion's forms obſerv'd,
With ſcrupulous care, to atone for the foul breach
Of her firſt duties, thus the King exclaim'd:
"O choſen by Heaven, defer awhile thy march, 485
That o'er the land my heralds may proclaim
A general faſt." Severe the Maid replied:
"Monarch of France! and canſt thou think that God
Beholds well-pleas'd the mockery of a faſt?
Luxuriant lordly riot is content, 490
And willingly obedient to command,
Feaſts on ſome ſainted dainty. The poor man,
From the hard labor of the day debarr'd,

Loſes his hard meal too. It were to waſte
The hour in impious folly, ſo to bribe 495
The all-creating Parent to deſtroy
The works he made. Proud tyranny to Man,
To God foul inſult! Mortify your pride;
Be clad in ſackcloth when the conqueror's car
Rolls o'er the field of blood.—Believe me, King, 500
If thou didſt know the untold miſery
When from the boſom of domeſtic Love
But one—one victim goes! if that thine heart
Be human, it would bleed!" Her heart was full,
And, pauſing for a moment, ſhe repreſs'd 505
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."

BOOK THE FIFTH.

ARGUMENT.

The Maid receives a consecrated banner from the Archbishop. The troops under the command of JOAN and Dunois march towards Orleans. They meet with one of the female outcasts from that city. Her history previous to taking refuge there. Preparations for the ensuing siege. Encampment of the besiegers. Their progress, and the subsequent distresses of Orleans.

SCARCE had the earliest ray from Chinon's towers
Made visible the mists that curl'd along
The winding waves of Vienne, when from her couch
Started the martial Maid. She mail'd her limbs;
The white plumes nodded o'er her helmed head; 5
She girt the temper'd falchion by her side,
And, like some youth that 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 well-sharp'd spears,
Await her coming. Terrible in arms
Before them tower'd Dunois. His manly face
Dark-shadow'd by the helmet's iron cheeks.
The assembled court gaz'd on the marshall'd train,

And at the gate the aged Primate ſtood 15
To pour his bleſſing on the choſen hoſt.
And now a ſoft and ſolemn ſymphony
Was heard; and chaunting high the hallow'd hymn
From the near convent came the veſtal maids.
A holy banner, woven by virgin hands, 20
Snow-white they bore. A mingled ſentiment
Of awe, and eager ardor for the fight,
Thrill'd through the troops, as he the reverend man
Took the white ſtandard, and with heav'nward eye
Call'd on the God of Juſtice, bleſſing it. 25
The Maid, her brows in reverence unhelm'd,
Her dark hair floating on the morning gale,
Knelt to his prayer, and ſtretching forth her hand
Receiv'd the myſtic enſign. From the hoſt
A loud and univerſal ſhout burſt forth, 30
As riſing from the ground, on her white brow
She placed the plumed caſque, and wav'd on high
The banner'd lilies. On their way they march,
And dim in diſtance, ſoon the towers of Chinon
Fade from the eye reverted. The third ſun, 35
Purpling the ſky with his dilated light,
Sunk weſtering; when emboſom'd in the depth
Of that vaſt foreſt, whoſe prodigious track [1]
Shadows the hills and vales of Orleannois,
They pitch their tents. The hum of occupation 40
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, 45
The martial Maiden wander'd thro' the wood.
There, by a ſtreamlet, on its moſſy bank
Reclined, ſhe ſaw a damſel: her long locks
Engarlanded, and as ſhe nearer came,
The Virgin knew it for the willow weed. 50
Reſting his head 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 rue. Scar'd at the ſound
Of one in arms approaching, ſhe had fled; 55
But Conrade, looking upward, recogniz'd
The Maid of Arc. "Fear not, poor Iſabel,"
He ſaid, "for this is one of gentle kind,
Whom even the wretched need not fear to love."
So ſaying, he aroſe and took her hand, 60
And held it to his boſom. "My fond heart,
Though ſchool'd by wrongs to loath at human kind,
Beats high, a rebel to its own reſolves.
Come hither, outcaſt One! and call her friend,
And ſhe ſhall be thy friend more readily 65
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 70
Can make this wanderer ſo. From Orleans driven,
Orphan'd by war, and torn away from one

Her only friend, I found her in the wilds,
Worn out with want and wretchedneſs. Thou, *Joan*,
Wilt his beloved to the youth reſtore. 75
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. 80
"Soon ſhall we enter Orleans," ſaid the Maid;
"A few hours in her dream of victory
England ſhall triumph; then to be awak'd
By the loud thunder of Almighty wrath!
Irkſome meantime the buſy camp to me 85
A ſolitary woman. Iſabel,
Wert thou the while companion of my tent,
Lightly the time would paſs. Return with me,
I may not long be abſent." So ſhe ſpake.
The Wanderer in half-uttered words expreſs'd 90
Grateful aſſent. "Art thou aſtoniſh'd, Maid,
That one though powerful is benevolent?
In truth thou well may'ſt wonder!" Conrade cried,
"But little cauſe to love the mighty ones
Has the low cottager! for with its ſhade 95
Does Power, a barren death-dew-dropping tree,
Blaſt every 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, 100
And pleaſant to my ear the twice-told tale

Of ſorrow." Gazing on the martial Maid
She read her wiſh and ſpake. "Of lowly line,
Not diſtant far from Jenville, dwelt my ſire.
Two brethren form'd our family of love. 105
Humble we were, but 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; 110
And plenteous produce of my father's toil
The yellow harveſt billowed o'er the plain.
We were content and envied not the great;
We fear'd them not, for we were innocent.
How cheerful ſeated round the blazing hearth 115
When all the labour of the day was done,
We paſs'd the ev'ning hours! for they would ſing
Or cheerful roundelay, or ditty ſad
Of maid forſaken and the willow weed,
Or of the doughty Douzeperes of France, 120
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 combin'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 Lion waved on Gergeau's wall, 130
Baugenci yielded: ſoon the foe approach'd
The towers of Jenville. Fatal was the hour
To luckleſs 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! 140
"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, 145
Than here be tamely butcher'd. My dear girl,
Go to the Abbey. Here is gold to buy
The kind protection of the holy church.
Fare thee well, Iſabel! if we ſurvive
And conquer, we ſhall meet again: if not, 150
There is a better world!" In broken words
Lifting his looks to Heav'n! my father breath'd
His bleſſing on me. As they ſtrode away,
My brethren gazed on me and preſt my hand
In ſilence, for they lov'd their Iſabel. 155
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 Conrade, "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, 165
The epitome of all the peſtilent 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-foliag'd foreſt to the ſtorm
Shakes its hoarſe head. Anon with louder din; 175
And thro' the opening glade gleam'd many a fire.
The Virgin's tent they enter'd. There the board
Was ſpread. The Wanderer, of the fare partook,
Then thus her tale renew'd. "Slow o'er the hill
Whoſe riſing head conceal'd our cot I paſs'd, 180
Yet on my journey paus'd awhile, and gaz'd,
And wept—for often had I croſt the hill
With cheerful ſtep, and ſeen the riſing ſmoke
Of hoſpitable fire. Alas! no ſmoke
Curl'd o'er the melancholy chimneys now. 185
Orleans I reach'd. There in the ſuburbs ſtood
The Abbey—and ere long I learnt the fall

Of Jenville. On a day, a ſoldier aſk'd
For Iſabel. Scarce could my faultering feet
Support me. It was Francis, and alone— 190
The ſole ſurvivor of the fatal fight!
And ſoon the foes approach'd. Impending War
Soon ſadden'd Orleans. There the braveſt chiefs [3]
Aſſemble. Gallant D'Orval ſhines in arms,
And Xaintrailles ranſom'd from the captive chain.
Graville, La Hire, and Thouars, and preſerv'd
When fall'n and faint, Alencon on the field
Verneuil, to France ſo fatal; and releas'd,
La Fayette from his hard captivity,
Bouſſac, Chabannes, and over all renown'd 200
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 205
Along the pleaſant borders of the Loire,
Late throng'd with multitudes, now feel the hand
Of Ruin. Theſe preventive Care deſtroys, [4]
Leſt England, ſhelter'd by the friendly walls,
Securely ſhould approach. The monaſteries 210
Fell in the general waſte. The holy monks
Uuwillingly their long accuſtom'd haunts
Abandon, haunts where every gloomy nook
Call'd to awakened Memory ſome trace
Of viſion ſeen, or ſound miraculous. 215
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. 220
The citizens with ſtrong and ceaſeleſs ſtroke
Dug up the violated earth, to impede
The foe. The hollow chambers of the dead
Echoed beneath. The brazen-trophied tomb
Thrown in the furnace, now prepares to give 225
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 230
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. 235
"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---horrid ſcene!
Nor was within leſs drear. At evening hour 240
No more the merry tabor's note was heard,
No more the aged matron at her door
Humm'd cheery to her ſpinning wheel, and mark'd
Her children dancing to the roundelay.
It was a hurried, melancholy ſcene! 245

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
They urge with fearful haſte their gloomy work. 250
All day the armorer's buſy beat was heard,
All night it ſounded. In the city dwelt
Such a dead ſilence of all pleaſant ſounds
As in the foreſt when the lowering clouds
Meet, and the deep and hollow wind is heard 255
That omens tempeſt : trembles to its voice
The grove, and caſts a darker gloom around.
" At length the foe approach. The watchman ſounds
His dreadful warning. From the lofty tower
Of old cathedral I beheld the ſcene. 260
Trembling as when upon ſome little rock
Iſlanded from the not-far-diſtant ſhore,
The ſhipwreck'd ſeaman difficultly eſcap'd
Stands, and beholds the tide faſt riſing round.
" With ſtandards proudly waving to the breeze,
Onward they move. The clarions breathe aloud
Their martial clangor, and the cheerful fife,
According to the thundering drum's deep ſound,
Directs their meaſur'd march. Before the ranks
Stalks the ſtern form of Saliſbury, the ſcourge 270
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. 275
Dark as the autumnal ſtorm they roll'd along,
That big with ruin chills the blacken'd vale;
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, 280
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.
An awful ſcene! that chill'd me as I gaz'd.
Thus from the black womb of the mutinous ſky,
When the red lightning ruſhes, and illumes
With lurid light the cloud-clad hemiſphere,
The traveller ſpeeds acroſs the plain, yet marks
All fearful as he is, with ſtrange delight,
The forked flaſh. Meantime, a penſive train, 295
The fearful Nuns in ſad ſolemnity
Paſs to the temple. In this hour of ill,
Earneſt of ſoul they pray to Heav'n for aid."
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," 310
The Maid of Arc replied, " gladly I hear
The detail. Iſabel, proceed; for ſoon
Deſtin'd to reſcue that devoted town,
All that has chanced, the ills ſhe has endur'd,
I liſten, ſorrowing for the paſt, and feel 315
High ſatisfaction at the ſaviour power
To me commiſſioned." 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 Britiſh lions, and foul blot to France!
The lilies from the field of Azincour 325
In ſlaughter pluck'd. The ſummons of the foe
He brought." The Baſtard interrupting cried,
" I was with Gaucour and the aſſembled chiefs,
When by his office privileged and proud
That herald ſpake, as certain of ſucceſs 330
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 335

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 late Monarch and our mighty King 340
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 350
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 duteous multitude
Thus ſpeaks by me. Deliver up your town 355
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 as your ſovereign Lord and King,
Your rich eſtates, your houſes ſhall be ſafe, 360
And you in favor 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 365
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 Rouen!"
"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 chooſe. 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 380
Meets the contempt it merits. Herald, yes,
We ſhall remember Meaux, and Caen, and Rouen.
Go tell the mighty Earl of Saliſbury,
That as like Blanchard, Gaucour dares his power;
Like Blanchard, he can mock his cruelty, 385
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, 390
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 cannon's, 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
Leagur'd the wall 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, 405
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, [6]
Prepares the amazing work. Around our walls,
Encircling walls he builds, ſurrounding thus 410
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, 415
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, 420
And point deſtruction. It were long to tell

And tedious, how with many a bold aſſault
The men of Orleans ruſh'd upon their foes;
How fell the Tournelles (where in time of peace
Juſtice had held her ſeat) and that ſtrong tower
That ſhadowed from the bridge the ſubject Loire;
Tho' numb'ring now three thouſand daring men,
Frequent and fierce the garriſon repell'd
Their far out-numb'ring foes. From ev'ry aid
Included, they in Orleans groan'd beneath 430
All ills accumulate. The ſhatter'd roofs
Gave to the midnight dews free paſſage there.
And ever and anon with hideous craſh
Some houſe fell; ſtarting from his ſcanty reſt
The wearied ſoldier. Thro' the ſtreets were ſeen
The frequent fire, and heaps of dead, in haſte
Piled up and ſteaming to infected Heaven.
For ever the inceſſant ſtorm of Death
Showers down, and ſhrouded in unwholeſome vaults
The wretched females hide, not idle there, 440
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 450

Howling with hunger lay. With jealous fear,
Hating a rival's look, the husband hides
His miserable meal. The famish'd babe
Clings closely to his dying mother's breast;
And---horrible to tell!---where, thrown aside, 455
There lay unburied in the open streets
Huge heaps of carcasses, the soldier stands
Eager to seize the carrion crow for food.
Oh peaceful scenes of childhood! pleasant fields!
Haunts of my infancy, where I have stray'd 460
Tracing the brook along its winding way,
Or pluck'd the primrose, or with giddy speed
Chaced the gay butterfly from flower to flower!
Oh days in vain remember'd! how my soul
Sick with calamity, and the sore ills 465
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!"
"And be they curst," 470
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 wrench'd
By everlasting Justice! come that hour 475
When in the Sun the Angel of the Lord [8]
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 480
When---Author of all ills that flesh endures,
OPPRESSION, in the bottomless abyss
Shall fall to rise no more!" The Maid pursued:
"And now, lest all should perish, was decreed
That from the town the females and the infirm 485
Should, out-cast, seek their fate. I may not now
Recal the moment, when on my poor Francis,
With a long look I hung! At dead of night,
Made mute by fear, we mount the secret bark,
And glide adown the stream with silent oars: 490
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. 495
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. 500
Orleans her envoy sent me, claiming aid
From her inactive sovereign. Willingly
Did I achieve the hazardous enterprize,
For Rumor had already made me fear

The ill that had fallen on me. It remains 505
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. 510

BOOK THE SIXTH.

ARGUMENT.

Conrade on his way to Orleans releases a French soldier. He enters that city. Council of the leaders. Their determination. Summons of the Maid to the English Generals. They receive it with scorn. The Maid attacks, defeats them, and enters Orleans in triumph at midnight, amid thunder and lightning.

THE night was calm, and many a moving cloud
Shadowed the moon. Along the forest glade
With swift foot Conrade past, and now had reach'd
The plain, where whilome by the pleasant Loire,
Cheer'd with the song, the rustics had beheld 5
The day go down upon their merriment:
No song of Peace now echoed on its banks.
There tents were pitched---and there the centinel,
Slow pacing on his sullen rounds, beheld
The frequent corse roll down the tainted stream. 10
Conrade with wider sweep pursued his way,
Shunning the camp, now hush'd in sleep and still.
And now no sound was heard save of the Loire,
Murmuring along. The noise of coming feet

Alarm'd him. Nearer drew the fearful ſound 15
As of purſuit---anon---the claſh of arms!
That inſtant riſing o'er a broken cloud
The moon beams ſhone, where two with combined
Preſt on a ſingle foe: he, warding ſtill [force
Their ſwords, retreated in the unequal fight, 20
As he would make the city. Conrade ſhook
His long lance for the war, and ſtrode along.
Full in the breaſt of one with forceful arm
Plunged he the ſpear of death; and as, diſmayed
By his fellow's fall, the other turn'd to fly, 25
Hurl'd the red weapon reeking from the wound,
And fix'd him to the plain. "Now haſte we on,
Frenchman!" he cried. On to the ſtream they ſpeed,
And plunging ſtemm'd with ſinewy ſtroke the tide.
Soon on the oppoſite ſhore arrived and ſafe. 30
"Whence comeſt thou?" cried the Chief; "on what high charge
Commiſſion'd?" "Is it not the voice of Conrade?"
Francis exclaim'd; "and doſt thou bring to us
"Tidings of ſpeedy aid? oh! had it come
A few hours earlier! Iſabel is gone!" 35
"Nay, ſhe is ſafe," cried Conrade, "her I found
When wilder'd in the foreſt, and conſign'd
To the protection of that holy Maid,
The delegate of Heaven. One evening more
And thou ſhalt have thine Iſabel. Now ſay, 40
Wherefore alone? A fugitive from Orleans,
Or ſent on dangerous ſervice from the town?"

"There is no food in Orleans," he replied,
"Scarce a meal more! the aſſembled Chiefs reſolved
If thou ſhouldſt bring no tidings of near aid 45
To cut their way to ſafety, or by death
Prevent the pang of famine. One they ſought
Who venturous in the Engliſh camp ſhould ſpy
Where ſafeſt they might ruſh upon the foe.
The perilous taſk I choſe, then deſperate 50
Of happineſs." So ſaying they approach'd
The gate. The centinel, ſoon as he heard
Thitherward footſteps, with uplifted lance
Challenged the darkling travellers. At their voice
He draws the ſtrong bolts back, and painful turns 55
The maſſy entrance. To the careful chiefs
They paſs. At midnight of their extreme ſtate
Counſelling they ſat, ſerious and ſtern. To them
Conrade. "Aſſembled Warriors! ſent from God
There is a holy Maid by miracles 60
Made manifeſt. Twelve hundred choſen men
Follow her hallowed ſtandard. Theſe Dunois,
The ſtrength of France, arrays. With the next noon
Ye ſhall behold their march." Aſtoniſhment
Seized the convened Chiefs, and joy by doubt 65
Little repreſs'd. "Open the granaries!"
Xaintrailles exclaim'd. "Give we to all the hoſt
With hand unſparing now the plenteous meal;
To-morrow we are ſafe. For Heaven all juſt
Has ſeen our ſufferings and decreed their end. 70
Let the glad tidings echo thro' the town!

God is with us !" " Reſt not in too full faith,"
D'Orval replied, " on this miraculous aid.
Some frenzied female whoſe wild phantaſy,
Shaping vain dreams, infects the credulous 75
With her own madneſs ! That Dunois is there,
Leading in arms twelve hundred choſen men,
Cheers me : yet let not we our little food
Be laviſh'd, leſt the warrior in the fight
Should haply fail, and Orleans be the prey 80
Of England !" " Chief ! I tell thee," Conrade cried,
" I did myſelf behold the marble tomb
Burſt, to the holy Maid diſcloſing arms
Held in the grave inviolate for her.
She is the Delegate of the Moſt High, 85
And ſhall deliver Orleans !" Gaucour then,
" Be it as thou haſt ſaid. High Hope I feel,
For to no vulgar tale would Conrade yield
Belief, or he the Baſtard. Our ſmall ſtores
Muſt yield us ere another week elapſe, 90
To death or England. Tell thro' all our troops
There is a holy Virgin ſent from God ;
They in that faith invincible ſhall war
With more than mortal fury." Thus the Chief,
And what he ſaid ſeem'd good. The men of Orleans,
Long by their foemen bayed, a victim band,
To war, and woe, and want, ſuch tranſport felt
As when the Mexicans, with eager eye
Gazing to Huixachtla's diſtant top,
On that laſt night, doubtful if ever morn 100

Again ſhall cheer them, mark the myſtic fire,
That kindled by the fierce Copolcan prieſt,
Flames on the breaſt of ſome brave priſoner,
A dreadful altar. As they ſee the blaze
Beaming on Iztapalapan's near towers, 105
Or on Tezcuco's calmy lake flaſh'd far,
Songs of thankſgiving and the ſhout of joy
Wake the loud echo; the glad huſband tears
The mantling aloe from the female's face,
And children, now deliver'd from the dread 110
Of everlaſting darkneſs, look abroad,
Hail the good omen, and expect the ſun
Uninjur'd ſtill to run his flaming race.
Thus whilſt in that beſieged town the night
Wain'd ſleepleſs, ſilent ſlept the hallowed hoſt. 115
And now the morning came. From his hard couch,
Lightly upſtarting and bedight in arms,
The Baſtard moved along, with provident eye
Marſhalling the troops. All high in hope they march.
And now the ſun ſhot from the ſouthern ſky 120
His noon-tide radiance, when afar they hear
The hum of men, and mark the diſtant towers
Of Orleans, and the bulwarks of the foe,
And many a ſtreamer wantoning in air.
Theſe as they ſaw and thought of all the ills 125
Their brethren had endur'd beleager'd there
For many a month; ſuch ardor for the fight
Burnt in each boſom, as young Ali felt

When to the aſſembled tribe Mohammed ſpake,
Aſking for one his Vizier, Fierce in faith, 130
Forth from the race of Haſhem ſtept the youth,
" Prophet of God! lo—I will be the man!"
Nor did not Ali merit that high poſt,
Victorious upon Beder's fertile vale,
And on mount Ohud, and before the walls 135
Of Chaibar, then when cleaving to the cheſt
His giant foe, he graſp'd the maſſy gate,
Shook with ſtrong arm and tore it from the fort,
And lifted it in air—portentous ſhield!
" Behold the towers of Orleans," cried Dunois. 140
" Lo! this the vale where on the banks of Loire,
Of yore, at cloſe of day the ruſtic band
Danced to the roundelay. In younger years
As oft I glided down the ſilver ſtream,
Frequent upon the lifted oar I paus'd 145
Liſt'ning the ſound of far-off merriment.
There wave the Engliſh banners! martial Maid,
Give thou the ſignal—let me ruſh upon
Theſe miniſters of murder, who have ſack'd
The fruitful fields, and made the hamlet haunts 150
Silent—or hearing but the widow's groan.
Give thou the ſignal, Maiden!" Her dark eye
Fix'd ſadly on the foe, the holy Maid
Anſwer'd him. " Ere the bloody ſword be drawn,
Ere ſlaughter be let looſe—befits us ſend 155
Some peaceful meſſenger, who ſhall make known
The will of Heaven. So timely warn'd, our foes

Haply may yet repent, and quit in peace
Besieged Orleans. Victory is sad
When even one man is murder'd." So she said, 160
And as she spake a soldier from the ranks
Advanced. "I will be thy Messenger,
Maiden of God! I to the English camp
Will bear thy bidding." "Go," the Virgin cried,
"Say to the Chief of Salisbury, and the host 165
Attending—Suffolk, Fastolffe, Talbot, Scales,
Invaders of the country—say, thus says
THE MAID OF ORLEANS. "With your troops retire
In peace. Of every captur'd town the keys
Restore to Charles; so bloodless you may seek 170
Your native England; for the God of Hosts
Thus has decreed. To Charles the rightful heir,
By long descent and voluntary choice
Of duteous subjects, hath the Lord assign'd
His conquest. In his name the Virgin comes 175
Arm'd with his sword—yet not of mercy void.
Depart in peace: for ere the morrow dawns,
Victorious upon Orleans' wall shall wave
The holy banner." To the English camp
Fearless the warrior strode. At mid-day meal, 180
With all the dissonance of boisterous mirth,
The British Chiefs carous'd and quaff'd the bowl
To future conquest. By the centinel
Conducted came the Frank. "Chiefs," he exclaim'd,
"Salisbury, and ye the representatives 185
Of the English King, usurper of this realm,

To ye the leaders of the invading hoſt
I come, no welcome meſſenger. Thus ſays
THE MAID OF ORLEANS. "With your troops retire
In peace. Of every captur'd town the keys 190
Reſtore to Charles; ſo bloodleſs may you ſeek
Your native England; for the God of Hoſts
Thus has decreed. To Charles the rightful heir,
By long deſcent and voluntary choice
Of duteous ſubjects, hath the Lord aſſign'd 195
His conqueſt. In his name the Virgin comes,
Arm'd with his ſword, yet not of mercy void.
Depart in peace: for ere the morrow dawns,
Victorious upon Orleans' wall ſhall wave
The holy banner." Wonder made a pauſe; 200
To this the laugh ſucceeds. "What!" Faſtolffe cried,
"A woman warrior has your monarch ſent
To ſave devoted Orleans? By the rood
I thank his Grace. If ſhe be young and fair
No worthleſs prize, my Lords. Go tell your Maid
Joyful we wait her coming." "Get thee gone,"
Sternly cried Talbot, "thou who think'ſt to ſcare
With girliſh phantaſies the Engliſh hoſt
That ſcorns your braveſt warriors. Hie thee hence,
Inſolent herald! tell this frantic girl, 210
This courtly minion, to avoid my wrath,
For if ſhe dares the war, I will not ſtain
My good-blood-ruſted ſword—but ſhe ſhall meet
The mockery of the camp." "Nay, ſcare her not,"
Replied their Chief, "go tell this Maid of Orleans, 215

That Salisbury longs to meet her in the fight.
Nor let her fear that rude and iron chains
Shall gall her tender limbs; for I myself
Will be her prison, and—" "Contemptuous Man!
No more," the Frank exclaimed, as to his cheek 220
Rush'd the red anger. "Bearing words of peace
And timely warning, came I to your camp,
Here with rude mock'ry and stern insolence
Received. Bear witness, Chieftains! that the French,
Free from blood-guiltiness, shall meet the war." 225
So saying, he departed. Thro' the tents
As him the centinel conducted, round
He gaz'd and cried; "Oh! I am sad to think
So many men shall never see the sun
Go down! Ye English mothers, mourn ye now, 230
Daughters of England weep! for hard of heart
Still your mad leaders urge the impious war,
And for their folly and their wickedness
Your sons, your husbands, by the sword must fall.
Widow'd and friendless, ye shall sit and weep, 235
And, wanting bread, groan for the murdered ones
In whom your joys were murdered!" So he cried,
And they who heard him trembled. Thro' the host
Ran the strange tidings. For the fight they arm;
Eager for war no longer, nor of blood, 240
Greedy, but palsied by religious dread.
Some by bold words seeking to hide their fear
Even from themselves; some of the coming fray
Murmuring in hints half heard, tho' understood;

Some deadly pale and ominous of death, 245
Silently ſtood and breath'd the inward prayer.
Meantime the herald had with haſty ſteps
Rejoin'd the hallowed troops. "Maiden of God!
Vainly I proffer'd peace to the proud chiefs:
Their hearts are hardened."
Thro' the marſhall'd band 250
Ran the loud cry, "Lead, lead us to the foe!"
The miſſion'd Maid exclaim'd, "Not upon us,
Not upon us, cry out the innocent blood!"
Given was the ſignal now: and now were heard
The clarion's clangor, and the trumpet's blaſt, 255
Soul-rouſing ſounds. Like two conflicting clouds,
Pregnant with thunder, ruſh'd the hoſtile hoſts.
Then man met man—then on the batter'd ſhield
Rung the loud lance, and thro' the darken'd ſky
Faſt fell the arrowy ſtorm. Amidſt his foes 260
The Baſtard's arm ſway'd irreſiſtible
The ſtrokes of death; and by his ſide the Maid
Led the fierce fight; the Maid, tho' all unus'd
To the rude conflict, now inſpir'd by Heaven,
Flaſhing her flamy falchion thro' the troops 265
That like the thunderbolt, where'er it fell,
Scattered the trembling ranks. Nor plated ſhield,
Nor the ſtrong hauberk, nor the creſted caſque,
Stay that deſcending ſword. Dreadful ſhe moved,
Like as the Angel of the Lord went forth 270
And ſmote his army, when the Aſſyrian King,
Haughty of Hamath and Sepharvaim fallen,

Blaſphem'd the God of Iſrael. Yet the fight
Hung doubtful, where exampling hardieſt deeds,
Saliſbury mow'd down the foe, and Faſtolffe ſtrove,
And in the hotteſt doings of the war
Towered Talbot. He, remembering the paſt day
When from his name the affrighted ſons of France
Fled trembling, all aſtoniſh'd at their force
And wontleſs valor, rages round the field 280
Dreadful in fury; yet in every man
Meeting a foe fearleſs, and in the faith
Of Heaven's aſſiſtance firm. The clang of arms
Reaches the walls of Orleans. For the war
Prepared, and confident of victory, 285
Speed forth the troops. Not when afar exhal'd
The hungry raven ſnuffs the ſteam of blood
That from ſome carcaſs-cover'd field of fame
Taints the pure air, wings he more eagerly
To riot on the gore, than ruſh'd the ranks; 290
Impatient now for many an ill endur'd
In the long ſiege, to wreak upon their foes
Due vengeance. Then more fearful grew the fray;
The ſwords that late flaſh'd to the evening ſun,
Now loſt in blood their radiance. O'er the hoſt 295
Howl'd the deep wind that ominous of ſtorms
Roll'd on the lurid clouds. The blacken'd night
Frown'd, and the thunder from the troubled ſky
Roar'd hollow. Javelins claſh'd and bucklers rang;
Shield preſt on ſhield; loud on the helmet jarr'd
The ponderous battle-axe; the groan of death

Commingling frequent with the ſtorm was heard,
And the ſhrill ſhriek of Fear. Amid the ſtorm
SLAUGHTER exultant rides. His giant limbs
Beſtride the whirlwind, and his red right arm 305
Arrowed the lightning. Frantic FURY howls
Amid the thickeſt ranks, and from her torch
Tartarean flaſhes ſhook, and loud was heard
HORROR's dread ſhriek amid the wild uproar.
Lo! where the holy banner waved aloft 310
The lambent lightnings play'd. Irradiate round
As with a blaze of glory, o'er the field
It ſhot miraculous ſplendor. Then their hearts
Sunk, and the Engliſh trembled. With ſuch fear
Poſſeſſed, as when the combined hoſt beheld 315
The ſun ſtand ſtill on Gibeon, at the voice
Of that king-conquering warrior, he who ſmote
The country of the hills, and of the ſouth,
From Baal-gad to Halak, and their Kings,
Even as the Lord commanded. Swift they fled 320
From that portentous banner, and the ſword
Of France; tho' Talbot with vain valiancy
Yet urged the war, and ſtemm'd alone the tide
Of conqueſt. Even their leaders felt diſmay;
Faſtolffe fled faſt, and Saliſbury in the rout 325
Mingles, and all impatient of defeat,
Borne backward Talbot turns. Then echoed loud
The cry of conqueſt. Deeper grew the ſtorm,
And darkneſs, hovering o'er on raven wing,
Brooded the field of death. Nor in the camp 330

Deem themſelves ſafe the trembling fugitives.
On to the forts they haſte. Bewilder'd there
Amid the moats by fear, and the dead gloom
Of more than midnight darkneſs, plunge the troops,
Cruſh'd by faſt following numbers who partake 335
The death they give. As ruſhing from the ſnows
Of winter liquified, the torrent tide
Reſiſtleſs down the mountain rolls along,
Till at the brink of giddy precipice
Arrived, with deaf'ning clamor down it falls: 340
Thus borne along, the affrighted Engliſh troops
Driven by the force behind them, plunge amid
The liquid death. Then roſe the dreadful cries
More dreadful, and the daſh of breaking waves
That to the paſſing lightning as they broke 345
Gleam'd horrible. Nor of the hoſt ſo late
Triumphing in the pride of victory,
And ſwoln with confidence, had now eſcap'd
One wretched remnant, had not Talbot's mind,
Slow as he mov'd unwilling from the war, 350
What moſt might profit the defeated ranks,
Pondered. He reaching ſafe the maſſy fort
By St. John's name made holy, kindled up
The guiding fire. Not unobſerv'd it blaz'd;
The watchful guards on Tournelles, and the pile
Of that proud city, in remembrance fond
Call'd London, light the beacon. Nor aloft
Did they not flame from every ſmaller fort,
That firm entrenched with walls and deep-delv'd moats

Included Orleans. O'er the ſhadowy plain 360
They caſt a lurid ſplendor; to the troops
Grateful, as to the way-worn traveller,
Wand'ring with parched feet o'er the Arabian ſands,
The far-ſeen ciſtern; he for many a league
Travelling the trackleſs deſolate, where heaved 365
With tempeſt ſwell the deſart billows round,
Pauſes, and ſhudders at his perils paſt,
Then wild with joy ſpeeds on to taſte the wave
So long bewail'd. Swift as the affrighted herd
Scud o'er the plain, when frequent thro' the ſky 370
Flaſh the fierce lightnings, ſpeed the routed hoſt
Of England. To the ſheltering forts they haſte,
Though ſafe, of ſafety doubtful, ſtill appall'd
And trembling, as the pilgrim who by night
On his way wilder'd, to the wolf's deep howl 375
Hears the wood echo, when from the fell beaſt
Eſcap'd, of ſome tall tree the topmoſt branch
He graſps cloſe-clinging, ſtill of that keen fang
Fearful, his teeth jar, and the big drops ſtand
On his cold quiv'ring limbs. Nor now the Maid
Greedy of vengeance urges the purſuit.
She bids the trumpet of retreat reſound;
A pleaſant muſic to the routed ranks
Blows the loud blaſt. Obedient to its voice
The French, tho' eager on the invaders' heads 385
To wreak their wrath, ſtay the victorious ſword.
Loud is the cry of conqueſt as they turn
To Orleans. There what few to guard the town

Unwilling had remained, haſte forth to meet
The triumph. Many a blazing torch they held 390
That rais'd aloft amid the midnight ſtorm,
Flaſh'd far a feſtive light. The Maid advanced---
Deep through the ſky the hollow thunders roll'd---
Innocuous lightnings round the hallowed banner
Wreath'd their red radiance.
Through the open'd gate 395
Slow paſt the laden convoy. Then was heard
The ſhout of exultation, and ſuch joy
The men of Orleans at that welcome ſight
Poſſeſs'd; as when from Bactria late ſubdued,
The Macedonian Madman led his troops 400
Amid the Sogdian deſart, where no ſtream
Waſtes on the wild its fertilizing waves.
Fearful alike to pauſe, or to proceed;
Scorch'd by the ſun that o'er their morning march
Steam'd his hot vapors, heart ſubdued and faint;
Such joy as then they felt, when from the heights
Burſt the ſoul-gladdening ſound! for thence was ſeen
The evening ſun ſilvering the tide below,
Where Oxus roll'd along. Clamors of joy
Echo along the ſtreet of Orleans, wont 410
Long time to hear the infant's feeble cry,
The mother's frantic ſhriek, or the dread ſound,
When from the cannon burſt its ſtores of death.
Far flames the fire of joy on ruin'd piles,
And high-heap'd carcaſſes, whence ſcar'd away 415

From his abhorred meal, on clattering wing
Rose the night-raven flow. In the English forts
Sad was the scene. There all the livelong night
Steals in the straggling fugitive; as when,
Past is the storm, and o'er the azure sky 420
Serenely shines the sun; with ev'ry breeze
The waving branches drop their gather'd rain,
Renewing the remembrance of the storm.

BOOK THE SEVENTH.

ARGUMENT.

Description of the English forts. The French troops attack and capture the forts of St. Loup and St. John. Attack of Fort London. Salisbury encounters the Maid. Event of that encounter. The Tournelles surrounded by the French, who dispatch a troop to Orleans for provisions, and encamp before it for the night.

STRONG were the English forts, by daily toil
Of thousands rear'd on high, what time, elate
With fancied conquest, Salisbury bade rise
The amazing pile, from succour to include
Besieged Orleans. Round the city walls 5
Stretch'd the wide circle, massy as the fence
Erst by the fearful Roman on the bounds
Of Caledonia rais'd, for, soul-enslaved,
Her hireling plunderers fear'd the car-borne chiefs
Who rush'd from Morven down. Strong battle-
Crested the mighty bulwark; on whose top [ments
Secure the charioteer might wheel along.
From base declining; at just distance rose
The frequent buttress, and thrice twenty forts
Lifted aloft their turret-crowned heads, 15

All firm and maſſy. But of theſe moſt firm
As though of ſome large caſtle each the Keep
Stood ſix ſquare fortreſſes with turrets flank'd,
Piles of unequall'd ſtrength—tho' now deem'd weak
'Gainſt puiſſance more than mortal, and the flames
Shot from celeſtial banner. Safely hence
The ſkilful archer entering with his eye
The city, might himſelf the while unſeen,
Thro' the long opening, ſhower his winged deaths.
Loire's waves diverted fill'd the deep-dug moat 25
Circling the pile, a bulwark vaſt, as what
Round their diſheartened camp and ſtranded ſhips
The Greeks uprear'd, a common ſepulchre
Of thouſands ſlaughter'd, and the doom'd death-place
Of many a Chief, when Priam's patriot ſon 30
Ruſh'd in his wrath and ſcattered their pale tribes.
But cowering now amid their ſheltering forts
Tremble the Engliſh hoſt. Their leader's care
In anxious vigilance prepares to ward
Aſſault expected. Nor the Maid's intent 35
Did he not rightly aread: tho' vain the attempt
To kindle in their breaſts the wonted flame
Of valor; for by prodigies unmann'd
They wait the morning, or in ſilent dread,
Or pouring out their fears in many a prayer. 40
The morning came. The martial Maid aroſe,
Lovely in arms ſhe moved. Around the gate
Eager again for conqueſt throng the troops.

High towered the Son of Orleans, in his ſtrength
Poiſing the ponderous ſpear. His batter'd ſhield, 45
Witneſſing the fierce fray of yeſternight,
Hung on his ſinewy arm. "Maiden of Arc,
Hail!" ſo, to her approaching, cried the Chief.
"Well haſt thou prov'd thy miſſion, as, by words
And miracles atteſted when diſmayed 50
The ſtern Theologiſts forgot their doubts,
So in the field of ſlaughter now confirm'd.
Yon well-fenced forts protect the fugitives,
And ſeem as in their ſtrength they mock'd our force.
Yet muſt they fall."
"And fall they ſhall!" replied 55
The Maid of Orleans. "Ere the ſun be ſet
The lily on that ſhattered wall ſhall wave
Triumphant.---Men of France! ye have fought well
On that blood-reeking plain. Your humbled foes
Lurk trembling now amid their maſſy walls. 60
Wolves that have ravaged the neglected flock!
The Shepherd---the Great Shepherd is ariſen!
Ye fly! yet ſhall not ye by flight eſcape
His vengeance. Men of Orleans! it were vain
By words to waken wrath within your breaſts. 65
Look round. Your holy buildings and your homes---
Ruins that choke the way! your populous town---
One open ſepulchre! Who is there here
That does not mourn a friend, a brother ſlain,
A parent famiſh'd---or his dear loved wife 70
Torn from his boſom---outcaſt---broken-hearted---

Caſt on the mercy of mankind ?" She ceaſed.
The cry of indignation from the hoſt
Burſt forth, and all impatient for the war
Demand the ſignal. Theſe Dunois arrays 75
In four battalions. Xaintrailles, tried in war,
Commands the firſt; Xaintrailles, who oft ſubdued
By adverſe fortune to the captive chain,
Still more tremendous to the enemy,
Lifted his death-fraught lance, as erſt from earth 80
Antæus vaunting in his giant bulk,
When graſpt by force Herculean, down he fell
Vanquiſht; anon uproſe more fierce for war.
Gaucour o'er one preſides. The ſteady friend
Of him impriſon'd Orleans. Of his town 85
Belov'd guardian, he the dreadful ſiege
Firmly abiding, prudent ſtill to plan
Irruption, and with youthful vigor ſwift
To lead the battle, from his ſoldiers love
Prompter obedience gained, than ever fear 90
Forced from the heart reluctant. The third band
Alençon leads. He on the fatal field
Verneuil, when Buchan and the Douglas died,
Fell ſenſeleſs. Guiltleſs he of that day's loſs,
Wore undiſgraced awhile the captive chain. 95
The Monarch him grateful to his high rank
Had ranſom'd, once again to meet the foe
With better fortune. O'er the laſt preſides
Dunois the Baſtard, mighty in the war.
His proweſs knew the foes, and his fair fame 100

Confeſs'd, ſince when before his ſtripling arm
Fled Warwick---Warwick, that King-making Chief,
In after days the arbiter of England,
Who, bearing on his ſword her diadem,
Gave or bereft at will. Yet by Dunois 105
Baffled, and yielding him the conqueror's praiſe.
And by his ſide the martial Maiden paſs'd,
Lovely in arms as that Arcadian boy
Parthenopæus, when the war of beaſts
Diſdaining, he to murder man ruſh'd forth, 110
Bearing the bow, and thoſe Dictæan ſhafts
Diana gave, when ſhe the youth's fair form
Saw ſoftened, and forgave the mother's fault.

Saint Loup's ſtrong fort ſtood firſt. O'er this com-
Nobled by valor, Gladdiſdale; and here [mands,
The heir of Poyning's name, and Molyns lead
The fearful garriſon. As lowering clouds
Swept by the hoarſe wind o'er the blacken'd plain,
Moved on the hoſt of France: they from the fort,
Through ſecret opening, ſhower their pointed ſhafts,
Or from the battlements the death-tipt ſpear
Hurl fierce. Nor from the ſtrong arm only launch'd
The javelin fled, but driven by the ſtrained force
Of the baliſta, in one carcaſs ſpent
Stay'd not; thro' arms and men it makes its way,
And leaving death behind, ſtill holds its courſe
By many a death unclogg'd. With rapid march
Right onward they advanced, and ſoon the ſhafts,
Impell'd by that ſtrong ſtroke beyond the hoſt

Wafting their force, fell harmlefs. Now they reach'd
Where by the bayle's embattled wall in arms
The Knights of England ftood. There Poynings fhook [2]
His lance, and Gladdifdale his heavy mace
For the death-blow prepared. Alençon here,
And here the Baftard ftrode, and by the Maid 135
That daring man who to the Englifh hoft
Then infolent of many a conqueft gain'd,
Bore her bold bidding. A rude coat of mail
Unhofed, unhooded, as of lowly line
Arm'd him, tho' here amid the high-born chiefs 140
Preeminent for prowefs. On his head [3]
A black plume fhadowed the rude featur'd helm.
Then was the war of men, when front to front [4]
They rear'd the hoftile hand, for low the wall
Where the bold Frenchman's upward driven fpear,
Might pierce the foe. Then rang along the lifts
The clafh of battle. As Alençon moved
On his crown-crefted helm with ponderous blow
Fell Gladdifdale's huge mace. Back he recoil'd [5]
Aftounded. Soon recovering, his keen lance 150
Thruft on the warrior fhield. There faft infix'd,
Nor could Alençon the deep driven fpear
Recover, nor the foeman from his grafp
Wrench the contended weapon. Fierce again
He lifts the mace, that on the afhen hilt 155
Fell full. It fhiver'd, and the Frenchman held
A pointlefs truncheon. Where the Baftard fought
The fpear of Poynings, thro' his plated mail

Pierced, and againſt the iron fence beneath [6]
Blunted its point. Again he ſpeeds the ſpear; 160
At once Dunois on his broad buckler bears
The unharming ſtroke, and aims with better fate
His javelin. Thro' his ſword-arm did it pierce
Maugre the mail. Hot from the ſtreaming wound
Again the weapon fell, and in his breaſt 165
Even thro' the hauberk drove. But there the war
Raged fierceſt where the martial Maiden moved
The miniſter of wrath. For thither throng'd
The braveſt champions of the adverſe hoſt.
And on her either ſide two warriors ſtood 170
Of unmatch'd proweſs, ſtill with eager eye
Shielding her form, and aiming at her foes
Their deadly weapons, of themſelves the while
Little regarding. One was that bold man
Who bade defiance to the Engliſh Chiefs. 175
Firmly he ſtood, untir'd and undiſmay'd,
Tho' on his burgonet the frequent ſpear
Drove fierce, and on his arm the buckler hung
Heavy, thick-briſtled with the hoſtile ſhafts,
Even like the porcupine when in his rage 180
Rous'd, he collects within him all his force,
Himſelf a quiver. And of loftier port
On the other hand towered Conrade. Firmly fenced,
A jazerent of double mail he wore,
Beneath whoſe weight one but of common ſtrength
Had ſunk. Untir'd the conflict he endur'd
Wielding a battle axe ponderous and keen,

That gave no ſecond ſtroke. For where it fell,
Not the ſtrong buckler nor the plated mail
Might ſave, nor creſted caſque. On Molyn's head,
As at the Maid he aim'd his javelin,
Forceful it fell, and ſhiver'd with the blow
The iron helm, and to his brain-pan drove
The fragments. At their comrades death amaz'd,
And for a moment fearful ſhrunk the foes. 195
That inſtant Conrade, with an active bound,
Sprung on the battlements. There firm he ſtood,
Guarding aſcent. The warrior Maid of Arc,
And he the partner of that battle's fame,
Followed, and ſoon the exulting cry of France 200
Along the liſts was heard, as waved aloft
The holy banner. Gladdiſdale beheld,
And haſting from his well-defended poſt,
Sped to the fiercer conflict. To the Maid
He ſtrode, on her reſolv'd to wreak his rage, 205
With her to end the war. Nor did not *JOAN*
Read his ſtern purpoſe. Lifting up her ſhield
Prepared ſhe ſtood, and pois'd her ſparkling ſpear.
The Engliſh Chief came on; on high he rais'd
His mace, and all his might into one blow 210
Collected. As the Maiden rear'd her ſhield,
Before her ruſh'd the man of lowly line,
And on his buckler caught the mighty ſtroke,
And at that inſtant thro' the warrior's neck
Thruſt the keen lance. Prone fell the Engliſh Knight.
Faſt from the deadly wound the blood guſh'd forth.

Then thro' the hoſt contagious terror ran,
Their Chieftain ſlain. And lo! where on the wall
Bulwark'd of late by Gladdiſdale ſo well
The ſon of Orleans ſtood, and ſwayed around 220
His falchion, keeping thus at bay the foe,
Till on the battlements his comrades ſprang,
And rais'd the ſhout of conqueſt. Then appall'd
The Engliſh fled; nor fled they unpurſued,
For mingling with the foremoſt fugitives, 225
The gallant Conrade ruſh'd; and with the throng,
The Knights of France together o'er the bridge
Faſt ſpeeded. Nor the garriſon within
Durſt let the ponderous portcullis fall,
For in the entrance of the fort the fight 230
Raged fiercely, and together thro' the gate
The vanquiſh'd Engliſh and their eager foes
Paſs'd in the flying conflict. Well I deem
And wiſely did that daring Spaniard act
At Vera-Cruz, when he his yet ſound ſhips 235
Diſmantling, left no ſpot where treacherous Fear
Might ſtill with wild and wiſtful eye look back.
For knowing no retreat, his deſperate troops
In conqueſt ſought their ſafety. Victors hence
At Tlaſcala, and o'er the Cholulans, 240
And by Otompan, on that bloody field
When Mexico her patriot thouſands pour'd,
Fierce in vain valor on their ruffian foes.
There was a portal to the Engliſh fort
That opened on the wall; a ſpeedier path 245

In peace affording, whence the charmed eye
Might linger down the river's pleasant course.
Fierce in the gate-way raged the deadly war;
For there the Maiden strove, and Conrade there,
And he of lowly line, bravelier than whom 250
Fought not in that day's battle. Of success
Desperate, for from above, the garrison
Could wield no arms so certain to bestow
Equal destruction; of the portal's aid
The foe bethought them: then with lesser force 255
Their weapons fell: abandoned was the gate;
And soon from Orleans the glad citizens
Beheld the hallowed banner on the tower
Triumphant. Swift along the lofty wall
The English haste to St. John's neighbouring fort,
Flying with fearful speed. Nor from pursuit
The victors ceased, but with the fugitives
Mingled and waged the war: the combatants,
Lock'd in the hostile grasp, together fall
Precipitate. But foremost of the French, 265
Dealing destruction, Conrade rush'd along:
Heedless of danger, he to the near fort
Pass'd in the fight; nor did not then the Chief
What most might serve bethink him: firm he stood
In the portal, and one moment looking back 270
Lifted his loud voice: thrice the warrior cried,
Then to the war addrest him, now assail'd
By numerous foes, who arrogant of power
Threatened his single valor. He the while

Stood firm, not vainly confident, or rash, 275
But of his own strength conscious, and the post
Friendly; for narrow was the portal way
To one alone fit passage, from above
O'erbrow'd by no out-jutting parapet,
Whence death might crush him. He in double mail
Was arm'd; a massy burgonet, well tried
In many a hard-fought field, helming his head;
A buckler broad, and fenced with iron plates,
Bulwark'd his breast. Nor to dislodge the Chief
Could the English pour their numbers, for the way
By upward steps presented from the fort
Narrow ascent, where one alone could meet
The war. Yet were they of their numbers proud,
Tho' useless numbers were in that straight path,
Save by assault, unceasing to out-last 290
A single warrior who at length must sink
Fatigued with conquering, by long victory
Vanquish'd. There was amid the garrison
A fearless Knight who at Verneuil had fought,
And high renown for his bold chivalry 295
Acquir'd in that day's conquest. To his fame
The thronging English yield the foremost place.
He his keen javelin to transpierce the Frank
Hurl'd forceful: harmless in his shield it fix'd,
Advantaging the foe, for by his side 300
The battle-axe, an unfit weapon there,
He hung, and seized the spear; then in himself
Collected stood, and calm. Nor the English Knight

Remain'd unweapon'd: to have ſped ſo ill,
Indignant, from behind he ſnatch'd a lance 305
And hurl'd with fiercer fury. Conrade lifts
The ponderous buckler. Thro' three iron folds
Pierced the keen point, there, innocent of ill,
Unharming hung. He with forceful graſp,
Plucking the javelin forth, with mightier arm, 310
Launch'd on his foe. With wary bend, the foe
Shrunk from the flying death; yet not in vain
From that ſtrong hand the fate-fraught weapon fled:
Full on the corſlet of a meaner man
It fell, and pierced, there where the heaving lungs,
With purer air diſtended, to the heart
Roll back their purged tide: from the deep wound
The red blood guſh'd: prone on the ſteps he fell,
And in the ſtrong convulſive graſp of death
Graſp'd his long pike. Of unrecorded name 320
Died the mean man; yet did he leave behind
One who did never ſay her daily prayers,
Of him forgetful; who to every tale
Of the diſtant war, lending an eager ear,
Grew pale and trembled. At her cottage door, 325
The wretched one ſhall ſit, and with dim eye
Gaze o'er the plain, where on his parting ſteps
Her laſt look hung. Nor ever ſhall ſhe know
Her huſband dead, but tortur'd with vain hope,
Gaze on---then heart-ſick turn to her poor babe, 330
And weep it fatherleſs! The enraged Knight
Drew his keen falchion, and with dauntleſs ſtep

Moved to the closer conflict. Then the Frank,
Laying his javelin by, his battle-axe
Uplifted. Where the buckler was below 335
Rounded, the falchion struck; but impotent
To pierce its plated folds, more forceful driven,
Fierce on his crested helm, the Frenchman's stroke
Fell; the helm shivered; from his eyes the blood
Started; with blood the chambers of the brain 340
Were fill'd; his breast-plate with convulsive throes,
Heaved as he fell; victorious, he the prize
At many a tournament had borne away
In the mimic war: happy, if so content
With bloodless glory, he had never left 345
The mansion of his sires. Warn'd by his fall,
With a long pike at distance, the next foe
Thrust on the Frank. Then Conrade his sharp spear
Flung, and transfix'd him; seizing the fall'n pike
He in the portal stood, so well prepared 350
To greet who should assail. But terrified
The English stood, nor durst adventure now
Near that death-doing man. Amid their host
Was one who well could from the stubborn bow
Shower his sharp shafts: well skill'd in wood-craft
Even as the merry Outlaws who their haunts [he,
In Sherwood held, and bade their bugles rouse
The sleeping stag, ere on the web-woven grass
The dew-drops sparkled to the rising-sun.
He safe in distance at the warrior aim'd 360
The feather'd dart---With force he drew the bow:

Loud on his bracer ſtruck the ſounding ſtring:
Deep in his ſhield it hung: then Conrade rais'd
Again his echoing voice, and call'd for aid,
Nor was the call unheard; the troops of France, 365
From St. Loup's captur'd fort along the wall
Haſte to the portal; cheering was the ſound
Of their near footſteps to the Chief: he drew
His falchion forth, and down the ſteps he ruſh'd.
Then terror ſeiz'd the Engliſh, for their foes 370
Swarm'd thro' the open portal, and the ſword
Of Conrade was among them. Not more fierce
The injur'd Turnus ſway'd his angry arm,
Slaughtering the robber emigrants of Troy:
Nor with more fury thro' the ſtreets of Paris 375
Ruſh'd he, the King of Sarza, Rodomont
Clad in his dragon mail. Like ſome tall rock,
Around whoſe billow-beaten foot the waves
Waſte their wild fury, ſtood the unſhaken man;
Tho' round him preſt his foemen, by Deſpair 380
Hearten'd. He, mowing thro' the throng his path,
Call'd on the troops of France, and bade them haſte
Where he ſhould lead the way. A daring band
Followed the adventurous Chieftain: he moved on
Unterrified, amid the arrowy ſhower, 385
Tho' on his ſhield and helm the darts fell faſt;
As the fear'd leaves that from the trembling tree
The autumnal whirlwind ſhakes. Nor Conrade paus'd,
Still thro' the fierce fight urging on his way,
Till to the gate he came, and with ſtrong hand 390

Seiz'd on the maſſy bolts. Theſe as he drew,
Full on his helm the weighty Engliſh ſword
Deſcended; ſwift he turn'd to wreak his wrath,
When lo! the aſſailant gaſping on the ground,
Cleft by the Maiden's falchion: ſhe herſelf 395
To the foe oppoſing with that lowly man,
For they alone following the adventurous ſteps
Of Conrade, ſtill had equall'd his bold courſe,
Shielded him as with eager hand he drew
The bolts: the gate turn'd ſlow: forth leapt the Chief
And ſhivered with his battle-axe the chains
That hung on high the bridge. The impetuous
By Gaucour led, ruſh'd o'er to victory. [troops,
The banner'd lilies on the captur'd wall
Toſſed to the wind. "On to the neighbouring fort!"
Cried Conrade, "Xaintrailles! ere the night draws on
Once more to conqueſt lead the troops of France:
Force ye the liſts, and fill the deep-dug moat,
And with the ram, ſhake down their batter'd walls.
Anon I ſhall be with you." Thus he ſaid; 410
Then to the Damſel, "Maid of Arc! awhile
Ceaſe we from battle, and by ſhort repoſe
Renew our ſtrength." So ſaying he his helm
Unlaced, and in the Loire's near-flowing ſtream
Cleanſed his hot face. The Maid her head unhelm'd,
And ſtooping to the ſtream, reflected there
Saw her white plumage ſtain'd with human blood!
Shudd'ring ſhe ſaw, but ſoon her ſteady ſoul
Collected: on the banks ſhe laid her down

Freely awhile reſpiring, for her breath 420
Quick panted from the fight: ſilent they lay,
For gratefully the cooling breezes bathed
Their throbbing temples. It was now the noon:
The ſun-beams on the gently waving ſtream
Danced ſparkling. Loſt in thought the warrior lay,
And ſoftening ſadly his ſtern face, exclaim'd,
"Maiden of Arc! at ſuch an hour as this,
Beneath the o'er-arching foreſt's chequer'd ſhade,
With that loſt woman have I wandered on,
Talking of years of happineſs to come! 430
Oh hours for ever fled! delightful dreams
Of the unſuſpecting heart! I do believe
If Agnes on a worthier one had fix'd
Her love, that tho' mine aching heart had nurſt
Its ſorrows, I had never on her choice 435
Pour'd one upbraiding—but to ſtoop to him!
A harlot!—an adultereſs!" In his eye
Red anger flaſh'd; anon of what ſhe was
Ere yet the foul pollution of the Court
Stain'd her fair fame, he thought. "Oh happy age!"
He cried, "when all the family of man
Freely enjoyed the goodly earth he gave,
And only bow'd the knee, in prayer to God!
Calm flow'd the unruffled ſtream of years along,
Till o'er the peaceful ruſtic's head, grew grey 445
The hairs in full of time. Then he would ſit
Beneath the coetaneous oak, whilſt round,
Sons, grandſons, and their offspring join'd to form

The blamelefs merriment; and learnt of him
What time to yoke the oxen to the plough, 450
What hollow moanings of the weftern wind
Foretel the ftorm, and in what lurid clouds
The embryo lightning lies. Well pleas'd, he taught
The heart-fmile glowing on his aged cheek,
Mild as decaying light of fummer-fun. 455
Thus calmly conftant flowed the ftream of life
Till loft at length amid that fhorelefs-fea,
Eternity. Around the bed of death
Gathered his numerous race---his laft advice
In fad attention heard---caught his laft figh--- 460
Then underneath the aged tree that grew
With him, memorial planted at his birth,
They delved the narrow houfe: there oft at eve
Drew round their children of the after days,
And pointing to the turf, told how he lived, 465
And taught by his example how to die.

"Maiden! and fuch the evening of my days
Fondly I hoped; but I fhall be at reft
Soon, in that better world of Peace and Love
Where evil is not: in that better world, 470
JOAN, we fhall meet, and he too will be there,
Thy Theodore." Sooth'd by his words, the Maid
Had liftened fadly, till at that loved name
She wept. "Nay, Maid!" he cried, "I did not think
To wake a tear; but pleafant is thy grief! 475
Thou know'ft not what it is, round thy warm heart
To have a falfe one wreath in viper folds.

But to the battle! in the clang of arms,
We win forgetfulneſs." Then from the bank
He ſprung, and helm'd his head. The Maid aroſe,
Bidding awhile adieu to milder thoughts.
On to the fort they ſpeed, whoſe name recall'd
England's proud capital to the Engliſh hoſt,
Now half ſubdued, anticipating death,
And vainly wiſhing they from her white clifts 485
Had never ſpread the ſail. Cold terror creeps
Thro' every vein: already they turn back
Their eager eyes to meditate the flight,
Tho' Talbot there preſided, with their Chief,
The gallant Saliſbury. "Soldiers fam'd in arms!"
Thus, in vain hope to renovate the ſtrength
Of England, ſpake the Chief. "Victorious friends,
So oft victorious in the hard-fought fight,
What—ſhrink ye now diſmay'd? have ye forgot
The plains of Azincour, when vanquiſh'd France
Fled with her thouſands from your father's arms,
Though worn with ſickneſs? or your own exploits,
When on Verneuil, the flower of chivalry
Fell by your daring proweſs? when the Scot
Bit the red earth in death, and Narbonne died, 500
And the young boaſter proud Alençon felt
The weight of Engliſh fetters? then we broke
The plated ſhield, and cleft the warrior's helm,
Forever victors. On Baugenci's wall
Ye placed the Engliſh flag; beneath your force 505
Fell Jenville and Gergeau, the neighbouring towns

Of well-nigh captur'd Orleans. I omit
To ſpeak of Caen ſubdued, and vanquiſh'd Rouen,
And that late day when Clermont fled the fight,
And the young Baſtard of that priſon'd Duke. 510
Shame! ſhame! that beaten Boy is here in arms,
And ye will fly before the fugitives;
Fly from a woman! from a frenzied girl!
That with her empty mummeries, would blaſt
Your courage; or if miracles ſhe brings, 515
Aid of the Devil! who is there among you
Falſe to his country---to his former fame---
To me---your leader to the frequent field,
The field of glory?" From the heartleſs hoſt
A timid ſhout aroſe: then Talbot's cheek 520
Grew red with indignation. "Earl!" he cried,
Addreſſing him the Chief: "there is no hope
From theſe white-liver'd daſtards; and this fort
Will fall an eaſy conqueſt: it were well
To reach the Tournelles, better fortified, 525
Fit to endure long ſiege: the hope in view
To reach a ſafer fortreſs, theſe our troops
Shall better dare the battle." So he ſpake,
Wiſely adviſing. Him the Chief replied:
"Well haſt thou ſaid; and, Talbot, if our ſwords
Could thro' the thickeſt ranks this Sorcereſs reach,
The hopes of France were blaſted. I have ſtrove
In many a field, yet never to a foe
Stoop'd my proud creſt: nor difficult to meet
This wizard girl, for from the battlements, 535

Her have I mark'd the foremoſt in attack,
Playing right valiantly the ſoldier's part;
Yet ſhall not all her witcheries avail
To blunt my good ſword's edge."
Thus communed they,
And thro' the hoſt the gladdening tidings ran, 540
That they ſhould ſeek the Tournelles. Then their hearts
Gather'd new ſtrength, placing on thoſe ſtrong walls
Dependence; empty hope! nor the ſtrong wall,
Nor the deep moat can ſave, if Fear within
Palſy the ſoldier's arm. Them iſſuing forth, 545
As from the river's banks they paſt along,
The Maid beheld! "Lo! Conrade!" ſhe exclaim'd,
"The foes advance to meet us---look! they lower
The bridge---and now they ruſh upon the troops:
A gallant onſet: Doſt thou mark that man 550
Who all the day has by our ſide endur'd
The hotteſt conflict? I did then behold
His force, and wonder: now his deeds of death
Make all the actions of the former fight
Seem as of no account: know'ſt thou the man? 555
There is not one amid the hoſt of France,
Of fairer promiſe." "He," the Chief replied,
"Wretched and prodigal of life achieves
The exploits of Deſpair: a gallant youth
Widowed like me of Hope, and but for whom, 560
I had been ſeen among mankind no more.
Maiden! with me thy comrade in the war,

His arm is vowed to Heaven. Lo! where he ſtands
Bearing the battle's brunt in unmoved ſtrength,
Firm as the mountain round whoſe miſty head, 565
The unharming tempeſt breaks!" Nor paus'd they
In farther converſe, to the perilous fray [now
Speeding, not unobſerved—them Saliſbury ſaw
And call'd on Talbot. Six, the braveſt Knights
And vow'd with them, againſt the Virgin's life 570
Bent their fierce courſe. She by that unknown man
Now urged the war, when on her plumed helm
The hoſtile falchion fell. On high ſhe lifts
That hallowed ſword, the tenant of the tomb,
And drench'd it in his boſom. On the front 575
Of one, his comrade, fell the battle-axe
Of him the dark-brow'd Chief: the ponderous blow
Shatter'd his brain. With Talbot's giant force
The daring herald urged unequal fight;
For like ſome oak that firm with deep-fix'd roots
Mocks at the ſtorm, the undaunted Earl endur'd
His rude aſſault. Warding with wary eye
The angry ſword, the Frank around his foe
Wheels rapid, flaſhing his keen weapon faſt;
Now as he marks the Earl's deſcending ſtroke 585
Bending, anon more fierce in ſwift attack.
Ill-fated man! one deed of glory more
Shall with the ſhort-lived lightning's ſplendor grace
This thy death-day; for SLAUGHTER even now
Stands o'er the loom of life, and lifts his ſword. 590

Upon her ſhield the Martial Maiden bore
An Engliſh warrior's blow, and in his ſide
Pierced him; that inſtant Saliſbury ſpeeds his ſword
That glancing from her helm fell on the folds
That arm'd her neck, and making there its way,
Stain'd with her blood its edge. The herald ſaw,
He ſaw her red blood guſhing from the wound,
And turn'd from Talbot heedleſs of himſelf,
And lifting up his falchion, all his force
Concenter'd. On the breaſt of Saliſbury 600
It fell, and pierced his mail, and thro' the plate
Beneath drove fierce, and in his heart's-blood plunged.
Lo! as he ſtruck the ſtrength of Talbot came:
Full on his treacherous helm he ſmote: it burſt,
And the ſtern Earl againſt his fenceleſs head 605
Drives with ſtrong arm the murderous ſword. She
ſaw---
She knew---ſhe could not ſave---her THEODORE.
Conrade beheld, and from his vanquiſh'd foe
Strode terrible in vengeance. Front to front
They ſtood, and each for the death-blow prepar'd
His angry might. At once their weapons fell,
The Frank's huge battle-axe, and the keen ſword
Of Talbot. He, ſtunn'd by the weighty blow,
Sunk ſenſeleſs; by his followers from the field
Conveyed with fearful ſpeed: nor did his ſtroke 615
Fall vainly on the Frenchman's creſted helm,
Tho' weak to wound; for from his eyes the fire

Sparkled, and back recoiling with the blow,
He in the Maiden's arms aſtounded fell.
  But now their troops all captainleſs confus'd, 620
Fear ſeized the Engliſh. Not with more diſmay
When over wild Caffraria's wooded hills,
Echoes the lion's roar, the timid herd
Fly the death-boding ſound. The forts they ſeek,
Now reckleſs which, ſo from that battle's rage 625
A preſent refuge. On their flying ranks
The victors preſs, and mark their courſe with blood.
  But loud the trumpet of retreat reſounds,
For now the weſtering ſun with many a hue
Streak'd the gay clouds.
  "Dunois!" the Maiden cried, 630
"Form we around yon ſtronger pile the ſiege,
There for the night encamping." So ſhe ſaid.
The Chief to Orleans for their needful food,
And enginery to batter that huge pile,
Diſmiſs'd a troop, and round the Tournelles led 635
The hoſt beleagering. There they pitch their tents,
And plant their engines for the morrow's war,
Then to their meal, and o'er the cheerful bowl,
Recount the tale of danger; ſoon to reſt
Betaking them, for now the night drew on. 640

BOOK THE EIGHTH.

ARGUMENT.

Tranſactions of the night. Attack of the Tournelles. The garriſon retreat to the tower on the bridge. Their total defeat there. Deſpondency of the Engliſh army. Their Chiefs counſel together and reſolve on retreating. Nocturnal retreat of the Engliſh. Funeral of Theodore.

NOW was the noon of night; and all was ſtill,
Save where the centinel paced on his rounds
Humming a broken ſong. Along the camp
High flames the frequent fire. The warrior Franks,
On the hard earth extended, reſt their limbs 5
Fatigued, their ſpears lay by them, and the ſhield
Pillowed the helmed head: ſecure they ſlept,
And buſy Fancy in her dream renewed
The fight of yeſterday. But not to *JOAN*,
But not to her moſt wretched, came thy aid, 10
Soother of ſorrows, Sleep! no more her pulſe,
Amid the battle's tumult throbbing faſt,
Allow'd no pauſe for thought. With claſped hands
And fixed eye ſhe ſat, the while around

The Spectres of the Days departed rose, 15
A melancholy train! that rock-roof'd cell
She call'd to mind where many a winter's day
With Theodore she mark'd the driving storm:
She call'd to mind the hours of merriment
When mingling in the dance with careless glee 20
She join'd the blithesome train: then her wild eye
Beheld him cold, and his blood-clotted face
In death distorted. O'er her shivering frame
The chill dews started, for upon the gale
The crow's hoarse croak was heard. Sudden she rose,
And passing thro' the camp with hasty step
Strode to the field of blood. The night was calm;
Fair as was ever on Chaldea's plain
When the pale moon-beams o'er the silvery scene
Shone cloudless, whilst the watchful shepherd's eye
Survey'd the host of heaven, and mark'd them rise
Successive, and successively decay;
Lost in the stream of light, as lesser springs
Amid Euphrates' current. The high wall
Cast a deep shadow, and her faultering feet 35
Stumbled o'er broken arms and carcasses;
And sometimes did she hear the heavy groan
Of one yet struggling in the pangs of death.
She reach'd the spot where Theodore had fall'n,
Before fort London's gate; but vainly there 40
Sought she the youth, on every clay-cold face
Gazing with such a look as tho' she fear'd
The thing she sought. Amazement seiz'd the Maid,

For there the victim of his vengeful arm,
Known by the buckler's blazon'd heraldry, 45
Salisbury lay dead. So as the Virgin stood
Gazing around the plain, she mark'd a man
Pass slowly on, as burthened. Him to aid
She sped, and soon with unencumber'd speed
O'ertaking, thus bespake: "Stranger! this weight
Impedes thy progress. Dost thou bear away
Some slaughter'd friend? or lives the sufferer
With many a sore wound gash'd? Oh if he lives!
I will with earnest prayer petition Heaven
To shed its healing on him!" So she said, 55
And as she spake stretched forth her careful hands
To ease the burthen. "Warrior," he replied,
"Thanks for thy proffered succour: but this man
Lives not, and I with unassisted arm
Can bear him to the sepulchre. Farewell--- 60
The night is far advanced; thou to the camp
Return: it fits not darkling thus to stray."
"Conrade!" the Maid exclaim'd, for well she knew
His voice:---with that she fell upon his neck
And cried, "My Theodore! but wherefore thus 65
Thro' the dead midnight dost thou bear his corse?"
"Peace, Maiden!" Conrade cried, "collect thy [soul!
He is but gone before thee to that world
Whither thou soon must follow! in the morn,
Ere yet from Orleans to the war we went, 70
He pour'd his tale of sorrow on mine ear.
"Lo Conrade where she moves---beloved Maid!

Devoted for the realm of France ſhe goes,
Abandoning for this the joys of life !
Yea---life itſelf ! yet on my heart her words 75
Vibrate ; if ſhe muſt periſh in the war,
I will not live to bear the dreadful thought,
Haply my arm had ſaved her. I ſhall go
Her unknown guardian. Conrade, if I fall,
(And truſt me I have little love of life,) 80
Bear me in ſecret from the gory field,
Leſt haply I might meet her wandering eye
A mangled corſe. She muſt not know my fate.
Do this laſt act of friendſhip---in the flood
Whelm me : ſo ſhall ſhe think of Theodore 85
Unanguiſh'd." "Maiden, I did vow with him
That I would dare the battle by thy ſide,
And ſhield thee in the war. Thee of his death
I hoped unknowing." As the warrior ſpake,
He on the earth the clay-cold carcaſs laid. 90
With fixed eye the wretched Maiden gazed
The life-left tenement. The dews of night
Were on his arms, and o'er the ghaſtly wound
Hung his brown hair gore-clotted. "Gallant youth!"
She cried, "I would to God the hour were come 95
When I might meet thee in the bowers of bliſs !
No, Theodore ! the ſport of winds and waves,
Thy body ſhall not roll adown the ſtream
The ſea-wolf's banquet. Conrade, bear with me
The corſe to Orleans, there in hallowed ground 100
To reſt ; the Prieſt ſhall ſay the ſacred prayer,

And hymn the requiem to his parted ſoul.
So ſhall not Elinor in bitterneſs
Lament that no dear friend to her dead child
Paid the laſt office." From the earth they lift 105
The mournful burden, and along the plain
Paſs with ſlow footſteps to the city gate.
The obedient centinel at Conrade's voice
Admits the midnight travellers; on they paſs,
Till in the neighbouring Abbey's porch arrived 110
They reſt the lifeleſs load. Loud rings the bell;
The awakened porter turns the heavy door.
To him the Virgin: "Father, from the ſlain
On yonder reeking field a dear-loved friend
I bring to holy ſepulture: chaunt ye 115
The requiem to his ſoul: to-morrow eve
Will I return, and in the narrow houſe
Behold him laid to reſt." The father knew
The miſſion'd Maid, and humbly bow'd aſſent.
Now from the city, o'er the ſhadowy plain, 120
Backward they bend their way. From ſilent thoughts
The Maid awakening cried, "There was a time,
When thinking on my cloſing hour of life,
Tho' with reſolved mind, ſome natural fears
Shook the weak frame; now, that the happy hour,
When my emancipated ſoul ſhall burſt
The cumberous fetters of mortality,
Wiſhful I contemplate. Conrade! my friend,
My wounded heart would feel another pang
Should'ſt thou forſake me!"

"*JOAN!*" the Chief replied, 130
"Along the weary pilgrimage of life
Together will we journey, and beguile
The dreary road, telling with what gay hopes,
We in the morning eyed the pleasant fields
Vision'd before; then wish that we had reach'd 135
The bower of rest!" Thus communing they gain'd
The camp, yet hush'd in sleep; there separating,
Each in the post allotted, restless waits
The day-break. Morning came: dim thro' the shade
The first rays glimmer; soon the brightening clouds
Drink the rich beam, and o'er the landscape spread
The dewy light. The soldiers from the earth
Leap up invigorate, and each his food
Receives, impatient to renew the war.
Dunois his javelin to the Tournelles points. 145
"Soldiers of France! your English foes are there!"
As when a band of hunters, round the den
Of some wood-monster, point their spears, elate
In hope of conquest and the future feast;
(When on the hospitable board their spoil 150
Shall smoke, and they, as the rich bowl goes round,
Tell to their guests their exploits in the chase;)
They with their shouts of exultation make
The forest ring: so elevate of heart,
With such loud clamors for the fierce assault 155
The French prepare; nor, guarding now the lists
Durst the disheartened English man to man
Meet the close conflict. From the barbican,

Or from the embattled wall they their yeugh bows
Bent forceful, and their death-fraught enginery 160
Difcharged; nor did the Gallic archers ceafe
With well-directed fhafts their loftier foes
To affail: behind the guardian pavais fenced, [2]
They at the battlements their arrows aim'd,
Showering an iron ftorm, whilft o'er the bayle 165
Pafs'd the bold troops with all their mangonels;
Or tortoifes, beneath whofe roofing fafe,
They, filling the deep moat, might for the towers
Make fit foundation, or their petraries,
War-wolfs, and Beugles, and that murderous fling
The Matafunda, whence the ponderous ftone
Fled fierce, and made one wound of whom it ftruck,
Shattering the frame fo that no pious hand
Gathering his mangled limbs might him convey
To where his fathers flept. Nor indolent 175
Did the Englifh troops lie trembling, for the fort
Was ably garrifon'd. Glacidas, the Chief,
A gallant man, fped on from place to place
Cheering the brave; or if the archer's hand,
Palfied with fear, fhot wide the ill-aim'd fhaft, 180
Threatening the coward who betrayed himfelf,
He drove him from the ramparts. In his hand,
The Chief a crofs-bow held; an engine dread
Of fuch wide-wafting fury, that of yore
The affembled fathers of the Chriftian church 185 [3]
Pronounced that man accurs'd whofe impious hand
Should point the murderous weapon. Such decrees

Befits the men of God to promulgate :
Them it befits to wash their hands of blood;
And with a warning voice, tho' haply vain, 190
To cry aloud and spare not ! "Woe to them
Whose hands are full of blood ! Woe, saith the Lord,
To them who fast for strife, that they may smite [4]
With the arm of wickedness." An English King,
The lion-hearted Richard, their decree 195
First broke, and heavenly retribution doom'd
His fall by the keen quarrel ; since that day
Frequent in fields of battle, and from far
To many a good Knight, bearing his death-wound
From hands unknown. With such an instrument,
Arm'd on the ramparts, Glacidas his eye
Cast on the assailing host. A keener glance
Darts not the hawk when from the feather'd tribe
He marks his victim. On a Frank he fix'd
His gaze, who kneeling by the trebuchet, 205 [5]
Charged its long sling with death. Him Glacidas
Secure behind the battlements, beheld,
And strung his bow ; then bending on one knee,
He in the groove the feather'd quarrel plac'd [6]
And levelling with firm eye, the death-wound mark'd.
The bow-string twang'd---on its swift way the dart
Whizzed fierce, and struck, there where the helmet's clasps
Defend the neck ; a weak protection now,
For through the tube that the pure air inhales
Pierc'd the keen shaft ; blood down the unwonted way

Gush'd to the lungs : prone fell the dying man
Grasping, convuls'd, the earth : a hollow groan
In his throat struggled, and the dews of death
Stood on his livid cheek. The days of youth
He had pass'd peaceful, and had known what joys
Domestic love bestows, the father once
Of two fair infants ; in the city hemm'd
During the hard siege ; he had seen their cheeks
Grow pale with famine, and had heard their cries
For bread ! his wife---a broken-hearted one--- 225
Sunk to the cold grave's quiet, and her babes
With hunger pined, and followed : he survived
A miserable man ! and heard the shouts
Of joy in Orleans, when the Maid approach'd,
As o'er the corse of his last little one 230
He heap'd the unhallowed earth. To him the foe
Perform'd a friendly part, hastening the hour
Grief else had soon brought on. The English Chief,
Pointing again his arbalist, let loose
The string ; the quarrel, driven by that strong blow,
True to its aim, fled fatal : one it struck
Dragging a tortoise to the moat, and fix'd
Deep in his liver ; blood and mingled gall
Flow'd from the wound ; and writhing with keen pangs,
Headlong he fell : he for the wintry hour 240
Knew many a merry ballad and quaint tale,
A man in his small circle well-beloved.
None better knew with prudent hand to guide

The vine's young tendrils, or at vintage time
To preſs the full-ſwoln cluſters: he, heart-glad, 245
Taught his young boys the little all he knew,
Enough for happineſs. The Engliſh hoſt
Laid waſte his fertile fields; he, to the war,
By want compell'd, adventur'd,---in his gore
Now weltering. Nor the Gallic hoſt remit 250
Their eager efforts; ſome, the watry fence,
Beneath the tortoiſe roof'd, with engines apt
Drain painful; part, laden with wood, throw there
Their buoyant burdens, laboring ſo to gain
Firm footing: ſome the mangonels ſupply, 255
Or charging with huge ſtones the murdering ſling,
Or petrary, or in the eſpringal
Fix the braſs-winged arrows. Hoarſe around
Roſe the confuſed din of multitudes.
Fearleſs along the ramparts Gargrave moved,
Cheering the Engliſh troops. The bow he bore;
The quiver rattled as he moved along.
He knew aright to aim the feather'd ſhafts,
Well-ſkill'd to pierce the mottled roebuck's ſide,
O'ertaken in his flight. Him, paſſing on, 265
From ſome huge engine driven, a ponderous ſtone
Cruſh'd: on his breaſt-plate falling, the vaſt force
Shattered the bone, and with his mangled lungs
The fragments mingled. On the ſunny brow
Of a fair hill wood-circled, ſtood his home, 270
A pleaſant dwelling, whence the ample ken
Gaz'd o'er ſubjected diſtance, and ſurvey'd

Streams, hills, and foreſts, fair variety!
The traveller knew its hoſpitable towers,
For open were the gates, and blazed for all 275
The friendly fire. By glory lur'd, the youth
Went forth; and he had bathed his falchion's edge
In many a Frenchman's gore; now cruſh'd beneath
The ponderous fragments force, his mangled limbs
Lie quivering. Lo! towards the levelled moat,
A moving tower the men of Orleans wheel
Four ſtages elevate. Above was hung
Equalling the walls, a bridge; in the lower ſtage
The ponderous battering-ram: a troop within
Of archers, thro' the opening, ſhot their ſhafts. 285
In the loftieſt part was Conrade, ſo prepar'd
To mount the rampart, for he loath'd the chaſe,
And loved to ſee the dappled foreſters
Browze fearleſs on their lair, with friendly eye,
And happy in beholding happineſs, 290
Not meditating death: the bowman's art
Therefore he little knew, nor was he wont
To aim the arrow at the diſtant foe,
But uprear in cloſe conflict, front to front,
His death-red battle-axe, and break the ſhield, 295
Firſt in the war of men. There too the Maid
Awaits, impatient on the wall to wield
Her falchion. Onward moves the heavy tower,
Slow o'er the moat and ſteady, tho' the foe
Shower'd there their javelins, aim'd their engines there,
And from the arbaliſt the fire-tip dart

Shot lightning thro' the air. In vain it flam'd,
For well with many a reeking hide ſecured,
Paſs'd on the dreadful pile, and now it reach'd
The wall. Below, with forceful impulſe driven, 305
The iron-horned engine ſwings its ſtroke,
Then back recoils, whilſt they within who guide,
In backward ſtep collecting all their ſtrength,
Anon the maſſy beam with ſtronger arm
Drive full and fierce; ſo rolls the ſwelling ſea 310
Its curly billows to the unmoved foot
Of ſome huge promontory, whoſe broad baſe
Breaks the rough wave; the ſhiver'd ſurge rolls back,
Till, by the coming billow borne, it burſts
Again, and foams with ceaſeleſs violence. 315
The Wanderer, on the ſunny clift outſtretch'd,
Harks to the roaring ſurges, as they rock
His weary ſenſes to forgetfulneſs.
But nearer danger threats the invaders now,
For on the ramparts, lowered from above 320
The bridge reclines. A univerſal ſhout
Roſe from the hoſtile hoſts. The exultant Franks
Clamor their loud rejoicing, whilſt the foe
Lift up the warning voice, and call aloud
For ſpeedy ſuccour there, with deafening ſhout 325
Cheering their comrades. Not with louder din
The mountain torrent flings precipitate
Its bulk of waters, tho' amid the fall
Shattered, and daſhing ſilvery from the rock.
Lo! on the bridge he ſtands, the undaunted man

Conrade ! the gathered foes along the wall
Throng oppoſite, and on him point their pikes,
Creſting with armed men the battlements.
He, undiſmayed, tho' on that perilous height,
Stood firm, and hurl'd his javelin ; the keen point
Pierced thro' the deſtined victim, where his arm
Join'd the broad breaſt : a wound that ſkilful care
Haply had heal'd ; but, him diſabled now
For farther ſervice, the unpitying throng
Of his tumultuous comrades from the wall 340
Thruſt headlong. Nor did Conrade ceaſe to hurl
His deadly javelins faſt, for well within
The tower was ſtor'd with weapons, to the Chief
Quickly ſupplied : nor did the miſſion'd Maid
Reſt idle from the combat ; ſhe, ſecure 345
Aim'd the keen quarrel, taught the croſs-bow's uſe
By the willing mind that what it well deſires
Gains aptly : nor amid the numerous throng,
Tho' haply erring from their deſtin'd mark,
Sped her ſharp arrows fruſtrate. From the tower
Ceaſeleſs the bow-ſtrings twang : the Knights below,
Each by his pavais bulwark'd, thither aim'd
Their darts, and not a dart fell woundleſs there,
So thickly throng'd they ſtood, and fell as faſt
As when the Monarch of the Eaſt goes forth 355
From Gemna's banks and the proud palaces
Of Delhi, the wild monſters of the wood
Die in the blameleſs warfare : cloſed within

The ſtill-contracting circle, their brute force
Waſting in mutual rage, they periſh there, 360
Or by each other's fury lacerate,
The archer's barbed arrow, or the lance
Of ſome bold youth of his firſt exploits vain,
Rajah or Omrah, for the war of beaſts
Venturous, and learning thus the love of blood. 365
The ſhout of terror rings along the wall,
For now the French their ſcaling ladders place,
And bearing high their bucklers, to the aſſault
Mount fearleſs: from above the furious troops
Hurl down ſuch weapons as inventive care 370
Or frantic rage ſupplies: huge ſtones and beams
Cruſh the bold foe; ſome, thruſt adown the height,
Fall living to their death; ſome in keen pangs
And wildly-writhing, as the liquid lead
Gnaws thro' their members, leap down deſperate,
Eager to ceaſe from ſuffering. Still they mount,
And by their fellows' fate unterrified,
Still dare the perilous way. Nor dangerleſs
To the Engliſh was the fight, tho' from above
Eaſy to cruſh the aſſailants: them amidſt 380
Faſt fled the arrows; the large braſs-wing'd darts,
There driven reſiſtleſs from the eſpringal,
Keeping their impulſe even in the wound,
Whirl as they pierce the victim. Some fall cruſh'd
Beneath the ponderous fragment that deſcends 385
The heavier from its height: ſome, the long lance
Impetuous ruſhing on its viewleſs way,

Transfix'd. The death-fraught cannon's thundering
Convulſing air; the ſoldier's eager ſhout; [roar
And terror's wild ſhriek echo o'er the plain 390
In dreadful harmony. Meantime the Chief,
Who equall'd on the bridge the rampart's height,
With many a well-aim'd javelin dealing death,
Made thro' the throng his paſſage: he advanced
In wary valor o'er his ſlaughtered foes, 395
On the blood-reeking wall. Him drawing near
Two youths, the boldeſt of the Engliſh hoſt
Preſt on to thruſt him from that perilous height;
At once they ruſh'd upon him: he, his axe
Dropping, the dagger drew: one thro' the throat
He pierced, and ſwinging his broad buckler round,
Daſh'd down his comrade. So, unmoved he ſtood,
The ſire of Guendolen, that daring man,
Corienus; grappling with his monſtrous foe,
He the brute vaſtneſs held aloft, and bore, 405
And headlong hurl'd, all ſhatter'd to the ſea,
Down from the rock's high ſummit, ſince that day
Him, hugeſt of the giants, chronicling,
Hight Langoemagog. The Maid of Arc
Bounds o'er the bridge, and to the wind unfurls 410
Her hallowed banner. At that welcome ſight
A general ſhout of acclamation roſe,
And loud, as when the tempeſt-toſſing foreſt
Roars to the roaring wind; then terror ſeiz'd
The garriſon; and fired anew with hope, 415
The fierce aſſailants to their prize ruſh on

Reſiſtleſs. Vainly do their Engliſh foes
Hurl there their beams, and ſtones, and javelins,
And fire-brands : fearleſs in the eſcalade,
Firm mount the French, and now upon the wall 420
Wage equal battle. Burning at the ſight
With indignation, Glacidas beheld
His troops fly ſcattered ; faſt on every ſide
The foes up-ruſhing eager to their ſpoil ;
The holy ſtandard waving ; and the Maid 425
Fierce in purſuit. "Speed but this arrow, Heaven!"
The Chief exclaim'd, "and I ſhall fall content."
So ſaying, he his ſharpeſt quarrel choſe,
And fix'd the bow-ſtring, and againſt the Maid
Levelling, let looſe ; her arm was rais'd on high 430
To ſmite a fugitive : he glanced aſide,
Shunning her deadly ſtroke, and thus receiv'd
The Chieftain's arrow : thro' his ribs it paſs'd,
And cleft that veſſel, whence the purer blood,
Thro' many a branching channel o'er the frame 435
Meanders. "Fool!" the enraged Chief exclaim'd,
"Would ſhe had ſlain thee! thou haſt lived too long."
Again he aim'd his arbaliſt : the ſtring
Struck forceful : ſwift the erring arrow ſped
Guiltleſs of blood, for lightly o'er the court 440
Bounded the warrior Virgin. Glacidas
Levelled his bow again ; the fated ſhaft
Fled true, and difficultly thro' the mail
Pierced to her neck, and tinged its point with blood.
"She bleeds! ſhe bleeds!" exulting cried the Chief :

"The Sorcereſs bleeds! nor all her helliſh arts
Can charm my arrows from their deſtined courſe."
Ill-fated man! in vain with murderous hand
Placing thy feathered quarrel in its groove,
Dream'ſt thou of *JOAN* ſubdu'd? She from her neck
Plucking the ſhaft unterrified, exclaim'd,
"This is a favor! Frenchmen, let us on!
Eſcape they cannot from the hand of God!"
But Conrade, rolling round his angry eyes,
Beheld the Engliſh Chieftain as he aim'd 455
Again the bow; with rapid ſtep he ſtrode;
Nor did not Glacidas the Frank perceive;
At him he drew the ſtring: the powerleſs dart
Fell blunted from his buckler. Fierce he came,
And lifting high his ponderous battle-axe, 460
Full on his ſhoulder drove the furious ſtroke
Deep-buried in his boſom: prone he fell---
The cold air ruſh'd upon his heaving heart.
A gallant man, of no ignoble line,
Was Glacidas. His ſires had lived in peace; 465
Wiſely ſecluded from the jarring world
They heap'd the hoſpitable hearth, they ſpread
The feaſt; their vaſſals loved them, and afar
The traveller told their fame. In peace they died;
Exhauſted Nature ſinking ſlow to reſt. 470
For them the venerable fathers pour'd
A requiem when they ſlept, and o'er them rais'd
The ſculptur'd monument. Now far away
Their offſpring falls, the laſt of all his race!

Slain in a foreign land, and doom'd to ſhare 475
The common grave. And now their leader ſlain,
The vanquiſh'd Engliſh fly towards the gate,
Seeking the inner court, as hoping there [8]
Again to dare the ſiege, and with their friends
Find preſent refuge. Ah! miſtaken men! 480
The vanquiſh'd have no friends! defeated thus,
Preſt by purſuit, in vain with eager voice
They call their comrades in the ſuppliant tones
Of pity now, now in the indignant phraſe
Of fruitleſs anger: they indeed within 485
Faſt from the ramparts on the victor troops
Hurl their keen javelins,---but the gate is barr'd--
The huge portcullis down! Then terror ſeiz'd
Their hopeleſs hearts: ſome, furious in deſpair,
Turn on their foes; fear-palſied, ſome await 490
The coming death; ſome drop the uſeleſs ſword
And cry for mercy. Then the Maid of Arc
Had pity on the vanquiſh'd; and ſhe call'd
Aloud, and cried to all the hoſt of France,
And bade them ceaſe from ſlaughter. They obeyed
The delegated damſel. Some there were
Apart that communed murmuring, and of theſe
D'Orval addreſs'd her. "Miſſion'd Maid! our troops
Are few in number; and to well ſecure
Theſe many priſoners ſuch a force demands, 500
As ſhould we ſpare might ſhortly make us need
The mercy we beſtow: not mercy then,
Rather to theſe our ſoldiers, cruelty.

Juſtice to them, to France, and to our King,
And that regard wiſe Nature has in each 505
Implanted of ſelf-ſafety, all demand
Their deaths." "Foul fall ſuch evil policy!"
The indignant Maid exclaim'd. "I tell thee, Chief,
God is with us! but God ſhall hide his face
From him who ſheds one drop of human blood 510
In calm cold-hearted wiſdom---him who weighs
The *right* and the *expedient*, and reſolves,
Juſt as the well-pois'd ſcale ſhall riſe or fall.
Theſe men ſhall live---live to be happy, Chief,
And in the lateſt hour of life, ſhall bleſs 515
Us who preſerved. What is the Conqueror's name,
Compar'd to this when the death-hour ſhall come?
To think that we have from the murderous ſword
Reſcued one man, and that his heart-pour'd prayers,
Already with celeſtial eloquence, 520
Plead for us to the All-juſt." Severe ſhe ſpake,
Then turn'd to Conrade. "Thou from theſe our [troops
Appoint fit eſcort for the priſoners:
I need not tell thee, Conrade, they are men,
Miſguided men, led from their little homes, 525
The victims of the mighty! thus ſubdued
They are our foes no longer: be they held
Safely in Orleans. Thou chooſe forth with ſpeed
One of known prudence, but whoſe heart is rich
In Heaven's moſt precious boon humanity, 530
Their captain. From the war we may not ſpare
Thy valor long." She ſaid: when Conrade caſt

His eyes around, and mark'd amid the court
From man to man where Francis rush'd along,
Bidding them spare the vanquish'd. Him he hail'd.
" The Maid hath bade me choose a leader forth
To guard the captives: thou shalt be the man;
For thou wilt guard them with due diligence,
Yet not forgetting they are men, bereft
Of all they love, and who may largely claim 540
Thy pity." Nor meantime the garrison
Ceas'd from the war; they, in the hour of need,
Abandoning their comrades to the sword,
A daring band, resolved to bide the siege
In desperate valor. Fast against the walls 545
The battering-ram drove fierce: the enginery
Ply'd at the ramparts fast; the catapults
Drove there their dreadful darts; the war-wolfs there
Hurl'd their huge stones; and, by the pavais fenced,
The Knights of France sped there their well-aim'd
shafts. 550
" Feel ye not, comrades, how the ramparts shake
Beneath the ponderous ram's unceasing stroke?"
Cried one, a venturous Englishman. " Our foes,
In woman-like compassion, have dismissed
A powerful escort, weakening thus themselves, 555
And giving us fair hope, in equal field,
Of better fortune. Sorely here annoyed,
And slaughtered by their engines from afar,
We perish. Vainly does the soldier boast
Undaunted courage and the powerful arm, 560

If thus pent up, like ſome wild beaſt he falls,
Mark'd for the hunter's arrows : let us ruſh
And meet them in the battle, man to man,
Either to conquer, or, at leaſt to die
A ſoldier's death." "Nay, nay---not ſo," replied
One of leſs daring valor. "Tho' they point
Their engines here, our archers not in vain
Speed their death-doing ſhafts. Let the ſtrong walls
Firſt by the foe be won ; 'twill then be time
To meet them in the battle man to man, 570
When theſe ſhall fail us." Scarcely had he ſpoke,
When full upon his breaſt a ponderous ſtone
Fell fierce impell'd, and drove him to the earth,
All ſhattered. Horror the ſpectators ſeiz'd !
For as the dreadful weapon ſhivered him, 575
His blood beſprinkled round, and they beheld
His mangled lungs lie quivering ! "Such the fate
Of thoſe who truſt them to their walls' defence,"
Again exclaim'd the ſoldier : "thus they fall,
Betrayed by their own fears. Courage alone 580
Can ſave us." Nor to draw them from the fort
Now needed eloquence ; with one accord
They bade him lead to battle. Forth they ruſh'd
Impetuous. With ſuch fury o'er the plain,
Swoln by the autumnal tempeſt, Vega rolls 585
His rapid waters, when the gathered ſtorm,
On the black hills of Cambria burſting, ſwells
The tide of deſolation. Then the Maid
Spake to the ſon of Orleans, "Let our troops

Fall back, ſo ſhall the Engliſh in purſuit 590
Leave this ſtrong fortreſs, thus an eaſy prey."
Time was not for long counſel. From the court,
Obedient to Dunois, a band of Franks
Retreat, as at the irruption of their foes
Diſheartened; they, with ſhouts and loud uproar,
Ruſh to their fancied conqueſt; *JOAN*, the while
Placing a ſmall but gallant garriſon,
Bade them ſecure the gates: then forth ſhe ruſh'd,
With ſuch fierce onſet charging on their rear,
That terror ſmote the Engliſh, and they wiſh'd 600
Again that they might hide them in their walls
Raſhly abandoned, for now wheeling round
The ſon of Orleans fought. All captainleſs,
Ill-marſhall'd, ill-directed, in vain rage,
They waſte their furious efforts, falling faſt 605
Before the Maid's good falchion and the ſword
Of Conrade: loud was heard the mingled ſound
Of arms and men; the earth, that trampled late
By multitudes, gave to the paſſing wind
Its duſty clouds, now reek'd with their hot gore. 610
High on the fort's far-ſummit Talbot mark'd
The fight, and call'd impatient for his arms,
Eager to ruſh to war; and ſcarce withheld,
For now, diſheartened and diſcomfited,
The troops fled fearful. On the bridge there ſtood
A ſtrong-built tower, commanding o'er the Loire.
The traveller, ſometimes lingered on his way,
Marking the playful tenants of the ſtream,

Seen in its ſhadow, ſtem the ſea-ward tide.
This had the invaders won in hard aſſault 620
Ere ſhe, the Delegate of Heaven, came forth
And made them fear who never fear'd before.
Hither the Engliſh troops with haſty ſteps
Retir'd, yet not forgetful of defence,
But waging ſtill the war: the garriſon 625
Them thus retreating ſaw, and open threw
Their guarded gates, and on the Gallic hoſt,
Covering their vanquiſh'd fellows, pour'd their ſhafts.
Check'd in purſuit they ſtopt. Then D'Orval cried,
"Ill, Maiden, haſt thou done! thoſe valiant troops
Thy womaniſh pity has diſmiſſed, with us
Conjoin'd might preſs upon the vanquiſh'd foes,
Tho' aided thus, and plant the lilied flag
Victorious on yon tower." "Dark-minded man!"
The Maid of Orleans anſwered, "to act well 635
Brings with itſelf an ample recompenſe.
Chieftain! let come what will, me it behoves,
Mindful of that Good Power whoſe delegate
I am, to ſpare the fallen: that gracious God
Sends me the miniſter of mercy forth, 640
Sends me to ſave this ravaged realm of France.
To England friendly as to all the world,
Foe only to the great blood-guilty ones,
The maſters and the murderers of mankind."
She ſaid, and ſuddenly threw off her helm; 645
Her breaſt heaved high--her cheek grew red--her eyes
Flaſh'd forth a wilder luſtre. "Thou doſt deem

That I have illy ſpar'd ſo large a band,
Diſabling from purſuit our weakened troops---
God is with us," ſhe cried---" God is with us! 650
Our Champion manifeſt!" Even as ſhe ſpake,
The tower, the bridge, and all its multitudes,
Sunk with a mighty craſh. Aſtoniſhment
Seiz'd on the French---a univerſal cry
Of terror burſt from them. Cruſh'd in the fall, 655
Or by their armor whelm'd beneath the tide,
The ſufferers ſunk, or vainly plied their arms,
Caught by ſome ſinking wretch, who graſp'd them faſt
And dragg'd them down to death: ſhrieking they ſunk;
Huge fragments frequent daſh'd with thund'ring roar
Amid the foaming current. From the fort
Talbot beheld, and gnaſh'd his teeth, and curs'd
The more than mortal Virgin; whilſt the towers
Of Orleans echoed to the loud uproar,
And all who heard, trembled, and croſs'd their breaſts,
And as they haſtened to the city walls,
Told fearfully their beads. 'Twas now the hour
When o'er the plain the penſive hues of eve
Shed their meek radiance; when the lowing herd,
Slow as they ſtalk to ſhelter, draw behind 670
The lengthening ſhades; and ſeeking his high neſt,
As heavily he flaps the dewy air,
The hoarſe rook pours his not unpleaſing note.
"Now then, Dunois, for Orleans!" cried the Maid,
"The ſtrongeſt forts are ours, and who remain, 675

Saved from our ſwords awhile, in heart ſubdued,
Will yield an eaſy conqueſt; reſt we now
Our wearied ſoldiers, for the night draws on."
She ſaid, and joyful of their finiſh'd toil
The hoſt retire. Huſh'd is the field of fight, 680
And ſilent as the deep, but late uptorn
By vernal tempeſts, when the ſtorm is paſt
And o'er the gently-ſwelling ſurface, ſleeps
The unruffling wind. Meantime the Engliſh troops
Now loud in terror, clamor'd for retreat, 685
Deeming that, aided by the powers of Heaven,
The Maid went forth to conquer. One more bold,
Learning reflection in the hour of ill,
Exclaim'd, "I marvel not that the Moſt High
Hath hid his face from England! Wherefore thus
Quitting the comforts of domeſtic life,
Swarm we to deſolate this goodly land,
Making the drench'd earth, rank with human blood,
Scatter pollution on the winds of Heaven?
Oh! that the ſepulchre had cloſed its jaws 695
On that foul Prieſt, that bad blood-guilty man,
Who, trembling for the Church's ill-got wealth,
Bade Henry look on France, ere he had drawn
The deſolating ſword, and ſent him forth
To ſlaughter! think that in this fatal war 700
Thouſands and tens of thouſands, by the ſword
Cut off, and ſent before the eternal Judge,
With all their unrepented crimes upon them,
Cry out for vengeance! that the widow's groan,

Tho' here ſhe groan unpitied or unheard, 705
Is heard in Heaven againſt us ! o'er this land
That hills of human ſlain, unſepulchred,
Steam peſtilence, and cloud the bleſſed ſun !
The wrath of God is on us---God has call'd
This Virgin forth, and gone before her path--- 710
Our brethren, vainly valiant, fall beneath them,
Clogging with gore their weapons, or in the flood
Whelm'd like the Egyptian tyrant's impious hoſt,
Mangled and ſwoln, their blackened carcaſſes
Toſs on the toſſing billows ! We remain, 715
For yet our rulers will purſue the war,
We ſtill remain to periſh by the ſword,
Soon to appear before the throne of God,
Loſt, guilty wretches, hireling murderers,
Uninjur'd, unprovok'd, who dared to riſk 720
The life his goodneſs gave us, on the chance
Of war, and in obedience to our Chiefs,
Durſt diſobey our God." Then terror ſeized
The troops and late repentance : and they thought
The Spirits of the Mothers and their Babes, 725
Famiſh'd at Rouen, ſat on the clouds of night,
Circling the forts, to hail with gloomy joy
The hour of vengeance. Nor the Engliſh Chiefs
Heard their loud murmurs heedleſs : counſelling
They met deſpondent. Suffolk (now their Chief,
Since conquered by the arm of Theodore
Fell Saliſbury) thus began. " It now were vain
Lightly of this our more than mortal foe,

To ſpeak contemptuous. She has vanquiſh'd us,
Aided by Hell's leagued powers ; nor aught avails
Man unaſſiſted 'gainſt the powers of Hell
To dare the conflict : it were better far
Retreating as we may, from this ſad ſcene,
What of our hard-won conqueſts yet remain,
Haply to ſave." He ceas'd, and with a ſigh 740
Struggling with pride that heav'd his gloomy breaſt,
Talbot replied---" Our council little boots ;
The ſoldiers will not fight, they will not heed
Our vain reſolves, heart-withered by the ſpells
Of this accurſed Sorcereſs : ſoon will come 745
The expected hoſt from England : even now
Perchance the tall bark ſcuds acroſs the deep
That bears my ſon---young Talbot comes---he comes
To find his ſire diſgraced ! but ſoon mine arm,
By vengeance nerved, and ſhame of ſuch defeat,
Shall, from the creſt-fallen courage of yon witch,
Regain its ancient glory. Near the coaſt
Beſt is it to retreat, and there expect
The coming ſuccour." Thus the warrior ſpake.
Joy ran through all the troops, as tho' retreat 755
Were ſafety. Silently in ordered ranks
They iſſue forth, favored by the deep clouds
That mantled o'er the moon. With throbbing hearts
Fearful they ſpeeded on : ſome, thinking ſad
Of diſtant England, and, now wiſe too late, 760
Curſing in bitterneſs that evil hour
That led them from her ſhores : ſome in faint hope

Calling to mind the comforts of their home :
Talbot went muſing on his blaſted fame
Sullen and ſtern, and feeding on dark thoughts, 765
And meditating vengeance. In the walls
Of Orleans, tho' her habitants with joy
Humbly acknowledged the high aid of Heaven,
Of many a heavy ill and bitter loſs
Mindful ; ſuch mingled ſentiments they felt 770
As one from ſhipwreck ſaved, the firſt warm glow
Of tranſport paſt, who contemplates himſelf,
Preſerved alone, a ſolitary wretch,
Poſſeſſed of life indeed, but reft of all
That makes man love to live. The Chieftains ſhared
The ſocial bowl, glad of the town relieved,
And communing of that miraculous Maid,
Who came the ſavior of the realm of France,
When vanquiſh'd in the frequent field of ſhame,
Her braveſt warriors trembled. *JOAN* the while
Foodleſs and ſilent to the Convent paſs'd :
Conrade, with her and Iſabel ; both mute,
Yet gazing on her oft with eloquent eye,
Looking the conſolation that they fear'd
To give a voice to. Now they reach'd the dome :
The glaring torches o'er the houſe of death
Stream'd a ſad ſplendor. Flowers and funeral herbs
Bedeck'd the bier of Theodore : the rue,
The dark green roſemary, and the violet,
That pluck'd like him withered in its firſt bloom.
Diſſolved in ſorrow, Iſabel her grief

Pour'd copious ; Conrade wept : the Maid alone
Was tearleſs, for ſhe ſtood, unheedingly,
Gazing the viſion'd ſcene of her laſt hour,
Abſorb'd in contemplation ; from her eye 800
Intelligence was abſent ; nor ſhe ſeem'd
To hear, tho' liſtening to the dirge of death.
Laid in his laſt home now was Theodore,
And now upon the coffin thrown, the earth
Fell heavy : the Maid ſtarted---for the ſound 805
Smote on her heart ; her eye one lightning glance
Shot wild, and ſhuddering, upon Iſabel
She hung, her pale lips trembling, and her cheek
As wan as though untenanted by life.
Then in the Prieſt aroſe the earneſt hope, 810
That weary of the world and ſick with woe,
The Maid might dwell with them a veſtal vowed.
" Ah, Damſel !" ſlow he ſpake and croſt his breaſt,
" Ah, Damſel ! favored as thou art of Heaven,
Let not thy ſoul beneath its ſorrow ſink 815
Deſpondent ; Heaven by ſorrow diſciplines
The froward heart, and chaſtens whom it loves ;
Therefore, companion of thy way of life,
Affliction thee ſhall wean from this vain world,
Where happineſs provokes the traveller's chaſe, 820
And like the midnight meteor of the marſh,
Allures his long and perilous purſuit,
Then leaves him dark and comfortleſs. O Maid !
Fix thou thine eyes upon that heavenly dawn
Beyond the night of life ! thy race is run, 825

Thou haſt delivered Orleans: now perfect
Thyſelf; accompliſh all, and be the child
Of God. Amid theſe ſacred haunts the groan
Of Woe is never heard; theſe hallowed roofs
Re-echo only to the pealing quire, 830
The chaunted maſs, and virgin's holy hymn;
Celeſtial ſounds! ſecluded here, the ſoul
Receives a foretaſte of her joys to come!
This is the abode of Piety and Peace:
Oh! be their inmate, Maiden! come to reſt, 835
Die to the world, and live eſpous'd to Heaven!"
Then Conrade anſwered, "Father! Heaven has doom'd
This Maid to active virtue." "Active!" cried
The aſtoniſh'd Prieſt; "thou doſt not know the toils
This holy warfare aſks; thou doſt not know 840
How powerful the attacks that Satan makes
By ſinful nature aided! doſt thou deem
It is an eaſy taſk from the fond breaſt
To root affection out? to burſt the cords
That grapple to ſociety the heart 845
Of ſocial man? to rouſe the unwilling ſpirit,
That, rebel to Devotion, faintly pours
The cold lip-worſhip of the wearying prayer?
To fear and tremble at him, yet to love
A God of Terrors? Maid, beloved of Heaven!
Come to this ſacred trial! ſhare with us
The day of penance and the night of prayer!

Humble thyſelf! feel thine own worthleſsneſs,
A reptile worm! before thy birth condemn'd
To all the horrors of thy Maker's wrath, 855
The lot of fallen mankind! Oh hither come!
Humble thyſelf in aſhes, ſo thy name
Shall live amid the bleſſed hoſt of ſaints,
And unborn pilgrims at thy hallowed ſhrine
Pour forth their pious offerings." "Hear me Prieſt!"
Exclaim'd the awakened Maid; "amid theſe tombs,
Cold as their clayey tenants, know, my heart
Muſt never grow to ſtone! chill thou thyſelf,
And break thy midnight reſt, and tell thy beads,
And labor thro' thy ſtill repeated prayer; 865
Fear thou thy God of Terrors; ſpurn the gifts
He gave, and ſepulchre thyſelf alive!
But far more valued is the vine that bends
Beneath its ſwelling cluſters, than the dark
And joyleſs ivy, round the cloiſter's wall 870
Wreathing its barren arms. For me I know
Mine own worth, Prieſt! that I have well perform'd
My duty, and untrembling ſhall appear
Before the juſt tribunal of that God,
Whom grateful love has taught me to adore!" 875
She ſaid, and they departed from the dome.

BOOK THE NINTH.

ARGUMENT.

Vision of the Maid.

ORLEANS was hush'd in sleep. Stretch'd on her couch
The delegated Maiden lay: with toil
Exhausted and sore anguish. Soon she closed
Her heavy eye-lids; not reposing then,
For busy Phantasy, in other scenes 5
Awakened: whether that superior powers,
By wise permission, prompt the midnight dream,
Or that the soul, escaped its fleshly clog,
Flies free, and soars amid the invisible world,
And all things *are* that *seem*. Along a heath, 10
Barren, and wide, and drear, and desolate,
She roam'd a wanderer thro' the cheerless night.
Black clouds, driven fast before the stormy wind,
Swept shadowing; thro' their broken folds the moon
Struggled sometimes with transitory ray, 15
And made the moving darkness, visible.
And now arrived beside a fenny lake
She stands: amid its stagnate waters, hoarse
The thick sedge rustled to the gales of night,

And loud was heard the Bittern's mournful cry. 20
An age-worn bark receives the Maid, impell'd
By powers unſeen; then did the moon diſplay
Where thro' the crazy veſſel's yawning ſide
Ruſh'd in the muddy wave: a female guides
And ſpreads the ſail before the wind, that moan'd
As melancholy mournful to her ear,
As ever by the dungeon'd wretch was heard
Howling at evening round the embattled towers
Of that hell-houſe of France, ere yet ſublime
The Almighty people from their tyrant's hand 30
Daſh'd down the iron rod. Intent the Maid
Gazed on the pilot's form, and as ſhe gazed
Shiver'd, for wan her face was, and her eyes
Hollow, and her ſunk cheeks were furrowed deep,
Channell'd by tears; a few grey locks hung down
Beneath her hood: then thro' the maiden's veins
Chill crept the blood; for, as the night-breeze paſs'd,
Lifting her tatter'd mantle, coil'd around,
She ſaw a ſerpent gnawing at her heart.

The plumeleſs Bat with ſhort ſhrill note flits by,
And the night-raven's ſcream came fitfully,
Borne on the hollow blaſt. Eager the Maid
Look'd to the ſhore, and now upon the bank
Leaps, joyful to eſcape, yet trembling ſtill
In recollection. There, a mouldering pile 45
Stretch'd its wide ruins, o'er the plain below
Caſting a gloomy ſhade, ſave where the moon
Shone thro' its fretted windows: the dark Yew,

Withering with age, branched there its naked roots,
And there the melancholy Cypreſs rear'd 50
Its head : the earth was heaved with many a mound,
And here and there a half-demoliſh'd tomb.
And now, amid the ruins' darkeſt ſhade,
The Virgin's eye beheld where pale blue flames
Roſe wavering, now juſt gleaming from the earth,
And now in darkneſs drown'd. An aged Man
Sat near, ſeated on what in long-paſt days
Had been ſome ſculptured monument, now fall'n
And half-obſcur'd by moſs, and gathered heaps
Of withered yew-leaves and earth-mouldering bones :
And ſhining in the ray was ſeen the track
Of ſlimy ſnail obſcene. Compoſed his look,
His eye was large and rayleſs, and fix'd full
Upon the Maid ; the blue flames on his face
Stream'd a drear light ; his face was of the hue 65
Of death : his limbs were mantled in a ſhroud.
Then with a deep heart-terrifying voice,
Exclaim'd the Spectre, " Welcome to theſe realms,
Theſe regions of DESPAIR ! O thou whoſe ſteps
By GRIEF conducted to theſe ſad abodes 70
Have pierc'd ; welcome, welcome to this gloom
Eternal ; to this everlaſting night ;
Where never morning darts the enlivening ray,
Where never ſhines the ſun, but all is dark,
Dark as the boſom of their gloomy King !" 75
So ſaying, he aroſe, and by the hand
The Virgin ſeiz'd with ſuch a death-cold touch

As froze her very heart; and drawing on,
Her, to the abbey's inner ruin, led
Reſiſtleſs: thro' the broken roof the moon 80
Glimmer'd a ſcatter'd ray: the ivy twined
Round the diſmantled column: imaged forms
Of Saints and warlike Chiefs, moſs-canker'd now
And mutilate, lay ſtrewn upon the ground;
With crumbled fragments, crucifixes fallen,
And ruſted trophies; and amid the heap
Some monument's defaced legend ſpake,
All human glory vain. The loud blaſt roar'd
Amid the pile; and from the tower the owl
Scream'd as the tempeſt ſhook her ſecret neſt. 90
He, ſilent, led her on, and often paus'd,
And pointed, that her eye might contemplate
At leiſure the drear ſcene. He dragged her on
Thro' a low iron door, down broken ſtairs;
Then a cold horror thro' the Maiden's frame 95
Crept, for ſhe ſtood amid a vault, and ſaw,
By the ſepulchral lamp's dim glaring light,
The fragments of the dead. "Look here!" he cried,
"Damſel, look here! ſurvey the houſe of Death!
O ſoon to tenant it! ſoon to increaſe 100
Theſe trophies of mortality! for hence
Is no return! Gaze here! behold this ſkull!
Theſe eyeleſs ſockets, and theſe unfleſh'd jaws,
That with their ghaſtly grinning, ſeem to mock
Thy periſhable charms; for thus thy cheek 105
Muſt moulder! Child of Grief! ſhrinks not thy ſoul,

Viewing theſe horrors? trembles not thy heart
At the dread thought, that here its life's-blood ſoon
Shall ſtagnate, and the finely-fibred frame,
Now warm in life and feeling, mingle ſoon 110
With the cold clod? a thought moſt horrible!
So only, dreadful, for reality
Is none of ſuffering here; here all is peace;
No nerve will throb to anguiſh in the grave.
Dreadful it is to think of loſing life, 115
But having loſt, knowledge of loſs is not
Therefore no ill. Haſte, Maiden, to repoſe;
Probe deep the ſeat of life." So ſpake DESPAIR.
The vaulted roof echoed his hollow voice,
And all again was ſilence. Quick her heart 120
Panted. He drew a dagger from his breaſt,
And cried again, "Haſte, Damſel, to repoſe!
One blow, and reſt for ever!" On the fiend
Dark ſcowl'd the Virgin with indignant eye,
And daſh'd the dagger down. He next his heart
Replaced the murderous ſteel, and drew the Maid
Along the downward vault. The damp earth gave
A dim ſound as they paſs'd: the tainted air
Was cold, and heavy with unwholeſome dews.
"Behold!" the fiend exclaim'd, "how gradual here
"The fleſhly burden of mortality
Moulders to clay!" then fixing his broad eye
Full on her face, he pointed where a corpſe
Lay livid; ſhe beheld with loathing look,
The ſpectacle abhorr'd by living man. 135

"Look here!" DESPAIR purſued, "this loathſome
Was once as lovely, and as full of life [maſs
As, Damſel! thou art now. Thoſe deep-ſunk eyes
Once beam'd the mild light of intelligence,
And where thou ſeeſt the pamper'd fleſh-worm trail,
Once the white boſom heaved. She fondly thought
That at the hallowed altar, ſoon the Prieſt
Should bleſs her coming union, and the torch,
Its joyful luſtre o'er the hall of joy,
Caſt on her nuptial evening: earth to earth 145
That Prieſt conſign'd her, and the funeral lamp
Glares on her cold face; for her lover went,
By glory lur'd to war, and periſh'd there;
Nor ſhe endur'd to live. Ha! fades thy cheek?
Doſt thou then, Maiden, tremble at the tale? 150
Look here! behold the youthful paramour!
The ſelf-devoted hero!" Fearfully
The Maid look'd down, and ſaw the well-known face
Of---THEODORE! in thoughts unſpeakable,
Convulſed with horror, o'er her face ſhe claſp'd 155
Her cold damp hands:
"Shrink not," the Phantom cried,
"Gaze on! for ever gaze!" more firm he graſp'd
Her quiv'ring arm: "This lifeleſs mouldering clay,
As well thou know'ſt, was warm with all the glow
Of Youth and Love! this is the arm that cleaved
Saliſbury's proud creſt, now motionleſs in Death,
Unable to protect the ravaged frame
From the foul Offspring of Mortality

That feed on heroes. Tho' long years were thine,
Yet never more would life reanimate 165
This murdered man ; murdered by thee ! for thou
Didſt lead him to the battle from his home,
Elſe living there in peace to good old age :
In thy defence he died : ſtrike deep---deſtroy
Remorſe with life." The Maid ſtood motionleſs,
And wiſtleſs what ſhe did, with trembling hand
Received the dagger. Starting then, ſhe cried,
" Avaunt, DESPAIR ! Eternal Wiſdom deals
Or peace to man, or miſery, for his good
Alike deſign'd ; and ſhall the Creature cry, 175
" Why haſt thou done this ?" and with impious pride
Deſtroy the life God gave ?" The Fiend rejoin'd :
" And thou doſt deem it impious to deſtroy
The life God gave ? What, Maiden, is the lot
Aſſign'd to mortal man ? born but to drag, 180
Thro' Life's long pilgrimage, the wearying load
Of Being ; care-corroded at the heart ;
Aſſail'd by all the numerous train of ills
That fleſh inherits ; till at length worn out,
This is his conſummation ! think again : 185
What, Maiden, canſt thou hope from lengthen'd life
But lengthen'd ſorrow ? If protracted long,
Till on the bed of Death thy feeble limbs
Outſtretch their languid length ? Oh think what thoughts,
What agonizing woes, in that dread hour, 190
Aſſail the ſinking heart ! ſlow beats the pulſe !

Dim grows the eye, and clammy drops bedew
The ſhuddering frame ; then in its mightieſt force,
Mightieſt in impotence, the love of life
Shall ſeize the throbbing heart---the faultering lips
Pour out the impious prayer, that fain would change
The Immutable's decree---ſurrounding friends
Sob round the ſufferer---wet his cheek with tears,
And all he loved in life embitters death !

" Such, Maiden, are the pangs that wait the hour
Of calmeſt diſſolution ! yet weak man
Dares, in his timid piety, to live ;
And veiling Fear in Superſtition's garb,
He calls it---Reſignation ! Coward wretch !
Fond Coward, thus to make his Reaſon war 205
Againſt his Reaſon ! inſect as he is,
This ſport of Chance ! this being of a Day,
Whoſe whole exiſtence the next cloud may blaſt !
Believes himſelf the care of heavenly powers,
That God regards Man ! miſerable Man ! 210
And preaching thus of Power and Providence,
Will cruſh the reptile that may croſs his path !

" Fool that thou art ! the Being that permits
Exiſtence, *gives* to man the worthleſs boon :
A goodly gift to thoſe who, fortune-bleſt, 215
Baſk in the ſunſhine of Proſperity,
And ſuch do well to keep it. But to him,
Sick at the heart with miſery, and ſore
With many a hard unmerited affliction,
It is a hair that chains to wretchedneſs 220

The ſlave who dares not burſt it! Thinkeſt thou,
The parent, if his child ſhould unrecall'd
Return and fall upon his neck, and cry,
"Oh! the wide world is comfortleſs, and full
Of vacant joys or heart-conſuming cares! 225
I can be only happy in my home [Maid,
With thee---my friend!---my father!" Think'ſt thou,
That he would thruſt him as an outcaſt forth?
Oh! he would claſp the truant to his heart,
And love the treſpaſs." Whilſt he ſpake, his eye
Dwelt on the Maiden's cheek, and read her ſoul
Struggling within. In trembling doubt ſhe ſtood,
Even as the wretch, whoſe famiſh'd entrails crave
Supply, before him ſees the poiſon'd food
In greedy horror. Yet not long the Maid 235
Debated. "Ceaſe thy dangerous ſophiſtry,
Eloquent tempter!" cried ſhe, "gloomy one!
What though affliction be my portion here,
Think'ſt thou I do not feel high thoughts of joy,
Of heart-ennobling joy, when I look back 240
Upon a life of duty well perform'd,
Then lift mine eyes to Heaven, and there in faith
Know my reward? I grant, were this life all;
Was there no morning to the Tomb's long night;
If man did mingle with the ſenſeleſs clod, 245
Himſelf as ſenſeleſs, then wert thou indeed
A wiſe and friendly comforter! But---Fiend!
There is a morning to the Tomb's long night,
A dawn of glory, a reward in Heaven,

He ſhall not gain who never merited. 250
If thou didſt know the worth of one good deed
In life's laſt hour, thou would'ſt not bid me loſe
The power to benefit ; if I but ſave
A drowning fly, I ſhall not live in vain.
I have great duties, Fiend ! me France expects, 255
Her heaven-doom'd Champion."
"Maiden, thou haſt done
Thy miſſion here," the unbaffled Fiend replied :
"The foes are fled from Orleans : thou, perchance
Exulting in the pride of victory,
Forgetteſt him who periſh'd ; yet albeit 260
Thy harden'd heart forget the gallant youth ;
That hour allotted, canſt thou not eſcape
That dreadful hour, when Contumely and Shame
Shall ſojourn in thy dungeon. Wretched Maid !
Deſtined to drain the cup of bitterneſs, 265
Even to its dregs ! England's inhuman Chiefs
Shall ſcoff thy ſorrows, black thy ſpotleſs fame,
Wit-wanton it with lewd barbarity,
And force ſuch burning bluſhes to the cheek
Of Virgin modeſty, that thou ſhalt wiſh 270
The earth might cover thee ! in that laſt hour,
When thy bruis'd breaſt ſhall heave beneath the chains
That link thee to the ſtake ; when o'er thy form,
Expoſed unmantled, the brute multitude
Shall gaze, and thou ſhalt hear the ribald taunt, 275
More painful than the circling flames that ſcorch
Each quivering member ; wilt thou not in vain

Then wiſh my friendly aid? then wiſh thine ear
Had drank my words of comfort? that thy hand
Had graſp'd the dagger, and in death preſerved 280
Inſulted modeſty?" Her glowing cheek
Bluſh'd crimſon; her wide eye on vacancy
Was fix'd; her breath ſhort panted. The cold Fiend,
Graſping her hand, exclaim'd, "Too timid Maid,
So long repugnant to the healing aid 285
My friendſhip proffers, now ſhalt thou behold
The allotted length of life." He ſtamp'd the earth,
And dragging a huge coffin as his car,
Two GOULS came on, of form more fearful-foul
Than ever palſied in her wildeſt dream 290
Hag-ridden Superſtition. Then DESPAIR
Seiz'd on the Maid, whoſe curdling blood ſtood ſtill,
And placed her in the ſeat; and on they paſs'd
Adown the deep deſcent. A meteor light
Shot from the Demons, as they dragg'd along 295
The unwelcome load, and mark'd their brethren glut
On carcaſſes. Below the vault dilates
Its ample bulk. "Look here!"---DESPAIR addreſt
The ſhuddering Virgin, "ſee the dome of DEATH!"
It was a ſpacious cavern, hewn amid 300
The entrails of the earth, as though to form
The grave of all mankind: no eye could reach,
Though gifted with the Eagle's ample ken,
Its diſtant bounds. There, thron'd in darkneſs, dwelt
The unſeen POWER OF DEATH.
Here ſtopt the GOULS, 305

Reaching the deſtin'd ſpot. The Fiend leapt out,
And from the coffin, as he led the Maid,
Exclaim'd, " Where never yet ſtood mortal man
Thou ſtandeſt: look around this boundleſs vault;
Obſerve the dole that Nature deals to man, 310
And learn to know thy friend." She not replied,
Obſerving where the Fates their ſeveral taſks
Plied ceaſeleſs. " Mark how ſhort the longeſt web
Allowed to man!" he cried; " obſerve how ſoon,
Twin'd round yon never-reſting wheel, they change
Their ſnowy hue, darkening through many a ſhade,
Till Atropos relentleſs ſhuts the ſheers!"
Too true he ſpake, for of the countleſs threads,
Drawn from the heap, as white as unſunn'd ſnow,
Or as the lovely lily of the vale, 320
Was never one beyond the little ſpan
Of infancy untainted: few there were
But lightly tinged; more of deep crimſon hue,
Or deeper ſable died. Two Genii ſtood,
Still as the web of Being was drawn forth, 325
Sprinkling their powerful drops. From ebon urn,
The one unſparing daſh'd the bitter wave
Of woe; and as he daſh'd, his dark-brown brow
Relax'd to a hard ſmile. The milder form
Shed leſs profuſely there his leſſer ſtore; 330
Sometimes with tears increaſing the ſcant boon,
Mourning the lot of man; and happy he
Who on his thread thoſe precious drops receives;
If it be happineſs to have the pulſe

Throb faſt with pity, and in ſuch a world 335
Of wretchedneſs, the generous heart that aches
With anguiſh at the ſight of human woe!
To her the Fiend, well-hoping now ſucceſs,
"This is thy thread! obſerve how ſhort the ſpan,
And ſee how copious yonder Genius pours 340
The bitter ſtream of woe." The Maiden ſaw
Fearleſs. "Now gaze!" the tempter Fiend exclaim'd,
And placed again the poniard in her hand,
For SUPERSTITION, with ſulphureal torch,
Stalk'd to the loom. "This, Damſel, is thy fate!
The hour draws on---now drench the dagger deep!
Now ruſh to happier worlds!" The Maid replied,
"Or to prevent or change the will of Heaven,
Impious I ſtrive not: be that will perform'd!"
Lo! as ſhe ſpake, celeſtial radiance beam'd 350
Amid the air; ſuch odors wafting now
As ever fled upon the evening gale,
From Eden's bliſsful bowers. An angel form
Stood by the Maid; his wings, ethereal white,
Flaſh'd like the diamond in the noon-tide ſun, 355
Dazzling her mortal eye: all elſe appear'd
Her THEODORE. Amazed ſhe ſaw: the Fiend
Was fled, and on her ear the well-known voice
Sounded; though now more muſically ſweet
Than ever yet had thrill'd her charmed ſoul 360
When eloquent Affection fondly told
The day-dreams of delight! "Beloved Maid!
Lo! I am with thee! ſtill thy Theodore!

Hearts in the holy bands of Love combin'd,
Death has no power to ſever. Thou art mine! 365
A little while, and thou ſhalt dwell with me
In ſcenes where Sorrow is not. Cheerily
Tread thou the path that leads thee to the grave,
Rough though it be, and painful, for the grave
Is but the threſhold of Eternity! 370
Favor'd of Heaven! to thee is given to view
Theſe ſecret realms. In night unpierceable
Enveloped, DEATH is there, around him wait
His miniſters." Undauntedly the Maid
Beheld his ghaſtly train. The withered form 375
Of AGE: his cheek was hollow, and his eyes
Sunk deep, and palſied were his toothleſs jaws.
He, as he tottered on the open grave,
Look'd back, and call'd on one with earneſt voice
For aid; yet never aid from him received 380
His fellow miniſter: all gravity
He was, a well-wigg'd form, and in his hand
A gold-topt cane, which ever to his lips,
In thought profound, he preſs'd: his lofty ſpeech
With learned phraſe abounded, ſuch as fills 385
The aſtoniſh'd ſoul with awe: and oft his hand
Dire incantations drew, with magic drugs,
To fill the myſtic phial, which who feels,
With griping pains oppreſt, ſhall toſs and writhe,
Till Nature, wearied with diſeaſe, and ſick 390
Of remedy, muſt yield the unequal ſtrife.
MURDER was there, well-verſed in many a ſhape

To ſerve his ſhadowy King; or in the rags
Of ruffian poverty, or ſkill to drug
The bowl with death, or, hid beneath his cloak, 395
Sharp the ſtiletto for the mortal blow;
Now in the form of Honor, fierce to talk
Of ſatisfaction for his injuries,
And reputation, and the jargon'd phraſe
That make mankind genteely violate 400
The law of God. But theſe are petty deeds
For this proud Fiend, that o'er the ravaged earth
Stalks royally, and bids his liveried ſlaves,
His hireling train'd aſſaſſins, to go forth,
And deſolate and kill! As on they paſs'd 405
Beyond the hideous train, thus Theodore
Purſued: "The bottom of the vaſt abyſs
Thou treadeſt, Maiden! Here the dungeons are
Where bad men learn repentance; ſouls diſeaſed
Muſt have their remedy; and where diſeaſe 410
Is rooted deep, the remedy is long
Perforce, and painful." Thus the Spirit ſpake,
And led the Maid along a narrow path,
Dark-gleaming to the light of far-off flames,
More dread than darkneſs. Soon the diſtant ſound
Of clanking anvils, and the lengthened breath
Provoking fire are heard: and now they reach
A vaſt expanded den, where all around
Tremendous furnaces, with helliſh blaze,
Flamed dreadful. At the heaving bellows ſtood
The meagre form of CARE, and as he blew

To augment the fire, the fire augmented, ſcorch'd
His wretched limbs : ſleepleſs for ever thus
He toil'd and toil'd, of toil to reap no end
But endleſs toil, and never-ending woe. 425

An aged man went round the infernal vault
Urging his workmen at their ceaſeleſs taſk :
White were his locks, as is the wintry ſnow
On hoar Plinlimmon's head. A golden ſtaff
His ſteps ſupported ; powerful taliſman, 430
Which whoſo feels ſhall never feel again
The tear of Pity or the throb of Love.
Touch'd but by this, the maſſy gates give way,
The buttreſs trembles, and the guarded wall,
Guarded in vain, ſubmits. Him heathens erſt 435
Had deified, and bowed the ſuppliant knee
To Plutus. Nor are now his votaries few,
Though he the Bleſſed Teacher of mankind
Hath ſaid, that eaſier through the needle's eye
Shall the huge cable paſs, than the rich man 440
Enter the gates of Heaven. " Ye cannot ſerve
Your God, and worſhip Mammon."

" Miſſioned Maid !"
So ſpake the Angel, " know that theſe, whoſe hands
Round each white furnace ply the unceaſing toil,
Were Mammon's ſlaves on earth. They did not ſpare
To wring from Poverty the hard-earn'd mite ;
They robb'd the orphan's pittance ; they could ſee
Want's aſking eye unmoved ; and therefore theſe,
Ranged round the furnace, ſtill muſt perſevere

In Mammon's ſervice ; ſcorch'd by theſe fierce fires,
And frequent deluged by th' o'erboiling ore :
Yet ſtill ſo framed, that oft to quench their thirſt
Unquenchable, large draughts of molten gold
They drink inſatiate, ſtill with pain renewed,
Pain to deſtroy !" So ſaying, her he led 455
Forth from the dreadful cavern to a cell,
Brilliant with gem-born light. The rugged walls
Part gleam'd with gold, and part with ſilver ore
A milder radiance ſhone. The Carbuncle
There, its ſtrong luſtre like the flamy ſun, 460
Shot forth irradiate ; from the earth beneath,
And from the roof a diamond light emits ;
Rubies and Amethyſts their glows commix'd
With the gay Topaz, and the ſofter ray
Shot from the Sapphire, and the Emerald's hue, 465
And bright Pyropus. There on golden ſeats,
A numerous, ſullen, melancholy train,
Sat ſilent. " Maiden, theſe," ſaid Theodore,
" Are they who let the love of wealth abſorb
All other paſſions ; in their ſouls that vice 470
Struck deeply-rooted, like the poiſon-tree
That with its ſhade ſpreads barrenneſs around.
Theſe, Maid ! were men by no atrocious crime
Blacken'd ; no fraud, nor ruffian violence :
Men of fair dealing, and reſpectable 475
On earth, but ſuch as only for themſelves
Heap'd up their treaſures, deeming all their wealth
Their own, and given to them, by partial Heaven,

To bleſs them only: therefore here they ſit,
Poſſeſſed of gold enough, and by no pain 480
Tormented, ſave the knowledge of the bliſs
They loſt, and vain repentance. Here they dwell,
Loathing theſe uſeleſs treaſures, till the hour
Of general reſtitution." Thence they part,
And now arrived at ſuch a gorgeous dome, 485
As even the pomp of Eaſtern opulence
Could never equal: wandered through its halls
A numerous train; ſome with the red-ſwoln eye
Of riot and intemperance-bloated cheek;
Some pale and nerveleſs, and with feeble ſtep, 490
And eyes lack-luſtre. "Maiden!" ſaid her guide,
"Theſe are the wretched ſlaves of Appetite,
Curſt with their wiſh enjoyed: the Epicure
Here pampers his foul frame, till the pall'd ſenſe
Loaths at the banquet: the Voluptuous here 495
Plunge in the tempting torrent of delight,
And ſink in miſery. All they wiſh'd on earth,
Poſſeſſing here, whom have they to accuſe,
But their own folly, for the lot they choſe?
Yet, for that theſe injured themſelves alone, 500
They to the houſe of PENITENCE may hie,
And, by a long and painful regimen,
To wearied Nature her exhauſted powers
Reſtore, till they ſhall learn to form the wiſh
Of wiſdom, and ALMIGHTY GOODNESS grants 505
That prize to him who ſeeks it." Whilſt he ſpake,
The board is ſpread. With bloated paunch, and eye

Fat ſwoln, and legs whoſe monſtrous ſize diſgraced
The human form divine, their caterer,
Hight GLUTTONY, ſet forth the ſmoaking feaſt. 510
And by his ſide came on a brother form,
With fiery cheek of purple hue, and red
And ſcurfy-white, mix'd motley: his groſs bulk,
Like ſome huge hogſhead ſhapen'd, as applied.
Him had antiquity with myſtic rites 515
Ador'd, to him the ſons of Greece, and thine
Imperial Rome! on many an altar pour'd
The victim blood, with godlike titles graced;
BACCHUS, or DIONUSUS, ſon of JOVE,
Deem'd falſely, for from FOLLY's idiot form 520
He ſprung, what time MADNESS, with furious hand,
Seiz'd on the laughing female. At one birth
She brought the brethren, menial here, above
Reigning with ſway ſupreme; and oft they hold
High revels. Mid the monaſtery's gloom, 525
Thy palace GLUTTONY! and oft to thee
The ſacrifice is ſpread, when the grave voice
Epiſcopal, proclaims approaching day
Of viſitation, or Church-wardens meet
To ſave the wretched many from the gripe 530
Of eager Poverty, or amid thy halls
Of London, mighty Mayor! rich Aldermen
Of coming-feaſt hold converſe. Otherwhere,
For though allied in nature as in blood,
They hold divided ſway, his brother liſts 535
His ſpungy ſceptre. In the noble domes

Of Princes, and ſtate-wearied Miniſters,
Maddening he reigns; and when the affrighted mind
Caſts o'er a long career of guilt and blood
Its eye reluctant, then his aid is ſought 540
To lull the worm of Conſcience to repoſe.
He too the halls of country Squires frequents,
But chiefly loves the learned gloom that ſhades
Thy offspring, Rhedycina! and thy walls,
Granta! Nightly libations there to him 545
Profuſe are pour'd, till from the dizzy brain
Triangles, Circles, Parallelograms,
Moods, Tenſes, Dialects, and Demigods,
And Logic and Theology are ſwept
By the red deluge. Unmoleſted there 550
He reigns; till comes at length the general feaſt,
Septennial ſacrifice; then when the ſons
Of England meet, with watchful care to chooſe
Their delegates---wiſe! independent men!
Unbribing and unbrib'd! and cull'd to guard 555
Their rights and charters from the encroaching graſp
Of greedy Power: then all the joyful land
Join in his ſacrifices, ſo inſpir'd
To make the important choice. The obſerving Maid
Addreſs'd her guide, "Theſe, Theodore, thou ſayeſt
Are men who, pampering their foul appetites,
Injured themſelves alone. But where are they,
The worſt of villains, viper-like, who coil
Around the guileleſs female, ſo to ſting
The heart that loves them?"

"Them," the Spirit replied, 565
"A long and dreadful puniſhment awaits.
For when the prey of want and infamy,
Lower and lower ſtill the victim ſinks
Even to the depth of ſhame, not one lewd word,
One impious imprecation from her lips 570
Eſcapes, nay, not a thought of evil lurks
In the polluted mind, that does not plead
Before the throne of Juſtice thunder-tongued
Againſt the foul Seducer." Now they reach'd
The houſe of PENITENCE. CREDULITY 575
Stood at the gate, ſtretching her eager head
As though to liſten; on her vacant face,
A ſmile that promiſed premature aſſent;
Though her REGRET behind, a meagre Fiend!
Diſciplin'd ſorely. Here they entered in, 580
And now arrived where as in ſtudy tranced
She ſat the Miſtreſs of the Dome. Her face
Spake that compos'd ſeverity, that knows
No angry impulſe, no weak tenderneſs,
Reſolved, and calm. Before her lay that Book 585
That hath the words of Life; and as ſhe read,
Sometimes a tear would trickle down her cheek,
Though heavenly Joy beam'd in her eye the while.
Leaving her undiſturb'd, to the firſt ward
Of this great Lazar-houſe, the Angel led 590
The favor'd Maid of Orleans. Kneeling down
On the hard ſtone that their bare knees had worn,
In ſackcloth robed, a numerous train appear'd:

Hard featur'd ſome, and ſome demurely grave ;
Yet ſuch expreſſion ſtealing from the eye, 595
As though, that only naked, all the reſt
Was one cloſe-fitting maſk : a ſcoffing Fiend
(For Fiend he was, though wiſely ſerving here)
Mock'd at his patients, and did often pour
Aſhes upon them, and then bid them ſay 600
Their prayers aloud, and then he louder laughed :
For theſe were Hypocrites, on earth revered
As holy ones, who did in public tell [ſelves,
Their beads, and make long prayers, and croſs them-
And call themſelves moſt miſerable ſinners, 605
That ſo they might be deem'd moſt pious ſaints ;
And go all filth, and never let a ſmile
Bend their ſtern muſcles, gloomy ſullen men !
Barren of all affection ! and all this
To pleaſe their God, forſooth ! and therefore SCORN
Grinn'd at his patients, making them repeat
Their ſolemn farce, with keeneſt raillery
Tormenting ; but if earneſt in their prayer,
They pour'd the ſilent ſorrows of the ſoul
To Heaven, then did they not regard his mocks 615
Which then came painleſs, and HUMILITY
Soon reſcued them, and led to PENITENCE,
That She might lead to Heaven.
From thence they came,
Where, in the next Ward, a moſt wretched band
Groan'd underneath the bitter tyranny 620
Of a fierce Demon ; his coarſe hair was red,

Pale grey his eyes, and blood-ſhot; and his face
Wrinkled by ſuch a ſmile as Malice wears
In ecſtacy. Well-pleaſed he went around,
Plunging his dagger in the hearts of ſome, 625
Or probing with a poiſon'd lance their breaſts,
Or placing coals of fire within their wounds;
Or ſeizing ſome within his mighty graſp
He fix'd them on a ſtake, and then drew back,
And laugh'd to ſee them writhe.
"Theſe," ſaid the Spirit, 630
"Are taught by CRUELTY, to loath the lives
They led themſelves. Here are thoſe wicked men
Who loved to exerciſe their tyrant power
On ſpeechleſs brutes; bad huſbands undergo
A long purgation here; the Traffickers 635
In human fleſh here too are diſciplin'd,
Till by their ſufferings they have equall'd all
The miſeries they inflicted, all the maſs
Of wretchedneſs cauſed by the wars they waged,
The towns they burnt, (for they who bribe to war 640
Are guilty of the blood) the widows left
In want, the ſlave or led to ſuicide,
Or murdered by the foul infected air
Of his cloſe dungeon, or, more ſad than all,
His virtue loſt, his very ſoul enſlaved, 645
And driven by woe to wickedneſs. Theſe next,
Whom thou beholdeſt in this dreary room,
So ſullen, and with ſuch an eye of hate
Each on the other ſcowling, theſe have been

Falſe friends. Tormented by their own dark thoughts
Here they dwell : in the hollow of their hearts
There is a worm that feeds ! and though thou ſeeſt
That ſkilful leech who willingly would heal
The ill they ſuffer, judging of all elſe
By their own evil ſtandard, they ſuſpect 655
The aid he vainly proffers, lengthening thus
By vice its puniſhment." "But who are theſe,"
The Maid exclaim'd, "that robed in flowing lawn,
And mitred, or in ſcarlet, and in caps
Like Cardinals, I ſee in every ward 660
Performing menial ſervice at the beck
Of all who bid them ?" Theodore replied,
"Theſe men are they who in the name of CHRIST
Did heap up wealth, and arrogating power,
Did make men bow the knee, and call themſelves
Moſt Reverend Graces and Right Reverend Lords :
They dwelt in palaces, in purple clothed,
And in fine linen : therefore are they here ;
And though they would not miniſter on earth,
Here penanced they perforce muſt miniſter : 670
For he, the lowly Man of Nazareth,
Hath ſaid, his kingdom is not of the world."
So ſaying, on they paſt, and now arrived
Where ſuch a hideous ghaſtly group abode,
That the Maid gazed with half-averting eye, 675
And ſhudder'd : each one was a loathly corpſe !
The worm did banquet on his putrid prey,
Yet had they life and feeling exquiſite,

Tho' motionleſs and mute. "Moſt wretched men
Are theſe," the angel cried.
"Theſe, *JOAN*, are Bards 680
Whoſe looſe laſcivious lays perpetuate
Their own corruption. Soul-polluted ſlaves,
Who ſat them down, deliberately lewd,
So to awake and pamper luſt in minds
Unborn; and therefore foul of body now 685
As then they were of ſoul, they here abide
Their puniſhment, and here they muſt abide
Long as the evil works they left on earth
Shall live to taint mankind. A dreadful doom!
Yet amply merited by that bad man 690
Who proſtitutes the ſacred gift of ſong."
They entered now a large and lofty dome,
O'er whoſe black marble ſides a dim drear light
Struggled with darkneſs from the unfrequent lamp.
Enthroned around, the MURDERERS OF MANKIND!
Monarchs, the great! the glorious! the auguſt!
Each bearing on his brow a crown of fire,
Sat ſtern and ſilent. Nimrod he was there,
Firſt King the mighty hunter; and that Chief
Who did belie his mother's fame, that ſo 700
He might be call'd young Ammon. In this court
Ceſar was crown'd, accurſt liberticide;
And he who murder'd Tully, that cold villain!
Octavius, tho' the courtly minion's lyre
Hath hymn'd his praiſe, tho' Maro ſung to him, 705
And when Death levell'd to original clay

The royal carcaſs, FLATTERY, fawning low,
Fell at his feet, and worſhipp'd the new God!
Titus was here, the Conqueror of the Jews, [3]
He the Delight of human-kind miſnamed; 710
Ceſars and Soldans, Emperors and Kings;
Here they were all, all who for glory fought,
Here in the COURT OF GLORY, reaping now
The meed they merited. As gazing round
The Virgin mark'd the miſerable train, 715
A deep and hollow voice from one went forth;
"Thou who art come to view our puniſhment,
Maiden of Orleans! hither turn thine eyes,
For I am he whoſe bloody victories
Thy power hath rendered vain. Lo! I am here,
The hero conqueror of Azincour,
HENRY OF ENGLAND!---wretched that I am!
I might have reigned in happineſs and peace,
My coffers full, my ſubjects undiſturb'd,
And PLENTY and PROSPERITY had loved 725
To dwell amongſt them: but mine eye beheld
The realm of France, by faction tempeſt-torn;
And therefore I did think that it would fall
An eaſy prey. I perſecuted thoſe
Who taught new doctrines, tho' they taught the truth:
And when I heard of thouſands by the ſword
Cut off, or blaſted by the peſtilence,
I calmly counted up my proper gains,
And ſent new herds to ſlaughter: temperate
Myſelf, no blood that mutinied, no vice 735

Tainting my private life, I ſent abroad
MURDER and RAPE; and therefore am I doom'd,
Like theſe imperial Sufferers, crown'd with fire,
Here to remain, till Man's awaken'd eye
Shall ſee the genuine blackneſs of our deeds, 740
And warn'd by them, till the whole human race,
Equalling in bliſs the aggregate we caus'd
Of wretchedneſs, ſhall form ONE BROTHERHOOD,
ONE UNIVERSAL FAMILY OF LOVE."
The Maiden, muſing on the Warrior's words, 745
Turn'd from the Hall of Glory. Now they reach'd
A cavern, at whoſe mouth a Genius ſtood,
In front, a beardleſs youth, whoſe ſmiling eye
Beam'd promiſe, but behind withered and old,
And all unlovely. Underneath his feet 750
Lay records trampled, and the laurel wreath
Now rent and faded: in his hand he held
An hour-glaſs, and, as fall the reſtleſs ſands,
So paſs the lives of men. By him they paſt
Along the darkſome cave, and reach'd a ſtream,
Aye rolling onward its perpetual waves,
Noiſeleſs and undiſturb'd. Here they aſcend
A Bark unpiloted, that down the flood,
Borne by the current, ruſh'd. The circling ſtream,
Returning to itſelf, an iſland form'd; 760
Nor had the Maiden's footſteps ever reach'd
The inſulated coaſt, eternally
Rapt round the endleſs courſe; but Theodore,
With force angelic, drove the obedient bark.

They land, a mighty fabric meets their eyes, 765
Seen by its gem-born light. Of adamant
The pile was framed, for ever to abide
Firm in eternal ſtrength. Before the gate
Stood eager EXPECTATION, as to liſt
The half-heard murmurs iſſuing from within, 770
Her mouth half-open'd, and her head ſtretch'd forth.
On the other ſide there ſtood an aged Crone,
Liſtening to every breath of air; ſhe knew
Vague ſuppoſitions and uncertain dreams,
Of what was ſoon to come, for ſhe would mark 775
The paley glow-worm's ſelf-created light,
And argue thence of kingdoms overthrown,
And deſolated nations; ever fill'd
With undetermined terror, as ſhe heard
Or diſtant ſcreech owl, or the regular beat 780
Of evening death-watch. "Maid," the Spirit cried,
"Here, robed in ſhadows, dwells FUTURITY.
There is no eye hath ſeen her ſecret form,
For round the MOTHER OF TIME, unpierced miſts
Aye hover. Would'ſt thou read the book of Fate,
Enter." The Damſel for a moment paus'd,
Then to the Angel ſpake: "All-gracious Heaven!
Benignant in withholding, hath denied
To man that knowledge. I, in faith aſſur'd,
That he, my heavenly Father, for the beſt 790
Ordaineth all things, in that faith remain
Contented." "Well and wiſely haſt thou ſaid,"
So Theodore replied; and as he ſpake,

Seizing her hand, (for Spirits have ſuch power
That there they *are* where they but wiſh to be, 800
Swift as the thought that guides them) in a vale
They ſtood ; a fairer ſpot induſtrious Man
Made never, tho' in climes where Nature pours
Profuſe her bounty. Foreſt-waving hills
Boſom'd the tranquil ſcene, beneath whoſe feet 805
A river roll'd along its willowy courſe,
And as it wound beneath the neighbouring coomb,
Allur'd the charmed eye. Here, as they paſs
Beneath a woodbine bower, a manly form
They ſaw of open viſage, who from wood 810
Of odorous Myrtle form'd the ſhafts of Love.
Yet whilſt HUMANITY thus plied his toil,
DECEIT would ſteal away the precious ſhafts,
And in their ſtead the evil darts return,
Form'd from the Cypreſs or the Aſpin wood, 815
Or from that tree that on the traveller drops
The dews of death. And as the Genius form'd
His ſhafts, he plunged them in the urn of bliſs :
But brooding evil to the race of man,
Sat ſhameleſs VICE behind, and fann'd her fire, 820
Hell-kindled, heating in its flames the darts
DECEIT had form'd, and AVARICE venom'd them
With his cold drugs that petrify the heart.
" Theſe are the Demons that pervert the power
Of Love," ſaid Theodore. " The time was once
When LOVE and HAPPINESS went hand in hand,
In that bleſt era of the infant world

Ere man had learnt to bow the knee to man.
Was there a youth whom warm affection fill'd,
He ſpake his honeſt heart; the earlieſt fruits 830
His toil produced, the ſweeteſt flowers that deck'd
The ſunny bank, he gather'd for the maid,
Nor ſhe diſdain'd the gift—for VICE not yet
Had burſt the dungeons of her hell, and rear'd
Thoſe artificial boundaries that divide 835
Man from his ſpecies. State of bleſſedneſs!
Till that ill-omen'd hour when Cain's ſtern ſon
Delved in the bowels of the earth for gold,
Accurſed bane of virtue! of ſuch force
As poets feign dwelt in the Gorgon's locks, 840
Which whoſo ſaw, felt inſtant the life-blood
Cold curdle in his veins, the creeping fleſh
Grew ſtiff with horror, and the heart forgot
To beat. Accurſed hour! for man no more
To JUSTICE paid his homage, but forſook 845
Her altars, and bow'd down before the ſhrine
Of WEALTH and POWER, the idols he had made.
Then HELL enlarg'd herſelf, her gates flew wide,
Her legion fiends ruſh'd forth. OPPRESSION came,
Whoſe frown is deſolation, and whoſe breath 850
Blaſts like the Peſtilence; and POVERTY,
A meagre monſter, who with withering touch
Makes barren all the better part of man,
MOTHER OF MISERIES; then the goodly earth
Which God had fram'd for happineſs, became 855
One theatre of woe, and all that God

Had given to bless free men, these tyrant fiends
His bitterest curses made. Yet for the best
Hath he ordained all things, the ALL-WISE!
For by experience rous'd shall man at length 860
Dash down his Moloch Idols, Samson-like,
And burst his fetters---only strong whilst strong
Believed; then in the bottomless abyss
OPPRESSION shall be chain'd, and POVERTY
Die, and with her, her Brood of Miseries; 865
And VIRTUE and EQUALITY preserve
The reign of LOVE, and Earth shall once again
Be Paradise, whilst WISDOM shall secure
The state of bliss which IGNORANCE betrayed."
"Oh age of happiness!" the Maid exclaim'd,
"Roll fast thy current, Time, till that blest age
Arrive! and happy thou, my Theodore,
Permitted thus to see the sacred depths
Of wisdom!" "Such," the blessed Spirit replied,
"Beloved! such our lot; allowed to range 875
The vast infinity, progressive still
In knowledge, and increasing blessedness,
This our united portion. Thou hast yet
A little while to sojourn amongst men:
I will be with thee! there shall not a breeze 880
Wanton around thy temples, on whose wing
I will not hover near! and at that hour
When from its fleshly sepulchre let loose,
Thy phenix soul shall soar, O best-beloved!
I will be with thee in thine agonies, 885

And welcome thee to life and happineſs,
Eternal infinite beatitude !"
He ſpake, and led her near a ſtraw-roof'd cot,
LOVE's Palace. By the Virtues circled there,
The cherub liſten'd to ſuch melodies,
As aye, when one good deed is regiſter'd 890
Above, re-echo in the halls of Heaven.
LABOR was there, his criſp locks floating looſe,
Clear was his cheek, and beaming his full eye,
And ſtrong his arm robuſt; the wood-nymph HEALTH
Still follow'd on his path, and where he trod 895
Freſh flowers and fruits aroſe. And there was HOPE,
The general friend; and MERCY, whoſe mild eye
Wept o'er the widowed dove; and, loveliest form,
Majeſtic CHASTITY, whoſe ſober ſmile
Delights and awes the ſoul, a laurel wreath 900
Reſtrain'd her treſſes, and upon her breaſt
The ſnow-drop hung its head, that ſeem'd to grow
Spontaneous, cold and fair: ſtill by the Maid
LOVE went ſubmiſs, with eye more dangerous
Than fancied baſiliſk to wound whoe'er 905
Too bold approached, yet anxious would he read
Her every riſing wiſh, then only pleaſed
When pleaſing. Hymning him the ſong was rais'd.
"Glory to thee, whoſe vivifying power
Pervades all Nature's univerſal frame ! 910
Glory to thee, CREATOR LOVE ! to thee,
Parent of all the ſmiling CHARITIES,
That ſtrew the thorny path of Life with flowers !

Glory to thee, PRESERVER! to thy praiſe
The awakened Woodlands echo all the day 915
Their living melody; and warbling forth
To thee her twilight ſong, the Nightingale
Holds the lone Traveller from his way, or charms
The liſtening Poet's ear. Where LOVE ſhall deign
To fix his ſeat, there blameleſs PLEASURE ſheds 920
Her roſeate dews; CONTENT will ſojourn there,
And HAPPINESS behold AFFECTION's eye
Gleam with the Mother's ſmile. Thrice happy he
Who feels thy holy power! he ſhall not drag,
Forlorn and friendleſs, along Life's long path 925
To Age's drear abode; he ſhall not waſte
The bitter evening of his days unſooth'd;
But HOPE ſhall cheer his hours of Solitude,
And VICE ſhall vainly ſtrive to wound his breaſt,
That bears that taliſman; and when he meets 930
The eloquent eye of TENDERNESS, and hears
The boſom-thrilling muſic of her voice;
The joy he feels ſhall purify his ſoul,
And imp it for anticipated Heaven."

BOOK THE TENTH.

ARGUMENT.

Transactions of the French at Orleans. Arrivals of Du Chastel and Richemont. The English meet their expected succours. Battle of Patay. The King arrives. The Poem concludes with the Coronation of Charles at Rheims.

THE morning came, and from the Eastern clouds,
Emerging in his glory, the new Sun
Pour'd on the Virgin's cheek his startling rays.
Serene she rose, her anguish mellowed down
Even to that sober sadness that delights 5
On other days to dwell. Her issuing forth
The Bastard met. "Hail MAID OF ORLEANS! hail
Preserver of the French," the Chief exclaim'd.
"The hostile host are fled; yet not by flight
Shall England's robber sons escape the arm 10
Of Retribution. Even now our troops,
By battle unfatigued, unsatisfied
With conquest, clamor to pursue the foe."
The Delegated Damsel thus replied:
"So let them fly, Dunois! but other toils 15
Than those of battle, these our hallowed troops

Await. Look yonder to that carnaged plain!
Behoves us there to delve the general grave:
Then, Chieftain, for purſuit, when we have paid
The rites of burial to our fellow-men, 20
And hymn'd our gratitude to that ALL-JUST
Who gave the conqueſt. Thou, meantime, diſpatch
Tidings to Chinon: bid the King ſet forth,
That crowning him before aſſembled France,
In Rheims delivered from the enemy, 25
I may accompliſh all." So ſaid the Maid,
Then to the gate moved on. The aſſembled troops
Beheld their coming Chief, and ſmote their ſhields,
Clamoring their admiration; for they thought
That ſhe would lead them to the inſtant war. 30
She waved her hand, and ſilence ſtill'd the hoſt.
Then thus the Miſſion'd Maid, "Fellows in arms!
We muſt not ſpeed to joyful victory,
Whilſt our unburied comrades, on yon plain,
Allure the carrion bird. Give we this day 35
To our dear friends!" Nor did ſhe ſpeak in vain;
For as ſhe ſpake, the thirſt of battle dies
In every breaſt, ſuch awe and love pervade [plain
The liſtening troops. They o'er the corſe-ſtrewn
Speed to their ſad employment: ſome dig deep 40
The houſe of Death; ſome bear the lifeleſs load;
One little troop ſearch carefully around,
If haply they might find ſurviving yet
Some wounded wretches. As they labor thus,
They mark far off the iron-blaze of arms; 45

See diſtant ſtandards waving on the air,
And hear the clarion's clang. Then ſpake the Maid
To Conrade, and ſhe bade him ſpeed to view
The coming army ; or to meet their march
With friendly greeting, or if foes they came 50
With ſuch array of battle as ſhort ſpace
Allowed : the Warrior ſped acroſs the plain,
And ſoon beheld the banner'd lilies wave.

Their Chief was Richemont: he, when as he heard
What rites employed the Virgin, ſtraightway bade
His troops aſſiſt in burial : they, though grieved
At late arrival, and the expected day
Of conqueſt paſt, yet give their willing aid :
They dig the general grave, and thither bear
Engliſh or French, alike commingled now ! 60
And heap the mound of Death. Amid the plain
There was a little eminence, of old
Piled o'er ſome honored Chieftain's narrow houſe.
His praiſe the ſong had ceas'd to celebrate,
And many an unknown age had the long graſs 65
Waved o'er the nameleſs mound, tho' barren now
Beneath the frequent tread of multitudes.
There, elevate, the Martial Maiden ſtood.
Her brow unhelmed, and floating on the wind
Her long dark locks. The ſilent troops around 70
Stood thickly throng'd, as o'er the fertile field
Billows the ripen'd corn. The paſſing breeze
Bore not a murmur from the numerous hoſt,
Such deep attention held them. She began.

"Glory to thoſe who in their country's cauſe 75
Fall in the field of battle! Citizens,
I ſtand not here to mourn theſe gallant men,
Our comrades, nor with vain and idle phraſe
Of pity and compaſſion, to conſole
The friends who loved them. They, indeed, who fall
Beneath Oppreſſion's banner, merit well
Our pity; may the God of Peace and Love
Be merciful to thoſe blood-guilty men
Who came to deſolate the realm of France,
To make us bow the knee, and crouch like ſlaves, 85
Before a tyrant's footſtool! Give to theſe,
And to their wives and orphan little-ones,
That on their diſtant father vainly cry
For bread, give theſe your pity. Wretched men,
Forced or inveigled from their homes, or driven 90
By Need and Hunger to the trade of blood;
Or, if with free and willing mind they came,
Moſt wretched---for before the eternal throne
They ſtand, as hireling murderers arraign'd.
But our dead comrades for their freedom fought;
No arts they needed, nor the ſpecious bribes
Of promiſe, to allure them to this fight,
This holy warfare! them their parents ſent,
And as they raiſed their ſtreaming eyes to Heaven,
Bade them go forth, and from the ruffian's ſword
Save their grey hairs: theſe men their wives ſent forth,
Fix'd their laſt kiſſes on their armed hands,
And bade them in the battle think they fought

For them and for their babes. Thus rous'd to rage
By every milder feeling, they rush'd forth, 105
They fought, they conquered.
"To this high-rear'd mound,
The men of Orleans shall in after days
Bring their young boys, and tell them of the deeds
Our gallant friends achieved, and bid them learn
Like them to love their country, and like them, 110
Should wild Oppression pour again its tide
Of desolation, to step forth and stem
Fearless the furious torrent. Men of France!
Mourn not for these our comrades; boldly they
Fought the good fight, and that Eternal One, 115
Who bade the angels harbinger his word
With "Peace on Earth," rewards them. We survive,
Honoring their memories to avenge their fall
On England's ruffian hordes; in vain her chiefs
Madly will drain her wealth and waste her blood
To conquer this vast realm! for, easier were it
To hurl the rooted mountain from its base,
Than force the yoke of slavery upon men
Determin'd to be free: yes---let them rage,
And drain their country's wealth, and waste her blood,
And pour their hireling thousands on our coasts,
Sublime amid the storm shall France arise,
And like the rock amid surrounding waves,
Repel the rushing ocean---she shall wield
The thunderbolt of vengeance---she shall blast 130
The Despots that assail her." As she ceas'd,

Such murmur from the multitude arose,
As when at twilight hour the summer breeze
Moves o'er the elmy vale: there was not one
Who mourn'd with feeble sorrow for his friend, 135
Slain in the fight of Freedom; or if chance
Remembrance with a tear suffus'd the eye,
The Patriot's joy flash'd thro'. And now the rites
Of sepulture perform'd, the hymn to Heaven
They chanted. To the town the Maid return'd,
Dunois with her, and Richemont, and the man,
Conrade, whose converse most the Virgin loved.
They of pursuit and of the future war
Sat communing; when loud the trumpet's voice
Proclaim'd approaching herald. "To the Maid,"
Exclaim'd the Messenger, "and thee, Dunois,
Son of the Chief he loved! Du Chastel sends
Greeting. The aged warrior has not spared
All active efforts to partake your toil,
And serve his country; and tho' late arrived, 150
He share not in the fame your arms acquire;
His heart is glad that he is late arrived,
And France preserved thus early. He were here
To join your host, and follow on their flight,
But Richemont is his foe. To that high Lord 155
Thus says my Master: We, tho' each to each
Be hostile, are alike the embattled sons
Of this our common country. Do thou join
The conquering troops, and prosecute success;
I will the while assault what guarded towns 160

Bedford yet holds in Orleannois : one day,
Perhaps the Conſtable of France may learn
He wrong'd Du Chaſtel." As the herald ſpake,
The crimſon current ruſh'd to Richemont's cheek.
" Tell to thy Maſter," eager he replied, 165
" I am the foe of thoſe Court Paraſites
Who poiſon the King's ear. Him who ſhall ſerve
Our country in the field, I hold my friend :
Such may Du Chaſtel prove." So ſaid the Chief,
And pauſing as the Herald went his way, 170
Gaz'd on the Virgin. " Maiden ! if aright
I deem, thou doſt not with a friendly eye
Scan my paſt deeds." Then o'er the Damſel's cheek
A faint glow ſpread. "True, Chieftain!" ſhe replied,
" Report beſpeaks thee haughty, of thy power 175
Jealous, and to the ſhedding human blood
Revengeful." " Maid of Orleans !" he exclaim'd,
" Should the Wolf ſlaughter thy defenceleſs flock,
Were it a crime if thy more mighty force
Deſtroy'd the fell deſtroyer ? if thy hand 180
Had pierc'd the ruffian as he burſt thy door
Prepar'd for midnight murder, would'ſt thou feel
The weight of blood preſs heavy on thy ſoul ?
I ſlew the Wolves of State, the Murderers
Of thouſands. *JOAN!* when ruſted in its ſheath,
The ſword of Juſtice hung, blam'ſt thou the man
That lent his weapon for the virtuous deed ?"
Conrade replied. " Nay, Richemont, it were well
To pierce the ruffian as he burſt thy doors ;

But if he bear the plunder ſafely thence, 190
And thou ſhould'ſt meet him on the future day;
Vengeance muſt not be thine: there is the law
To puniſh; and if thy impatient hand,
Unheard and uncondemn'd, ſhould execute
Death on that man, Juſtice will not allow 195
The Judge in the Accuſer!" "Thou haſt ſaid
Right wiſely, Warrior!" cried the Conſtable;
"But there are guilty ones above the law,
Men whoſe black crimes exceed the utmoſt bound
Of private guilt; court vermin that buz round, 200
And fly-blow the King's ear, and make him waſte,
In this moſt perilous time, his people's wealth
And blood: immers'd one while in crimſon ſloth,
Heedleſs tho' ruin threat the realm they rule;
And now projecting ſome mad enterprize, 205
To certain ſlaughter ſend their wretched troops.
Theſe are the men that make the King ſuſpect
His wiſeſt, faithfulleſt, beſt Counſellors;
And for themſelves and their dependants, ſeize
All places, and all profits; and they wreſt 210
To their own ends the Statutes of the land,
Or ſafely break them: thus, or indolent,
Or active, ruinous alike to France.
Wiſely thou ſayeſt, Warrior! that the Law
Should ſtrike the guilty; but the voice of Juſtice
Cries out, and brings conviction as it cries;
Whom the Laws cannot reach the Dagger ſhould."

The Maid replied, "I blame thee not, O Chief!
If, reaſoning to thine own conviction thus,
Thou didſt, well ſatisfied, deſtroy theſe men 220
Above the Law: but if a meaner one,
Self-conſtituting him the Miniſter
Of Juſtice, to the death of theſe bad men [ſeized,
Had wrought the deed, him would the Laws have
And doom'd a Murderer: thee, thy power preſerved!
And what haſt thou exampled? thou haſt taught
All men to execute what deeds of blood
Their will or paſſion ſentence: right and wrong
Confounding thus, and making Power, of all,
Sole arbiter. Thy acts were criminal, 230
Yet, Richemont, for thou didſt them ſelf-approved,
I may not blame the agent. Truſt me, Chief!
That when a People ſorely are oppreſt,
The hour of violence will come too ſoon,
And he does wrong who haſtens it. He beſt 235
Performs the Patriot's and the Good Man's part,
Who, in the ear of Rage and Faction, breathes
The healing words of Love."
Thus communed they:
Meantime, all panic-ſtruck and terrified,
The Engliſh urge their flight; by other thoughts
Poſſeſs'd, than when, elate with arrogance,
They dreamt of conqueſt, and the crown of France
At their diſpoſal. Of their hard-fought fields,
Of glory hardly-earn'd, and loſt with ſhame,
Of friends and brethren ſlaughter'd, and the fate 245

Threatening themſelves, they brooded ſadly; now
Repentant, late, and vainly. They whom fear
Erſt made obedient to their conquering march,
At their defeat exultant, wreak what ills
Their power allow'd. Thus many a league they fled,
Marking their path with ruin, day by day
Leaving the weak and wounded, deſtitute,
To the foe's mercy; thinking of their home,
Though to that far-off proſpect ſcarcely Hope
Could raiſe her ſickly eye. Oh! then what joy 255
Inſpir'd anew their boſoms, when, like clouds
Moving in ſhadows down the diſtant hill,
They mark'd their coming ſuccors! in each heart
Doubt rais'd a buſy tumult; ſoon they knew
The friendly ſtandard, and a general ſhout 260
Burſt from the joyful ranks; yet came no joy
To Talbot: he, with dark and downward brow,
Mus'd ſternly, till at length arous'd to hope
Of vengeance, welcoming his warrior ſon,
He brake a ſullen ſmile. "Son of my age! 265
Welcome, young Talbot, to thy firſt of fields.
Thy father bids thee welcome, though diſgraced,
Baffled, and flying from a Woman's arm!
Yes, by my former glories, from a Woman!
The ſcourge of France! the conqueror of Men!
Flying before a Woman! Son of Talbot,
Had the winds wafted thee a few days ſooner,
Thou hadſt ſeen me high in honor, and thy name
Alone had ſcatter'd armies; yet, my Child,

I bid thee welcome! reſt we here our flight, 275
And lift again the ſword." So ſpake the Chief;
And well he counſell'd: for not yet the ſun
Had reach'd meridian height, when o'er the plain
Of PATAY they beheld the troops of France
Speed in purſuit. Collected in himſelf 280
Appear'd the might of Talbot. Thro' the ranks
He ſtalks, reminds them of their former fame,
Their native land, their homes, the friends they lov'd,
All the rewards of this day's victory.
But awe had fill'd the Engliſh, and they ſtruck 285
Faintly their ſhields: for they who had beheld
The hallowed banner with celeſtial light
Irradiate, and the Miſſion'd Maiden's deeds,
Felt their hearts ſink within them, at the thought
Of her near vengeance; and the tale they told 290
Rous'd ſuch a tumult in the new-come troops,
As fitted them for fear. The aged Chief
Beheld their drooping valor: his ſtern brow,
Wrinkled with thought, bewray'd his inward doubts:
Still he was firm, tho' all might fly, reſolved 295
That Talbot ſhould retrieve his old renown,
And period Life with Glory. Yet ſome hope
Inſpir'd the Veteran, as acroſs the plain
Caſting his eye, he mark'd the embattled ſtrength
Of thouſands; Archers of unequall'd ſkill, 300
Brigans, and Pikemen, from whoſe lifted points
A fearful radiance flaſh'd, and young Eſquires,
And high-born Warriors, bright in blazon'd arms,

Nor few, nor fameleſs were the Engliſh Chiefs :
In many a field victorious, he was there, 305
The garter'd Faſtolffe ; Hungerford, and Scales,
Men who had ſeen the hoſtile ſquadrons fly
Before the arms of England. Suffolk there,
The haughty Chieftain tower'd ; bleſt had he fallen,
Ere yet a Courtly Minion he was mark'd 310
By public hatred, and the murderer's name !
There too the Son of Talbot, young in arms,
Moved eager he, at many a tournament,
With matchleſs force, had pointed his ſtrong lance,
O'er all opponents, victor : confident 315
In ſtrength, and jealous of his future fame,
His heart beat high for battle. Such array
Of martiall'd numbers fought not on the field
Of Crecy, nor at Poictiers ; nor ſuch force
Led Henry to the fight of Azincour, 320
When thouſands fell before him. Onward move
The hoſt of France ; and now their venturous Knights
Diſmount ; their ſafety, and their country's weal,
Truſting to their own ſtrength. The MAID alone,
Conſpicuous on a coal-black courſer, meets 325
The war. They moved to battle with ſuch ſound
As ruſhes o'er the vaulted firmament,
When from his ſeat, on the utmoſt verge of Heaven
That overhangs the Void, Father of Winds !
HRÆSVELGER ſtarting, rears his giant bulk, 330
And from his Eagle pinions ſhakes the ſtorm.

High on her ſtately ſteed the Martial Maid
Rode foremoſt of the war : her burniſh'd arms
Shone like the brook that o'er its pebbled courſe
Runs glittering gaily to the noon-tide ſun. 335
Her foaming courſer, of the guiding hand
Impatient, ſmote the earth, and toſs'd his mane,
And rear'd aloft with many a froward bound,
As though the Maiden's ſkill, and his own ſtrength
Proud to diſplay. The light gale with her plumes
Wantoned. Even ſuch a fair and warlike form
Pelides moved from Scyros, where conceal'd
He lay, obedient to his mother's fears,
A ſeemly Virgin ; thus the Youth appear'd
Terribly graceful, when upon his neck 345
Deidameia hung ; and with a look
That ſpake the tumult of her troubled breaſt,
Fear, anguiſh, and upbraiding tenderneſs,
Gazed on the father of her unborn babe.
An Engliſh Knight, who eager for renown 350
Late left his peaceful manſion, mark'd the Maid.
Her power miraculous, and fearful deeds
He from the troops had heard incredulous,
And ſcoff'd their eaſy fears, and vow'd that he,
Proving the magic of this dreaded Girl 355
In equal battle, would diſſolve the ſpell,
Powerleſs oppos'd to valor. Forth he ſpurr'd
Before the ranks ; ſhe mark'd the coming foe,
And fix'd her lance in reſt, and ruſh'd along.
Midway they met ; full on her buckler driv'n, 360

Shiver'd the Engliſh ſpear: her better force
Drove the brave foeman ſenſeleſs from his ſeat.
Headlong he fell, nor ever to the ſenſe
Of ſhame awoke, for ruſhing multitudes
Soon cruſh'd the helpleſs Warrior. Then the Maid
Rode thro' the thickeſt battle: faſt they fell,
Pierced by her forceful ſpear. Amid the troops
Plunged her ſtrong war-horſe, by the noiſe of arms
Elate, and rous'd to rage, he tramples o'er,
Or with the lance protended from his front, [turns
Thruſts down the thronging ſquadrons. Where ſhe
The foe tremble and die. Such ominous fear
Seizes the Traveller o'er the trackleſs ſands,
Who marks the dread Simoom acroſs the waſte,
Sweep its ſwift peſtilence: to earth he falls, 375
Nor dares give utterance to the inward prayer,
Deeming the Genius of the Deſart breathes
The purple blaſt of Death. Such was the ſound
As when the tempeſt, mingling air and ſea,
Flies o'er the uptorn ocean: daſhing high 380
Their foamy heads amid the incumbent clouds,
The madden'd billows, with their deafening roar,
Drown the loud thunder's peal. In every form
Of horror, Death was there. They fall, transfix'd
By the random arrow's point, or fierce-thruſt lance,
Or ſink, all battered by the ponderous mace:
Some from their courſers thrown, lie on the earth,
Unwieldy in their arms, that weak to ſave,
Protracted all the agonies of Death.

But moſt the Engliſh fell, by their own fears 390
Betrayed, for Fear the evil that it dreads
Increaſes. Even the Chiefs, who many a day
Had met the war and conquered, trembled now,
Appall'd by her, the Maid miraculous.
Thus the blood-nurtured Monarch of the wood, 395
That o'er the wilds of Afric, in his ſtrength
Reſiſtleſs ranges, when the mutinous clouds
Burſt, and the lightnings thro' the midnight ſky
Dart their red fires, lies fearful in his den,
And howls in terror to the paſſing ſtorm.
But Talbot, fearleſs where the braveſt fear'd,
Mowed down the hoſtile ranks. The Chieftain ſtood
Like the ſtrong oak, amid the tempeſt's rage,
That ſtands unharm'd; and whilſt the foreſt falls
Uprooted round, lifts his high head aloft, 405
And nods majeſtic to the warring wind.
Him, preſent danger but magnanimates:
He fought reſolved to ſnatch the ſhield of Death
And ſhelter him from Shame. The very herd
Who fought near Talbot, tho' the Virgin's name
Made their cheeks pale, and drove the curdling blood
Back to their hearts, caught from his daring deeds
New force, and went like Eaglets to the prey
Beneath their mother's wing. Nor his high birth
Diſgrac'd the Son of Talbot; by his fire 415
Emulous he ſtrove, like the young Lionet
When firſt he bathes his murderous jaws in blood.
They fought intrepid, tho' amid their ranks

Fear and Confuſion triumph'd ; for ſuch awe
Poſſeſs'd the Engliſh, as the Etruſcans felt, 420
When ſelf-devoted to the Infernal Gods
The gallant Decius ſtood before the troops,
Robed in the victim garb of ſacrifice,
And ſpake aloud, and call'd the Shadowy Powers
To give to Rome the conqueſt, and receive 425
Their willing prey ; then ruſh'd amid the foe,
And died upon the hecatombs he ſlew.

But Hope inſpir'd the aſſailants. Xaintrailles there
Spread fear and death ; and Orleans' valiant Son
Fought as when Warwick fled before his arm. 430
O'er all preeminent for hardieſt deeds
Was Conrade. Where he drove his battle-axe,
Weak was the buckler or the helm's defence,
Hauberk, or plated mail ; thro' all it pierced,
Reſiſtleſs as the forked flaſh of Heaven. 435
The death-doom'd foe, who mark'd the coming Chief,
Felt ſuch a chill run thro' his ſhivering frame,
As the night traveller of the Pyrenees,
Lone and bewildered on his wint'ry way,
When from the mountains round reverberates 440
The hungry Wolves' deep yell : on every ſide,
Their fierce eyes gleaming as with meteor fires,
The famiſh'd troop come round : the affrighted mule
Snorts loud with terror : on his ſhuddering limbs
The big ſweat ſtarts ; convulſive pant his ſides ;
Then on he ruſhes, wild in deſperate ſpeed.

Him dealing death an Engliſh Knight beheld,
And ſpurr'd his ſteed to cruſh him : Conrade leap'd
Lightly aſide, and thro' the Warrior's greeves
Fix'd a deep wound : nor longer could the foe, 450
Tortur'd with anguiſh, guide his mettled horſe,
Or his rude plunge endure ; headlong he fell,
And periſh'd. In his caſtle-hall was hung
On high his father's ſhield, with many a dint
Graced on the blood-drenched plain of Azincour :
His deeds the ſon had heard ; and when a boy,
Liſtening delighted to the old man's tale,
His little hand would lift the weighty ſpear
In warlike paſtime : he had left behind
An infant offspring, and did fondly deem 460
He too in age the exploits of his youth
Should tell, and in the Stripling's boſom rouſe
The fire of glory. Conrade the next foe
Smote where the heaving membrane ſeparates
The chambers of the trunk. The dying man, 465
In his Lord's caſtle dwelt, for many a year,
A well-beloved ſervant : he could ſing
Carols for Shrove-tide, or for Candlemas,
Songs for the Waſſel, and when the Boar's head,
Crown'd with gay garlands, and with Roſemary,
Smoked on the Chriſtmas board : he went to war
Following the Lord he loved, and ſaw him fall
Beneath the arm of Conrade, and expir'd,
Slain on his Maſter's body. Nor the fight
Was doubtful long. Fierce on the invading hoſt

Preſs the French troops impetuous, as of old,
When, pouring o'er his legion ſlaves on Greece,
The Eaſtern Deſpot bridged the Helleſpont,
The ruſhing ſea againſt the mighty pile
Roll'd its full weight of waters; far away 480
The fearful Satrap mark'd on Aſia's coaſts
The floating fragments, and with ominous fear
Trembled for the Great King. Still Talbot ſtrove,
Tho' with vain valor, as when Ali rear'd
In the midnight war the warrior-withering cry! 485
The aged Hero rear'd his two-edged ſword,
And ever as he ſmote a foe, exclaim'd,
"God is victorious!" in the battle's clang
Four hundred times from Ali's powerful voice
That ſound of Death was heard: but vainly ſtrove
The blameleſs Chieftain, by the Aſſaſſin's hand
Deſtin'd to end a life of fruſtrate hopes.
Young Talbot mark'd the Maid acroſs the plain,
Careering fierce in conqueſt. Her to meet
He ſpurr'd his horſe, by one deciſive deed 495
Or to retrieve the battle, or to fall
With glory. Each beneath the other's blow
Bow'd down; their lances ſhiver'd with the ſhock;
To earth their courſers fell: at once they roſe,
At once unſheath'd their falchions, and ruſh'd on
To cloſer combat. But in vain the Youth
Eſſay'd to pierce thoſe arms that even the power
Of Time was weak to injure: ſhe the while
Thro' many a wound beheld her foeman's blood

Ooze faſt. "Yet ſave thee, Warrior!" cried the Maid, 505
"Me canſt thou not deſtroy: be timely wiſe,
And live!" He anſwered not, but lifting high
His weapon, drove with fierce and forceful arm
Full on the Virgin's helm: fire from her eyes
Flaſh'd with the ſtroke: one ſtep ſhe back recoil'd,
Then in his breaſt plung'd deep the ſword of Death.
Him falling Talbot ſaw. On the next foe,
With rage and anguiſh wild, the Warrior turn'd;
His ill-directed weapon to the earth
Drove down the unwounded Frank: he lifts the [ſword
And thro' his all-in-vain imploring hands
Cleaves the poor ſuppliant. On that dreadful day
The ſword of Talbot, clogg'd with hoſtile gore,
Made good its vaunt. Amid the heaps his arm
Had ſlain, the Chieftain ſtood and ſway'd around
His furious ſtrokes: nor ceas'd he from the fight,
Tho' now diſcomfited, the Engliſh troops
Fled faſt, all panic-ſtruck and ſpiritleſs;
And mingling with the routed, Faſtolffe fled
Falſe to his former fame; for he beheld 525
The Maiden ruſhing onward, and ſuch fear
Ran thro' his frame, as thrills the African
When, grateful ſolace in the ſultry hour,
He riſes on the buoyant billow's breaſt
If then his eye behold the monſter Shark 530
Gape eager to devour. But Talbot now
A moment paus'd, for bending thitherwards

He mark'd a warrior, ſuch as well might aſk
His utmoſt force. Of ſtrong and ſtately port
The onward foeman mov'd, and bore on high 535
A battle-axe, in many a field of blood
Known by the Engliſh Chieftain. Over heaps
Of ſlaughter'd, ſtrode the Frank, and bade the troops
Retire from the bold Earl: then Conrade ſpake.
"Vain is thy valor, Talbot! look around, 540
See where thy ſquadrons fly! but thou ſhalt loſe
No glory, by their cowardice ſubdued,
Performing well thyſelf the ſoldier's part."
"And let them fly!" the indignant Earl exclaim'd,
"And let them fly! but bear thou witneſs, Chief!
That guiltleſs of this day's diſgrace, I fall.
But, Frenchmen! Talbot will not tamely fall,
Or unrevenged." So ſaying, for the war
He ſtood prepar'd: nor now with heedleſs rage
The Champions fought, for either knew full well
His foemen's proweſs: now they aim the blow
Inſidious, with quick change then drive the ſteel
Fierce on the ſide expos'd. The unfaithful arms
Yield to the ſtrong-driven edge; the blood ſtreams down
Their batter'd mails. With ſwift eye Conrade [mark'd
The lifted buckler, and beneath impell'd
His battle-axe; that inſtant on his helm
The ſword of Talbot fell, and with the blow
Shiver'd. "Yet yield thee, Engliſhman!" exclaim'd
The generous Frank---"vain is this bloody ſtrife:

Me ſhouldſt thou conquer, little would my death
Avail thee, weak and wounded!" "Long enough
Talbot has lived," replied the ſullen Chief:
"His hour is come; yet ſhalt not thou ſurvive
To glory in his fall!" So, as he ſpake, 565
He lifted from the ground a maſſy ſpear,
And ruſh'd again to battle. Now more fierce
The conflict raged, for careleſs of himſelf,
And deſperate, Talbot fought. Collected ſtill
Was Conrade. Whereſoe'er his foeman aim'd 570
His barbed javelin, there he ſwung around
The guardian ſhield: now pierc'd with many a ſtroke,
The Earl's emblazon'd buckler to the earth
Fell ſever'd: from his riven arms the blood
Stream'd faſt; and now the Frenchman's battle-axe
Drove unreſiſted thro' the ſhieldleſs mail.
Backward the Frank recoil'd. "Urge not to death
This fruitleſs conteſt," cried he; "live, Oh Chief!
Are there not thoſe in England who would feel
Keen anguiſh at thy loſs? a wife perchance 580
Who trembles for thy ſafety, or a child
Needing a Father's care!" Then Talbot's heart
Smote him. "Warrior!" he cried, "if thou doſt
That life is worth preſerving, hie thee hence, [think
And ſave thyſelf: I loath this uſeleſs talk." 585
So ſaying, he addreſs'd him to the fight,
Impatient of exiſtence; from their arms
Flaſh'd fire, and quick they panted; but not long
Endured the deadly combat. With full force

Down thro' his ſhoulder even to the cheſt, 590
Conrade impell'd the ponderous battle axe;
And at that inſtant underneath his ſhield
Received the hoſtile ſpear. Prone fell the Earl,
Even in his death rejoicing that no foe
Should live to boaſt his fall. Then with faint hand
Conrade unlaced his helm, and from his brow
Wiping the cold dews, ominous of death,
He laid him on the earth, thence to remove,
While the long lance hung heavy in his ſide,
Powerleſs. As thus beſide his lifeleſs foe 600
He lay, the herald of the Engliſh Earl
With faltering ſtep drew near, and when he ſaw
His maſter's arms, "Alas! and is it you,
My Lord?" he cried. "God pardon you your ſins!
I have been forty years your officer, 605
And time it is I ſhould ſurrender now
The enſigns of my office!" So he ſaid,
And paying thus his rite of ſepulture,
Threw o'er the ſlaughter'd chief his blazon'd coat.
Then Conrade thus beſpake him: "Engliſhman,
Do for a dying ſoldier one kind act!
Seek for the Maid of Orleans, bid her haſte
Hither, and thou ſhalt gain what recompenſe
It pleaſes thee to aſk." The herald ſoon,
Meeting the miſſion'd Virgin, told his tale. 615
Trembling ſhe haſten'd on, and when ſhe knew
The death-pale face of Conrade, ſcarce could JOAN
Lift up the expiring warrior's heavy hand,

And preſs it to her heart. "I ſent for thee,
My friend!" with interrupted voice he cried, 620
"That I might comfort this my dying hour
With one good deed. A fair domain is mine;
Let Francis and his Iſabel poſſeſs
That, mine inheritance." He paus'd awhile,
Struggling for utterance; then with breathleſs ſpeed,
And pale as him he mourn'd for, Francis came,
And hung in ſilence o'er the blameleſs man,
Even with a brother's ſorrow: he purſued,
"This *JOAN* will be thy care. I have at home
An aged mother---Francis, do thou ſoothe 630
Her childleſs age. Nay, weep not for me thus:
Sweet to the wretched is the Tomb's repoſe!"
So ſaying Conrade drew the javelin forth,
And died without a groan. By this the Scouts,
Forerunning the King's march, upon the plain 635
Of PATAY had arrived, of late ſo gay
With marſhall'd thouſands in their radiant arms,
And ſtreamer glittering in the noon tide ſun,
And blazon'd ſhields, and gay accoutrements,
The pageantry of murder: now defiled 640
With mingled duſt and blood, and broken arms,
And mangled bodies. Soon the Monarch joins
His victor army. Round the royal flag,
Uprear'd in conqueſt now, the Chieftains flock,
Proffering their eager ſervice. To his arms, 645
Or wiſely fearful, or by ſpeedy force
Compell'd, the embattled towns ſubmit and own

Their rightful King. Baugenci ſtrives in vain :
Jenville and Mehun yield ; from Sully's wall
Hurl'd is the banner'd Lion : on they paſs. 650
Auxerre, and Troyes, and Chalons, ope their gates,
And by the Miſſion'd Maiden's rumour'd deeds
Inſpirited, the Citizens of Rheims
Feel their own ſtrength ; againſt the Engliſh troops
With patriot valor, irreſiſtible, 655
They riſe, they conquer, and to their liege Lord
Preſent the city keys. The morn was fair
When Rheims re-echoed to the buſy hum
Of multitudes, for high ſolemnity
Aſſembled. To the holy fabric moves 660
The long proceſſion, thro' the ſtreets beſtrewn
With flowers and laurel boughs. The Courtier throng
Were there, and they in Orleans, who endur'd
The ſiege right bravely : D'Orval, and La Hire,
The gallant Xaintrailles, Bouſſac, and Chabannes,
La Fayette, name that Freedom ſtill ſhall love ;
Alençon, and the braveſt of the brave,
The Baſtard Orleans, now in hope elate,
Soon to releaſe from hard captivity
A dear-beloved brother. He was there, 670
Regnier of Sicily, the Sire of her,
That great unfortunate, whoſe various woes
St. Albans knew, and Hexham's fatal field,
And the dark foreſt, where the Robber met
The midnight Wanderer and her child, and vow'd,
Aw'd by the Majeſty of Fortitude,

His ſword to ſerve them. By the Monarch's ſide
The Delegated Damſel paſs'd along,
Clad in her batter'd arms. She bore on high
Her hallowed banner to the ſacred pile, 680
And fix'd it on the altar, whilſt her hand
Pour'd on the Monarch's head the myſtic oil,
Wafted of yore by milk-white Dove from Heaven,
(So legends ſay) to Clovis, when he ſtood
At Rheims for baptiſm ; dubious ſince that day,
When Tolbiac plain reek'd with his warrior's blood,
And fierce upon their flight the Alemanni preſt,
And rear'd the ſhout of triumph ; in that hour
Clovis invok'd aloud the Chriſtian God,
And conquer'd : wak'd to wonder thus, the Chief
Became Love's convert, and Clotilda led
Her huſband to the font. The Miſſion'd Maid
Then placed on Charles's brow the Crown of France,
And back retiring, gazed upon the King
One moment, quickly ſcanning all the paſt, 695
Till in a tumult of wild wonderment
She wept aloud. The aſſembled multitude
In awful ſtillneſs witneſs'd : then at once,
As with a tempeſt-ruſhing noiſe of winds,
Lifted their mingled clamors. Now the Maid 700
Stood as prepar'd to ſpeak, and waved her hand,
And inſtant ſilence followed. " King of France !"
She cried---" At Chinon, when my gifted eye
Knew thee diſguis'd, what inwardly the Spirit
Prompted, I ſpake---arm'd with the ſword of God

To drive from Orleans far the Engliſh Wolves,
And crown thee in the reſcued walls of Rheims.
All is accompliſh'd. I have here this day
Fulfill'd my miſſion, and anointed thee
Chief Servant of the People. Of this charge, 710
Or well perform'd or wickedly, High Heaven
Shall take account. If that thine heart be good,
I know no limit to the happineſs
Thou mayeſt create. I do beſeech thee, King!"
(The Maid exclaim'd, and fell upon the ground
And claſp'd his knees) "I do beſeech thee, King!
By all the millions that depend on thee,
For weal or woe---conſider what thou art,
And know thy duty! if thou doſt oppreſs
Thy people, if to aggrandize thyſelf 720
Thou tear'ſt them from their homes, and ſend'ſt them forth
To ſlaughter, prodigal of miſery!
If when the Widow and the Orphan groan
In want and wretchedneſs, thou turneſt thee
To hear the muſic of the flatterer's tongue; 725
If when thou hear'ſt of thouſands maſſacred,
Thou ſayeſt, "I am a King! and fit it is
That theſe ſhould periſh for me." If thy realm
Should, thro' the counſels of thy government,
Be filled with woe, and in thy ſtreets be heard 730
The voice of mourning and the feeble cry
Of aſking Hunger; if at ſuch a time
Thou doſt behold thy plenty-covered board,

And ſhroud thee in thy robes of Royalty,
And ſay that all is well---Oh gracious God! 735
Be merciful to ſuch a monſtrous man,
When the Spirits of the murder'd innocent
Cry at thy throne for juſtice! King of France!
Protect the lowly, feed the hungry ones,
And be the Orphan's father! thus ſhalt thou 740
Become the Repreſentative of Heaven,
And Gratitude and Love eſtabliſh thus
Thy reign. Believe me, King! that hireling guards,
Tho' fleſh'd in ſlaughter, would be weak to ſave
A tyrant on the blood-cemented Throne 745
That totters underneath him." Thus the Maid
Redeem'd her country. Ever may the ALL-JUST
Give to the arms of FREEDOM ſuch ſucceſs.

FINIS.

N O T E S.

BOOK THE FIRST.

Note Firſt, p. 3. Line 10.

DUNOIS was wounded in the battle of Herrings, which was the laſt victory of the Engliſh, before the appearance of the Maid of Orleans.

Note Second, p. 5.

Line 53.—Huc quicquid fetu genuit Natura ſiniſtro
Miſcetur. Non ſpuma canum, quibus unda timori eſt,
Viſcera non lyncis, non diræ nodus hyænæ
Defuit: infando ſaturatas carmine frondes.
Et quibus os dirum naſcentibus inſpuit, herbas.
Addidit, et quicquid mundo dedit iſpa veneni
Aſpicit aſtantem projecti corporis umbram;
Exanimes artus, inviſaque clauſtra timentem.
Carceris antiqui.———LUCAN, LIB. VI.

Note Third. p. 8.

Line 128.—HARFLEUR was taken in 1415. The Maid of Orleans firſt appeared in 1429. This agrees with the account of her age given by Holinſhed, who calls her "a yong wench of an eighteene years old; of favour was ſhe counted likeſome, of perſon ſtronglie made and manlie, of courage great hardie, and ſtout withall; an underſtander of counſels, though ſhe were not at them; greet ſemblance of chaſtitie, both of bodie and behaviour; the name of Jeſus in hir mouth about all hir buſineſſes, humble, obedient, and faſting diverſe daies in the weeke." HOLINSHED, 600.

The Engliſhmen, notwithſtanding all the damage that the French could worke againſt them, forraied the countrie, ſpoiled the villages, bringing manie a rich preie to the camp before Harfiue. And dailie was the towne aſſaulted: for the duke of Gloceſter, to whome the order of the ſiege was committed, made three mines under the ground, and approching to the wals with his engins and ordinence, would not ſuffer them within to take anie raſt. HOLINSHED, 549.

Eſtouteville was Governor of Harfleur: the place was gallantly defended under him by Guitri Gaucour, and others of the French nobility; but the garriſon was weak, and the fortifications were in bad repair.

Note Fourth, p. 9.

Line 159.—"Some writing of this yeelding up of Harflue, doo in like ſort make mention of the diſtreſſe whereto the people, then expelled out of their habitations were driven: inſomuch as parents with their children, yong maids and old folke went out of the towne gates with heavie harts, (God wot) as put to their preſent ſhifts to ſeek them a new abode." HOLINSHED, 550.

This act of 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 tenera cum prole parentes
Virgineuſque chorus veterres 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!"

Note Fifth, p. 18.

Line 421.—Dreadful indeed muſt have been the miſeries of the French from vulgar plunderers, when the manners of the higheſt claſſes were marked by hideous groſſneſs and vices that may not be uttered. The following portrait of ſome of theſe outrages we give from the notes of Andrew's admirable 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 caterva, 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 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.

Page 19.

Line 438.—Holinſhed ſays, ſpeaking of the ſiege of Rouen, "If I ſhould rehearſe how deerelie dogs, rats, miſe, and cats were ſold within the towne, and how greedilie they were by the poore people eaten and devoured, and how the people dailie died for fault of food, *and yong 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.

Note Sixth, ibid.

Line 439.—Harfleur.

BOOK THE SECOND.

Note Firſt, p. 23.

Line 34.--Sir Iſaac Newton, at the end of the laſt edition of his Optics, ſuppoſes that a very ſubtile and elaſtic fluid, which he calls ether, is diffuſed through the pores of groſs bodies, as well as through the open ſpaces that are void of groſs matter; he ſuppoſes it to pierce all bodies, and to touch their leaſt particles, acting on them with a force proportional to their number or to the matter of the body on which it acts. He ſuppoſes likewiſe, that it is rarer in the pores of bodies than in open ſpaces, and even rarer in ſmall pores and denſe bodies, than in large pores and rare bodies; and alſo that its denſity increaſes in receding from groſs matter; ſo, for inſtance, as to be greater at the $\frac{1}{100}$ of an inch from the ſurface of any body, than at its ſurface; and ſo on. To the action of this ether he aſcribes the attractions of gravitation and coheſion, the attraction and repulſion of electrical bodies, the mutual influences of bodies and light upon each other, the effects and communication of heat, and the performance of animal ſenſation and motion. David Hartley, from whom this account of ether is chiefly borrowed, makes it the inſtrument of propa-

gating thoſe vibrations or configurative motions which are ideas. It appears to me, no hypotheſis ever involved ſo many contradictions; for how can the ſame fluid be both denſe and rare in the ſame body at one time? yet in the Earth as gravitating to the Moon, it muſt be very rare; and in the Earth as gravitating to the Sun, it muſt be very denſe. For, as Andrew Baxter well obſerves, it doth not appear ſufficient to account how this fluid may act with a force proportional to the body to which another is impelled, to aſſert that it is rarer in great bodies than in ſmall ones: it muſt be farther aſſerted that this fluid is rarer or denſer in the ſame body, whether ſmall or great, according as the body to which that is impelled is itſelf ſmall or great. But whatever may be the ſolidity of this objection, the following ſeems unanſwerable:

If every particle through the whole ſolidity of a heavy body receive its impulſe from the particles of this fluid, it ſhould ſeem that the fluid itſelf muſt be as denſe as the very denſeſt heavy body, gold for inſtance; there being as many impinging particles in the one, as there are gravitating particles in the other, which receive their gravitation by being impinged upon: ſo that, throwing gold or any heavy body upward, againſt the impulſe of this fluid, would be like throwing gold *through* gold; and as this ether muſt be equally diffuſed over the whole ſphere of its activity, it muſt be as denſe when it impels cork as when it impels gold: ſo that to throw a piece of cork upward, would be as if we endeavoured to make cork penetrate a medium as denſe as gold: and though we were to adopt the extravagant opinions which have been advanced concerning the progreſſion of pores, yet however porous we ſuppoſe a body, if it be not all pore, the argument holds equally; the fluid muſt be as denſe as the body, in order to give every particle its impulſe.

It has been aſſerted that Sir Iſaac Newton's philoſophy leads in its conſequences to Atheiſm: perhaps not without reaſon. For if matter, by any powers or properties *given* to it, can produce the order of the viſible world, and even generate thought; why may it not have poſſeſſed ſuch properties by *inherent* right? and where is the neceſſity of a God? Matter is, according to the mechanic philoſophy, capable of acting moſt wiſely and moſt beneficently, without Wiſdom or Benevolence; and what more does the Atheiſt aſſert? If matter poſſeſs thoſe properties, why might it not have poſſeſſed them

from all eternity? Sir Isaac Newton's Deity seems to be alternately operose and indolent; to have delegated so much power as to make it inconceiveable what he can have reserved. He is dethroned by vice-regent second causes.

We seem placed here to acquire a knowledge of *effects*. Whenever we would pierce into the *Adyta* of Causation, we bewilder ourselves; and all that laborious Conjecture can do, is to fill up the gaps of Imagination. We are restless, because *invisible* things are not the objects of vision—and philosophical systems, for the most part, are received, not for their Truth, but in proportion as they attribute to Causes as susceptibility of being *seen*, whenever our visual organs shall have become sufficiently powerful.

Note Second, p. 25.

Line 71.—Balda-Zhiok. i. e. mons altudinis, the highest mountain in Lapland.

Note Third, ibid.

Line 72.—Solfar-Kapper: capitium Solfar, hic locus omnium, quotquot veterum Lapponum superstitio sacrificiis religiosque cultui dedicavit, celebratissimus erat, in parte sinus australis situs, semimilliaris spatio a mari distans. Ipse locus, quem curiositatis gratia aliquando me invisisse memini, duabus prealtis lapidibus, sibi invicem oppositis, quorum alter musco circumdatus erat, constabat. LEEMIUS DE LAPPONIBUS.

Line 75.—The Lapland women carry their infants at their backs in a piece of excavated wood, which serves them for a cradle: opposite the infant's mouth there is a hole for it to breathe through.

Mirandum prorsus est et vix credibile nisi cui vidisse contigit. Lappones hyeme iter fascientes per vastos montes, perque horrida et invia tesqua, eo præsertim tempore quo omnia perpetuis nivibus obtecta sunt et nives ventis agitantur et in gyros aguntur, viam ad destinata loca absque errore invenire posse, lactantem autem infantem, si quem habeat, ipsa mater in dorso bajulat, in excavato ligno (Gieed'k ipsi vocant) quod pro cunis utuntur, in hoc infans pannis et pellibus convolutus colligatus jacet. LEEMIUS DE LAPPONIBUS.

Note Fourth, ibid.

Line 96.—Jaibme Aibmo.

Note Fifth, p. 26.

Line 112.—They call the Good Spirit Torngarsuck the other great but malignant spirit is a nameless female; she

dwells under the ſea in a great houſe, where ſhe can detain in captivity all the animals of the ocean by her magic power. When a dearth befals the Greenlanders, an Angekok or magician muſt undertake a journey thither: he paſſes through the kingdom of ſouls, over a horrible abyſs, into the palace of this phantom, and by his enchantments cauſes the captive creatures to aſcend directly to the ſurface of the ocean.

See CRANTZ. Hiſt. of GREENLAND, VOL. I, 206.

Note Sixth, p. 30.

Line 215.—Otus and Ephialtes.

Note Seventh, ibid.

Line 218.—See the Edda, Fab. 24th of the illuſions practiſed upon Thor by Skrymner.

Note Eighth, p. 33.

Line 310.—Revel. vi. 9, 11. And when he had opened the fifth ſeal, I ſaw under the altar the ſouls of them that were ſlain for the word of God, and for the teſtimony which they held. And white robes were given unto every one of them; and it was ſaid unto them, that they ſhould reſt yet for a little ſeaſon, until their fellow-ſervants alſo, and their Brethren that ſhould be killed, as they were, ſhould be fulfilled.

Note Ninth, p. 37.

Line 428.—The Slaves in the Weſt-india Iſlands conſider Death as a paſſport to their native Country.—This Sentiment is thus expreſſed in the Introduction to a Greek Prize Ode on the Slave-Trade, of which the Ideas are better than the Language or Metre, in which they are conveyed.

Ω σκοτου πυλας, Θανατε, προλειπων
Ες γενος σπευδοις υποζευχθεν Ατᾳ.
Ου ξενισθησῃ γενυων σπαραγμοις
Συδ' ολολυγμω,
Αλλα και κυκλοισι χοροιτυποισι
Κ'ασματων χαρᾳ· φοβερος μεν εσσι,
Αλλ' ομως Ελευθεριᾳ συνοικεῖς,
Στυγνε Τυραννε!
Δασκιοις επει πτερυγεσσι σησι
Α! θαλασσιον καθοραντες οιδμα
Αιθεροπλαγτοις υπο ποσσ' ανεισι
Πατριδ ἐπ' αιαν.
Ενθα μαν Εραςαι Ερωμενησιν
Αμφι πηγησιν κιτρινων υπ' αλσων,
Οσσ' υπο βροτοις επαθον βροτοι, τα
Δεινα λεγοντι.

LITERAL TRANSLATION.

Leaving the gates of Darkneſs, O Death! haſten thou to a Race yoked to Miſery! Thou wilt not be received with lacerations of Cheeks, nor with funereal Ululation—but with circling Dances and the joy of Songs. Thou art terrible indeed, yet thou dwelleſt with LIBERTY, ſtern GENIUS! Borne on thy dark pinions over the ſwelling of Ocean, they return to their native Country. There, by the ſide of Fountains beneath Citron Groves, the Lovers tell to their Beloved, what horrors, being MEN, they had endured from MEN! S. T. C.

Note Tenth, p. 40.

Line 502.—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.

Note Eleventh, p. 41.

Line 533.—According to Holinſhed, the Engliſh army conſiſted of only 15,000 men, haraſſed with a tedious march of a month, in very bad weather, through an enemy's country, and for the moſt part ſick of a flux. He ſtates the number of 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.

Note Twelfth, ibid.

Line 540.—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.

Note Thirteenth, p. 42.

Line 577.—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 too 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 negociation, which afforded him the proſpect of leſs doubtful advantages. RAPIN.

Note Fourteenth, p. 43.

Line 606.—"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 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.

Note Fifteenth, p. 44.

Line 612.—"The Frenchmen indeed preferring fame before worldlie riches, and deſpiſing pleaſure, (the enemie 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.

Note Sixteenth, ibid.

Line 625.—"The King of England, advertiſed of their hautie courages, determined to conquer them by famine, which would not be tamed by weapon. Wherefore he ſtopped all the paſſages, both by water and land, that no vittels could be conveied to the citie. He caſt trenches round about the walls, and ſet them full of ſtakes, and defended them with archers, ſo that there was left neither waie for them within to iſſue out, nor for anie that were abroad to enter in without his licenſe.—The King's cooſine germane and alie (the King of Portugale) ſent a great navie of well-appointed ſhips unto the mouth of the river of Seine, to ſtop that no French veſſel ſhould enter the river and paſſe up the ſame, to the aid of them within Rouen.

"Thus was the faire citie of Rouen compaſſed about with enemies, both by water and land, having neither comfort nor aid of King, Dauphin, or Duke." HOLINSHED, 566.

Note Seventeenth, ibid.

Line 633.—"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 prefent 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.

Note Eighteenth, p. 45.

Line 646.—Henry, not ſatisfied with the reduction of Caen, put ſeveral of the inhabitants to death, who had ſignalized their valour in defence of their liberty and property.

H. CLARENDON.

Note Nineteenth, ibid.

Line 659.—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.

Note Twentieth, p. 46.

Line 672.—"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.

Note Twenty-firſt, ibid.

Line 681.—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 wals 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 in-

digent people. When this orator had ſaid, the King, with a fierce countenance and bold ſpirit, reproved them for their malapert preſumption, in that they ſhould ſeeme to go about to teach him what belonged to the dutie of a conqueror, and therefore, ſince it appeared that the ſame was unknown to them, he declared that the Goddeſſe of Battell, called Bellona, had three handmaidens, ever of neceſſitie attending upon her, as Blood, Fire, and Famine, and whereas it laie in his choice to uſe them all three, he had appointed onelie the meekeſt maid of thoſe three damſels, to puniſh them of that citie till they were brought to reaſon. This anſwer put the French ambaſſador in a great ſtudie, muſing much at his *excellent wit* and hawtineſſe of courage." HOLINSHED.

Note Twenty-ſecond, p. 47.

Line 697.—Roan was betrayed by its Burgundian Governor, Bouthellier. During this ſiege, fifty thouſand men periſhed through fatigue and the uſe of unwholeſome proviſions.

Note Twenty-third, ibid.

Line 702.—Roy d'Angletterre fiſt coupper la teſt a Allain Blanchart cappitaine du commun.

MONSTRELLET. FEUILLET, cxcvii.

BOOK THE THIRD.

Note Firſt, p. 50.

Line 29.—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.

Note Second, ibid.

Line 40.—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.

Note Third, p. 51.

Line 45.—" 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 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. Tanneguy du Châtel, 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.

Note Fourth, p. 51.

Line 67.—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.

Note Fifth, p. 53.

Line 114.—Charles, in deſpair of collecting an army which ſhould dare to approach the enemy's entrenchments, not only gave the city of Orleans for loſt, but began to entertain a very diſmal proſpect with regard to the general ſtate of his affairs. He ſaw that the country in which he had hitherto, with great difficulty, ſubſiſted, would be laid entirely open to the invaſion of a powerful and victorious enemy, and he already entertained thoughts of retiring with the remains of his forces into Languedoc and Dauphiny, and defending himſelf as long as poſſible in thoſe remote provinces. But it was fortunate for this good prince that, as he lay under the dominion of the fair, the

women whom he consulted had the spirit to support his sinking resolution in this desperate extremity. MARY of ANJOU, his Queen, a princess of great merit and prudence, vehemently opposed this measure, which she foresaw would discourage all his partizans, and serve as a general signal for deserting a prince, who seemed himself to despair of success. His mistress too, the fair AGNES SOREL, who lived in entire amity with the Queen, seconded all her remonstrances. HUME.

BOOK THE FOURTH.

Note First, p. 79.

Line 293.—Thomas Muir.

Note Second, ibid.

Line 294.—Though roused by that dark Vizier, RIOT rude, &c. COLERIDGE'S POEMS.

Note Third, p. 85.

Line 489.—" If they who mingled the Cup of Bitterness, drank its contents, we might look with compassion on the wickedness of great men: But alas! the storm which they raise, " beats heaviest on the exposed innocent," and the cottage of the poor man is stripped of *every* comfort, before the Oppressors, who send forth the mandate of Death, are amerced of *one* Luxury or *one* Vice. If calamities succeed each other in a long series, they deprecate the anger of Heaven by a FAST; which word (being interpreted) seems to signify—Prayers of Hate to the God of Love, and then a turbot feast to the rich, and their usual scanty meal to the poor, if, indeed, debarred from their usual labour, they can procure even this! But if the cause be crowned by victory,

———" They o'er the ravaged earth,
As at an altar wet with human blood,
And flaming with the fire of cities burnt,
Sing their mad Hymns of Triumph—Hymns to God,
O'er the destruction of his gracious worlds,
Hymns to the father o'er his slaughter'd son."

See CONCIONES AD POPULUM, or Addresses to the People, by S. T. COLERIDGE.

BOOK THE FIFTH.

Note First, p. 88.

Line 38.—The forest of Orleans contains, even now, fourteen thousand acres of various kinds of wood.

Note Second, p. 91.

Line 129.—" 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, Bangenci, Gergeau, Clery, Sully, Jenville, and ſome other ſmall towns, and at laſt appeared before Orleans on the 12th of October." RAPIN.

Note Third, p. 94.

Line 193.—" The French King uſed every expedient to ſupply the city with a garriſon and proviſions, and enable it to maintain a long and obſtinate ſiege. The Lord of Gaucour, a brave and experienced captain, was appointed governor. Many officers of diſtinction threw themſelves into the place. The troops which they conducted were inured to war, and were determined to make the moſt obſtinate reſiſtance: and even the inhabitants, diſciplined by the long continuance of hoſtilities, were well qualified, in their own defence, to ſecond the efforts of the moſt veteran forces. The eyes of all Europe were turned towards this ſcene; where, it was reaſonably ſuppoſed, the French were to make their laſt ſtand for maintaining the independence of their monarchy, and the rights of their ſovereign." HUME.

Note Fourth, ibid.

Line 208.—" 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.

Note Fifth, p. 99.

Line 342.—" By the treaty of Troyes, Charles was to remain in quiet poſſeſſion of 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.

Note Sixth, p. 101.

Line 408.—" The beſiegers received ſuccors 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.

Note Seventh, p. 102.

Line 425.—"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.

Note Eighth, p 103.

Line 476.—Revelations, chap. xix. 17, 18.

BOOK THE SIXTH.

Note Firſt, p. 109.

Line 98.—"It was the belief of the Mexicans, that at the concluſion of one of their centuries, the ſun and earth would be deſtroyed. On the laſt night of every century they extinguiſhed all their fires, covered the faces of the women and children, and expected the end of the world. The kindling of the ſacred fire on the mountain of Huixachtla, was believed an omen of their ſafety."

See the HISTORY of MEXICO, by the ABBE CLAVIGERO.

BOOK THE SEVENTH.

Note Firſt, p. 126.

Line 122.—Neque enim ſolis excuſſa lacertis
Lancea, ſed tenſo baliſtæ turbine rapta,
Haud unum contenta latus tranſire, quieſcit;
Sed pandens perque arma viam, perque oſſa, relicta
Morte fugit: ſupereſt telo poſt vulnera curſus.

LUCAN. III.

Note Second, p. 127.

Line 132.—The bayle or lists was a space on the outside of the ditch, surrounded by strong pallisades, and sometimes by a low embattled wall. In the attack of fortresses, as the range of the machines then in use did not exceed the distance of four stadia, the besiegers did not carry on their approaches by means of trenches, but began their operations above ground, with the attack of the bayle or lists, where many feats of chivalry were performed by the Knights and men at arms, who considered the assault of that work as particularly belonging to them; the weight of their armour preventing them from scaling the walls. As this part was attacked by the Knights and men at arms, it was also defended by those of the same rank in the place, whence many single combats were fought here. This was at the first investing of the place. GROSE.

Note Third, ibid.

Line 141.—In France, only persons of a certain estate, called *un fief de hauber*, were permitted to wear a hauberk, which was the armour of a Knight. Esquires might only wear a simple coat of mail, without the hood and hose. Had this aristocratic distinction consisted in the ornamental part of the arms alone, it would only have been ridiculous. In the enlightened and free States of Greece, every soldier was well provided with defensive arms. In Rome, a civic wreath was the reward of him who should save the life of a citizen. To use the words of Dr. Gillies, "The miserable peasants of modern Europe are exposed *without defence as without remorse*, by the ambition of men, whom the Greeks would have styled tyrants."

Note Fourth, ibid.

Line 143.—The burgonet, which represented the shape of the head and features.

Note Fifth, ibid.

Line 149.—Earls and Dukes frequently wore their coronets on the crests of their helmets.

Note Sixth, p. 128.

Line 159.—A breast-plate was sometimes worn under the hauberk.

BOOK THE EIGHTH.

Note First, p. 150.

Line 158.—Next the bayle was the ditch, foss, graff, or mote; generally where it could be a wet one, and pretty deep.

The paſſage over it was by a draw-bridge, covered by an advance work, called a barbican. GROSE.

Note Second, p. 151.

Line 163.—The pavais, or pavache, was a large ſhield, or rather a portable mantlet, capable of covering a man from head to foot, and probably of ſufficient thickneſs to reſiſt the miſſive weapons then in uſe. Theſe were in ſieges carried by ſervants, whoſe buſineſs it was to cover their maſters with them, whilſt they, with their bows and arrows, ſhot at the enemy on the ramparts. As this muſt have been a ſervice of danger, it was that, perhaps, which made the office of Scutifer honourable. The pavais was rectangular at the bottom, but rounded off above: it was ſometimes ſupported by props. GROSE.

Note Third, ibid.

Line 185.—The croſs-bow was for ſome time laid aſide, in obedience to a decree of the ſecond Lateran Council, held in 1139. "Artem illam mortiferam et Deo odibilem balliſtariorum adverſus Chriſtianos et Catholicos exercere de cætero ſub anathemate prohibemus." This weapon was again introduced into our armies by Richard I. who being ſlain with a quarrel-ſhot from one of them, at the ſiege of the Caſtle of Chaluz in Normandy, it was conſidered as a judgment from Heaven, inflicted upon him for his impiety. Guilliaume le Bretons, relating the death of this King, puts the following into the mouth of Atropos:

Hac volo, non aliâ Richardum morte perire
Ut qui Francigenis balliſtæ primitus uſum
Tradidit, ipſe ſui rem primitus experiatur,
Quemque alios docuit in ſe vim ſentiat artis. GROSE.

Note Fourth, p. 152.

Line 193.—The fifty-eighth chapter of Iſaiah was the appointed leſſon for our general faſt in 1793. The tenor of the chapter is ſuch as almoſt to prove an ironical intention in whoever ſelected it. "Behold, *ye faſt for ſtrife and debate, and to ſmite with the fiſt of wickedneſs:* ye ſhall not faſt as ye do this day, to make your voice to be heard on high. Is it ſuch a faſt that I have choſen? a day for a man to afflict his ſoul? Is it to bow down his head as a bulruſh, and to ſpread ſackcloth and aſhes under him? Wilt thou call this a faſt, and an acceptable day to the Lord? Is not this the faſt that I have choſen? *to looſe the*

bands of wickedness, to undo the heavy burdens, and TO LET THE OPPRESSED GO FREE, AND THAT YE BREAK EVERY YOKE." VERSES 4, 5, 6.

Note Fifth, p. 152.

Line 205.—From the trebuchet they discharged many stones at once by a sling. It acted by means of a great weight fastened to the short arm of a lever, which being let fall, raised the end of the long arm with a great velocity. A man is represented kneeling to load one of these in an ivory carving, supposed to be of the age of Edward II. GROSE.

Note Sixth, ibid.

Line 209.—Quarrels, or carreaux, were so called from their heads, which were square pyramids of iron.

Note Seventh, p. 158.

Line 381.—The espringal threw large darts, called Muchettæ, sometimes winged with brass instead of feathers. These darts were also called Viretons, from their whirling abroad in the air.

Note Eighth, p. 162.

Line 478.—On entering the outer gate, the next part that presented itself was the outer ballium, or bailey, separated from the inner ballium by a strong embattled wall and towered gate.

Note Ninth, p. 169.

Line 696.—The Parliament, when Henry V. demanded supply, entreated him to seize all the ecclesiastical revenues, and convert them to the use of the crown. The Clergy were alarmed, and Chichely, Archbishop of Canterbury, endeavoured to divert the blow, by giving occupation to the King, and by persuading him to undertake a war against France. HUME.

BOOK THE NINTH.

Note First, p. 177.

Line 29.—The Bastille.

Note Second, p. 184.

Line 223.—This thought is taken from GOETHE's Sorrows of Werter.

Note Third, p. 201.

Line 709.—During the siege of Jerusalem, "the Roman commander, *with a generous clemency, that inseparable attendant on true heroism*, laboured incessantly, and to the very last moment,

to preſerve the place. With this view, he again and again entreated the tyrants to ſurrender and ſave their lives. With the ſame view alſo, after carrying the ſecond wall, the ſiege was intermitted four days. To rouſe their fears, *priſoners, to the number of five hundred, or more, were crucified daily before the walls; till ſpace*, Joſephus ſays, *was wanting for the croſſes, and croſſes for the captives.*"

From the Bampton Lectures of RALPH CHURTON.

If any of my readers ſhould inquire why Titus Veſpaſian, the Delight of Mankind, is placed in ſuch a ſituation—I anſwer, for "HIS GENEROUS CLEMENCY, THAT INSEPARABLE ATTENDANT ON TRUE HEROISM!"

Note Fourth, p. 207.

Line 902.—"The grave matron does not perceive how time has impaired her charms, but decks her faded boſom with the ſame ſnow-drop that ſeems to grow on the breaſt of the Virgin." P. H.

BOOK THE TENTH.

Note Firſt, p. 218.

Line 265.—"She ſternly ſhook her dewy locks, and brake
A melancholy ſmile." QUARLES.

Note Second, p. 227.

Line 518.—This inſcription was upon the ſword of Talbot —"Sum Talboti pro vincere inimicos ſuos."

☞ *THE Editor of JOAN OF ARC has lately received a volume of fugitive poems (12mo. 218 pages) by the ſame author, which he propoſes to publiſh in the ſame form; to be delivered in boards and lettered at fifty cents. The merit of the work is warranted by the Monthly Reviewers for March, 1797, to be of a ſuperior kind; but as the expenſe attending the publication of ſuch works is great, and their ſale wholly confined to perſons of taſte, he cannot promiſe this volume for the moderate price of 50 cents, (which coſts 5ſ. ſterling) nor put it to the preſs, until a ſubſcription ſufficient to defray the expenſe of printing, at leaſt, be previouſly obtained.*

JOSEPH NANCREDE

Has received, by the laſt veſſels from London, a freſh *aſſortment of new and, in other reſpects, valuable Publications, which, added to the ſtock of Books already on hand, forms a collection of upwards of twenty thouſand volumes, principally Engliſh, in the various branches of Science, and ancient and modern Literature. As great pains and much time were beſtowed on the choice, it is hoped it will be found as judicious and as intereſting as any in the United States. In THEOLOGY, LAW, POLITICS, AGRICULTURE, HISTORY and VOYAGES, particular attention has been paid to ſelecting all that is rare and valuable in the Engliſh language; all new works and ſcarce tracts, many of which were never ſeen before in America, are comprised in this aſſortment.*

Gentlemen of Science and of taſte in general:—Young gentlemen intended for the ſuperior departments of commercial life, or the learned profeſſions, have now an opportunity of completing or of forming their libraries, from the lateſt and beſt editions of the beſt works, and on the moſt reaſonable terms.

☞ *The Monthly Review, Critical Review, New Annual Regiſter, European Magazine, Monthly Magazine, Medical Review, and Annals of Medicine are regularly imported, and may be had at the above Store. All other Books of any magnitude or amount, imported on the ſhorteſt notice, and on the moſt moderate commiſſion.*

The following are among his laſt importation.

BELOE's Aulus Gellius, 3 vols. 8vo. *New.*
——— Herodotus, 4 vols. 8vo.
——— Miſcellanies, 3 vols. 12mo.
Nicholſon's Chemical Dictionary, 2 vols. 4to.
Hartley on Man, with notes, 3 vols. 8vo.
——— abridged by Prieſtley, 8vo.
Kaim's Hiſtorical Law Tracts, 8vo.
——— Sketches of the Hiſtory of Man, 4 vols. 8vo.
Salmon's Stemmata Latinitatis, 2 vols. large 8vo. *A new work of great merit.*
Buffon's Natural Hiſtory, 18 vols. 8vo.
——— abridged, 2 vols.

Tillotſon's Works, 12 vols. 8vo.
Lardner's Sermons, 11 vols. 8vo.
Jortin's Sermons, 7 vols. 8vo.
Hiſtory of France, 3d and 4th vols. 8vo.
——— of Spain, 3 vols. 8vo.
Clayton's Hiſtory of the Houſe of Medici, 2 vols. 4to.
Knox's Britiſh Empire, 2 vols. 8vo.
Melmoth's Tranſlation of Cicero, 3 vols. 8vo. *A complete and elegant tranſlation.*
Shakeſpeare, 7 vols. 8vo. *An edition of* 1798, *complete with a Gloſſary.* ☞ *This is the laſt and beſt edition.*
ELEGANT EDITIONS OF Milton's Paradiſe Loſt.
Young's Night Thoughts.
Thomſon's Seaſons.
Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progreſs.
Hervey's Meditations.
Bibles, 8vo. and 12mo.
Virgil, } Wakefield's edit.
Horace, }
Quintillian, by Rollin.
Harding's Prayer Book.
Telemachus, 4to.
Goldſmith, 7 vols.
Edwy and Edilda. *A paſtoral tale.*
Terry's Voyages.
Winterbotham's China, 8vo.
Dictionary of Surgery, 18vo.
Adams's Univerſal Hiſtory, 3 vols. 8vo. *A late and well received work.*
Watſon's Gazetteer. *New.*
Salmon's do.
Malham's Navigation. *Author of Naval Gazetteer.*
Hiſtory of Athens, 4to.
Darton's Teſtaments. *Elegant large print.*
Monthly Magazine.
Monthly Review.
Sporting Magazine, complete.
Duke of Berwick.—*For military men.*
Butterworth on Religion.
——— on Government.

Adventurer, 4 vols. 12mo.
Addiſon's Works, 3 vols. 12mo.
Anatomical Dialogues. *Uſeful for ſtudents.*
Anſon's Voyages, 12mo.
Henry's Hiſtory of Great-Britain. *Claſſical men praiſe this work highly.*
Spallanzani's Voyage through Sicily.
Simſon's Euclid, 8vo.
Sale's Koran, 2 vols. 8vo.
Reid's Eſſays, 2 vols. 8vo.
Paley's Horæ Paulinæ, 8vo.
Pauſanias's Greece, 3 vols. 8vo.
Proteſtant Preacher, 2 vols. 8vo.
New Eloiſa, by J. J. Rouſſeau, 3 and 4 vols.
Emilius and Sophia, 4 vols.
Social Compact.
Sturm's Reflections, 3 vols. 12mo.
Bolingbroke's Philoſophical Works, 5 vols. 8vo.
Ladies' Library. *Uſeful and cheap.*
Modern Europe, 5 vols. 8vo.
Robertſon's America, 3 and 4 vols. 8vo.
———— Hiſtory of Charles V. 3 vols. 8vo.
Roland's Appeal, 2 vols. *Second Edition.*
Saurin's Sermons, 6 vols. 8vo.
Stewart's Philoſophy, 1 vol. 8vo.
Thomſon's Life of Suetonius.
Murphy's Tacitus, 4 vols. 4to. and 8vo. with maps.
Anacharſis's Travels, 8vo.
Chronologiſt of the War, 12mo.
Smith's Wealth of Nations, 3 vols. 8vo. and 12mo.
Elements of Morality, 3 vols. 12mo.
Letters from Scandinavia, 2 vols. 8vo.
Moſheim's Eccleſiaſtical Hiſtory, 6 vols. 8vo.
Maury on Eloquence, 8vo.
Montague on Republics, 8vo.
Phillips on Inland Navigation, 4to.
Bruce's Travels, 5 vols. 4to.
———— abridged, 1 vol. 12mo. *Juſt publiſhed.*
Rollin's Ancient Hiſtory, 8 vols. 8vo.
New Edition of the Britiſh Encyclopedia, 3 vols. folio.

Parkhurſt's Hebrew Lexicon, 4to.
——— Greek do. 4to.
Goldſmith's Miſcellaneous Works, 4 vols. 12mo. *New Edition.*
——— Greece, 2 vols. 8vo.
Life of Chatham, 3 vols. 8vo.
Varieties of Literature, 2 vols. 8vo.
Wolſtoncraft's Tour through Sweden, &c.
Church of St. Siffrid. *A new novel.*
Swift's Works, 27 vols. and 18 vols.
Theatre of Education, by Madame Genlis, 4 vols. 12mo.
The Nun, by Diderot. } *Theſe two poſthumous works*
James the Fataliſt, by do. } *of Diderot were preſented to the firſt National Aſſembly, by Prince Henry of Pruſſia.*
Aſh's Dictionary, 2 vols. 8vo.
Adams on the Globe, 8vo.
——— on the Microſcopes, 4to.
———'s Geometrical Eſſays, 8vo.
Barclay's Dictionary, 8vo.
Brown's Dictionary of the Bible.
Chaptal's Chemiſtry, 3 vols. 8vo.
Watſon's Theological Tracts, 6 vols. 8vo.
Hiſtory of the New World.
Biſſet on Democracy. *Late.*
Ulloa's Voyages, 2 vols. 8vo.
Pyle's Paraphraſe.
Letters of a Hindoo Rajah. *Late.*
Vanillo Gonzales, by the author of Gil Blas.
Voltaire's Univerſal Hiſtory, complete.
Preſton on Maſonry.
Memoirs of Sully, 6 vols. 12mo.
——— of Cardinal de Retz, 4 vols. 12mo.
Marmontel's New Moral Tales, 3 vols. 12mo.
Millot's Hiſtory of England, 4 vols. 12mo.
Life of George Ann Bellamy, 5 vols. 12mo.
Houſe of Brandenburgh, 2 vols. 12mo.
Hermit of Caucaſus, a novel, 2 vols. 12mo.
Ganganelli's Letters, 2 vols. 12mo.
Gazetteer of France.
——— of the Netherlands.

Dryden's Virgil, 4 vols. 12mo.
Cibber's Works, 5 vols.
Lillo's Works, 2 vols.
Hume's History of England, 8 vols. 8vo. English edition.
Winterbotham's View of America.
Dow's History of Hindoſtan, 3 vols. 8vo.
Addreſs to a young Lady on her Entrance into the World, 2 vols. 8vo.
Bonnet on Chriſtianity, 8vo.
Beauties of the Spectator.
Brown's Claſſical Dictionary: *a late publication.*
Beaume's Manual of Chemiſtry, 12mo. *very uſeful.*
Chénier's Preſent State of Morocco, 2 vols. 12mo.
Evans's Sketch of the Denominations of the Chriſtian World.
Florian's new Tales, 12mo. a new edition, *elegant.*
Gibbon's Miſcellaneous Works, with Memoirs of his Life and Writings, compoſed by himſelf. 2 vols. 4to. *elegant.*
Giſborne's Duties of Women, 8vo. *ſtrongly recommended.*
Old Maids, 3 vols. 8vo. By a Friend to the Siſterhood. *Mr. Hayley, one of the moſt elegant writers and poets in England, has drawn from a* BARREN SUBJECT, *a fruitful and entertaining treatiſe—on the ſituation and treatment of old maids—on the envy and ill-nature of old maids—on the particular good qualities of old maids—on the reverence paid to old maids, by our northern anceſtors—on the infinite increaſe of old maids, after the Chriſtian era.*
Godwin's Enquirer; *principally on Education. This work went through ſeveral editions in the courſe of a few months in England.*
Grotius, Engliſh, 3 vols. 8vo.
Geographical Dictionary, 18mo. *A neat edition.*
Grieve's Hiſtory of Kamſchatka, 4to. *Very ſcarce and valuable.*
Gallatin's Sketch of the Finances of the United States, 8vo.
Hutton's Mathematical Dictionary, 2 vols. 4to.
Hume's Dialogues on Natural Religion.

Hunter's Obſervations on the Life of Chriſt, 2 vols. 12mo.
Hiſtory of France abridged, 12mo.
India Trader's Pocket Companion, 8vo. half bound.
Italian Monk, a play, by James Boaden.
Illuſtrations of the Prophecies, by J. Towers, 2 vols. 8vo. *Late.*
James's Selections from Sillery, *(Madame Genlis.)*
Knave or Not; a new comedy, by Holcroft.
Leſſep's Travels in Kamſkatka during the Years 1789 and 1790, 2 vols. *Late and well received.*
Latimer's Sermons, 2 vols. 8vo.
Lempriere's Tour, 8vo.
——— Claſſical Dictionary.
Milns's Well-Bred Scholar, 8vo.
Martin's Rouſſeau's Botany, 8vo. *A beautiful thing.*
Mickle's Luſiad, by Camouens, 4to.
Mandeville's Fable of the Bees, 8vo.
Meare's Voyage, 2 vols. 8vo. *Late.*
Nappleton's Advice to a Student at the Univerſity.
Oſſian's Poems, 2 vols. 8vo. *Late.*
Onaniſm, by Tiſſot, 12mo.
Perry's elegant Engliſh Dictionary, 12mo.
Pindar's Works, 4 vols. 8vo. *Uncommonly elegant.*
Pye's Sketches, moral, literary and political. *An elegant performance*, 8vo.
Prideaux's Life of Mahomet, 8vo.
Potter's Euripides, 2 vols. 4to. *Elegant.*
Playfair's Commercial and Political Atlas, *which repreſents at a ſingle view, by means of copper-plate charts, the moſt important Public Accounts, Revenues, Expenditures, Debts and Commerce of England. By William Playfair. To which is added, Charts of the Revenues, and Debts of Ireland, done in the ſame manner, by James Corry, Eſq. A new edition, improved. Illuſtrated with forty copper-plates*, 4to. boards.
Rochon's Voyage to Madagaſcar, 8vo.
Sketches of the Hindoos; *chiefly relating to the hiſtory, religion, learning and manners of the Hindoos, with a conciſe account of the preſent ſtate of the natives of Hindoſtan. The ſecond edition enlarged, in two volumes.*

Vaillant's New Travels, 3 vols. 8vo. *Univerſally eſteemed.*
Wakefield on the New Teſtament, 2 vols. 8vo. Laſt edition, with corrections.
Wolſtonecraft on the Education of Daughters. *A ſmall volume.*
Whitaker's Review of Gibbon's Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.
Whitehurſt's Theory of the Earth, 4to.
Watſon's Chemical Eſſays, 5 vols. 12mo.
Rowe's Letters. *A neat Engliſh edition.*
Chantreau's Travels into Ruſſia, 2 vols. 8vo.
Art of Dyeing Wool, Cottons, &c. 8vo.
A Treatiſe on Painting in Oil Colours, 8vo.
Da Vinci on Painting, 8vo. with plates.
Motherby's Medical Dictionary, with the additional plates.
Adams's Roman Antiquities, 8vo.
Patrick's and Lowth's Commentaries, 4 vols. folio. *Very ſcarce.*
Whitby on the New Teſtament, 2 vols. folio. *Ditto.*
Johnſon's Dictionary, 2 vols. 4to.
Halley's Aſtronomical Tables, 4to.
Campbell's Journey over land to India, by a route never gone before by any European. *Probably that intended by Buonaparte.*
Grieſback on the New Teſtament, 8vo.
Algarotti on Military Affairs, 8vo.
Doddridge's Family Expoſitor, 6 vols. 8vo.
Fitzgerald's Biblical Hebrew.
Bailey's Elegant Hebrew Bible, 8vo.
Dubos on Taſte, Poetry, and Painting, 3 vols. 8vo.
Botanic Garden, by D. Deerwin, 4to. with a large number of plates. *A very beautiful edition.*
Free-Maſon's Pocket Companion, 12mo.
An intereſting Narrative of the Travels of James Bruce into Abyſſinia, to diſcover the ſource of the Nile, abridged from the original work; to which are added, Notes and Extracts from the Travels of Dr. Shaw, M. Savary, and the Memoirs of Baron de Tott.
Religion of Nature, by Woolaſton, 4to.
Roman Converſation, 2 vols. 8vo.
Selections from the French Anas, 2 vols. 12mo.
Spelman's Tranſlation of Xenophon, 8vo.
Seally's Geographical Dictionary, 2 vols. 4to.
Sheldon on the Abſorbents, 4to.
Savary's Greece and Egypt. *A new edition.*
Townſon's Travels in Hungary, with an Account of Vienna in 1793, 4to.
Ulyſſes' Travels through Naples, 8vo.
Campbell on the Goſpel, 2 vols. 4to.

B O O K S

Lately publiſhed by JOSEPH NANCREDE,

N°. 49, *Marlborough-Street*, BOSTON.

THE STUDIES OF NATURE, tranſlated from the French of J. H. B. de St. PIERRE, by H. HUNTER, D. D. 3 vols. 8vo.—fine wove paper, embelliſhed with plates.

*** *This very ingenious, intereſting, and inſtructive work has, ſince its firſt publication, gone through four ſucceſſive impreſſions, under the author's immediate inſpection; beſides a variety of pirated editions in different parts of the European continent.*

"*No book diſplays a more ſublime Theology, inculcates a purer morality, or breathes a more ardent and expanſive philanthropy. St. Pierre has enabled us to contemplate this univerſe with other eyes; has furniſhed new arguments to* COMBAT ATHEISM; *has eſtabliſhed, beyond the power of contradiction, the doctrine of a Univerſal Providence; has excited a warmer intereſt in favour of ſuffering humanity; and has diſcovered ſources, unknown before, of moral and intellectual enjoyment.*"

THE NAVAL GAZETTEER; being a complete Geographical Dictionary, containing a full and accurate account, alphabetically arranged, of all the Countries and Iſlands in the known world; ſhowing their latitude, ſoundings, and ſtations for anchorage; with a particular deſcription of the ſeveral *Bays*, *Capes*, *Channels*, *Coves*, *Creeks*, *Currents*, *Gulfs*, *Harbours*, *Havens*, *Lakes*, *Oceans*, *Races*, *Rivers*, *Roads*, *Rocks*, *Sands*, *Shoals*, *Sounds*, *Straits*, *Tides*, *Variation of the Compaſs*, &c. Together with a particular relation of the ſhape and appearance at ſea, of the ſeveral *Headlands*, *Iſthmuſes*, *Peninſulas*, *Points*, *Promontories*, and whatever is of uſe or importance to the Maſter, Pilot, Commander, or Seaman of any ſhip or veſſel, in navigating the watery element.

Alſo comprehending

Ample directions for ſailing into or out of the different *Ports*, *Straits*, and *Harbours* of the four quarters of the world; and for avoiding dangers on the various and extended coaſts; in which more than twelve thouſand diſtinct names of places, &c are treated of, and explained; with a correct ſet of Charts—2 vols. 8vo.

By the Rev. JOHN MALHAM.

*** *This has been pronounced the moſt uſeful and the cheapeſt book publiſhed in America.*

A VINDICATION OF DIVINE PROVIDENCE, *derived from a philosophical and moral survey of nature and of man.* By the Author of *Studies of Nature*—2 vols. 8vo. with plates.

The same work abridged, in 1 vol. 8vo. plates.

BOTANICAL HARMONY DELINEATED; or, Applications of some general Laws of Nature to Plants; by the Author of *Studies of Nature*, with three botanical plates, elegantly engraved, 1 vol. 8vo.

PAUL AND VIRGINIA; a sentimental Narration, founded on fact; by J. H. B. de St. PIERRE, in 2 small pocket vols. French and English, with cuts.

The same work in 1 vol. wholly English, same plates.

The same in French, same plates.

A HISTORY, OR ANECDOTES OF THE REVOLUTION IN RUSSIA, in the year 1762; translated from the French of M. de RULHIERE; with an elegant head of the late Empress. The second edition, price 75 cents, bound.

*** "*The grounds of M. de Rulhiere's information seem indisputable, and his readers appear to have every reason to be satisfied with his discernment, in unfolding the motives and circumstances that concurred in bringing about this striking event.*

"*We shall only add, that we have seldom met with more interesting original anecdotes, than those that are contained in the little work which we have now reviewed.*"

Appendix to Monthly Review, vol. 22.

THE ADVENTURES OF TELEMACHUS, Son of Ulysses, by M. SALIGNAC FENELON.

*** *Of Fenelon, the Monthly Reviewers said, in March*, 1796, "*The annals of time do not, perhaps, contain a name more re-ered, by the best and wisest friends of the human race, than that of Fenelon; and it is to be doubted, whether any production of human genius ever was so effectual in enlightening mankind, and in rendering them benevolent and just, as the beautiful philosophic poem of Telemachus. It contains a greater portion of political and moral wisdom, than, as we believe, is to be found in any preceding work.*"

The same work is to be had in English, with the French text on the opposite page, with corrections, in two vols. 12mo.

Also in French, separate.—For execution and accuracy, the above is superior to the late English edition.

JOAN OF ARC, an Epic Poem, by ROBERT SOUTHEY; with Notes.

"*We do not hesitate to declare our opinion, that the poetical powers displayed in it are of a very superior kind——Conceptions more lofty and daring, sentiments more commanding, and language more energetic, will not easily be found: nor does scarcely any part of it sink to languor, as the glow of feelings and genius animates the whole. The language is, for the most part, modelled on that of Milton; and not unfrequently, it has a strong relish of Shakespeare.*"

Monthly Review, vol. 19, p. 361.

*** A valuable Assortment of the last *London editions* of Law-Books.

Vellum, Parchment, and Stationary. Also, a small assortment of Mills' Patent Hand Lanterns.

A number of SECOND-HAND MEDICAL BOOKS.

FRENCH BOOKS, LATIN and GREEK CLASSICS, &c.

☞ *To Country Booksellers and Shop-keepers, Purchasers for Social Librraies, and others who buy in quantities, considerable abatement will be made from the usual retail prices.*

Orders from the Country, though never so trifling, executed by the first conveyances, and with as much fidelity as if the persons were present.