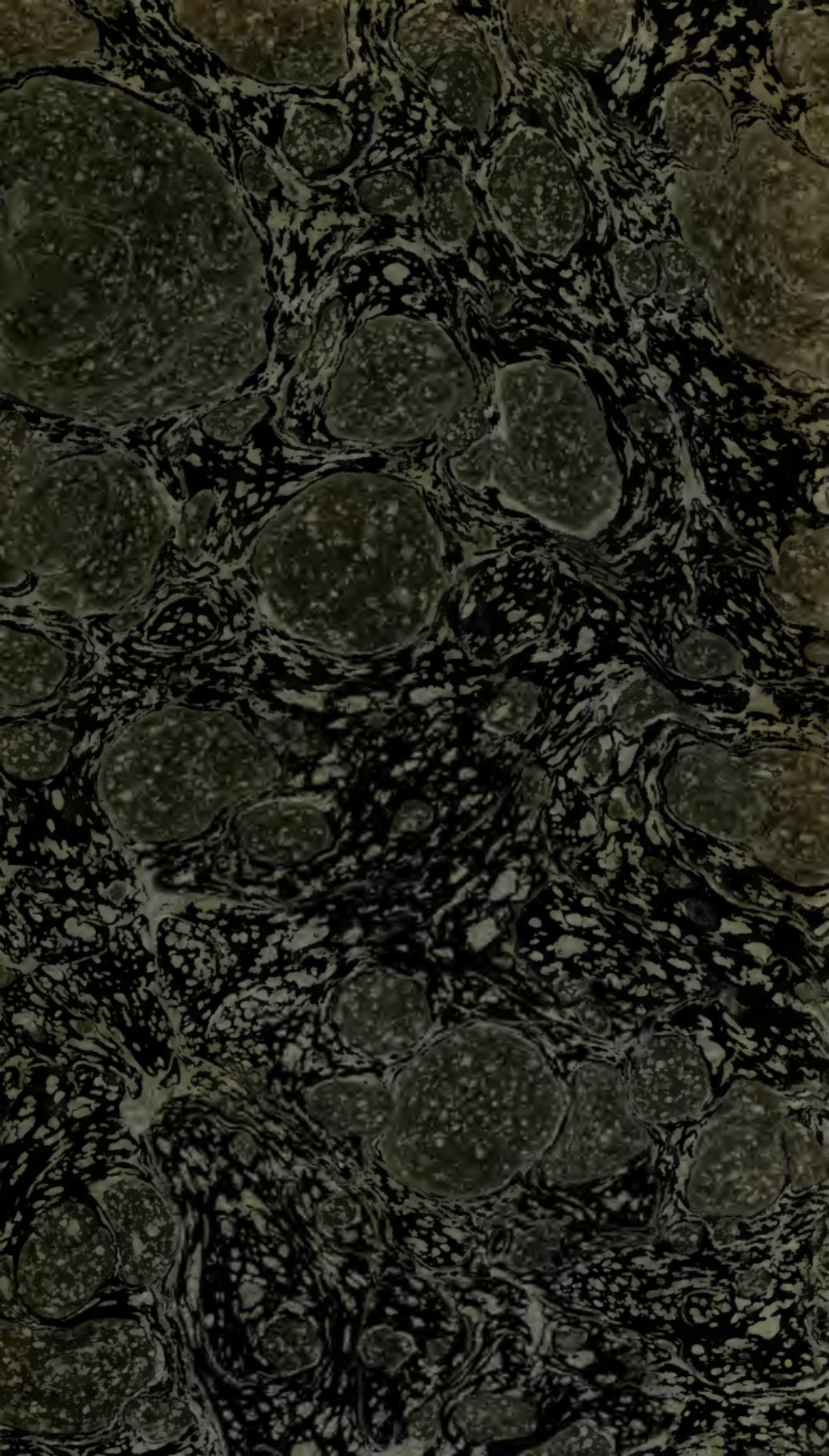




John Wilkinson.



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ROBERT PALFREY UTTER





JOAN OF ARC,

AN

EPIC POEM,

BY

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

THIRD EDITION, CORRECTED.

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Joan of Arc,

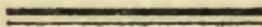
by

Robert Southey.

Εἰς αἰῶνος ἀρίστος ἀμνησθῆναι περὶ πατρὸς.

ΟΜΗΡΟΣ.

THE SECOND VOLUME.



LONDON:

PRINTED FOR LONGMAN, HURST, REES, AND ORME,
PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1806.

Ut homines, ita libros, indices seipsis meliores fieri oportet.
ERASMUS.

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JOAN of ARC.

THE SIXTH BOOK.

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
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.
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,

VI. 6

Murmuring along. The noise of coming feet
Alarm'd him; nearer drew the fearful sound
As of pursuit; anon—the clash of arms!
That instant rising o'er a broken cloud
The moon beams shone, where two with combined force
Prest on a single foe; he, warding still
Their swords, retreated in the unequal fight,
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
The other fled, “now haste we to the gates,
“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.

“Whence art thou?” cried the Warrior; “on what
“charge

“Commission'd!”

“Is it not the voice of Conrade?”

VI. 7

Francis exclaim'd; "and dost thou bring to us

" Tidings of speedy aid? oh! had it come

" A few hours earlier! Isabel is gone!"

" Nay she is safe:" cried Conrade, "her I found

" When wilder'd in the forest, and consign'd

" To the protection of the holy Maid,

" The delegate of Heaven. One evening more

" And thou shalt have thine Isabel. Now say,

" 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 resolv'd,

" If thou shouldst bring no tidings of near aid,

" To cut their way to safety, or by death

" Prevent the pang of * famine. One they sought"

* Fuller calls this "resolving rather to lose their lives by wholesale on the point of the sword, than to retail them out by famine."

VI. 8

“ Who venturous in the English camp should spy
“ Where safest they might rush upon the foe.
“ The perilous task I chose, then desperate
“ 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
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
“ 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
 Little repress'd. "Open the granaries!"
 Xaintrilles 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.
 "Let the glad tidings echo thro' the town!
 "God is with us!"

"Rest not in too full faith,"

Graville replied, "on this miraculous aid.
 "Some frenzied female whose wild phantasy,
 "Shaping vain dreams, infects the credulous
 "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
 "Of England!"

"Chief! I tell thee," Conrade cried,
 "I did myself behold the sepulchre,

" Fulfilling what she spake, give up those arms
 " That surely for no common end the grave
 " Thro' many an age hath held inviolate.
 " She is the delegate of the Most High,
 " And shall deliver Orleans !"

Gaucour then,

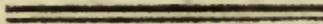
" Be it as thou hast said. High hope I feel,
 " For surely to no vulgar tale these Chiefs
 " Would yield a light belief. Our scanty stores
 " Must yield us, ere another week elapse,
 " To death or England. Tell thro' all our troops
 " There is a holy Virgin sent from God ;
 " They in that faith invincible shall war
 " With more than mortal fury."

Thus the Chief,

And what he said seem'd good. The men of Orleans,
 Long by their foeman bayed, a victim band,
 To war, and woe, and want, such transport felt,
 As when the * Mexicans, with eager eye

* " It was the belief of the Mexicans, that at the conclusion of one of their centuries the sun and earth would be destroyed.

Gazing to Huixachtla's distant top,
 On that last night, doubtful if ever morn
 Again shall cheer them, mark the mystic fire
 Flame on the breast of some brave prisoner,
 A dreadful altar. As they see the blaze
 Beaming on Iztapalapan's near towers,
 Or on Tezcucó's calmly 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
 Of everlasting darkness, look abroad,
 Hail the good omen, and expect the sun
 Uninjur'd still to run his flaming race.



On the last night of every century they extinguished all their fires, covered the faces of the women and children, and expected the end of the world. The kindling of the sacred fire on the mountain of Huixachtla was believed an omen of their safety.

Clavigero.

Thus while in that besieged town the night
 Wain'd sleepless, silent slept the hallowed host.
 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
 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
 Their brethren had endured, beleager'd there
 For many a month; such ardor for the fight
 Burnt in each bosom, as young Ali felt
 Then when Mohammed of the assembled tribe
 Ask'd who would be his Vizir. Fierce in faith
 Forth from the race of Hashem stept the youth,
 "Prophet of God! lo—I will be the man!"
 And well did Ali merit that high post,

VI. 13

Victorious upon Beder's fertile vale,
And on mount Ohud, and before the walls
Of Chaibar, when down-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 tower of Orleans,” cried Dunois.
“ 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
“ Listening 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
“ 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,
 " And slaughter be let loose, befits us send
 " 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,

And as she spake a soldier from the ranks
 Came forward. " I will be thy messenger,
 " Maiden of God ! I to the English camp
 " Will bear thy bidding."

" Go," the Virgin cried,

" Say to the Lord of Salisbury, and the Chiefs
 " Of England, Suffolk, Fastolffe, Talbot, Scales,
 " 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
 " Your native island ; for the God of Hosts
 " Thus hath 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
 " Arm'd with his sword ; yet not of mercy void.
 " Depart in peace : for ere the morrow dawns,
 " Victorious upon yonder wall shall wave
 " The holy banner." To the English camp
 Fearless the warrior strode.

At mid-day meal,

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
 " Of the English King, usurper of this realm,
 " To ye the leaders of the invading host

" I come, no welcome messenger. Thus saith
 " 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
 " Your native island; for the God of Hosts
 " Thus hath 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,
 " Arm'd with his sword, yet not of mercy void.
 " Depart in peace: for ere the morrow dawns,
 " Victorious upon yonder wall shall wave
 " The holy banner."

Wonder made a pause;

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."

There was one

Among the English Chiefs, who had grown old
 In arms, yet had not age unnerv'd his limbs,
 But from the flexile nimbleness of youth
 Braced to unyielding strength. One, who had seen
 The warrior at the feast, might well have deem'd
 That Talbot with his whole collected might
 Wielded the sword in war, for on his neck
 The veins were full*, and every muscle bore
 Most powerful character. He his stern eye
 Fix'd on the Herald, and before he spake
 His silence † threaten'd.

“Get thee gone!” exclaim'd

* Φαιης κεν γυιων νιν οσον σθενος ελλοπιευειν
 Αι δε οι ωδηκωντι κατ' αυχενα παντοθεν ινες,
 Και πολιω περ εοντι το δε σθενος αξιον αβας.

ΘΕΟΚΡΙΤΟΣ.

† Son silence menace.

Le Moyné.

The indignant Chief, “ away ! nor think to scare
 “ With girlish phantasies the English host
 “ That scorns your bravest warriors. Hie thee thence,
 “ Insolent Herald ! tell this frantic girl,
 “ 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,
 “ 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
 Rush’d the red anger. “ Bearing words of peace
 “ And timely warning, came I to your camp,
 “ Here with rude mockery and stern insolence
 “ Received. Bear witness Chieftains ! that the French,

“Free from blood-guiltiness, shall meet the war.”

“And who art thou?” cried Suffolk, and his eye
 Grew fierce and wrath-inflamed, “what fool art thou
 “That at this woman’s bidding comest to brave
 “The host of England? thou shalt have thy meed!”
 Then turning to the centinel he cried
 “Prepare the stake! and let the men of Orleans,
 “And let this woman who believes her name
 “May privilege her apostle, see the * fire

* Resons for burning a trumpeter.

“The letter she sent to Suffolk was received with scorn,
 and the trumpeter that brought it commanded to be burnt,
 against the Law of Nations, saith a French † Author, but
 erroneously, for his coming was not warranted by the authority
 of any lawfull Prince, but from a private Maid, how highly
 soever self-pretended, who had neither estate to keep, nor
 commission to send a trumpeter.”

Fuller’s Profane State.

† De Serres.

“ Consume him. Build the stake ! for by my God”

“ He shall be kalendered of this new faith

“ First martyr.”

As he spake a sudden flush

Came o'er the Herald's cheek, and his heart beat

With quicker action ; but the sudden flush,

Alarmed Nature's impulse, faded soon

To such a steady hue as spake the soul

Rous'd up with all its powers, and unsubdued,

And glorying in endurance. Thro' the camp

Soon as the tidings spread, a shout arose,

A hideous shout, more savage than the howl

Of midnight wolves; and round the Frank they throng'd;

To gaze upon their victim. He pass'd on,

And as they led him to the appointed place

Look'd round, as tho' forgetful of himself,

And cried aloud, “ Oh ! I am sad to think

“ So many men shall never see the sun

“ Go down ! ye English mothers mourn ye now,

“ Daughters of England weep ! for hard of heart

" Still your mad leaders urge the impious war,
 " And for their folly and their wickedness,
 " Your sons, your husbands, by the sword must fall.
 " Long-suffering is the Lord, and slow to wrath,
 " But heavy are his judgments !"

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

Not unseen
 Rear'd they the stake, and piled around the wood ;
 In sight * of Orleans and the Maiden's host,

* De Serres says, " the trumpeter was ready to be burnt in
 the sight of the besieged."

Had Suffolk's arrogant fierceness bade the work
 Of death be done. The Maiden's host beheld,
 At once in eager wrath they rais'd the loud
 And general clamour, "lead us to the foe!"
 "Not upon us O God!" the Maid exclaim'd;
 "Not upon us cry out the innocent blood!"
 And bade the signal sound. In the English camp
 The clarion and the trumpet's blare was heard,
 In haste they seize their arms, in haste they form,
 Some by bold words seeking to hide their fear
 Even from themselves, some silently in prayer,
 For much their hearts misgave them.

But the rage

Of Suffolk swell'd within him. "Speed your work!"
 Exclaim'd the savage Earl, "kindle the pile
 "That France may see the fire, and in defeat
 "Feel aggravated shame!"

And now they bound

The Herald to the stake: he cried aloud,
 And fix'd his eye on Suffolk, "let not him

“ Who girdeth on his harness boast himself
 “ As he that puts it * off! they come! they come!
 “ God and the Maid!”

The host of France approached,
 And Suffolk eagerly beheld the fire
 Draw near the pile; sudden a fearful shout
 Toward Orleans turn'd his eye, and thence he saw
 A mailed man upon a mailed steed
 Come thundering on.

As when Chederles † comes
 To aid the righteous on his deathless steed,

* Let not him that girdeth on his harness boast himself, as he that putteth it off.

I. *Kings*, 20, 11.

† “ A ripâ fluminis Halys venimus ad Goukurthoy; inde Choron; post in The Ke Thioi. Hic multa didicimus a monachis Turcicis, quos Dervis vocant, qui eo loco insignem habent ædem, de heroe quodam Chederle summâ corporis atque animi fortitudine, quem eundem fuisse cum nostro D. Georgio fabulantur; eademque illi ascribunt quæ huic nostri; nimirum vasti et horrendi draconis cæde servasse expositam virginem. Ad hæc alia adjiciunt multa, et quæ libitum est,

Swaying his sword with such resistless arm,
 Such mightiest force, as he had newly quaff'd
 The hidden waters of eternal youth,
 Till with the copious draught of life and strength
 Inebriate; such, so fierce, so terrible,
 Came Conrad thro' the camp; aright, aleft,
 The affrighted English scatter from his spear;
 Onward he drives, and now the circling throng.

comminiscuntur; illum per longinquas oras peregrinari solitum, ad fluvium postremo pervenisse; cujus aquæ bibentibus præstarent immortalitatem. Qui quidem fluvius, in quâ parte terrarum sit, non dicunt; nisi fortassis in Utopiâ collocari debet: tantum affirmant illum magnis tenebris, multâque caligine obductum latere; neque cuiquam mortalium post Chederlem, uti illum videret, contigisse. Chederlem vero ipsum mortis legibus solutum, huc illuc in equo præstantissimo, qui similiter ejusdem aquæ haustu mortalitatem exuerit, divagari, gaudentem præliis, adesse in bello melioribus, aut iis qui ejus opem imploraverint, cujuscunque tandem sint religionis."

Busbequius.

The Persians say, that Alexander coming to understand, that in the mountain of Kaf there was a great cave, very black

Fly from the stake, and now he checks his course,
 And cuts the Herald's bonds, and bids him live,
 And arm, and fight, and conquer.

and dark, wherein ran the water of immortality, would needs take a journey thither. But being afraid to lose his way in the cave, and considering with himself that he had committed a great oversight in leaving the more aged in cities and fortified places, and keeping about his person only young people such as were not able to advise him, he ordered to be brought to him some old man, whose counsell he might follow in the adventure he was then upon. There were in the whole army but two brothers named Chidder and Elias who had brought their father along with them, and this good old man bad his sons go and tell Alexander, that to go thro' with the design he had undertaken, his only way were to take a mare that had a colt at her heels, and to ride upon her into the cave, and leave the colt at the entrance of it, and the mare would infallibly bring him back again to the same place without any trouble. Alexander thought the advice so good, that he would not take any other person with him in that journey but those two brothers, leaving the rest of his retinue at the entrance of the cave. He advanced so far that he came to a gate, so well polished, that notwithstanding the great darkness, it gave light enough to let him see there was a bird fastened thereto. The bird asked Alexander what he would have? he made

“Haste thee hence
 “To Orleans,” cried the warrior. “Tell the Chiefs
 “There is confusion in the English camp.

answer that he looked for the water of Immortality. The bird asked him, what was done in the world? Mischief enough, replies Alexander, since there is no vice or sin but reigns there. Whereupon the bird getting loose and flying away, the gate opened and Alexander saw an angel sitting, with a trumpet in his hand, holding it as if he were going to put it to his mouth. Alexander asked him his name. The angel made answer his name was Raphael, and that he only staid for a command from God to blow the trumpet, and to call the dead to judgement. Which having said, he asks Alexander who he was? I am Alexander, replied he, and I seek the water of Immortality. The angel gave him a stone and said to him, go thy wayes, and look for another stone of the same weight with this, and then thou shalt find immortality. Whereupon Alexander asked how long he had to live? The angel said to him, till such time as the heaven and the earth which encompass thee be turned to iron. Alexander being come out of the cave, sought a long time, and not meeting with any stone just of the same weight with the other, he put one into the balance which he thought came very near it, and finding but very little difference, he added thereto a little earth, which made the scales even; it being God's inten-

“ Bid them come forth.” On Conrade’s steed the youth
Leapt up and hasten’d onward. He the while
Turn’d to the war.

tion to show Alexander thereby, that he was not to expect immortality till he himself were put into the earth. At last Alexander having one day a fall off his horse in the barren ground of Ghur, they laid him upon the coat he wore over his armour, and covered him with his buckler to keep off the heat of the sun. Then he began to comprehend the prophecy of the angel, and was satisfied the hour of his death was at hand; accordingly he died.

They add to this fable, that the two brothers Chidder and Elias drunk of the water of Immortality, and that they are still living but invisible, Elias upon the earth, and Chidder in the water; wherein the latter hath so great power, that those who are in danger of being destroyed by water, if they earnestly pray, vowing an offering to him, and firmly believing that he can relieve them, shall escape the danger.

Amb. Trav.

Khidir and *Elias* occupy a distinguished place in the legion of prophets. The name of the first signifies verdant, alluding to the power which he possessed of producing, wherever he trod, the most beautiful and enchanting verdure. These two are regarded as the protectors and tutelary gods of travellers;

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. Amid his foes
 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 unused
 To the rude conflict, now inspired by Heaven,
 Flashing her flamy falchion thro' the troops,
 That like the thunderbolt, where'er it fell,
 Scattered the trembling ranks; the Saracen,
 Tho' arm'd from Cashbin or Damascus, wields
 A weaker sword; nor might that magic blade
 Compare with this which Oriana saw

the former upon the sea, the latter upon the land; and they are thought to be incessantly employed in promoting these salutary objects. In their rapid and uniform courses, they are believed to meet once a year at *Mina*, in the environs of *Mecca*, the day on which the pilgrims are assembled.

D'Ohsson's Hist. of the Othoman Empire.

Flame in the ruffian Ardan's robber hand,
 When, sick and cold as the grave, she turn'd away
 Her dizzy eyes lest they should see the death
 Of her own Amadis. Nor plated shield,
 Nor the strong hauberk, nor the crested casque,
 Stay that descending sword. Dreadful she moved,
 Like as the Angel of the Lord went forth
 And smote his army, when the Assyrian King,
 Haughty of Hamath and Sepharvaim fallen,
 Blasphem'd the God of Israel.

Yet the fight

Hung doubtful, where exempling hardest 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 valour, rages round the field
 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,
Speed forth the troops. Not when afar exhaled
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;
Inpatient now for many an ill endured
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 does the day grow blacker than before,
The swords that glistered late, in purple gore
Now all distain'd, their former brightnesse lose.

Mays Edward III.

And again Book 7.
The glittering swords that shone so bright of late
Are quickly all distain'd with purple gore.

Now quench'd in blood their radiance.

O'er the host

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 buckler's rang;
 Shield prest on shield; loud on the helmet jarr'd
 The ponderous battle axe; the frequent groan
 Of death commingling with the storm was heard,
 And the shrill shriek of Fear.

Even such a storm

Before the walls of Chartres quell'd the pride
 Of the third Edward, when the heavy hail
 Smote down his soldiers, and the Conqueror heard
 GOD in the tempest, and remembered him
 Of the widows he had made, and in the name
 Of blessed Mary * vowed the vow of peace.

* Il advint a luy et a toute sa gent, estant devant Chartres, qui moult humilia et brise son courage; car entendis que ces

Lo! where the holy banner waved aloft,
 The lambent lightnings play'd. Irradiate round
 As with a blaze of glory, o'er the field
 It stream'd miraculous splendour. Then their hearts

traicteurs Francois alloient et preschoient ledit roy et son conseil, et encores nulle responce agreable nen avoient eue. Une orage une tempeste et une fouldre si grande et si horrible descendit du ciel en lost du roy Dangleterre quil sembloit proprement que le siecle deust finer. Car il cheoit si grosses pierres que elles tuoyent hommes et chevaulx, et en furent les plus hardis tous esbahis. Adoncques regarda le roy Dangleterre devers leglise de nostre dame de Chartres, et se voua et rendit devotement a nostre dame, et promist, et confissa sicomme il dist depuis quil se accorderoit a la paix.

Froissart.

But whilst he lodged there (before Chartres), his army making a horrible spoil of the whole country, there chanced an occasion, as the work of Heaven, which suddenly quailed his ambitious design to ruin France: for behold a horrible and extraordinary tempest of haile, thunder, and lightning, fals with such violence as many horses and men in the army perished, as if that God had stretched forth his hand from Heaven to stay his course.

De Serres.

Sunk, and the English trembled ; with such fear
 Possessed, as when the combined host beheld
 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
 From that portentous banner, and the sword
 Of France ; thro' 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
 Mingles, and all impatient of defeat,
 Borne backward Talbot turns. Then echoed loud
 The cry of conquest, deeper grew the storm,
 And Darkness, hov'ring o'er on raven wing,
 Brooded the field of death.

Nor in the camp
 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
 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 deafening clamour down it falls :
 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
 Gleam'd horrible.

Nor of the host so late
 Triumphant in the pride of victory,
 And swoln with confidence, had now escaped
 One wretched remnant, had not Talbot's mind,
 Slow as he moved unwilling from the war,
 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 unobserved it blazed ;
 The watchful guards on Tournelles, and the pile
 Of that proud city in remembrance fond
 Call'd London, light the beacon. Soon the fires
 Flame on the summit of the circling forts
 That firm entrenched with walls and deep-delved moats
 Included Orleans. O'er the shadowy plain
 They cast a lurid splendor ; to the troops
 Grateful, as to the way-worn traveller,
 Wandering with parched feet o'er the Arabian sands,
 The far-seen cistern ; he for many a league
 Travelling the trackless desolate, where heaved
 With tempest swell the desert billows round,
 Pauses, and shudders at his perils past,
 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

Flash the fierce lightnings, speed the routed host
 Of England. To the sheltering forts they haste,
 Tho' 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
 Hears the wood echo, when from the fell beast
 Escaped, of some tall tree the topmast branch
 He grasps close clinging, still of that keen fang
 Fearful, his teeth jar, and the big drops stand
 On his cold quivering 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
 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
 That rais'd aloft amid the midnight storm,
 Flash'd far a festive light. The Maid advanced;
 Deep * thro' the sky the hollow thunders roll'd;
 Innocuous lightnings round the hallowed banner
 Wreath'd their red radiance.

Thro' the open'd gate

* The circumstance of the Maid's entering Orleans at midnight in a storm of thunder and lightning is historically true.

“ The Englishmen perceiving that thei within could not long continue for faute of vitaille and poudre, kepte not their watche so diligently as thei wer accustomed, nor scoured not the countrey environed as thei before had ordained. Whiche negligence the Citezens shut in perceiving, sent worde therof to the French capitaines, which with Pucelle in the dedde tyme of the nighte, and in a greate rayne and thundre, with all their vitaille and artillery entered into the cite.

Hall fol. 127.

Shakespear also notices this storm. Striking as the circumstance is Chapelain has omitted it.

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 mighty Macedonian led his troops
 Amid the Sogdian desert, 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 vapours, heart subdued and faint;
 Such joy as then they felt, when from the heights
 Burst the soul-gladdening sound! for thence was seen
 The evening sun silvering the vale below,
 Where Oxus roll'd along.

Clamours of joy

Echo along the streets of Orleans, wont
 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 scared away
From his abhorred meal, on clattering wing
Rose the night-raven slow.

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
Serenely shines the sun; with every breeze
The waving branches drop their gather'd rain,
Renewing the remembrance of the storm.

JOHN W. LEE

THE PRESENT BOOK

The present book is a collection of the most interesting and valuable papers of the author, which have been published in various journals and magazines. It is a volume of great interest and value to all who are interested in the history and progress of the country.

The author has been successful in his career, and his works have been widely read and appreciated. His contributions to the literature of his country are of the highest order, and his works are a source of inspiration and guidance to all who are engaged in the study of the history and progress of the country.

JOAN of ARC.

[THE SEVENTH BOOK.]

STRONG were the English * forts, by daily toil
Of thousands rear'd on high, when arrogant
With fancied conquest, Salisbury bade rise
The amazing pile, from succour to include
Besieged Orleans. Round the city walls

* The patience and perseverance of a besieging army in those ages appear almost incredible to us now. The camp of Ferdinand before Granada swelled into a city. Edward III. made a market town before Calais. Upon the Captain's refusal to surrender, says Barnes, " he began to entrench himself strongly about the city, setting his own tent directly against the chief gates at which he intended to enter; then he placed bastions between the town and the river, and set out regular streets, and rear'd up decent buildings of strong timber between the trenches, which he covered with thatch, reed, broom and skins. Thus he encompassed the whole town of Calais, from

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 battlements

Crested the mighty bulwark, on whose top
 Secure the charioteer might wheel along.
 The frequent buttress at just distance, rose

Risban on the northwest side to Courgain on the northeast, all along by Sangate, at Port and Fort de Niculay, commonly by the English called Newland-bridge, down by Hammes, Cologne and Marke; so that his camp looked like a spacious city, and was usually by strangers, that came thither to market, called New Calais. For this Prince's reputation for justice was so great, that to his markets (which he held in his camp twice every week, viz. on Tuesdays and Saturdays for flesh, fish, bread, wine and ale, with cloth and all other necessaries), there came not only his friends and allies from England, Flanders and Aquitain, but even many of King Philip's subjects and confederates conveyed thither their cattle and other commodities to be sold.

Declining from its base, and sixty forts
 Lifted aloft their turret-crowned heads,
 All firm and massy. But of these most firm,
 As tho' of some large castle each the Keep,
 Stood six square fortresses with turrets flank'd,
 Piles of unequal'd strength, tho' now deem'd weak
 'Gainst puissance more than mortal. 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
 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

* Nunc lentus, celsis adstans in collibus, intrat
 Urbem oculis, discitque locos caussasque locorum.

Silius Italicus, xii. 567.

Rush'd in his wrath and scattered their pale tribes,
 But cowering now amid their sheltering forts
 Tremble the English host. Their leaders care
 In anxious vigilance prepares to ward
 Assault expected. Nor the Maid's intent
 Did he not rightly areed; tho' vain the attempt
 To kindle in their breasts the wonted flame
 Of valour; for by prodigies unmann'd
 They wait the morn; the soldiers pride was gone,
 The blood was on their swords, their bucklers lay
 Unburnish'd and * defiled, they sharpened not
 Their blunted spears, the affrighted archer's hand
 Relaxed not his bent bow. To them, confused
 With fears of unknown danger the long night
 Was dreadful, but more dreadful dawn'd the day.

* *Abjecere madentes,*
Sicut erant, clypeos; nec quisquam spicula tersit,
Nec laudavit equum, nitidæ nec cassidis altam
Compsit adornavitque jubam.

Statius.

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,
 Witnessing the fierce fray of yesternight,
 Hung on his sinewy arm.

“ Maiden of Arc,
 “ So as he spake approaching,” cried the Chief,
 “ Well hast thou prov'd thy mission, as, by words
 “ And miracles attested when dismayed
 “ 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
 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 ;
 “ 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.
 “ Look round ! Your holy buildings and your homes—
 “ Ruins that choke the way ! your populous town—
 “ One open sepulchre ! who is there here
 “ That does not mourn a friend, a brother slain,
 “ A parent famished—or his dear loved wife
 “ Torn from his bosom—outcast—broken hearted—
 “ Cast on the mercy of mankind ?”

She ceased.

The cry of indignation from the host
 Burst forth, and all impatient for the war
 Demand the signal. These Dunois arrays
 In four battallions. 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
 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
 To long imprison'd Orleans; of his town
 Beloved guardian, he the dreadful siege
 Firmly abiding, prudent still to plan
 Irruption, and with youthful vigour swift
 To lead the battle, from his soldiers love
 Prompter obedience gained, than ever fear
 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.

The Monarch him mindful of 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
 Confess'd, since when before his stripling arm
 Fled Warwick, Warwick, he whose fair renown
 Greece knew and Antioch and the holy soil
 Of Palestine, since there in arms he pass'd
 On gallant pilgrimage, yet by Dunois
 Baffled, and yielding him the conqueror's praise.
 And by his side the Martial Maiden pass'd,
 Lovely in arms as that Arcadian boy
 Parthenopæus, when the * war of beasts.

* Ipsam, Mænaliâ puerum cum vidit in umbrâ,
 Dianam, tenero signantem gramina passu,
 Ignovisse ferunt comiti, Dictæaque tela
 Ipsam, et Amyclæas humeris aptasse pharetras.
 ——— tædet nemorum, titulumque nocentem.

Disdaining, he to murder man rush'd forth,
 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. Here * Gladdisdale
 Commands the fearful troops.

As lowering clouds

Swept by the hoarse wind o'er the blacken'd plain,
 Mov'd on the host of France: they from the fort,
 Thro' secret opening, shower their pointed shafts,
 Or from the battlements the death-dipt spear

Sanguinis humani pudor est nescire sagittas.

Statius. IV. 256.

* Gladdisdale must be the Sir William Glansdale of Shakespeare. Henry VI. Part 1. Stowe calls him William Gladesdale.

It is proper to remark that I have introduced no fictitious names among the killed. They may all be found in the various histories.

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,

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

Lucan. III.

Vegetius says, that the Balista discharged darts with such rapidity and violence, that nothing could resist their force. This engine was used particularly to discharge darts of a surprising length and weight, and often many small ones together. Its form was not unlike that of a broken bow; it had two arms, but strait and not curve like those of a cross-bow, of which the whole acting force consists in bending the bow. That of the balista as well as of the catapulta, lies in its cords.

Rollin.

Wasting their force, fell harmless. Now they reach'd
 Where by the * bayle's embattled wall in arms
 The Knights of England stood. There Poynings shook
 His lance, and Gladdisdale his heavy mace
 For the death-blow prepar'd. Alençon here,
 And here the Bastard strode, and by the Maid
 That daring man who to the English host
 Then insolent of many a conquest gain'd,

* 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 begun their operations above ground, with the attack of the bayle or lists, where many feats of chivalry were performed by the Knights and men at arms, who considered the assault of that work as particularly belonging to them, the weight of their armour preventing them from scaling the walls. As this part was attacked by the Knights and men at arms, it was also defended by those of the same rank in the place, whence many single combats were fought here. This was at the first investing of the place.

Grose.

Bore her bold bidding. A rude * coat of mail
 Unhosed, unhooded, as of lowly line
 Arm'd him, tho' here amid the high-born chiefs
 Præeminent for prowess. On his head
 A black plume shadowed the rude-featur'd † helm.
 Then was the war of men, when front to front
 They rear'd the hostile hand, for low the wall
 Where the bold Frenchman's upward-driven spear,
 Might pierce the foemen.

* In France only persons of a certain estate, called *un fief de hauber*, were permitted to wear a hauberk, which was the armor 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 stiled tyrants."

† The burgonet, which represented the shape of the head and features.

As Alençon moved,
 On his crown-crested * helm with ponderous blow
 Fell Gladdisdale's huge mace. Back he recoil'd
 Astounded; soon recovering, his keen lance
 Thrust on the warrior's shield: there fast-infix'd,
 Nor could Alençon the deep driven spear
 Recover, nor the foeman from his grasp
 Wrench the contended weapon. Fierce again
 He lifts the mace, that on the ashen hilt
 Fell full; it shiver'd, and the Frenchman held
 A pointless truncheon. Where the Bastard fought
 The spear of Poynings, thro' his plated mail
 Pierced, and against the † iron fence beneath
 Blunted its point. Again he speeds the spear;

* Earls and Dukes frequently wore their coronets on the crests of their helmets. At the battle of Azincour, Henry wore "a bright helmet, whereupon was set a crowne of gold, replete with pearle and precious stones, marvellous rich."

Stowe.

† A breast-plate was sometimes worn under the hauberk.

At once Dunois on his broad buckler bears
 The unharmed 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
 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
 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.
 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
 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 Melyn's head,
 As at the Maid he aimed 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.
 That instant Conrade, with an * active bound,

* The nature of this barrier has been explained in a previous note. The possibility of leaping upon it is exemplified in the

Sprung on the battlements ; there firm he stood,
Guarding ascent. The Herald and the Maid

Following adventure, characteristic enough of the period in which it happened (1370), to merit preservation.

“At that time there was done an extraordinary feat of arms by a Scotch Knight, named Sir John Assueton, being one of those men of arms of Scotland, who had now entered King Edward’s pay. This man left his rank with his spear in his hand, his Page riding behind him, and went towards the barriers of Noyon, where he alighted, saying, “here hold my horse, and stir not from hence ;” and so he came to the barriers. There were there at that time Sir John de Roye, and Sir Lancelot de Lorris with ten or twelve more, who all wondered what this Knight designed to do. He for his part being close at the barriers said unto them, “Gentlemen, I am come hither to visit you, and because I see you will not come forth of your barriers to me, I will come in to you, if I may, and prove my Knighthood against you. Win me if you can.” And with that he leaped over the bars, and began to lay about him like a lion, he at them and they at him ; so that he alone fought thus against them all for near the space of an hour, and hurt several of them. And all the while those of the town beheld with much delight from the walls and their garret windows his great activity, strength and courage ; but they offered not to do him any hurt, as they might very easily have done, if they had been minded to cast stones or darts at him :

VII. 57

Followed, and soon the exulting cry of France
Along the lists was heard, as waved aloft
The holy banner. Gladdisdale heheld,
And hasting from his well-defended post,
Sped to the fiercer conflict. To the Maid
He strode, on her resolved to wreak his rage,
With her to end the war. Nor did not *JOAN*
Areed his purpose: lifting up her shield
Prepar'd she stood, and pois'd her sparkling spear.

but the French Knights charged them to the contrary, saying
“ how they should let them alone to deal with him.” When
matters had continued thus about an hour, the Scotch Page
came to the barriers with his master's horse in his hand, and
said in his language, “ Sir, pray come away, it is high time
for you to leave off now: for the army is marched off out of
sight.” The Knight heard his man, and then gave two or
three terrible strokes about him to clear the way, and so,
armed as he was, he leaped back again over the barriers and
mounted his horse, having not received any hurt; and turning
to the Frenchmen, said “ Adieu Sirs! I thank you for my
diversion.” And with that he rode after his man upon the
spur towards the army.

Joshua Barnes.

The English Chief came on ; he raised his mace,
 With circling force, the iron weight * swung high
 As Gladdisdale with his collected might

* Le massue est un bâton gros comme le bras, ayant à l'un de ses bouts une forte courroie pour tenir l'arme et l'empêcher de glisser, et à l'autre trois chaînons de fer, auxquels pënd un boulet pesant huit livres. Il n'y a pas d'homme aujourd'hui capable de manier une telle arme.

Le Grand.

The arms of the Medici family " are romantically referred to Averardo de Medici, a commander under Charlemagne, who for his valour in destroying the gigantic plunderer Mugello, by whom the surrounding country was laid waste, was honoured with the privilege of bearing for his arms six *palle* or balls, as characteristic of the iron balls that hung from the mace of his fierce antagonist, the impression of which remained on his shield."

Roscoe.

Scudery enumerates the mace among the instruments of war, in a passage whose concluding line may vie with any bathos of Sir Richard Blackmore.

La confusément frappent de toutes parts
 Pierres, piques, espieux, masses, flèches et dards,
 Lances et javelots, sabres et marteaux d'armes,
 Dangereuses instruments des guerrieres alarmes.

Alaric.

Drove the full blow. The man of lowly line
 That instant rush'd between, and rear'd his shield
 And met the broken blow, and thrust his lance
 Fierce thro' the gorget of the English Knight.
 A gallant man, of no ignoble line,
 Was Gladdisdale. His sires had lived in peace,
 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;
 For them the venerable fathers pour'd
 A requiem when they slept, and o'er them rais'd
 The sculptured monument. Now far away
 Their offspring falls, the last of all his race,
 Slain in a foreign land, and doom'd to share
 The common grave.

Then terror seiz'd the host,
 Their Chieftain dead. And lo! where on the wall,
 Bulwark'd of late by Gladdisdale so well,
 The son of Orleans stood, and swayed around
 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,
 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
 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
 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,

And by Otompan, on that bloody field
 When Mexico her patriot thousands pour'd,
 Fierce in vain valour on their ruffian foes,
 There was a portal to the English fort
 That opened on the * wall; a speedier path
 In the hour of safety, whence the charmed eye
 Might linger down the river's pleasant course.

* Vitruvius observes, in treating upon fortified walls, that near the towers the walls should be cut within-side the breadth of the tower, and that the ways broke in this manner should only be joined and continued by beams laid upon the two extremities, without being made fast with iron; that in case the enemy should make himself master of any part of the wall, the besieged might remove this wooden bridge, and thereby prevent his passage to the other parts of the wall and into the towers.

Rollin.

The precaution recommended by Vitruvius had not been observed in the construction of the English walls. On each side of every tower, a small door opened upon the wall; and the garrison of one tower are represented in the poem as flying by this way from one to shelter themselves in the other. With the enterprising spirit and the defensive arms of chivalry, the subsequent events will not be found to exceed probability.

VII. 62

Fierce in the gate-way raged the deadly war ;
For there the Maiden strove, and Conrade there,
And he of lowly line, bravelier than whom
Fought not in that day's battle. Of success
Desperate, for from above, the garrison
Could wield no arms, so certain to bestow
Equal destruction, of the portal's aid
The foe bethought them : then with lesser force
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,
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
 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 valour. He the while
 Stood firm, not vainly confident, or rash,
 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

* The machicolation: a projection over the gate-way of a town or castle, contrived for letting fall great weights, scalding water, &c. on the heads of any assailants who might have got close to the gate. "Machecollare, -or machecoulare, says Coke, is to make a warlike device over a gate or other passage like to a grate, through which scalding water, or ponderous or offensive things may be cast upon the assaylants."

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 strait path,
 Save by assault unceasing to out-last
 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
 Acquir'd in that day's conquest. To his fame
 The thronging English yield the foremost place.
 He his long javelin to transpierce the Frank
 Thrust forceful: harmless in his shield it fix'd,

Advantaging the foe, for Conrade lifts
 The battle-axe, and smote upon the lance
 And * hurl'd its severed point with mighty arm

* I have met with one instance in the English history, and only one, of throwing the spear after the manner of the ancients. It is in Stowe's chronicle. "1442. The 30th of January, a challenge was done in Smithfield within lists, before the King; the one Sir Philip de Beawse of Arragon a Knight, and the other an Esquire of the King's house called John Ausley or Astley. These comming to the felde, tooke their tents, and there was the Knight's Sonne made Knight by the King, and so brought again to his father's tent. Then the Heralds of Armes called them by name to doe their battell, and so they came both, all armed, with their weapons; the Knight came with his sword drawn, and the Esquire with his speare. The Esquire cast his speare against the Knight, but the Knight avoiding it with his sword, cast it to the ground. Then the Esquire took his axe and went against the Knight suddenly, on whom he stroke many strokes, hard and sore upon his basenet, and on his hand, and made him loose and let fall his axe to the ground, and brast up his limbes three times, and caught his dagger and would have smitten him in the face, for to have slaine him in the field; and then the King cried hoo, and so they were departed and went to their tents, and the King dubbed John Astley Knight for his valiant Torney, and the Knight of Arragon offered his armes at Windsor."

Fierce on the 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 * corselet 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
 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,
 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,

* The corselet was chiefly worn by pikemen.

VII. 67

Gaze on—then heart-sick turn to her poor babe,
And weep it fatherless!

The exasperate Knight

Drew his keen falchion, and with dauntless step
Moved to the closer conflict. Then the Frank
Held forth his buckler, and his battle axe
Uplifted. Where the buckler was below
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
Were fill'd; his breast-plate with convulsive throes,
Heaved at 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
The mansion of his sires.

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 he,
Even as the merry Outlaws who their haunts
In Sherwood held, and bade their bugles rouse
The sleeping stag, ere on the web-woven grass
The dew-dops sparkled to the rising sun.
He safe in distance at the warrior aim'd
The feather'd dart ; with force he drew the bow ;
Loud on his bracer struck the sounding string :
And swift and strong the well-winged arrow fled,
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,
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 seized the English, for their foes
Swarm'd thro' the open portal, and the sword

VII. 69

Of Conrade was among them. Not more fierce
The injur'd Turnus swayed his angry arm,
Slaughtering the robber fugitives of Troy ;
Nor with more fury thro' the streets of Paris
Rush'd the fierce 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
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,
Tho' on his shield and helm the darts fell fast
As the sear'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
 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
 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 troops,
 By Gaucour led, rush'd o'er to victory.

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,

VII. 71

"And with the ram, shake down their batter'd walls,
 "Anon I shall be with you." Thus he said;
 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
 Cool'd his hot face. The Maid her head unhelm'd,
 And stooping to the stream, reflected there
 Saw her white plumage stain'd with human blood!
 Shuddering she saw, but soon her steady soul
 Collected: on the banks she laid her down,
 Freely awhile respiring, for her breath
 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,
 Then as his countenance relaxed he cried,
 "Maiden of Arc! at such an hour as this,

“ Beneath the o’er-aching forest’s checquer’d shade,
 “ With that lost woman have I wandered on,
 “ Talking of years of happiness to come !
 “ 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
 “ 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 their goodly heritage,
 “ 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, the hair
 “ Grew grey in full of time. Then he would sit

VII. 73

“ Beneath the coetaneous oak, whilst round,
“ Sons, grandsons and their offspring join’d to form
“ The blameless merriment ; and learnt of him
“ What time to yoke the oxen to the plough,
“ What hollow moanings of the western wind
“ Foretel the storm, and in what lurid clouds
“ The embryo lightning lies. Well pleas’d, he taught,
“ The heart-smile glowing on his aged cheek,
“ Mild as the summer’s sun’s decaying light.
“ Thus quietly the stream of life flow’d on
“ Till in the shoreless ocean lost at length.
“ Around the bed of death his numerous race
“ Listen’d, in no unprofitable grief,
“ His last advice, and caught his latest sigh :
“ And when he died, as he had fallen asleep,
“ Beneath the aged tree that grew with him
“ They delved the narrow house : there oft at eve
“ Drew round their children of the after days,
“ And pointing to the turf, told how he lived,
“ And taught by his example how to die.

“ Maiden! and such the evening of my days
 “ Fondly I hoped; and * would that I had lived
 “ In those old times, or till some better years
 “ Slumber’d unborn; for this is a hard race,
 “ An evil generation! nor by day
 “ Nor in the night have respite from their cares
 “ And wretchedness. But I shall be at rest
 “ Soon, in that better world of Peace and Love
 “ Where evil is not: in that better world
 “ *JOAN!* we shall meet, and he too will be there,
 “ Thy Theodore.”

Sooth’d by his words, the Maid
 Had listened sadly, till at that loved name
 She wept. “ Nay, Maid!” he cried, “ I did not think

* ΜΗΚΕΤ’ ΕΠΕΙΤ’ ΩΦΕΙΛΟΝ ΕΓΩ ΠΕΜΠΤΟΙΣΙ ΜΕΤΕΙΝΑΙ
 ΑΝΔΡΑΣΙΝ, ΑΛΛ’ Η ΠΡΟΣΘΕ ΘΑΝΕΙΝ Η ΕΠΕΙΤΑ ΓΕΝΕΣΘΑΙ.
 ΝΥΝ ΓΑΡ ΔΗ ΓΕΝΟΣ ΕΣΤΙ ΣΙΔΗΡΕΟΥ’ ΕΔΕΠΟΤ’ ΗΜΑΣ
 ΠΑΥΣΟΥΝΤΑΙ ΚΑΜΑΤΩ ΚΑΙ ΟΙΖΥΟΣ, ΕΔΕ ΤΙ ΝΥΚΤΩΣ,
 ΦΘΕΙΣΟΜΕΝΟΙ.

" To wake a tear ; but pleasant is thy grief !
 " Thou knowest not what it is, around thy heart
 " To have a false 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 cliffs
 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 tried 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 Agincourt, when vanquish’d France
 “ Fled with her thousands from your father’s arms ?
 “ Have ye forgotten how our English swords,
 “ On that illustrious day before Verneuil,
 “ Cut down the flower of all their chivalry ?
 “ Then was that noble heart * of Douglas pierced,

* The heart of Bruce was, by his own dying-will, entrusted to Douglas to bear it to Jerusalem. This is one of the finest stories in the whole period of chivalrous history. Douglas inshrined the heart in a golden case, and wore it round his neck ; he landed in Spain on his way, and stopt to assist the Castilians against the Moors,—probably during the siege of Algeziras. There in the heat of action he took the heart from his neck and cast it into the thick of the enemy, exclaiming, as Barbour has it,

“ Now pass thou forth before
 “ As thou wast wont in fight to be,
 “ And I shall follow or else die.”

In this action he perished, and from that time the Bloody Heart has been borne by the family.

“ Bold Buchan bit the earth, and Narbonne died,
 “ And this Alençon, boaster as he is,
 “ Cried mercy to his conqueror. Shall I speak
 “ Of our victorious banner on the walls
 “ Of Yenville and Baugenci triumphing ;
 “ And of that later hour of victory
 “ When Clermont and the Bastard plied their spurs ?
 “ Shame ! shame ! that beaten Boy is here in arms,
 “ And ye will fly before the fugitives ;
 “ Fly from a woman ! from a frantic girl !
 “ Who with her empty mummeries tries to blast
 “ Your courage ; or if miracles she brings,
 “ Aid of the Devil ! who is there among you
 “ False to his country—to his former fame—
 “ To your old leader who so many a time
 “ Hath led ye on to glory ?”

From the host
 A heartless shout arose ; then Talbot's cheek
 Grew red with indignation. “ Earl !” said he,
 Addressing Salisbury : “ there is no hope

VII. 78

“ From these white-liver'd dastards ; and this fort
“ Will fall an easy conquest : we must out
“ And gain the Tournelles, better fortified,
“ 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 fought
“ 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,
“ I have beheld her 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,

That they should seek the Tournelles. Then their
 hearts

Gathered 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,

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 the man
 "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: knowest thou him?
 "There is not one amid the host of France,
 "Of fairer promise."

"He," the Chief replied,

“ Wretched and prodigal of life atchieves
 “ The exploits of Despair : a gallant youth,
 “ Widowed like me of Hope, and but for whom,
 “ 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,
 “ The unharmed tempest breaks !”

Nor paus’d they now

In farther converse, to the perilous fray
 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,
 Bent their fierce course. She by the Herald’s side
 Now urged the war, when on her plumed helm
 The hostile falchion fell. On high she lifts
 Her hallowed sword, the tenant of the tomb,
 And drench’d it in his bosom. Conrade’s blow
 Fell on another, and the ponderous axe

Shattered his brain. With Talbot's giant force
 The daring Herald urged unequal fight ;
 For like some oak that firm with deep-fix'd roots
 Defies 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
 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.

Upon her shield the martial Maiden bore
 An English warrior's blow, and in his side
 Pierced him : that instant Salisbury speeds his sword
 Which 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
 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
 Drives with strong arm the murderous sword. She saw,
 Nor could the Maiden 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

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,
 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
 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,
 “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
The host beleaguering. There they pitch their tents,
And plant their engines for the morrow's war,
Then to their meal, and o'er the chearful bowl,
Recount the tale of danger; soon to rest
Betaking them, for now the night drew on.

JOAN of ARC.

THE EIGHTH BOOK.

Now was the noon of night ; and all was still,
Save where the 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
Fatigued, their spears lay by them, and the shield
Pillowed * the helmed head : secure they slept,

* Il n'est rien de si doux, pour des cœurs pleins de gloire,
Que la paisible nuit qui suit une victoire,
Dormir sur un Trophée, est un charmant repos,
Et le champ de bataille est le lit d'un héros.

Scudery. Alaric.

The night after a battle is certainly more agreeable than the night before one. A soldier may use his shield for a pillow, but he must be very ingenious to sleep upon a Trophy.

And busy Fancy in her dream renewed
The fight of yesterday.

But not to *JOAN*,
But not to her, most wretched, came thy aid,
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,
A melancholy train! upon the gale
The raven's croak was heard; she started up,
And passing thro' the camp with hasty step
Strode to the field of blood.

The night was calm;
No brighter moon-light ever silvered o'er
Chaldea, while the watchful shepherd's eye
Survey'd the host of heaven, and mark'd them rise
Successive, and successively decay,
Lost in the stream of light, as lesser springs
Amid Euphrates' current. The high wall

Cast a deep shadow, and her faltering feet
 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
 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,
 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

* With a dumb silence seeming that it fears
 The thing it went about to effectuate.

Daniel.

" 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,
 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 !
 " 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
 " 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,
 " 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
 " 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, . .
 " 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
 " Unanguish'd.” Maiden, I did vow with him
 " That I would dare the battle by thy side,

“ And shield thee in the war. I hope his death
 “ Had not been known by thee.”

As thus he spake,
 He on the earth the clay-cold carcass laid.
 With steady eye the wretched Maiden gazed
 The life-left tenement : his batter'd arms
 Were with the night-dews damp ; his brown hair clung
 Gore-clotted in the wound, and one loose lock
 Played o'er his cheeks black * paleness. “ Gallant
 youth !

She cried, “ I would to God the hour were come
 “ When I might meet thee in the bowers of bliss !
 “ No Theodore ! the sport of winds and waves,
 “ Thy body shall not roll adown the stream,
 “ The sea-wolf's banquet. Conrade, bear with me
 “ The corse to Orleans, there in hallowed ground
 “ To rest ; the Priest shall say the sacred prayer,

* “ *Noire pasleur.*”

Le Moyne. St. Louis. Liv. xvi.

“ 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

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
 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
 “ 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,
 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: but now 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,
 "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
 "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,
" 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
Shall smook, 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 clamours for the fierce assault
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

* Next the bayle was the ditch, foss, graff, or mote: generally where it could be a wet one, and pretty deep. The passage over it was by a draw-bridge, covered by an advance work called a barbican. The barbican was sometimes beyond the ditch that covered the draw-bridge, and in towns and large fortresses had frequently a ditch and draw-bridge of its own.

Grose.

† The outermost walls enclosing towns or fortresses were commonly perpendicular, or had a very small external talus. They were flanked by semi-circular, polygonal, or square towers, commonly about forty or fifty yards distant from each other. Within were steps to mount the terre-pleine of the walls or rampart, which were always defended by an embattled or crenellated parapet.

Grose.

The fortifications of the middle-ages differed in this respect from those of the ancients. When the besiegers had gained the summit of the wall the descent on the other side was safe and easy. But “ the ancients did not generally support their walls on the inside with earth, in the manner of the talus or slope, which made the attacks more dangerous. For though the enemy had gained some footing upon them, he could not assure himself of taking the city. It was necessary to get

Bent forceful, and their death-fraught enginery
 Discharged; nor did the Gallic archers cease
 With well-directed shafts their loftier foes
 To assail: behind the guardian * pavais fenced,
 They at the battlements their arrows aim'd,
 Showering an iron storm, whilst o'er the bayle,
 The bayle now levell'd by victorious France,
 Pass'd the bold troops with all their † mangonels;

down, and to make use of some of the ladders by which he had mounted; and that descent exposed the soldier to very great danger."

Rollin.

* 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.

† Mangonels is a term comprehending all the smaller engines.

Or * tortoises, beneath whose roofing safe,

* The tortoise was a machine composed of very strong and solid timber work. The height of it to its highest beam, which sustained the roof, was twelve feet. The base was square, and each of its fronts twenty-five feet. It was covered with a kind of quilted mattress made of raw hides, and prepared with different drugs to prevent its being set on fire by combustibles. This heavy machine was supported upon four wheels, or perhaps upon eight. It was called tortoise from its serving as a very strong covering and defence against the enormous weights thrown down on it; those under it being safe in the same manner as a tortoise under his shell. It was used both to fill up the fosse, and for sapping. It may not be improper to add, that it is believed, so enormous a weight could not be moved from place to place on wheels, and that it was pushed forward on rollers. Under these wheels or rollers, the way was laid with strong planks to facilitate its motion, and prevent its sinking into the ground, from whence it would have been very difficult to have removed it. The ancients have observed that the roof had a thicker covering, of hides, hurdles, sea-weed, &c. than the sides, as it was exposed to much greater shocks from the weights thrown upon it by the besieged. It had a door in front, which was drawn up by a chain as far as was necessary, and covered the soldiers at work in filling up the fosse with fascines.

Rollin.

This is the tortoise of the ancients, but that of the middle ages differed from it in nothing material.

They, filling the deep moat, might for the towers
 Make fit foundation, or their petraries,
 War-wolfs, and beugles, and that murderous sling
 The matafund, from whence the ponderous stone
 Fled fierce, and made one wound of whom it struck,
 Shattering the frame so that no pious hand
 Gathering his mangled limbs might him convey
 To where his fathers slept : * a dreadful train
 Prepared by Salisbury over the sieged town
 To hurl his ruin ; but that dreadful train

* “ The besiegers having carried the bayle, brought up their machines and established themselves in the counterscarp, began under cover of their cats, sows, or tortoises, to drain the ditch, if a wet one, and also to fill it up with hurdles and fascines, and level it for the passage of their moveable towers. Whilst this was doing, the archers, attended by young men carrying shields (pavoises), attempted with their arrows to drive the besieged from the towers and ramparts, being themselves covered by these portable mantlets. The garrison on their part essayed by the discharge of machines, cross and long bows, to keep the enemy at a distance.

Grase.

Must hurl their ruin on the invaders heads,
Such retribution righteous Heaven decreed.

Nor lie the English trembling, for the fort
Was ably garrison'd. Glacidas, the Chief,
A gallant man, sped on from place to place
Cheering the brave; or if the archer's hand,
Palsied with fear, shot wide the ill-aim'd shaft,
Threatening the coward who betrayed himself,
He drove him from the ramparts. In his hand
The Chief a * cross-bow held; an engine dread

* The cross-bow was 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 & 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. Guillaume le Breton relating the death of this King, puts the following into the mouth of Atropos:

Of such wide-wasting fury, that of yore
 The assembled fathers of the Christian church
 Pronounced that man accurs'd whose impious hand
 Should point the murderous weapon. Such decrees
 Befits the men of God to promulgate,
 And with a warning voice, tho' haply vain,
 To cry aloud and spare not, woe to them
 Whose hands are full of blood!

An English King,
 The lion-hearted Richard, their decree
 First broke, and 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,

Hâc 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,

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,
 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 placed
 And levelling with firm eye, the death-wound mark'd.
 The bow-string twang'd, on its swift way the dart

* 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.

† Quarrels, or carreaux, were so called from their heads, which were square-pyramids of iron.

Whizzed fierce, and struck, there where the helmet's
 clasps

Defend the neck ; a weak protection now,
 For thro' the tube that the pure air inhales
 Pierced 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
 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

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

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,

Taught his young boys the little all he knew,

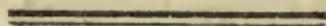
Enough for happiness. The English host

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
 Their eager efforts ; some, * the watery fence,
 Beneath the tortoise roof'd, with engines apt
 Drain painful ; part, laden with wood, throw there
 Their buoyant burdens, labouring so to gain
 Firm footing : some the mangonels supply,
 Or charging with huge stones the murderous † sling,
 Or petrary, or in the espringal
 Fix the brass-winged ‡ arrows. Hoarse around
 Rose the confused din of multitudes.



* The tortoises, &c. and moveable towers having reached the walls, the besiegers under them either began to mine, or batter them with the ram. They also established batteries of balistas and mangonels on the counterscarp. These were opposed by those of the enemy.

† The Matafunda.

‡ The Espringal threw large darts called Muchettæ, sometimes winged with brass instead of feathers. Procopius says that because feathers could not be put to the large darts discharged from the balista, the ancients used pieces of wood six inches thick, which had the same effect.

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-skilled to pierce the mottled roebuck's side,
 O'ertaken in his flight. Him passing on,
 From some huge * martinet, a ponderous stone

* Le lendemain viadrent deux maistres engingneurs au Duc de Normandie, qui dirent que, si on leur vouloit livrer boys et ouvriers, ilz feroient quatre eschauffaulx et haulx que on meneroit aux murs du chastel, et seroient si haulz q'lz surmonteroient les murs. Le Duc commanda qlz le feissent, et fist prendre tous les charpentiers du pays, et payer largement. Si furent faitz ces quatre eschauffaulx en quatre grosses nefz, mais on y mist longuement et cousterent grans deniers. Si y fist on les gens entrer q'a ceulx du chastel devoient combattre. Quant ilz eurent passe la moitie de la reviere, ceulx du chastel desclinquerent quatre martinetz qlz avoient faitz nouvellement pour remedier contre lesditz eschauffaulx. Ces quatre martinetz gettoient si grosses pierres et si souvent sur ces eschauffaulx qlz furent bien tost froissez tant que les gensdarmes et ceulx que les conduisoient ne se peurent dedans garantir. Si se retirerent arriere le plus tost quilz peurent. Et ainçois qlz fassent oultre la reviere lung des eschauffaulx fut enfondre au fons de leaue.

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,
 A pleasant dwelling, whence the ample ken
 Gazed o'er subjected distance, and surveyed
 Streams, hills, and forests, fair variety !
 The traveller knew its hospitable towers,
 For open were the gates, and blazed for all
 The friendly fire. By glory lur'd, the youth
 Went forth ; and he had bathed his falchion's edge
 In many a Frenchman's gore ; now crushed beneath
 The ponderous fragments force, his mangled limbs
 Lie quivering.

Lo ! towards the levelled moat,
 A * moving tower the men of Orleans wheel

* The following extract from the History of Edward III. by Joshua Barnes will convey a full idea of these moving towers.
 " Now the Earl of Darby had layn before Reule more than nine weeks, in which time he had made two vast Belfröys or

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.

Bastilles of massy timber, with three stages or floors ; each of the belfroys running on four huge wheels, bound about with thick hoops of iron ; and the sides and other parts that any ways respected the town were covered with raw hides, thick laid, to defend the engines from fire and shot. In every one of these stages were placed an hundred archers, and between the two Bastilles, there were two hundred men with pick-axes and mattocks. From these six stages six hundred archers shot so fiercely all together, that no man could appear at his defence without a sufficient punishment: so that the Belfreys being brought upon wheels by the strength of men over a part of the ditch, which was purposely made plain and level by the faggots and earth and stones cast upon them, the two hundred pioneers plyed their work so well under the protection of these engines, that they made a considerable breach through the walls of the town.

* The archers and cross-bowmen from the upper stories in the moveable towers essayed to drive away the garrison from the parapets, and on a proper opportunity to let fall a bridge, by that means to enter the town. In the bottom story was often a large ram.

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,
 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,
 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
 Showered there their javelins, aim'd their engines there,
 And from the arbalist the fire-tipt * dart

* Against the moveable tower there were many modes of defence. The chief was to break up the ground over which it was to pass, or by undermining it to overthrow it. Attempts were likewise made to set it on fire, to prevent which it was covered with raw hides, or coated over with alum.

Shot lightening thro' the sky. In vain it flamed,
For well with many a reeking hide secured,
Pass'd on the dreadful pile, and now it reached
The wall. Below, with forceful impulse driven,
The iron-borned engine swings its stroke,
Then back recoils; while 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
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.
The Wanderer, on the sunny clift outstretch'd,
Harks to the roaring surges, as they rock
His weary senses to forgetfulness.

But nearer danger threatens the invaders now,
For on the ramparts, lowered from above

The bridge * reclines. An universal shout

* These bridges are described by Rollin in the account of the moving towers which he gives from Vegetius. “ The moving towers are made of an assemblage of beams and strong planks, not unlike a house. To secure them against the fires thrown by the besieged, they are covered with raw hides, or with pieces of cloth made of hair. Their height is in proportion to their base. They are sometimes thirty feet square, and sometimes forty or fifty. They are higher than the walls or even towers of the city. They are supported upon several wheels according to mechanic principles, by the means of which the machine is easily made to move, how great soever it may be. The town is in great danger if this tower can approach the walls; for it has stairs from one story to another, and includes different methods of attack. At bottom it has a ram to batter the wall, and on the middle story a draw-bridge, made of two beams with rails of basket-work, which lets down easily upon the wall of a city, when within the reach of it. The besiegers pass upon this bridge, to make themselves masters of the wall. Upon the higher stories are soldiers armed with partisans and missive weapons, who keep a perpetual discharge upon the works. When affairs are in this posture, a place seldom held out long. For what can they hope who have nothing to confide in but the height of their ramparts, when they see others suddenly appear which command them ?

The Towers or Belfreys of modern times rarely exceeded three or four stages or stories.

Rose from the hostile hosts. The exultant Franks
 Clamour their loud rejoicing, whilst the foe
 Lift up the warning voice, and call aloud
 For speedy succour there, with deafening shout
 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

Thrust headlong. Nor did Conrade cease to hurl
 His deadly javelins fast, for well within
 The tower was stor'd with weapons, to the Knight
 Quickly supplied : nor did the mission'd Maid
 Rest idle from the combat ; she, secure
 Aim'd the keen quarrel, taught the cross-bow's use
 By the willing mind that what it well desires
 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
 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,

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.
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,
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

Fast fled the arrows ; the large * brass-winged 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
 The heavier from its height : some, the long lance,
 Impetuous rushing on its viewless way,
 Transfix'd. The death-fraught cannon's thundering
 roar

Convulsing air, the soldier's eager shout,
 And Terror's wild shriek echo o'er the plain
 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 valour o'er his slaughtered foes,
 On the blood-reeking wall. Him drawing near,
 Two youths, the boldest of the English host,

* These darts were called Viretons, from their whirling about in the air.

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. Even thus unmoved,
 Stood Corineus the sire of Guendolen,
 When * grappling with his monstrous enemy

* And here, with leave bespoken to recite a grand fable, though dignified by our best poets, while Brutus on a certain festival day, solemnly kept on that shore where he first landed, was with the people in great jollity and mirth, a crew of these savages breaking in among them, began on the sudden another sort of game than at such a meeting was expected. But at length by many hands overcome, Goemagog the hugest, in height twelve cubits, is reserved alive, that with him Corineus who desired nothing more, might try his strength; whom in a wrestle the giant catching aloft, with a terrible hugg broke three of his ribs : nevertheless Corineus enraged heaving him up by main force, and on his shoulders bearing him to the next high rock, *threw him headlong all shattered into the sea,* and left his name on the cliff, called ever since Langoemagog, which is to say, the Giant's leap."

Milton.

The expression *brute vastness* is taken from the same work of Milton, where he relates the death of Morindus. "Well fitted

He the brute vastness held aloft, and bore,
 And headlong hurl'd, all shatter'd to the sea,
 Down from the rock's high summit, since that day
 Him, hugest of the giants, chronicling,
 Called Langoemagog.

The Maid of Arc

Bounds o'er the bridge, and to the wind unfurls
 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,
 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,

to such a bestial cruelty was his end; for hearing of a huge monster that from the Irish sea infested the coast, and in the pride of his strength foolishly attempting to set manly valour against a brute vastness, when his weapons were all in vain, by that horrible mouth he was caught up and devoured."

The assailants mount, and now upon the wall
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
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
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
Meanders.

"Fool!" the exasperate Knight exclaim'd,
"Would she had slain thee! thou hast lived too long."

Again he aim'd his arbalist: the string
 Struck forceful: swift the erring arrow sped
 Guiltless of blood, for lightly o'er the court
 Bounded the warrior Virgin. Glacidas
 Levell'd his bow again; the fated shaft
 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* subdued! She from her neck
 Plucking the shaft unterrified, exclaim'd,
 "This is a * favour! Frenchmen, let us on!

* "The Tournelles adjoining to the Bridge, was kept by Glacidas, (one of the most resolute Captains among the English) having well encouraged his men to defend themselves and to fight for their lives.

The skirmish begins at nine of the clock in the morning, and the ladders are planted. A storm of English arrows falls

“Escape they cannot from the hand of God!”

But Conrade, rolling round his angry eyes,

upon our men with such violence as they recoiled. “How now!” (saith the Virgin), “have we begun so well to end so ill? let us charge! they are our own, seeing God is on our side!” so every one recovering his forces, flocks about the Virgin. The English double the storm upon the thickest of the troops. The Virgin fighting in the foremost ranks and encouraging her men to do well was shot through the arm with an arrow; she, nothing amazed, takes the arrow in one hand and her sword in the other, “this is a favour!” (says she), “let us go on! they cannot escape the hand of GOD!”

Chapelain has dilated this exclamation of the Maid into a ridiculous speech.

Quoy! valeureux Guerriers, quoy! dans vostre avantage
 Un peu de sang perdu vous fait perdre courage!
 Pour moy, je le repute a supreme bonheur,
 Et dans ce petit mal je trouve un grand honneur;
 Le succes, bien qu' heureux, n'eust en rien d'honorable,
 Si le Ciel n'eust permis un coup si favorable;
 Vous n'en verres pas moins vos bras victorieux,
 J'en verray seulement mon nom plus glorieux.

Beheld the English Chieftain as he aim'd
 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,
 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.
 One whose low lineage gave no second name
 Was * Glacidas, a gallant man, and still

* I can make nothing English of this name. Monstrellet calls him Clacedas and Clasendas. Daniel says the principal leaders of the English were Suffolk, Talbot, Scales, Fastolffe, et un nommé Glacidas ou Clacidas, dont le mérite suppléant à la naissance, l'avoit fait parvenir aux premières charges de l'armée.

The importance attached to a second name is well exemplified by an extract in Selden, relating to "the creation of Robert Earle of Gloucester natural sonne to King Henry I. The King having speech with Mabile the sole daughter and heire of Robert Fitz Hayman Lord of Gloucester, told her (as

His memory in the records of the foe
Survives.

it is reported in an old English rithmical story attributed to one Robert of Glocester), that

—he seold his sone to her spousing avonge,
The Maid was ther agen, and withsaid it long.
The King of sought her suith ynou, so that atten ende
Mabile him answered, as gode Maide and hende,
Sir, heo sede, well ichot, that your hert ope me is,
More vor mine heritage than vor my sulve iwis.
So vair eritage as ich abbe, it were me grete shame,
Vor to abbe an louerd, bote he had an toname.
Sir Roberd le Fitz Haim my faders name was,
And that ne might nought be his that of his kunne nought nas,
Therefore, Sir, vor Godes love, ne let me no mon owe,
Bote he abbe an twoname war thoru he be iknowe.
Damoysale, quoth the King, thou seist well in this case,
Sir Roberd de Fitz Haim thy fader twoname was;
And as udir twoname he shall abbe, gif me him may bise
Sir Roberd de Fitz Rey is name shall be.
Sire, quoth this Maid tho, that is a vaire name
As who seith all his life and of great fame,
Ae wat shold his sonne hote thanne and he that of him come,
So ne might hii hote, whereof nameth gone.
The King understood that the Maid ne sede no outrage,
And that Gloucestre was chief of ire heritage.

And now disheartened at his death

The vanquish'd English fly towards the gate,
 Seeking the * inner court, as yet in hope
 Again to dare the siege, and with their friends
 Find present refuge there. Mistaken men!
 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 with the bitter curse

Dameseile he sede tho, thi Louerd shall have a name
 Vor him and vor his heirs vair without blame,
 Vor Roberd Earle of Gloucestre is name shall be and his,
 Vor he shall be Earle of Gloucestre and his heirs iwis.
 Sire, quoth this Maid tho, well liketh me this
 In this forme ichole that all my gode be his.
 Thus was Earle of Gloucestre first imade there
 Ae his Roberd of all thulke that long bivore were,
 This was end leve hundred yeare, and in the ninth yeer right
 After that ure Louerd was in his moder a hight.

Seldens Titles of Honor.

* 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.

Of fruitless anger ; they indeed within
 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
 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 unto the host of France,
 And bade them cease from slaughter. They obeyed
 The delegated damsel. Some there were
 Apart who communed murmuring, and of these
 Graille address'd her. “ Mission'd Maid ! our troops
 “ Are few in number ; and to well secure
 “ These many prisoners such a force demands,
 “ As should we spare might shortly make us need
 “ The mercy we bestow ; not mercy then,

" Rather to these our soldiers, cruelty.
 " Justice to them, to France, and to our King,
 " And that regard wise Nature hath in each
 " Implanted of self-safety, all demand
 " 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
 " 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
 " Us who preserved. What is the Conqueror's name,
 " Compared 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,
 " 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,
 " The victims of the mighty ! thus subdued
 " They are our foes no longer : hold them safe
 " In Orleans. From the war we may not spare
 " Thy valour 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 chuse 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, our foes
 " No longer !"

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 valour. Fast against the walls
 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, thro' the kindled sky,
 The engines showered their * sheets of liquid fire.

“ Feel ye not, Comrades, how the ramparts shake
 “ Beneath the ponderous ram's incessant stroke ?”

* When the Black Prince attacked the Castle of Romorantin, “ there was slain hard by him an English Esquire named Jacob Bernard, whereat the Prince was so displeas'd, that he took his most solemn oath, and sware by his father's soul not to leave the siege, till he had the Castle and all within at his mercy. Then the assault was renewed much hotter than ever, till at last the Prince saw there was no likelihood of prevailing that way. Wherefore presently he gave order to raise certain engines, wherewith they cast combustible matter enflamed after the manner of wild fire into the Base court so

Exclaimed a venturous Englishman. " Our foes,
 " In woman-like compassion, have dismissed
 " A powerful escort, weakening thus themselves,
 " 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,
 " If thus pent up, like some wild beast he falls,
 " Mark'd for the hunter's arrows : let us out
 " And meet them in the battle, man to man,

fast and in such quantities, that at last the whole court seemed to be one huge fire. Whereupon the excessive heat prevailed so, that it took hold of the roof of a great tower, which was covered with reed, and so began to spread over all the castle. Now therefore when these valiant captains within saw, that of necessity they must either submit entirely to the Prince's courtesy, or perish by the most merciless of elements, they all together came down and yielded themselves absolutely to his grace."

Joshua Barnes.

“ 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,

“ 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,

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

“ 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
 His rapid waters, when the gathered storm,
 And the black heights of Hatteril bursting, swells
 The tide of desolation.

Then the Maid
 Spake to the son of Orleans, “ Let our troops
 “ Fall back, so shall the English in pursuit
 “ Leave this strong fortress, thus an easy prey.”
 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
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
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.

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,
 Before the Delegate of Heaven came forth
 And made them fear who never fear'd till then.
 Hither the English troops with hasty steps
 Retir'd, yet not forgetful of defence,
 But waging still the war: the garrison
 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 stop. Then Graville 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 liliated flag
 " Victorious on yon tower."

" Dark-minded man!"

The Maid of Orleans answered, " to act well

“ Brings with itself an ample recompence.

“ I have not rear'd the Oriflamme * of death,

* The Oriflamme was a standard erected to denote that no quarter would be given. It is said to have been of red silk, adorned and beaten with very broad and fair lilies of gold, and bordered about with gold and vermillion. Le Moyne has given it a suitable escort :

Ensuite l'Oriflamme ardent et lumineuse,
 Marche sur un grand char, dont la forme est affreuse.
 Quatre enormes Dragons d'un or ombre ecaillez,
 Et de pourpre, d'azur, et de vert emaillez,
 Dans quelque occasion que le besoin le porte,
 Luy font une pompeuse et formidable escorte.
 Dans leur terribles yeux des grenas arrondis,
 De leur feu, de leur sang, font peur aux plus hardis,
 Et si ce feu paroist allumer leur audace,
 Aussi paroist ce sang animer leur menace.
 Le char roulant sous eux, il semble au roulement,
 Qu'il les fasse voler avecque sifflement :
 Et de la poudre, en l'air, il se fait des fumées
 A leur bouches du vent et du bruit animées.

Philip is said by some historians to have erected the Oriflamme at Crecy, where Edward in return raised up his Burning Dragon, the English signal for massacre. The Oriflamme was originally used only in wars against the Infidels, for it was a sacred banner, and believed to have been sent from Heaven.

“ The butcher flag ! the banner of the Lord
 “ Is this, and come what will, me it behoves,
 “ Mindful of that Good Power who delegates,
 “ To spare the fallen foe : that gracious God
 “ Sends me the minister of mercy forth,
 “ 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 ;
 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 !
 “ Our Champion manifest !”

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

Astonishment

Seized on the * French—an universal cry

* At this woman's voice amidst the sound of war, the combat grows very hot. Our men, greatly encouraged by the Virgin, run headlong to the Bastion and force a point thereof; then fire and stones rain so violently, as the English being amazed, forsake their defences: some are slain upon the place, some throw themselves down headlong, and fly to the tower upon the bridge. In the end this brave Glacidas abandons this quarter, and retires into the base court upon the bridge, and after him a great number of his soldiers. The bridge greatly shaken with artillery, tryed by fire, and overcharged with the weight of this multitude, sinks into the water with a fearful cry, carrying all this multitude with it. *De Serres.*

This circumstance has been magnified into a miracle. "The French, for the most part, draw the institution of the order of St. Michael principally from a purpose that Charles had to make it, after the apparition of the Archangel upon Orleans bridge, as the tutelary angell of France assisting against the English in 1428." *Selden's Titles of Honour.*

The expressions are somewhat curious in the patent of this, *L'ordre de Monsieur St. Michael Archange.* Louis XI. instituted it "à la gloire et louange de Dieu nostre createur tout puissant, et reverence de la glorieuse vierge Marie, à l'honneur et reverence de St. Michael, *premier Chevalier*, qui par la querelle de Dieu, bataille contre l'ancien enemy de l'humain lignage, et le fit tresbucher de Ciel."

Of terror burst from them. Crush'd in the fall,
 Or by their armour 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 thundering roar,
 Amik 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 fading rays of eve
 Their sober light effuse ; when the lowing herd,
 Slow as they stalk to shelter, draw behind
 The lengthening shades ; and seeking his high nest,
 As heavily he flaps the dewy air,
 The hoarse rook pours his not displeasing note.

" Now then Dunois for Orleans !" cried the Maid
 " And give we to the flames these monuments
 " Of sorrow and disgrace. The ascending flames
 " Shall to the dwellers of yon rescued town
 " Blaze with a joyful splendour, while the foe
 " Behold and tremble."

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

The first part of the report is devoted to a general
 description of the country and its resources. It
 is followed by a detailed account of the
 various industries and occupations of the
 people. The report then proceeds to a
 description of the climate and the
 diseases which are prevalent in the
 country. The last part of the report
 contains a list of the names of the
 various places and a description of
 the roads and the means of
 communication.

JOAN of ARC.

THE NINTH BOOK.

FAR thro' the shadowy sky the ascending * flames
Stream'd their fierce torrents, by the gales of night
Now curl'd, now flashing their long lightnings up
That made the stars seem pale ; less frequent now
Thro' the red volumes the brief splendours shot,
And blacker waves roll'd o'er the darkened heaven.
Dismayed amid the forts that yet remain'd
The invaders saw, and clamoured for retreat,
Deeming that aided by invisible powers
The Maid went forth to conquer. Not a sound.

* Lesdictes bastiles et fortresses furent prestement arsées et demolies jusques en terre, affin que nulles gens de guerre de quelconque pays quilz soient ne si peussent plus loger.

Moved on the air but filled them with vague dread
 Of unseen dangers ; if the blast arose
 Sudden, thro' every fibre a deep fear
 Crept shivering, and to their expecting minds
 Silence * itself was dreadful. One there was
 Who, learning wisdom in the hour of ill,
 Exclaimed, " 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 drenched earth rank with human blood,
 " Scatter pollution on the winds of Heaven ?
 " Oh ! that the sepulchre had closed its jaws
 " On that foul † Priest, on that blood-guilty man,

* Un cry, que le besoin ou la peur fait jeter,
 Et les airs agités les peuvent agiter.
 Une haleine, un soupir et mesme le silence
 Aux chefs, comme aux soldats, font perdre l'assurance.

Chapelain. L. ix.

† The Parliament, when Henry V. demanded supply, entreated him to seize all the ecclesiastical revenues, and convert

“ Who, trembling for the Churches ill-got wealth,
 “ Bade Henry look on France, ere he had drawn
 “ The desolating sword, and sent him forth
 “ To slaughter ! Surely that holy * Hermit spake
 “ The Almighty’s bidding, who in his career
 “ Of conquest met the King, and bade him cease
 “ The work of death, before the wrath divine

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.

* While Henry V. lay at the siege of Dreux, an honest Hermit unknown to him, came and told him the great evils he brought upon Christendom by his unjust ambition, who usurped the kingdom of France, against all manner of right, and contrary to the will of God ; wherefore in his holy name he threatened him with a severe and sudden punishment, if he desisted not from his enterprize. Henry took this exhortation either as an idle whimsey, or a suggestion of the Dauphin’s, and was but the more confirmed in his design. But the blow soon followed the threatening ; for within some few months after, he was smitten in the fundament with a strange and incurable disease.

Merzeray.

“ Fell heavy on his head ; . . and soon it fell
“ And sunk him to the grave ; . . and soon that wrath
“ On us, alike in sin, alike shall fall,
“ For thousands and ten thousands, by the sword
“ Cut off, and sent before the Eternal Judge,
“ With all their unrepented crimes upon them,
“ Cry out for vengeance ! for the widow’s groan,
“ Tho’ here she groan unpitied or unheard,
“ Is heard in Heaven against us ! o’er this land
“ For hills of human slain, unsepulchred,
“ Steam pestilence, and cloud the blessed sun !
“ The wrath of God is on us, . . God has call’d
“ This Virgin forth, and gone before her path ; . .
“ 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,
“ 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
 “ 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 their Mothers and their Babes
 Famish’d at Roan, sat on the clouds of night,
 Circling the forts, to hail with gloomy joy
 The hour of vengeance*.

Nor the English Chiefs
 Heard their loud murmurs heedless : counselling

* ————— Reseraverat antrum
 Tartareus Rector pallens, utque arma nefanda
 Spectarent, caperentque sui solatia fati,
 Invisas illuc Libyes emiserat umbras ;
 Undique consedere arvis, nigraque corona
 Infecere diem, versatilis umbra Jugurthæ,
 Annibalis sævi Manes, captique Syphacis,

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 hath vanquish'd us,
 “ Aided by Hell's leagued powers, nor aught avails
 “ Man unassisted 'gainst the powers of * Hell

Qui nunc eversas secum Carthaginis arces
 Ignovere Deis, postquam feralia campi
 Prælia Thapsiaci, et Latios videre furores.

Supplementum Lucani. Lib. III.

I am not conscious of having imitated these lines; but I would not lose the opportunity of quoting so fine a passage from Thomas May, an author to whom I owe some obligations, and who is not remembered as his merits deserve. May himself has imitated Valerius Flaccus, tho' he has greatly surpassed him.

Et pater orantes cæsum Tartarus umbras,
 Nube cavâ, tandem ad meritæ spectacula pugnae
 Emittit; summi nigrescunt culmina montis.

* To some, says Speed, it may appear more honourable to our nation, that they were not to be expelled by a human power, but by a divine, extraordinarily revealing itself.

" To dare the conflict : were it best remain
 " Waiting the doubtful aid of Burgundy,
 " Doubtful and still delayed ; or from this scene,
 " Scene of our shame, retreating as we may,
 " Yet struggle to preserve the guarded towns
 " Of Orleanois ?"

He ceas'd, and with a sigh,
 Struggling with pride that heav'd his gloomy breast,
 Talbot replied, " Our council little boots ;
 " For by their numbers now made bold * in fear
 " The soldiers will not fight, they will not heed
 " Our vain resolves ; heart-withered by the spells
 " Of this accursed Sorceress : soon will come,
 " The expected host from England : even now
 " Perchance the tall bark scuds across the deep
 " That bears my son : young Talbot comes, . . he comes



* Nec pavidum murmur ; consensu audacia crevit,

Tantaque turba metu pœnarum solvit ad omni.

Sup. Lucani.

“ 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 antient glory. Near the coast
 “ Best is it to retreat, and there expect
 “ The coming succour.”

Thus the warrior spake.

Joy ran thro' all the * troops, as tho' retreat
 Were safety. Silently in ordered ranks
 They issue forth, favoured 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,
 Cursing in bitterness that evil hour
 That led them from her shores: some in faint hope
 Calling to mind the comforts of their home:

* In Rymer's *Fœdera* are two proclamations, one “ *contra Capitaneos et Soldarios tergiversantes, incantationibus Puellæ terrificatos;*” the other, “ *de fugitivis ab exercitu quos terri- culamenta Puellæ exanimaverant, arestandis.*”

Talbot went musing on his blasted fame
 Sullen and stern, and feeding on dark thoughts,
 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
 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,

* Ronsard remarks,

Rien n'est meilleur pour l'homme soulager
 Apres le mal, que le boire et manger.

Franciade.

Who came the saviour 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 splendour. 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
 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
 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 tho' untenanted by life.

Then in the Priest arose the earnest hope,
 That weary of the world and sick with woe,
 The Maid might dwell with them a vestal vowed.
 " Ah Damsel!" slow he spake and cross'd his breast,
 " Ah Damsel!" favoured as thou art of Heaven,
 " Let not thy soul beneath its sorrow sink
 " 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,

" 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,
 " 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,
 " 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,
 " 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
 " 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
 " 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,
 " 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 labour thro' thy still repeated prayer ;

“ 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

“ 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 !”

Severe she spake, for sorrow in her heart

Had wrought unwonted sternness. From the dome
 They past in silence, when with hasty steps,
 Sent by the assembled Chieftains, one they met
 Seeking the mission'd virgin, as alarm'd,
 The herald of all tidings.

“ Holy Maid !”

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

“ Say to the Chiefs,

“ At morn I will be with them,” she replied.
 “ Meantime their welfare well shall occupy
 “ My nightly thoughts.”

So saying on she past
 Thoughtful and silent. A brief while she mus'd,
 Brief, but sufficing to impel the soul,
 As with a strange and irresistible force,
 To loftiest daring. “ Conrade !” she exclaim'd
 “ I pray thee meet me at the eastern gate

“ With a swift steed prepared : for I must hence.”

Her voice was calm ; nor Conrade thro' the gloom
Saw the faint flush that witness'd on her cheek
High thoughts conceived. She to her home repair'd
And with a light and unplumed * casquetel
She helm'd her head ; hung from her neck † the shield
And forth she went.

* A lighter kind of helmet.

† The shield was often worn thus. “ Among the Frenchmen there was a young lusty Esquire of Gascoigne, named William Marchant, who came out among the foremost into the field, well mounted, his shield about his neck, and his spear in his hand.”

Barnes.

This is frequently alluded to in Romance. “ Then the Knight of the burning sword stept forward, and lifting up his arm as if he would strike Cynocephal on the top of his head, seized with his left hand on the shield, which he pulled to him with so much strength, that plucking it from his neck he brought him to the ground.”

Amadis de Greece.

Sometimes the shield was laced to the shoulder.

Her Conrade by the wall
 Awaited. " May I Maiden seek unblamed
 " Whither this midnight journey ? may I share
 " The peril ?" cried the warrior. She rejoin'd,
 " This Conrade, may not be. Alone I go.
 " That impulse of the soul that comes from God
 " Hath summon'd me. Of this remain assur'd,
 " If ought of patriot enterprize required

The shield of the middle ages must not be confounded with that of the ancients. The Knight might easily bear his small shield around his neck ; but the Grecian warrior stood *protecting his thighs and his legs, his breast also and his shoulders with the body of his broad shield.*

Μηρῶς τε κνημῶς τε κατω καὶ στήρνα καὶ ὤμῶς
 Ἀσπίδος εὐρείης γαστρὶ καλυψάμενος.

ΤΥΡΤΑΙΟΣ.

But the most convenient shields were used by

Ceux qu'on voit demeurer dans les îles Alandes,
 Qui portent pour pavois, des escailles si grandes,
 Que lors qu'il faut camper, le soldat qui s'en sert
 En fait comme une hutte, et s'y met à couvert.

Alaric.

“ Associate firmness, thou shouldst be the man,
 “ Best, . . . last, . . . and only friend !”

So up she sprung

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

Swift o'er the vale

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

So on she past

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

On the earth the chieftain slept,

His mantle scarf around him ; armed all,
 Save that his shield hung near him, and his helm,
 And by his side in warrior readiness
 The sheathed falchion lay. Profound he slept,
 Nor heard the speeding courser's sounding hoof,
 Nor entering footstep. “ Burgundy,” she cried,
 “ What, Burgundy ! awake !” He started up
 And caught the gleam of arms, and to his sword
 Reach'd the quick hand. But soon his upward glance
 Thrill'd him, for full upon her face the lamp
 Stream'd its deep glare, and in her solemn look
 Was most unearthly meaning. Pale she was,
 But in her eye a saintly lustre beam'd,
 And that most calm and holiest confidence
 That guilt knows never. “ Burgundy, thou seest
 “ THE MAID OF ORLEANS !”

As she spake, a voice
 Exclaim'd, “ die sorceress !” and a knight rush'd in,
 Whose name by her illustrated yet lives,
 Franquet of Arras. With uplifted arm

Furious he came ; her buckler broke the blow,
 And forth she flash'd her sword, and with a stroke
 Swift that no eye could ward it, and of strength
 No mail might blunt, smote on his neck, his neck
 Unfenced, for he in haste aroused had cast
 An * armet on ; resistless there she smote
 And to the earth prone fell the headless trunk
 Of Franquet.

Then on Burgundy she fixed
 Her eye severe. “ Go Chief, and thank thy God
 “ That he with lighter judgments visits thee
 “ Than fell on Sisera, or by Judith's hand
 “ He wrought upon the Assyrian ! thank thy God
 “ That when his vengeance smote the ruffian sons
 “ Of England, equall'd tho' thou wert in guilt,

* The Armet or Chapelle de fer was an iron hat, occasionally put on by Knights when they retired from the heat of the battle to take breath, and at times when they could not with propriety go unarmed.

“ Thee he has spared to work by penitence
 “ And better deeds atonement.”

Thus she spake,

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

From the eastern clouds

The sun came forth, as to the assembled chiefs
 The Maiden past. Her bending thitherwards
 The Bastard met. “ New perils threaten us,”
 He cried, “ new toils await us ; Burgundy, . . .

“ Fear not for Burgundy !” the Maid exclaim'd,
 “ Him will the Lord direct. Our earliest scouts
 “ Shall tell his homeward march. What of the troops
 “ Of England ?”

" They," the son of Orleans cried,
 " By darkness favoured, fled ; yet not by flight
 " Shall England's robber sons escape the arm
 " Of retribution. Even now our troops,
 " By battle unfatigued, unsatisfied
 " With conquest, clamour to pursue the foe."

The Delegated Damsel thus replied:

" So let them fly, Dunois ! but other toils
 " 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,
 " 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,
 " 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,
 Clamouring their admiration; for they thought
 That she would lead them to the instant war.
 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
 " To our dead friends !"
 Nor did she speak in vain ;
 For as she spake, the thirst of battles dies
 In every breast, such awe and love pervade
 The listening troops. They o'er the corse-strewn plain
 Speed to their sad employment : some dig deep
 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 labour thus,

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

Their Chief was Richemont : he, when as he heard
 What rites employed the Virgin, straightway bade
 His troops assist in burial ; they, tho' 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,
 And heap the mound of Death.

Amid the Plain

There was a little eminence, of old

Piled o'er some honoured Chieftain's narrow house.

His praise the song had ceas'd to celebrate,

And many an unknown age had the long grass

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

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

“ 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,
 " 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
 " 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 roused to rage
 " By every milder feeling, they rush'd forth,
 " They fought, they conquer'd. 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 atchieved, and bid them learn
 " Like them to love their country, and like them,
 " Should wild Oppression pour again it's tide
 " Of desolation, to step forth and stem
 " Fearless, the furious torrent. Men of France!

* Sed contra Cœnotria pubes

Non ullus voces ducis aut præcepta requirit.

Sat matres stimulant, natiq̄ue, et cara supinas

Tendentum palmas lacrimantiaque ora parentum.

Ostentant parvos, vagituque incita pulsant

Corda virum, armatis infigunt oscula dextris.

Silius Italicus. xii. 537.

" Mourn not for these our comrades ; boldly they
 " Fought the good fight, and that Eternal One,
 " Who bade the angels harbinger his word
 " With " Peace on Earth," rewards them. We sur-
 vive,
 " Honouring 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 it's 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 thunder, . . she shall blast her despot foes.

*JOAN of ARC.*THE TENTH BOOK.

Thus to the Martyrs in their country's cause
 The Maiden gave their fame; and when 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,
 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 chaunted. To the town the Maid return'd,
 Dunois with her, and Richemont, and the man,
 Conrade, whose converse most the Virgin lov'd.

'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,
 " 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
 " 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
 " 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,
 “ 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,
 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
 “ 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
 " Destroyed the fell destroyer ? if thy hand
 " Had pierced 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, blamest 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,
 " 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
 " 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,
 " 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 criminal sloth,
 " Heedless tho' ruin threat the realm they rule ;
 " And now projecting some mad enterprize,
 " 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 dependents, seize
 " All places, and all profits ; and they wrest
 " To their own ends the Statutes of the land,
 " Or safely break them : thus, or indolent,
 " Or active, ruinous alike to France.
 " Wisely thou sayest, Warrior ! that the Law
 " 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
 “ Above the Law : but if a meaner one,
 “ Self-constituting him the Minister
 “ Of Justice to the death of these bad men,
 “ Had wrought the deed, him would the Laws have
 “ seized,
 “ And doom’d a Murderer : thee, thy power preserved?
 “ And what hast thou exempl’d ? 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,
 “ Yet Richemont, for thou didst them self-approved,
 “ I may not blame the agent. Trust me, Chief!
 “ That when a people sorely are oppress,

" The hour of violence will come too soon !
 " He best meanwhile performs the Patriot's part,
 " Who, in the ear of Rage and Faction, breathes
 " The healing words of Love."

Thus communed they.

Meantime, all panic struck and terrified,
 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
 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,

Tho' to that far-off prospect scarcely Hope
 Could raise her sickly eye. Oh then what joy
 Inspir'd anew their bosoms, when, like clouds
 Moving in shadows down the distant hill,
 They mark'd their coming succours! in each heart
 Doubt rais'd a busy tumult; soon they knew
 The friendly standard, and a general shout
 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!
 “ Welcome young Talbot to thy first of fields.
 “ Thy father bids thee welcome, tho' disgraced,
 “ Baffled, and flying from a woman's arm!

* “ She sternly shook her dewy locks, and brake
 “ A melancholy smile.”

“ 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 honour, and thy name
 “ Alone had scattered armies ; yet my child,
 “ I bid thee welcome ! rest we here our flight,
 “ 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. Soon as the troops of France
 Beheld the dark battalions of the foe
 Shadowing the distant plain, a general shout
 Burst from the expectant host, and on they prest,
 Elate of heart and eager for the fight,
 With clamours ominous of victory.
 Thus urging on, one from the adverse host
 Advanced to meet them : they his garb of peace

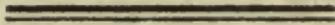
Knew, and they stayed them as the Herald spake
 His bidding to the Chieftains. "Sirs!" he cried
 "I bear defiance to you from the Earl
 "William of Suffolk. Here on this fit plain,
 "He wills to give you battle, power to power,
 "So please you, on the morrow."

"On the morrow

"We will join battle then," replied Dunois,
 "And God befriend the right!" then * on the Herald

* When the armies of England and France lay in the plain between Vironfosse and Flemenguere, 1339, Edward sent to demand a day of battle of the French King. "An herald of the Duke of Gueldres, being well skilled in the French tongue, was sent on this errand: he rode forth till he came to the French host, where being admitted before the King and his Council, he spake aloud these words, "Sir, the King of England is here hard by in the fields, and desires to fight you power against power; and if you please to appoint him a day he will not fail to meet you upon the word of a King." This message being thus delivered, King Philip yielded

A robe rich-furred and broidered he bestowed,
 A costly guerdon. Thro' the army spread
 The unwelcome tidings of delay : possessed
 With agitating hopes they felt the hours
 Pass heavily ; but soon the night wained on,
 And the loud trumpets blare from broken sleep
 Roused them ; a second time the thrilling blast
 Bade them be armed, and at the third * deep sound
 They ranged them in their ranks. From man to man
 With pious haste hurried the Confessor



either to give or take battle two days after, and in token of his acceptance of the news, richly rewarded the herald with furred gowns, and other gifts bestowed on him, as well by himself as others, the Princes and Lords of his host, and so dismissed him again.

Barnes.

* Every man was warned to rise from sleep at the first sound of the trumpet ; at the second to arm without delay, and at the third to take horse in his due place under the colours.

Barnes.

To shrive * them, lest with unprepared souls
 They to their death might go. Dunois meantime

* Religious ceremonies seem to have preceded all settled engagements at this period. On the night before the battle of Crecy " King Edward made a supper in his royal pavilion for all his chief Barons, Lords and Captains: at which he appeared wonderful chearful and pleasant, to the great encouragement of his people. But when they were all dismissed to their several quarters, the King himself retired into his private oratory, and came before the altar, and there prostrated himself to Almighty God and devoutly prayed, " that of his infinite goodness he would vouchsafe to look down on the justice of his cause, and remember his unfeigned endeavours for a reconcilment, altho' they had all been rendered frustrate by his enemies: that if he should be brought to a battle the next day, it would please him of his great mercy to grant him the victory, as his trust was only in him, and in the right which he had given him." Being thus armed with faith, about midnight he laid himself upon a pallet or mattress to take a little repose; but he arose again betimes and heard mass, with his son the young prince, and received absolution, and the body and blood of his redeemer, as did the Prince also, and most of the Lords and others who were so disposed.

Barnes.

Thus also before the battle of Agincourt " after prayers and

Rode thro' the host ; the shield of * dignity
 Before him borne, and in his hand he held
 The white wand of command. The open helm
 Disclosed that eye that tempered the strong lines
 Of steady valour, to obedient awe
 Winning the will's assent. To some he spake
 Of late-earned glory ; others, new to war,
 He bade bethink them of the feats atchieved
 When Talbot, recreant to his former fame,
 Fled from beleager'd Orleans. Was there one
 Whom he had known in battle ? by the hand
 Him did he take and bid him on that day
 Summon his wonted courage, and once more
 Support his chief and comrade. Happy he

supplications of the King, his priests and people done with great devotion, the King of England in the morning very early set forth his hosts in array."

Stowe.

* The Roundel. A shield too weak for service which was borne before the General of an army.

Who caught his glance or from the Chieftain's lips
 Heard his own name! joy more inspiriting
 Fills not the Persian's soul, when sure he deems
 That Mithra hears propitiously his prayer,
 And o'er the scattered cloud of morning pours
 A brighter ray responsive.

Then the host
 Partook due food, this their last meal belike
 Receiving with such thoughtful doubts, as make
 The soul, impatient of uncertainty,
 Rush eager to the event; prepared thus
 Upon the grass the soldiers laid themselves,
 Each in his station, waiting there the sound
 Of onset, that in undiminished strength
 Strong, they might meet the * battle: silent some

* The conduct of the English on the morning of the battle of Crecy is followed in the text. "All things being thus ordered, every Lord and Captain under his own banner and pennon, and the ranks duly settled, the valourous young King

Pondering the chances of the coming day,
 Some whiling with a careless gaiety
 The fearful pause of action. Thus the French
 In such array and high in confident hope

mounted on a lusty white hobby, and with a white wand in his hand, rode between his two Marshalls from rank to rank, and from one Battalia unto another, exhorting and encouraging every man that day to defend and maintain his right and honour: and this he did with so chearful a countenance, and with such sweet and obliging words, that even the most faint-hearted of the army were sufficiently assured thereby. By that time the English were thus prepared, it was nine o'clock in the morning, and then the King commanded them all to take their refreshment of meat and drink, which being done, with small disturbance they all repaired to their colours again, and then laid themselves in their order upon the dry and warm grass, with their bows and helmets by their side, to be more fresh and vigorous upon the approach of the enemy."

Joshua Barnes.

The English before the battle of Azincour "fell prostrate to the ground, and committed themselves to God, every of them tooke in his mouth a little piece of earth, in remembrance that they were mortall and made of earth, as also in remembrance of the holy communion,"

Stowe.

Await the signal ; whilst with other thoughts,
And ominous awe, once more the invading host
Prepare them in the field of fight to meet
The Maid of God. Collected in himself
Appeared the might of Talbot. Thro' the ranks
He stalks, reminds them of their former fame,
Their native land, their homes, the friends they loved,
All the rewards of this day's victory.
But awe had filled the English, and they struck
Faintly their shields ; for they who had beheld
The hallowed banner with celestial light
Irradiate, and the Missioned Maiden's deeds,
Felt their hearts sink within them, at the thought
Of her near vengeance ; and the tale they told
Roused such a tumult in the new-come troops,
As fitted them for fear. The aged Chief
Beheld their drooping valour : his stern brow,
Wrinkled with thought, bewray'd his inward doubts :
Still he was firm, tho' all might fly, resolved
That Talbot should retrieve his old renown,

And period Life with Glory. Yet some hope
 Inspired the Veteran, as across the plain
 Casting his eye, he marked the embattled strength
 Of thousands; Archers of unequalled skill,
 Brigans, and Pikemen, from whose lifted points
 A fearful radiance flashed, and young Esquires,
 And high-born Warriors, bright in blazoned arms.
 Nor few, nor fameless were the English Chiefs:
 In many a field victorious, he was there,
 The gartered Fastolffe; Hungerford, and Scales,
 Men who had seen the hostile squadrons fly
 Before the arms of England. Suffolk there,
 The haughty Chieftain towered; blest had he fallen
 Ere yet a Courtly Minion he was marked
 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
 In strength, and jealous of his future fame,

His heart beat high for battle. Such array
 Of marshalled numbers fought not on the field
 Of Crecy, nor at Poitiers; nor such force
 Led Henry to the fight of Agincourt
 When thousands fell before him.

Onward move

The host of France. It was a goodly sight
 To see the embattled pomp, as with the step
 Of stateliness the barbed steeds came on,
 To see the pennons * rolling their long waves
 Before the gale, and banners * broad and bright

* The Pennon was long, ending in two points, the Banner square. “ Un Seigneur n'étoit Banneret et ne pouvoit porter la banniere quarrée, que lors qu'il pouvoit entretenir a ses depens un certain nombre de Chevaliers et d'Ecuyers, avec leur suite a la guerre: jusques-la son etendard avoit deux queues ou fanons, et, quand il devenoit plus puissant, son souverain coupoit lui-meme les fanons de son etendard, pour le rendre quarré.

Comte de Tressan.

An incident before the battle of Nagera exemplifies this.

Tossing their blazonry, and high-plumed chiefs

“ As the two armies approached near together, the Prince went over a little hill, in the descending whereof he saw plainly his enemies marching toward him: wherefore when the whole army was come over this mountain, he commanded that there they should make an halt, and so fit themselves for fight. At that instant the Lord John Chandos brought his ensign folded up, and offered it to the Prince, saying, “ Sir, here is my Guidon; I request your Highness to display it abroad, and to give me leave to raise it this day as my banner; for I thank God and your Highness, I have lands and possessions sufficient to maintain it withall.” Then the Prince took the Pennon, and having cut off the tail, made it a square banner, and this done, both he and King Don Pedro for the greater honour, holding it between their hands displayed it abroad, it being Or, a sharp pile Gules: and then the Prince delivered it unto the Lord Chandos again, saying, “ Sir John, behold here is your banner. God send you much joy and honour with it.” And thus being made a Knight Banneret, the Lord Chandos returned to the head of his men, and said “ here Gentlemen, behold my banner and yours. Take and keep it, to your honour and mine.” And so they took it with a shout, and said by the grace of God and St. George they would defend it to the best of their powers. But the banner remained in the hands of a gallant English Esquire named William Allestry, who bore it all that day, and acquitted himself in the service right honourably.”

Barnes.

Vidames* and Seneschalls and Chastellains,
 Gay with their bucklers gorgeous heraldry,
 And silken † surcoats to the mid-day sun
 Glittering.

* This title frequently occurs in the French Chronicles, it was peculiar to France, "the Vidame or Vicedominus being to the Bishop in his temporals as the Vicecomes or Vicount anciently to the Earle, in his judicials."

Peter Heylyn.

† Joshua Barnes seems to have been greatly impressed with the splendour of such a spectacle. "It was a glorious and ravishing sight, no doubt," says he, "to behold these two armies standing thus regularly embattled in the field, their banners and standards waving in the wind, their proud horses barbed, and Kings, Lords, Knights, and Esquires richly armed, and all shining in their surcoats of satin and embroidery."

Thus also at Poitiers "there you might have beheld a most beautiful sight of fair harness, of shining steel, feathered crests of glittering helmets, and the rich embroidery of silken surcoats of arms, together with golden standards, banners, and pennons gloriously moving in the air."

And at Nagera "the sun being now risen, it was a ravishing sight to behold the armies, and the sun reflecting from

And now the Knights of France dismount,
 For not to brutal strength they deemed it right
 To trust their fame and their dear * country's weal;
 Rather to manly courage, and the glow

their bright steel and shining armour. For in those days the Cavalry were generally armed in mail or polished steel at all points, and besides that, the Nobility wore over their armour rich surcoats of silk and satin embroidery, whereon was curiously sticht or beaten, the arms of their house, whether in colour or metal."

* Nos Ancestres, et notamment du temps de la guerre des Anglois, en combats solempnels et journées assignées, se mettoient la plus-part du temp tous à pied; pour ne se fier à autre chose qu' à leur force propre et vigueur de leur courage et de leur membres, de chose si chere que l' honneur et la vie.

Montaigne. Liv. i. c. 48.

In the battle of Patay, Monstrellet says, " les François moult de pres mirèrent pied à terre, et descendirent la plus grand partie de leur chevaux.

In *El Cavallero Determinado*, an allegorical romance translated from the French of Oliver de la Marche by Kernando de Acuna, Barcelona, 1565. This custom is referred to by

Of honourable thoughts, such as inspire
 Eunnobling energy. Unhors'd, unspurr'd,
 Their * javelins lessen'd to a wieldy length,
 They to the foe advanced. The Maid alone,
 Conspicuous on a coal-black courser, meets
 The war. They moved to battle with such sound
 As rushes o'er the vaulted firmament,
 When from his seat, on the utmost verge of Heaven
 That overhangs the Void, Father of Winds !

Understanding, when giving the Knight directions for his combat with Atropos.

En esto es mi parecer
 Que en cavallo no te fies ;
 Por lo qual has de entender
 Que de ninguno confies
 Tu lymosna y bien hazer.

* Thus at Poitiers, " the three battails being all ready ranged in the field, and every Lord in his due place under his own banner, command was given that all men should put off their spurs, and cut their spears to five foot length, as most commodious for such who had left their horses.

Barnes.

HRÆSVELGER * starting, rears his giant bulk,
 And from his eagle pinions shakes the storm.

* Hræsvelgr vocatur
 Qui sedet in extremitate cæli,
 Gigas exuvias amictus aquilæ :
 Ex ejus alis
 Ferunt venire ventum
 Omnes super homines.

Vafthrudnismal.

Where the Heavens remotest bound
 With darkness is encompassed round,
 There Hræsvelger sits and swings
 The tempest from his eagle wings.

*The Edda of Sæmund, translated by A. S. Cottle.*¹

At the promontory of Malea on the ruins of the Temple of Apollo, there is a Chapel built to the honour of Michael the Archangel. Here we could not but laugh at the foolish superstition of the sailors, who say, when the wind blows from that place, that it is occasioned by the violent motion of Michael's wings, because forsooth, he is painted with wings. And for that reason, when they sail by Michael they pray to him that he may hold his wings still.

Baumgarten.

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 gayly to the noon-tide sun.
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,
Then answered to the rein with such a step,
As, in submission, he were proud to show
His unsubdued strength. Slow on the air
Waved the white plumes that shadow'd o'er her helm.
Even such, so fair, so terrible in arms
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
Deidameia hung, and with a look
That spake the tumult of her troubled soul,
Fear, anguish, and upbraiding tenderness,
Gazed on the father of her unborn babe.

An English Knight, who eager for renown
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
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 driven,
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,
 Thrusts down the thronging squadrons. Where she
 turns

* In a combat fought in Smithfield 1467, between the Lord Scales and the Bastard of Burgoyne, "the Lord Scales' horse had on his chafron a long sharp pike of steele, and as the two Champions coaped together, the same horse thrust his pike into the nostrills of the Bastard's horse, so that for very paine, he mounted so high that he fell on the one side with his master.

Stowe.

This weapon is mentioned by Lope de Vega, and by an old Scotch poet.

Unicornia el cavallo parecia
 Con el fuerte pyramide delante,
 Que en medio del boçal resplandecia
 Como si fuera punta de diamante.

Jerusalen Conquistada. L. 10.

His horse in fyne sandel was trapped to the hele,
 And, in his cheveron biforne,
 Stode as an unicorne,
 Als sharp as a thorne,
 An anlas of stele.

Sir Gawain and Sir Galaron.

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,
 Nor dares give utterance to the inward prayer,
 Deeming the Genius of the Desert breathes
 The purple blast of Death.

Such was the sound

As when the tempest, mingling air and sea,
 Flies o'er the upturn ocean : dashing high
 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,
 Unweildy in their arms, that weak to save,
 Protracted all the agonies of Death.
 But most the English fell, by their own fears

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 before the Maid miraculous.

As the blood-nurtured Monarch of the wood,
 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 while the forest falls
 Uprooted round, lifts his high head aloft,
 And nods majestic to the warring wind.
 He fought resolved to snatch the shield of * Death

* Thus did Juba catch up the shield of Death to defend

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 : to him they look'd
 Their tower * of strength, and followed where his
 sword
 Made thro' the foe a way. Nor did the son
 Of Talbot shame his lineage ; by his sire
 Emulous he strove, like the young Lionet
 When first he bathes his murderous jaws in blood.



himself from Ignominy.

Cleopatra.

* Ὁσπερ γαρμιν πυργον εν οφθαλμοισιν ορωσι.

ΤΥΡΤΑΙΟΣ.

Quarles has made this expression somewhat ludicrous by calling Sampson

Great army of men, the wonder of whose power
 Gives thee the title of a walking tower.

They fought intrepid, tho' amid their ranks
 Fear and Confusion triumph'd; for such awe
 Possess'd the English, as the Etruscans felt,
 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
 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.
 O'er all præeminent for hardest 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.
 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 wintery way,
When from the mountains round reverberates
The hungry Wolves' deep yell : on every sidé,
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 pants 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,
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 glorious field of Agincourt.

His deeds the son had heard; and when a boy,
 Listening delighted to the old man's tale,
 His little hand would lift the weighty spear
 In warlike pastime: he had left behind
 An infant offspring, and did fondly deem
 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,
 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,

* Two carols for this occasion are preserved in Mr. Ritson's valuable collection of Ancient Songs. The first of these, here alluded to, is as follows:

Caput apri defero
Reddens laudes domino.

Crown'd with gay garlands, and with Rosemary,
 Smoaked 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 bore's heed in hand bring I
 With garlands gay and rosemary,
 I pray you all synge merely
Qui estis in convivio.

The bore's heed I understande
 Is the chefe servyce in this lande,
 Loke where ever it be fande
Servite cum cantico.

Be gladdelordes bothe more and lasse
 For this hath ordeyned our stewarde,
 To chere you all this christmasse
 The bore's heed with mustarde.

The rushing sea against the mighty pile
 Roll'd its full weight of waters ; far away
 The fearful Satrap mark'd on Asia's coasts
 The floating fragments, and with ominous fear
 Trembled for the Great King.

Still Talbot strove,
 His foot firm planted, his uplifted shield
 Fencing that breast that never yet had known
 The throb of fear. But when the warrior's eye,
 Quick glancing round the fight, beheld the foe
 Pressing to conquest, and his heartless troops
 Striking with feebler force in backward step,
 Then o'er his cheek he felt the patriot flush
 Of shame, and loud he lifted up his voice,
 And cried, " fly cravens ! leave your aged chief
 " Here in the front to perish ! his old limbs
 " Are not like yours so supple * in the flight.

* Της δε παλαιότερης, ὡν ἔκετι γῆνατ' ελαφρα,
 Μὴ καταλείποντες φεύγετε τῆς γεραίας

“ Go, tell your countrymen how ye escaped

“ When Talbot fell !”

In vain the warrior spake,
 In the uproar of the fight his voice was lost ;
 And they, the nearest, who had heard, beheld
 The martial Maid approach, and every thought
 Was overwhelm'd in terror. But the son
 Of Talbot marked her thus across the plain
 Careering fierce in conquest, and the hope
 Of glory rose within him. Her to meet
 He spurr'd his horse, by one decisive deed
 Or to retrieve the battle, or to fall
 With honour. Each beneath the others blow
 Bowed down ; their lances shivered with the shock :

Αισχρον γαρ δη τειτο μετα προμαχοισι πεποντα
 Κεισθαι προσθε νεων ανδρα παλαροτερον,
 Ηδη λευκον εχοντα καρη, πολιον τε γενειον,
 Θυμον αποπνειοντ' αλκιμον εν κονιη.

ΤΥΡΤΑΙΟΣ.

To earth their coursers fell : at once they rose,
 He from the saddle * bow his falchion caught
 Rushing to closer combat, and she bared
 The lightning † of her sword. In vain the youth

* In the combat between Francus and Phouere, Ronsard says
 — de la main leurs coutelas trouverent
 Bien aiguisez qui de l' arçon pendoyent.

On this passage the commentator observes, “ l' auteur arme ces deux chevaliers à la mode de nos gendarmes François, la lance en la main, la coutelace où la mace à l' arçon, et l' espée au costé.

Thus Desmarests says of the troops of Clovis

A tous pend de l' arçon, à leur mode guerriere,
 Et la hache tranchante, et la masee meurtriere.

And when Clovis on foot and without a weapon hears the shrieks of a woman, he sees his horse

Jette l' œil sur l' arçon, et void luire sa hache.

Lope de Vega speaks of the sword being carried in the same manner, when he describes Don Juan de Aguila as
 desatando del arçon la espada.

† Desnudo el rayo de la ardiente espada.

Jerusalen Conquistada,

Essayed to pierce those arms which 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,
 " Me thou canst 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 recoiled,
 Then in his breast plung'd deep the sword of Death.

Talbot beheld his fall ; on the next foe,
 With rage and anguish wild, the Warrior turn'd ;
 His ill-directed weapon to the earth
 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,

* Talbot's sword, says Camden, was found in the river of Dordon, and sold by a peasant to an armourer of Bourdeaux, with this inscription,

Made good its vaunt. Amid the heaps his arm
 Had slain, the Chieftain stood and swayed around
 His furious strokes : nor ceased he from the fight,
 Tho' now discomfited the English troops
 Fled fast, all panic-struck and spiritless ;
 And mingling with the routed, Fastolffe fled,

Sum Talboti, M. III. C. XLIII.

Pro vincere inimicos meos.

But pardon the Latin, for it was not his, but his camping chaplain.—A sword with bad Latin upon it, but good steel within it, says Fuller.

It was probably not uncommon to bear a motto upon the sword. Lope de Vega describes that of Aguila as bearing inlaid in gold, a verse of the psalms. It was, he says,

Mas famosa que fue de hombre cenida,
 Para ocasiones del honor guardada,
 Y en ultima defensa de la vida,
 Y desde cuya guarnicion dorada
 Hasta la punta la canal brunida
 Tenia escrito de David un verso.
 Nielado de oro en el azero terso.

Jerusalen Conquistada.

Fastolffe, all fierce * and haughty as he was,
 False to his former fame ; for he beheld
 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
 Gape eager to devour.

* In the original letters published by Mr. Fenn, Fastolffe appears in a very unfavourable light. Henry Windsor writes thus of him, " hit is not unknown that cruelle and vengible he hath byn ever, and for the most part with aute pite and mercy. I can no more, but *vade et corripe eum*, for truly he cannot bryng about his matiers in this word (*world*), for the word is not for him. I suppose it wolnot change yett be likelenes, but i beseche you sir help not to amend hym onely, but every other man yf ye kno any mo mysse disposed."

The order of the Garter was taken from Fastolffe for his conduct at Patay. He suffered a more material loss in the money he expended in the service of the state. In 1455, £4083. 15. 7. were due to him for costs and charges during his services in France, " whereof the sayd Fastolffe hath had nouthur payement nor assignation." So he complains.

But Talbot now

A moment paused, for bending thitherwards
 He mark'd a warrior, such as well might ask
 His utmost force. Of strong and stately port
 The onward foeman moved, and bore on high
 A battle-axe, in many a field of blood
 Known by the English Chieftain. Over heaps
 Of slaughtered, strode the Frank, and bade the troops
 Retire from the bold Earl : then Conrade spake.

“ Vain is thy valour Talbot ! look around,
 “ See where thy squadrons fly ! but thou shalt lose
 “ No glory, by their cowardice subdued,
 “ Performing well thyself the soldier's part.”

“ And let them fly !” the indignant Earl exclaimed,
 “ And let them fly ! but bear thou witness, Chief !
 “ That guiltless of this day's disgrace, I fall.
 “ But Frenchman ! Talbot will not tamely fall,
 “ Nor unrevenged.”

“ So saying, for the war

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

Their battered mails. With swift eye Conrade marked
 The lifted buckler, and beneath impell'd
 His battle-axe ; that instant on his helm
 The sword of Talbot fell, and with the blow
 Shivered. “ Yet yield thee Englishman !” exclaimed
 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 thou not survive
 “ To glory in his fall !” So, as he spake,

He lifted from the ground a massy spear,
And rushed 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 aimed
His barbed javelin, there he swung around
The guardian shield : the long and vain assault
Exhausted Talbot now ; foredone with toil
He bare his buckler low for weariness,
His buckler now splintered * with many a stroke
Fell piecemeal ; from his riven arms the blood
Streamed fast : and now the Frenchman's battle-axe

* L'écu des Chevaliers était ordinairement un bouclier de forme à peu près triangulaire, large par le haut pour couvrir le corps, et se terminant en pointe par le bas, afin d'être moins lourd. On les faisait de bois qu'on recouvrait avec du cuir bouilli, avec des nerfs ou autres matières dures, mais jamais de fer ou d'acier. Seulement il était permis, pour les empêcher d'être coupés trop aisément par les épées, d'y mettre un cercle d'or, d'argent, ou de fer, qui les entourât.

Drove unresisted thro' the shieldless mail.
 Backward the Frank recoiled. "Urge not to death
 "This fruitless contest," he exclaimed; "oh Chief!
 "Are there not those in England who would feel
 "Keen anguish at thy loss? a wife perchance
 "Who trembles for thy safety, or a child
 "Needing a Father's care!"

Then Talbot's heart

Smote him. "Warrior! he cried, "if thou dost
 "think

"That life is worth preserving, hie thee hence,
 "And save thyself: I loath this useless talk."

So saying, he addressed him to the fight,
 Impatient of existence: from their arms
 Flashed fire, and quick they panted; but not long
 Endured the deadly combat. With full force
 Down thro' his shoulder even to the chest,
 Conrade impelled 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
 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,
 "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 slaughtered chief his blazoned * coat.

* This fact is mentioned in Andrews's History of England.

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 recompence
 “ It pleases thee to ask.”

The herald soon,
 Meeting the missioned Virgin, told his tale.
 Trembling she hastened 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,

I have merely versified the original expressions. “ The herald of Talbot sought out his body among the slain. “ Alas my Lord ! and is it you ! I pray God pardon you all your misdoings. I have been your officer of arms forty years and more : it is time that I should surrender to you the ensigns of my office.” Thus saying, with the tears gushing from his eyes, he threw his coat of arms over the corpse, thus performing one of the ancient rites of sepulture.”

" 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 paused awhile,
 Struggling for utterance; then with breathless speed,
 And pale as him he mourned 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
 " 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
 Of *PATAY* had arrived, of late so gay
 With marshalled thousands in their radiant arms,
 And streamers glittering in the noon-tide sun,

And blazon'd shields, and gay accoutrements,
 The pageantry of murder : now defiled
 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,
 Or wisely fearful, or by speedy force
 Compelled, the embattled towns submit and own
 Their rightful King. Baugenci strives in vain :
 Yenville and Mehun yield ; from Sully's wall
 Hurl'd is the bannered Lion : on they pass,
 Auxerre, and Troyes, and Chalons, ope their gates,
 And by the Mission'd Maiden's rumoured deeds
 Inspirited, the Citizens of Rheims
 Feel their own strength ; against the English troops
 With patriot valour, irresistible,
 They rise, they conquer, and to their liege Lord
 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
 The long procession, thro' the streets bestrewn
 With flowers and laurel boughs. The Courtier throng
 Were there, and they in Orleans, who endured
 The siege right bravely; Gaucour, and La Hire,
 The gallant Xaintrilles, Boussac, and Chabannes,
 La Fayette, name that Freedom still shall love,
 Alencon, and the bravest of the brave,
 The Bastard Orleans, now in hope elate,
 Soon to release from hard captivity
 A dear beloved brother; gallant men,
 And worthy of eternal memory,
 For they, in the most perilous times of France
 Despaired not of their country. By the King
 The Delegated Damsel passed along
 Clad in her battered arms. She bore on high
 Her hallowed banner to the sacred pile,
 And fixed it on the altar, whilst her hand

Poured on the Monarch's head the mystic * oil,
 Wafted of yore by milk-white Dove from Heaven,
 (So legends say) to Clovis when he stood
 At Rheims for baptism; dubious since that day,
 When Tolbiac plain reek'd with his warrior's blood,
 And fierce upon their flight the Almanni prest,
 And reared the shout of triumph; in that hour
 Clovis invoked aloud the Christian God,
 And conquered: waked to wonder thus, the Chief
 Became Love's convert, and Clotilda led

* "The Frenchmen wonderfully reverence this oyle; and at the coronation of their Kings, fetch it from the church where it is kept, with great solemnity. For it is brought (saith Sleiden in his Commentaries) by the Prior sitting on a white ambling Palfrey, and attended by his Monkes; the Archbishop of the town (Rheims) and such Bishops as are present, going to the church door to meet it, and leaving for it with the Prior some gage, and the King, when it is by the Archbishop brought to the altar, bowing himself before it with great reverence."

Peter Heylyn.

Her husband to the font.

The Missioned Maid

Then placed on Charles's brow the Crown of France,
And back retiring, gazed upon the King

One moment, quickly scanning all the past,

Till in a tumult of wild wonderment

She wept aloud. The assembled multitude

In awful stillness witnessed: then at once,

As with a tempest-rushing noise of winds,

Lifted their mingled clamours. Now the Maid

Stood as prepared to speak, and waved her hand,

And instant silence followed.

“ King of France !”

She cried, “ At Chinon, when my gifted eye

“ Knew thee disguised, what inwardly the Spirit

“ Prompted, I spake, armed with the sword of God

“ To drive from Orleans far the English Wolves,

“ And crown thee in the rescued walls of Rheims.

“ All is accomplished. I have here this day

“ Fulfilled my mission, and anointed thee

" Chief Servant of the People. Of this charge,
 " Or well performed 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 exclaimed, and fell upon the ground
 And clasped 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
 " Thou tear'st them from their homes, and sendest
 " them

" 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;
 " 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
 " 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 !
 " Be merciful to such a monstrous man,
 " When the Spirits of the murdered 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
 " Become the Representative of Heaven,
 " And Gratitude and Love establish thus
 " Thy reign. Believe me, King ! that hireling guards,
 " Tho' fleshed in slaughter, would be weak to save
 " A tyrant on the blood-cemented Throne
 " That totters underneath him."

Thus the Maid
Redeemed her country. Ever may the ALL-JUST
Give to the arms of FREEDOM such success.

END.

The Vision

10

The Vision of Orléans

The Vision
of
The Maid of Orleans.

*Divinity hath oftentimes descended
Upon our slumbers, and the blessed troupes
Have, in the calme and quiet of the soule,
Conversed with us.*

SHIRLEY. *The Grateful Servant.*

The Vision was originally printed as the ninth book of *JOAN of ARC*. The plan and execution of that Poem were equally faulty; I have repeatedly and laboriously corrected it, and as many faults unavoidably still remain, request the reader to recollect that it was first written at the age of nineteen, and published at the age of one and twenty.

R. S.

THE VISION
of
THE MAID OF ORLEANS.

The First Book.

Orleans was hush'd in sleep. Stretch'd on her couch
The delegated Maiden lay. Soon she closed
Her heavy eyelids ; not reposing then,
For busy Phantasy, in other scenes
Awakened : whether that superior powers,
By wise permission, prompt the midnight dream,
Instructing best the passive * faculty ;

* May says of Serapis,
Erudit at placide humanam per somnia mentem,
Nocturnâque quiete docet ; nulloque labore
Hic tantum parta est pretiosa scientia, nullo

Or that the soul, escaped its fleshly clog,
 Flies free, and soars amid the invisible world,
 And all things *are* * that *seem*.

Excuditur studio verum. Mortalia corda
 Tunc Deus iste docet, cum sunt minus apta doceri,
 Cum nullum obsequium præstant, meritisque fatentur
 Nil sese debere suis; tunc recta scientes
 Cum nil scire valent. Non illo tempore sensus
 Humanos forsán dignatur numen inire,
 Cum propriis possunt per se discursibus uti,
 Ne forte humaná ratio divina coiret.

Sup Lucani.

* I have met with a singular tale to illustrate this spiritual theory of dreams.

Guntrum, King of the Franks, was liberal to the poor, and he himself experienced the wonderful effects of divine liberality. For one day as he was hunting in a forest he was separated from his companions and arrived at a little stream of water with only one comrade of tried and approved fidelity. Here he found himself opprest by drowsiness, and reclining his head upon the servant's lap went to sleep. The servant witnessed a wonderful thing, for he saw a little beast creep out of the mouth of his sleeping master, and go immediately to the streamlet, which it vainly attempted to cross. The

Along a moor,
Barren, and wide, and drear, and desolate,
She roam'd, a wanderer thro' the cheerless night.

servant drew his sword and laid it across the water, over which the little beast easily past and crept into a hole of a mountain on the opposite side; from whence it made its appearance again in an hour, and returned by the same means into the King's mouth. The King then awakened, and told his companion that he had dreamt that he was arrived upon the bank of an immense river, which he had crossed by a bridge of iron, and from thence came to a mountain in which a great quantity of gold was concealed. When the King had concluded, the servant related what he had beheld, and they both went to examine the mountain, where upon digging they discovered an immense weight of gold.

I stumbled upon this tale in a book entitled *SPHINX, Theologico-Philosophica. Authore Johanne Heidfeldio, Ecclesiaste Ebersbachiano. 1621.*

The same story is in Matthew of Westminster; it is added that Guntrum applied the treasures thus found to pious uses.

For the truth of this theory there is the evidence of a Monkish miracle. When Thurcillus was about to follow St. Julian and visit the world of souls, his guide said to him, "let thy body rest in the bed for thy spirit only is about to depart with me;

Far thro' the silence of the unbroken plain
 The bittern's boom was heard, hoarse, heavy, deep,
 It made accordant music to the scene.
 Black clouds, driven fast before the stormy wind,
 Swept shadowing; thro' their broken folds the moon
 Struggled at times with transitory ray,
 And made the moving darkness visible.
 And now arrived beside a fenny lake
 She stands, amid whose stagnate waters, hoarse
 The long reeds rustled to the gale of night.
 An age-worn bark receives the Maid, impell'd
 By powers unseen; then did the moon display

and lest the body should appear dead, I will send into it a vital breath."

The body however by a strange sympathy was affected like the spirit; for when the foul and fetid smoke that arose from the tithes withheld on earth, had nearly suffocated Thurcillus, and made him cough twice, those who were near his body said that it coughed twice about the same time.

Matthew Paris.

Where thro' the crazy vessel's yawning side
 The muddy wave oozed in : 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 aroused
 The almighty people from their tyrant's hand
 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 : and thro' the Maiden's veins
 Chill crept the blood, for, as the night-breeze pass'd,

* The Bastille. The expression is in one of Fuller's works, an Author whose quaintness and ingenuity have always amused, and sometimes assisted me.

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
 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
 Its head ; the earth was heav'd with many a mound,
 And here and there a half-demolish'd tomb.

And now, amid the ruin's darkest shade,
 The Virgin's eye beheld where pale blue flames

Rose wavering, now just gleaming from the earth,
 And now in darkness drown'd. An aged man
 Sate near, seated on what in long past days
 Had been some sculptur'd monument, now fallen
 And half-obscur'd by moss, and gather'd heaps
 Of withered yew-leaves and earth-mouldering bones ;
 His eye was large and rayless, and fix'd full
 Upon the Maid ; the tomb-fires on his face
 Shed a blue light ; his face was of the hue
 Of death ; his limbs were mantled in a shroud.

Then with a deep heart-terrifying voice,
 Exclaim'd the Spectre, " Welcome to these realms,
 " These regions of DESPAIR ! O thou whose steps
 " Sorrow hath guided to my sad abodes
 " Welcome to my drear empire, to this gloom
 " Eternal, to this everlasting night,
 " Where never morning darts the enlivening ray,
 " Where never shines the sun, but all is dark,
 " Dark as the bosom of their gloomy King."

So saying he arose, and drawing on,
 Her, to the abbey's inner ruin, led
 Resistless. Thro' the broken roof the moon
 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. Meantime overhead
 Roar'd the loud blast, and from the tower the owl
 Scream'd as the tempest shook her secret nest.
 He, silent, led her on, and often 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
 Crept, for she stood amid a vault, and saw,
 By the sepulchral lamp's dim glaring light,
 The fragments of the dead.

“ Look here !” he cried,

“ Damsel, look here ! survey this house of Death ;

“ O soon to tenant it ! soon to increase

“ 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

“ 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

“ With the cold clod ? thing horrible to think, . .

“ Yet in thought only, for reality

“ Is none of suffering here ; here all is peace ;

“ No nerve will throb to anguish in the grave.

“ Dreadful it is to think of losing life,

“ 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
 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.

“ Look here !” DESPAIR pursued, “ this loathsome
“ mass

“ Was once as lovely, and as full of life

“ AS, DAMSEL ! thou art now. Those deep-sunk
“ eyes

“ Once beam'd the mild light of intelligence,

“ 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

“ That Priest consign'd her, 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 ?

“ 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
Her cold damp hands : “ shrink not,” the Phantom
cried,

“ Gaze on ! for ever gaze !” more firm he grasp'd
Her quivering arm : “ this lifeless mouldering clay,
“ As well thou know'st, was warm with all the
“ glow

“ Of Youth and Love ; this is the 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

“ This murdered youth ; 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,
 “ 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
 “ Assigned to mortal man ? born but to drag,
 “ 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 !
 “ What, Maiden, canst thou hope from lengthen'd life
 “ But lengthen'd sorrow ? If protracted long,
 “ Till on the bed of death thy feeble limbs
 “ Stretch out their languid length, oh think what
 “ thoughts,
 “ What agonizing feelings, in that hour,
 “ Assail the sinking heart ! slow beats the pulse,
 “ Dim grows the eye, and clammy drops bedew
 “ The shuddering frame ; then in its mightiest force,
 “ Mightiest in impotence, the love of life
 “ Seizes the throbbing heart ; the faltering lips
 “ Pour out the impious prayer, that fain would change
 “ The unchangeable's decree ; surrounding friends
 “ Sob round the sufferer, wet his cheek with tears,
 “ And all he loved in life embitters death !

 “ 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 her Resignation !

“ Coward wretch !

“ Fond Coward ; thus to make his Reason war
 “ 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,
 “ 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,
 “ Bask in the sunshine of Prosperity,
 “ And such do well to keep it. But to one
 “ Sick at the heart with misery, and sore
 “ With many a hard unmerited affliction,
 “ It is a hair that chains to wretchedness

“ 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 and heart-consuming cares,

“ I can be only happy in my home

“ With thee—my friend!—my father!” Thinkest
thou,

“ That he would thrust him as an outcast * forth ?

“ Oh ! he would clasp the truant to his heart,

“ 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.

* Werter.

Yet, not silent long,

“ Eloquent tempter cease !” the Maiden cried,
 “ What tho’ affliction be my portion here,
 “ Thinkest thou I do not feel high thoughts of joy,
 “ Of heart-ennobling joy, when I look back :
 “ Upon a life of duty well perform’d,
 “ Then lift mine eyes to Heaven, and there in faith
 “ Know my reward ? . . . I grant, were this life all,
 “ Was there no morning to the tomb’s long night,
 “ If man did mingle with the senseless clod,
 “ Himself as senseless, then wert thou indeed
 “ 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.
 “ 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,

“ 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
 “ 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,
 “ Even to its dregs ! England's inhuman Chiefs
 “ Shall scoff thy sorrows, blacken thy pure fame,
 “ Wit-wanton it with lewd barbarity,
 “ And force such burning blushes to the cheek
 “ Of Virgin modesty, that thou shalt wish
 “ The earth might cover thee ! in that last hour,
 “ 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,
 “ 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
 “ 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
 “ 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
 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 Dæmons, as they dragg'd along
 The unwelcome load, and mark'd their brethren glut
 On carcasses.

Below the vault dilates
 Its ample bulk. “ Look here ! ” — DESPAIR address
 The shuddering Virgin, “ see the dome of DEATH ! ”
 It was a spacious cavern, hewn amid
 The entrails of the earth, as tho' to form
 The grave of all mankind : no eye could reach,
 Tho' 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,
 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,
 “ And learn to know thy friend.”

She not replied,
 Observing where the Fates their several tasks
 Plied ceaseless. “ Mark how long the shortest web
 “ Allowed to man !” he cried ; “ observe how soon,
 “ Twin’d round yon never-resting wheel, they change
 “ Their snowy hue, darkening thro’ 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,
 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,

* These lines strongly resemble a passage in the Pharonnida of William Chamberlayne, a Poet who has told an interesting story in uncouth rhymes, and mingled sublimity of thought

Still as the web of Being was drawn forth,
 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;

and beauty of expression, with the quaintest conceits, and most awkward inversions.

On a rock more high
 Than Nature's common surface, she beholds
 The Mansion house of Fate, which thus unfolds
 Its sacred mysteries. A trine within
 A quadrate placed, both these encompass in
 A perfect circle was its form; but what
 Its matter was, for us to wonder at,
 Is undiscovered left. A tower there stands
 At every angle, where Time's fatal hands
 The impartial PARCÆ dwell; i' the first she sees
 CLOTHO the kindest of the Destinies,
 From immaterial essences to cull
 The seeds of life, and of them frame the wool
 For LACHESIS to spin; about her flie
 Myriads of souls, that yet want flesh to lie

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
 Of wretchedness, the generous heart that aches
 With anguish at the sight of human woe.

Warm'd with their functions in, whose strength bestows
 That power by which man ripe for misery grows.

Her next of objects was that glorious tower
 Where that swift-fingered Nymph that spares no hour
 From mortals' service, draws the various threads
 Of life in several lengths ; to weary beds
 Of age extending some, whilst others in
 Their infancy are broke : *some blackt in sin,*
Others, the favorites of Heaven, from whence
Their origin, candid with innocence ;
Some purpled in afflictions, others dyed
In sanguine pleasures : some in glittering pride
 Spun to adorn the earth, whilst others wear
 Rags of deformity, but knots of care

To her the Fiend, well hoping now success,
 " This is thy thread ! observe how short the span,
 " And see how copious yonder Genius pours
 " 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

No thread was wholly free from. Next to this
 Fair glorious tower, was placed that black abyss
 Of dreadful ATROPOS, the baleful seat
 Of death and horror, in each room repleat
 With lazy damps, loud groans, and the sad sight
 Of pale grim Ghosts, those terrors of the night.
 To this, the last stage that the winding clew
 Of Life can lead mortality unto,
 FEAR was the dreadful Porter, which let in
 All guests sent thither by destructive sin.

It is possible that I may have written from the recollection of this passage. The conceit is the same, and I willingly attribute it to Chamberlayne, a Poet to whom I am indebted for many hours of delight, and whom I one day hope to rescue from undeserved oblivion.

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!”

*THE VISION**of**THE MAID OF ORLEANS.*

The Second Book.

She spake, and lo ! celestial radiance beam'd
 Amid the air, such odors wafting now
 As erst came blended with the evening gale,
 From Eden's bowers of bliss. An angel form
 Stood by the Maid ; his wings, ethereal white,
 Flash'd like the diamond in the noon-tide sun,
 Dazzling her mortal eye : all else appear'd
 Her THEODORE.

Amazed she saw : the Fiend
 Was fled, and on her ear the well-known voice
 Sounded, tho' now more musically sweet
 Than ever yet had thrill'd her charmed soul,

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 !

“ 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 tho' it be and painful, for the grave

“ Is but the threshold of Eternity.

“ Favour'd of Heaven ! to thee is given to view

“ These secret realms. The bottom of the abyss

“ Thou treadest, Maiden ! Here the dungeons are

“ Where bad men learn repentance ! souls diseas'd

“ Must have their remedy ; and where disease

“ 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 wide 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 no end to know
 But endless toil and never-ending woe.

An aged man went round the infernal vault,
 Urging his-workmen to their ceaseless task :
 White were his locks, as is the wintry snow
 On hoar Plinlimmon's head. A golden staff
 His steps supported ; powerful talisman,
 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
 Had deified, and bowed the suppliant knee
 To Plutus. Nor are now his votaries few,
 Even tho' the blessed Teacher of mankind
 Hath said, that easier thro' the needle's eye
 Shall the huge *camel pass, than the rich man
 Enter the gates of heaven. "Ye cannot serve
 "Your GOD, and worship MAMMON."

"Missioned Maid!"

So spake the Angel, "know that these, whose hands

* I had originally written *cable* instead of *camel*. The alteration would not be worth noticing were it not for the circumstance which occasioned it. *Facilius elephas per foramen acus*, is among the Hebrew adages collected by Drusius; the same metaphor is found in two other Jewish proverbs, and this appears to determine the signification of *καμηλος*. Matt. 19. 24.

" 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 ; scorched by these fierce fires,
 " And frequent deluged by the o'erboiling ore :
 " Yet still so framed, that oft to quench their thirst
 " Unquenchable, large draughts of molten * gold

* The same idea, and almost the same words are in an old play by John Ford. The passage is a very fine one :

Ay, you are wretched, miserably wretched,
 Almost condemn'd alive ! There is a place,
 (List daughter !) in a black and hollow vault,
 Where day is never seen ; there shines no sun,
 But flaming horror of consuming fires ;
 A lightless sulphur, choak'd with smoaky fogs
 Of an infected darkness. In this place
 Dwell many thousand thousand sundry sorts

“ They drink insatiate, still with pain renewed,
 “ Pain to destroy.”

So saying, her he led
 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
 Shot forth irradiate ; from the earth beneath,

Of never-dying deaths ; there damned souls
 Roar without pity, there are gluttons fed
 With toads and adders : there is burning oil
 Pour'd down the drunkard's throat, *the usurer*
Is forced to sup whole draughts of molten gold ;
 There is the murderer for ever stabb'd,
 Yet he can never die ; there lies the wanton
 On racks of burning steel, whilst in his soul
 He feels the torment of his raging lust.

'Tis Pity she's a Whore.

I wrote this passage when very young, and the idea, trite as it is, was new to me. It occurs I believe in most descriptions of hell, and perhaps owes its origin to the fate of Crassus.

And from the roof there streamed a diamond light ;
 Rubies and amethysts their glows commix'd
 With the gay topaz, and the softer ray
 Shot from the sapphire, and the emerald's hue,
 And bright pyropus.

There on golden seats,
 A numerous, sullen, melancholy train
 Sat silent. " Maiden, these," said Theodore,
 " Are they who let the love of wealth absorb
 " All other passions ; in their souls that vice
 " Struck deeply-rooted, like the poison-tree
 " That with its shade spreads barrenness around,
 " These, Maid ! were men by no atrocious crime
 " Blacken'd, no fraud, nor ruffian violence :
 " Men of fair dealing, and respectable
 " On earth, but such as only for themselves
 " 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

“ 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 past,

And now arrived at such a gorgeous dome,
 As even the pomp of Eastern opulence
 Could never equal : wandered thro' its halls
 A numerus train ; some with the red-swoln eye
 Of riot, and intemperance bloated cheek ;
 Some pale and nerveless, and with feeble step,
 And eyes lack-lustre.

“ Maiden !” said her guide,

“ These are the wretched slaves of Appetite,
 “ Curst with their wish enjoyed. The epicure
 “ Here pampers his foul frame, till the pall'd sense
 “ Loaths at the banquet ; the voluptuous here
 “ 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,
 “ 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
 “ 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.
 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
 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 ideot form
 He sprung, what time MADNESS, with furious hand,
 Seiz'd on the laughing female. At one birth
 She brought the brethren, menial here below,
 The Sovereigns upon earth, where oft they hold
 High revels : mid the Monastery's gloom,
 Thy palace GLUTTONY, and oft to thee
 The sacrifice is spread, when the grave voice
 Episcopal, proclaims approaching day
 Of visitation, or Churchwardens meet
 To save the wretched many from the gripe
 Of Poverty, or mid thy ample halls
 Of London, mighty Mayor ! rich Aldermen,
 Of coming feast hold converse.

Otherwhere,
 For tho' allied in nature as in blood,
 They hold divided sway, his brother lifts
 His spungy sceptre. In the noble domes

Of Princes, and state-wearied Ministers,
 Maddening he reigns; and when the affrighted mind
 Casts o'er a long career of guilt and blood
 Its eye reluctant, then his aid is sought
 To lull the worm of Conscience to repose.
 He too the halls of country Squires frequents,
 But chiefly loves the learned gloom that shades
 Thy offspring Rhedycina! and thy walls,
 Granta! nightly libations there to him
 Profuse are pour'd, till from the dizzy brain
 Triangles, Circles, Parallelograms,
 Moods, Tenses, Dialects, and Demigods,
 And Logic and Theology are swept
 By the red deluge.

Unmolested there

He revels; till the general feast comes round,
 The sacrifice Septennial, when the sons
 Of England meet, with watchful care to chuse
 Their delegates, wise, independent men,
 Unbribing and unbrib'd, and chosen to guard

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,
 " 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
 " 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
 Stood at the gate, stretching her eager head
 As tho' to listen ; on her vacant face,
 A smile that promis'd premature assent ;
 Tho' her REGRET behind, a meagre Fiend,
 Disciplin'd sorely.

Here they enter'd in,
 And now arrived where, as in study tranced,
 They saw the Mistress of the Dome. Her face
 Spake that composed severity, that knows
 No angry impulse, no weak tenderness,
 Resolved and calm. Before her lay that Book
 That hath the words of Life ; and as she read,
 Sometimes a tear would trickle down her cheek,
 Tho' 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
 The favour'd Maid of Orleans. Kneeling down
 On the hard stone which their bare knees had worn,
 In sackcloth robed, a numerous train appear'd :
 Hard-featured some, and some demurely grave ;
 Yet such expression stealing from the eye,
 As tho', that only naked, all the rest
 Was one close fitting mask. A scoffing Fiend,
 For Fiend he was, tho' wisely serving here
 Mock'd at his patients, and did often pour
 Ashes upon them, and then bid them say
 Their prayers aloud, and then he louder laughed :
 For these were Hypocrites, on earth revered
 As holy ones, who did in public tell
 Their beads, and make long prayers, and cross
 themselves,
 And call themselves most miserable sinners,
 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
 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
 Of a fierce Dæmon. His coarse hair was red,
 Pale grey his eyes, and blood-shot ; and his face
 Wrinkled by such a smile as Malice wears
 In ecstasy. Well-pleas'd he went around,
 Plunging his dagger in the hearts of some,
 Or probing with a poison'd lance their breasts,
 Or placing coals of fire within their wounds ;

Or seizing some within his mighty grasp,
 He fix'd them on a stake, and then drew back
 And laugh'd to see them writhe.

“ These,” said the Spirit,
 “ Are taught by CRUELTY, to 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
 “ In human flesh here too are disciplined.
 “ Till by their suffering they have equall'd all
 “ The miseries they inflicted, all the mass
 “ Of wretchedness caused by the wars they waged,
 “ The villages they burnt, the widows left
 “ In want, the slave or led to suicide,
 “ Or murdered by the foul infected air
 “ Of his close dungeon, or more sad than all,
 “ His virtue lost, his very soul enslaved,
 “ And driven by woe to wickedness.

“ These next,

" Whom thou beholdest in this dreary room,
 " 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 tho' thou seest
 " That skilful leech who willingly would heal
 " The ill they suffer, judging of all else
 " By their own evil standard, they suspect
 " The aid he vainly proffers, lengthening thus
 " By vice its punishment."

" But who are these,"
 The Maid exclaim'd, " that robed in flowing lawn,
 " And mitred, or in scarlet, and in caps
 " Like Cardinals, I see in every ward,
 " Performing menial service at the beck
 " Of all who bid them ?"

Theodore replied,
 " These men are they who in the name of CHRIST

" Have heap'd up wealth, and arrogating power,
 " Have made men bow the knee, and call'd 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 :
 " Did not the Holy One of Nazareth,
 " Tell them, his kingdom is not of the world ?"

So saying on they past, and now arrived
 Where such a hideous ghastly groupe abode,
 That the Maid gazed with half-averting eye,
 And shudder'd : each one was a loathly corpse,
 The worm 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
 " Whose loose lascivious lays perpetuated

" Their own corruption. Soul-polluted slaves,
 " Who sate them down, deliberately lewd,
 " So to awake and pamper lust in minds
 " Unborn ; and therefore foul of body now
 " As then they were of soul, they here abide
 " Long as the evil works they left on earth
 " Shall live to taint mankind. A dreadful doom !
 " Yet amply merited by that bad man
 " Who prostitutes the sacred gift of song !"

And now they reached a huge and massy pile,
 Massy it seemed, and yet in every blast
 As to its ruin shook. There, porter fit,
 REMORSE for ever his sad vigils kept.
 Pale, hollow-eyed, emaciate, sleepless wretch,
 Inly he groan'd, or, starting, wildly shriek'd,
 Aye as the fabric tottering from its base,
 Threatened its fall, and so expectant still
 Lived in the dread of danger still delayed.
 They enter'd there a large and lofty dome,
 O'er whose black marble sides a dim drear light

Struggled with darkness from the unfrequent lamp.
 Enthroned around, the MURDERERS OF MANKIND,
 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
 He might be called young Ammon. In this court
 Cæsar was crown'd, accurst liberticide;
 And he who murdered Tully, that cold villain,
 Octavius, tho' the courtly minion's lyre
 Hath hymn'd his praise, tho' Maro sung to him,
 And when Death levelled to original clay
 The royal carcase, FLATTERY, fawning low,
 Fell at his feet, and worshipped the new God.
 * Titus was here, the Conqueror of the Jews,

* 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

He the delight of human-kind misnamed,
 Cæsars 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,
 A deep and hollow voice from one went forth ;
 " Thou who art come to view our punishment,

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

From the Bampton Lectures of RALPH CHURTON.

If any of my readers should enquire 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 !

“ 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 Agincourt,
 “ 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
 “ 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
 “ 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,
 " 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 VISION
of
THE MAID OF ORLEANS.

The Third Book.

The Maiden, musing on the Warrior's words,
Turn'd from the Hall of Glory. Now they reach'd
A cavern, at whose mouth a Genius stood,
In front a beardless youth, whose smiling eye
Beam'd promise, but behind, withered and old,
And all unlovely. Underneath his feet
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,
 Still rolling onward its perpetual waves,
 Noiseless and undisturbed. 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 ;
 Nor had the Maiden's footsteps ever reach'd
 The insulated coast, eternally
 Rapt round the endless course ; but Theodore
 Drove with an angel's will the obedient bark.

They land, a mighty fabric meets their eyes,
 Seen by the 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,
 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
 The little glow-worm's self-created light,
 And argue thence of kingdoms overthrown,
 And desolated nations; ever fill'd
 With undetermin'd terror, as she heard
 Or distant screech-owl, or the regular beat
 Of evening death-watch.

“Maid,” the Spirit cried,
 “Here, robed in shadows, dwells FUTURITY.
 “There is no eye hath seen her secret form,
 “For round the MOTHER OF TIME, eternal mists
 “Hover. If thou would'st read the book of Fate,
 “Go in!”

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 assured,
 “That he, my heavenly Father, for the best

“ Ordaineth all things, in that faith remain

“ Contented.”

“ Well and wisely hast thou said,”

So Theodore replied; “ and now O Maid!

“ Is there amid this boundless universe

“ One whom thy soul would visit? is there place

“ To memory dear, or visioned out by hope,

“ Where thou would'st now be present? form the

“ wish,

“ And I am with thee, there.”

His closing speech

Yet sounded on her ear, and lo! they stood

Swift as the sudden thought that guided them,

Within the little cottage that she loved.

“ He sleeps! the good man sleeps!” enrapt she cried,

As bending o'er her Uncle's lowly bed

Her eye retraced his features. “ See the beads

“ That never morn nor night he fails to tell,

“ Remembering me, his child, in every prayer.

“ Oh! quiet be thy sleep, thou dear old man!

" Good Angels guard thy rest ! and when thine hour
 " Is come, as gently mayest thou wake to life,
 " As when thro' yonder lattice the next sun
 " Shall bid thee to thy morning orisons !"
 " Thy voice is heard," the Angel guide rejoin'd,
 " He sees thee in his dreams, he hears thee breathe
 " Blessings, and happy is the good man's rest.
 " Thy fame has reached him, for who has not heard
 " Thy wonderous exploits ? and his aged heart
 " Hath felt the deepest joy that ever yet
 " Made his glad blood flow fast. Sleep on old Claude !
 " Peaceful, pure Spirit, be thy sojourn here,
 " And short and soon thy passage to that world
 " Where friends shall part no more !

" Does thy soul own

" No other wish, ? or sleeps poor Madelon
 " Forgotten in her grave ? seest thou yon star,"
 The Spirit pursued, regardless of her eye
 That look'd reproach ; " seest thou that Evening star
 " Whose lovely light so often we beheld

" From yonder woodbine porch ? how have we gazed
 " Into the dark deep sky, till the baffled soul,
 " Lost in the infinite, returned, and felt
 " The burthen of her bodily load, and yearned
 " For freedom ! Maid, in yonder evening star
 " Lives thy departed friend. I read that glance,
 " And we are there !"

He said and they had past

The immeasurable space.

Then on her ear

The lonely song of adoration rose,
 Sweet as the cloister'd virgins vesper hymn,
 Whose spirit, happily dead to earthly hopes,
 Already lives in Heaven. Abrupt the song
 Ceas'd, tremulous and quick a cry
 Of joyful wonder rous'd the astonish'd Maid,
 And instant Madelon was in her arms ;
 No airy form, nor unsubstantial shape,
 She felt her friend, she prest her to her heart,
 Their tears of rapture mingled.

She drew back
 And eagerly she gazed on Madelon,
 Then fell upon her neck again and wept.
 No more she saw the long-drawn lines of grief,
 The emaciate form, the hue of sickliness,
 The languid eye : youth's loveliest freshness now
 Mantled her cheek, whose every lineament
 Bespake the soul at rest, a holy calm,
 A deep and full tranquillity of bliss.

“ Thou then art come, my first and dearest friend !”
 The well known voice of Madelon began,
 “ Thou then art come ! and was thy pilgrimage
 “ So short on earth ? and was it painful too,
 “ Painful and short as mine ? but blessed they
 “ Who from the crimes and miseries of the world
 “ Early escape !”

“ Nay,” Theodore replied,
 “ She hath not yet fulfill'd her mortal work.
 “ Permitted visitant from earth she comes

" To see the seat of rest, and oftentimes
 " In sorrow shall her soul remember this,
 " And, patient of her transitory woe,
 " Partake the anticipated peace again."
 " Soon be that work perform'd!" the Maid exclaimed,
 " O Madelon! O Theodore! my soul,
 " Spurning the cold communion of the world,
 " Will dwell with you! but I shall patiently,
 " Yea even with joy, endure the allotted ills
 " Of which the memory in this better state
 " Shall heighten bliss. That hour of agony,
 " When, Madelon, I felt thy dying grasp,
 " And from thy forehead wiped the dews of death,
 " The very horrors of that hour assume
 " A shape that now delights."

" O earliest friend!

" I too remember," Madelon replied,
 " That hour, thy looks of watchful agony,
 " The supprest grief that struggled in thine eye
 " Endearing love's last kindness. Thou did'st know

“ With what a deep and melancholy joy
 “ I felt the hour draw on : but who can speak
 “ The unutterable transport, when mine eyes,
 “ As from a long and dreary dream, unclosed
 “ Amid this peaceful vale, unclos'd upon
 “ My Arnaud ! he had built me up a bower,
 “ A bower of rest.—See, Maiden, where he comes,
 “ His manly lineaments, his beaming eye
 “ The same, but now a holier innocence
 “ Sits on his cheek, and loftier thoughts illumine
 “ The enlighten'd glance.”

They met, what joy was theirs

He best can feel, who for a dear friend dead
 Hath wet the midnight pillow with his tears.

Fair was the scene around ; an ample vale
 Whose mountain circle at the distant verge
 Lay soften'd on the sight ; the near ascent
 Rose bolder up, in part abrupt and bare,
 Part with the ancient majesty of woods

Adorn'd, or lifting high its rocks sublime.
 The river's liquid radiance roll'd beneath,
 Beside the bower of Madelon it wound
 A broken stream, whose shallows, tho' the waves
 Roll'd on their way with rapid melody,
 A child might tread. Behind, an orange grove
 Its gay green foliage starr'd with golden fruit ;
 But with what odours did their blossoms load
 The passing gale of eye ! less thrilling sweet
 Rose from the marble's perforated floor,
 Where kneeling at her prayers, the Moorish queen
 Inhaled the cool delight,* and whilst she asked
 The Prophet for his promised paradise,

* In the cabinet of the Alhambra where the Queen used to dress and say her prayers, and which is still an enchanting sight, there is a slab of marble full of small holes, through which perfumes exhaled that were kept constantly burning beneath. The doors and windows are disposed so as to afford the most agreeable prospects, and to throw a soft yet

Shaped from the present scene its utmost joys.
 A goodly scene! fair as that faery land
 Where Arthur lives, by ministering spirits borne
 From Camlan's bloody banks; or as the groves
 Of earliest Eden, where, so legends say,
 Enoch abides, and he who rapt away
 By fiery steeds, and chariotted in fire,
 Past in his mortal form the eternal ways;
 And John, beloved of Christ, enjoying there
 The beatific vision, sometimes seen
 The distant dawning of eternal day,
 Till all things be fulfilled.

“Survey this scene!”

So Theodore address'd the Maid of Arc,

lively light upon the eyes. Fresh currents of air too are admitted, so as to renew every instant the delicious coolness of this apartment.

From the sketch of the History of the Spanish Moors, prefixed to Florian's Gonsalvo of Cordova.

" There is no evil here, no wretchedness;
 " It is the Heaven of those who nurst on earth
 " Their nature's gentlest feelings. Yet not here
 " Centering their joys, but with a patient hope,
 " Waiting the allotted hour when capable
 " Of loftier callings; to a better state
 " They pass; and hither from that better state
 " Frequent they come, preserving so those ties
 " That thro' the infinite progressiveness
 " Complete our perfect bliss.

" Even such, so blest,

" Save that the memory of no sorrows past
 " Heightened the present joy, our world was once,
 " In the first æra of its innocence
 " Ere man had learnt to bow the knee to man.
 " Was there a youth whom warm affection fill'd,
 " He spake his honest heart; the earliest fruits
 " His toil produced, the sweetest flowers that deck'd
 " The sunny bank, he gather'd for the maid
 " Nor she disdain'd the gift; for VICE not yet

“ Had burst the dungeons of her hell, and rear’d
 “ Those artificial boundaries that divide
 “ 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,
 “ 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
 “ Her altars, and bow’d down before the shrine
 “ Of WEALTH and POWER, the Idols he had made.
 “ Then HELL enlarged herself, her gates flew wide,
 “ Her legion fiends rush’d forth. OPPRESSION came
 “ Whose frown is desolation, and whose breath
 “ 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
 " 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
 " Dash down his Moloch-Idols, Samson-like
 " And burst his fetters, only strong while he
 " Fears for their strength. Then in the deep abyss
 " OPPRESSION shall be chain'd, and POVERTY
 " Die, and with her, her brood of Miseries ;
 " And VIRTUE and EQUALITY preserve
 " The reign of LOVE, and Earth shall once again
 " Be Paradise, where WISDOM shall secure
 " The state of bliss which IGNORANCE 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

“ The vast infinity, progressive still

“ In knowledge and encreasing 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

“ Wanton around thy temples, on whose wing

“ I will not hover near ! and at that hour

“ When from its fleshly sepulchre let loose,

“ Thy phœnix soul shall soar, O best-beloved !

“ I will be with thee in thine agonies,

“ 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
Above, re-echo in the halls of Heaven:

LABOUR was there, his crisp locks floating loose,
Clear was his cheek, and beaming his full eye,
And strong his arm robust; the wood-nymph HEALTH
Still follow'd on his path, and where he trod
Fresh flowers and fruits arose. And there was HOPE,
The general friend; and PITY, whose mild eye
Wept o'er the widowed dove: and, loveliest form,
Majestic CHASTITY, whose sober smile
Delights and awes the soul; a laurel wreath
Restrain'd her tresses, and upon her breast
The *snow-drop hung its head, that seem'd to grow
Spontaneous, cold and fair: still by the maid
LOVE went submiss, with eye more dangerous

* "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."

Than fancied basilisk to wound whoe'er
 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!
 “ 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
 “ 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
 “ 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
 “ 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 where he meets
 “ The eloquent eye of TENDERNESS, and hears
 “ The bosom-thrilling music of her voice ;
 “ The joy he feels shall purify his Soul,
 “ And imp it for anticipated Heaven.”

THE END.

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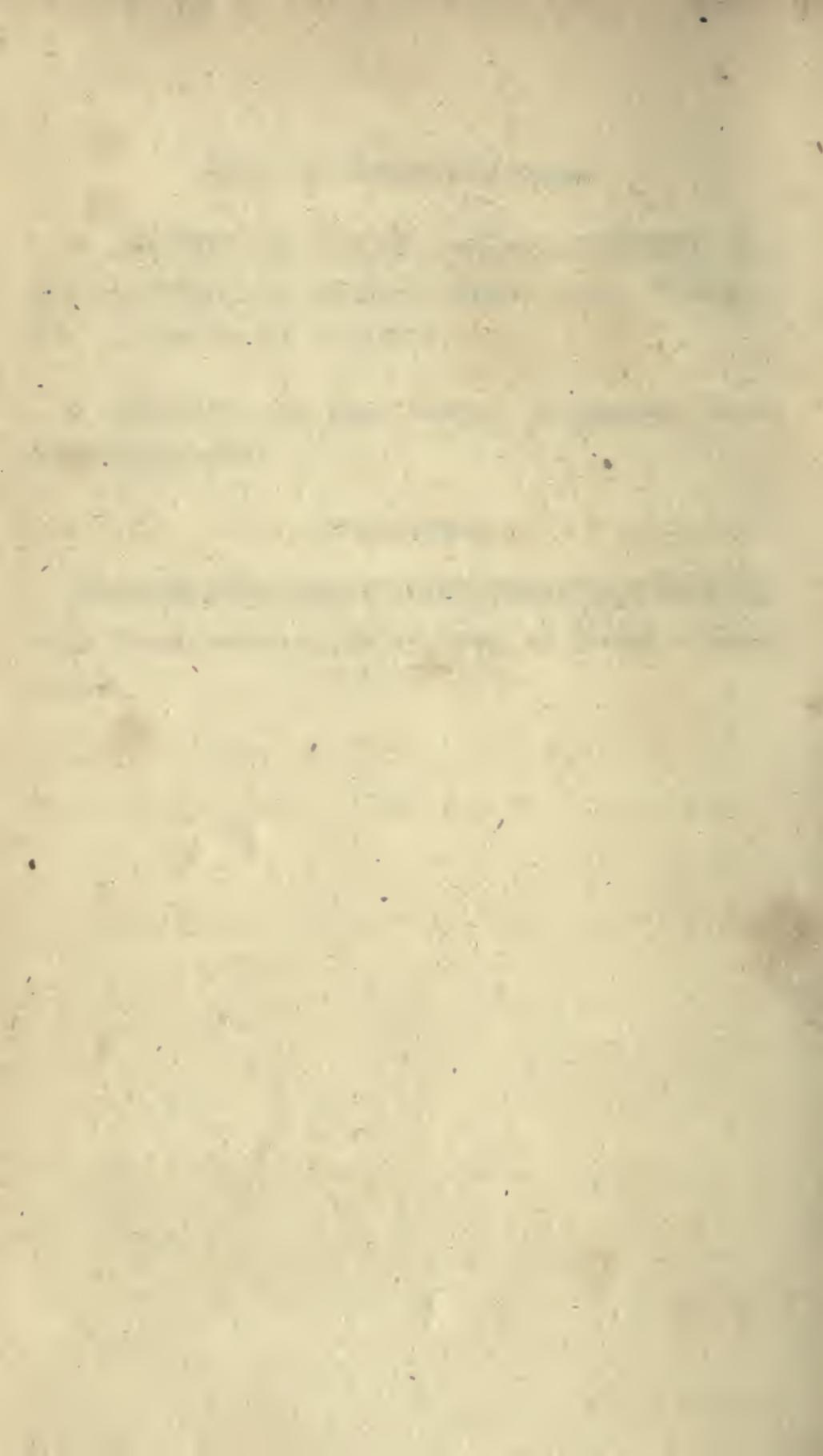
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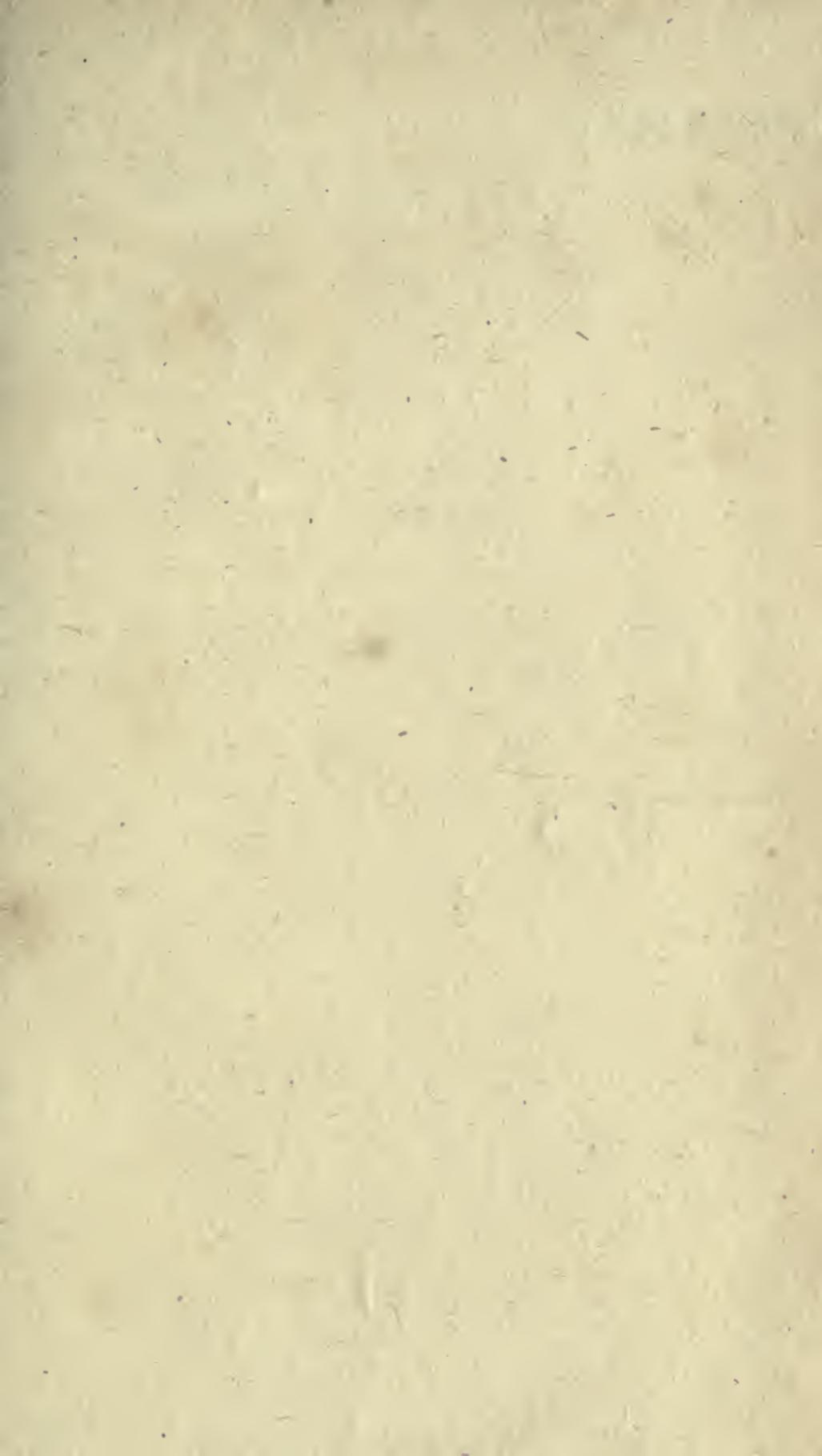
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