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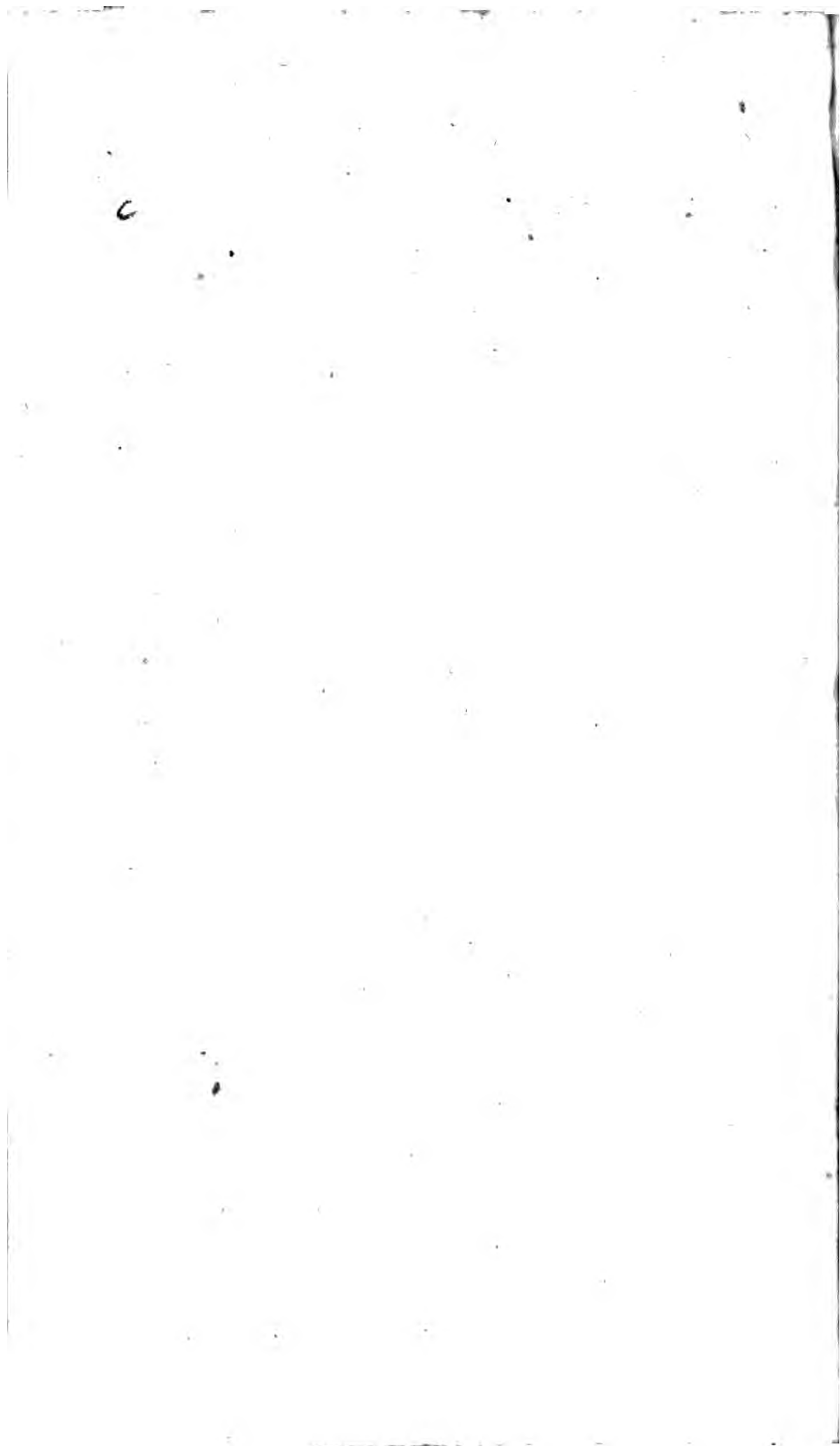


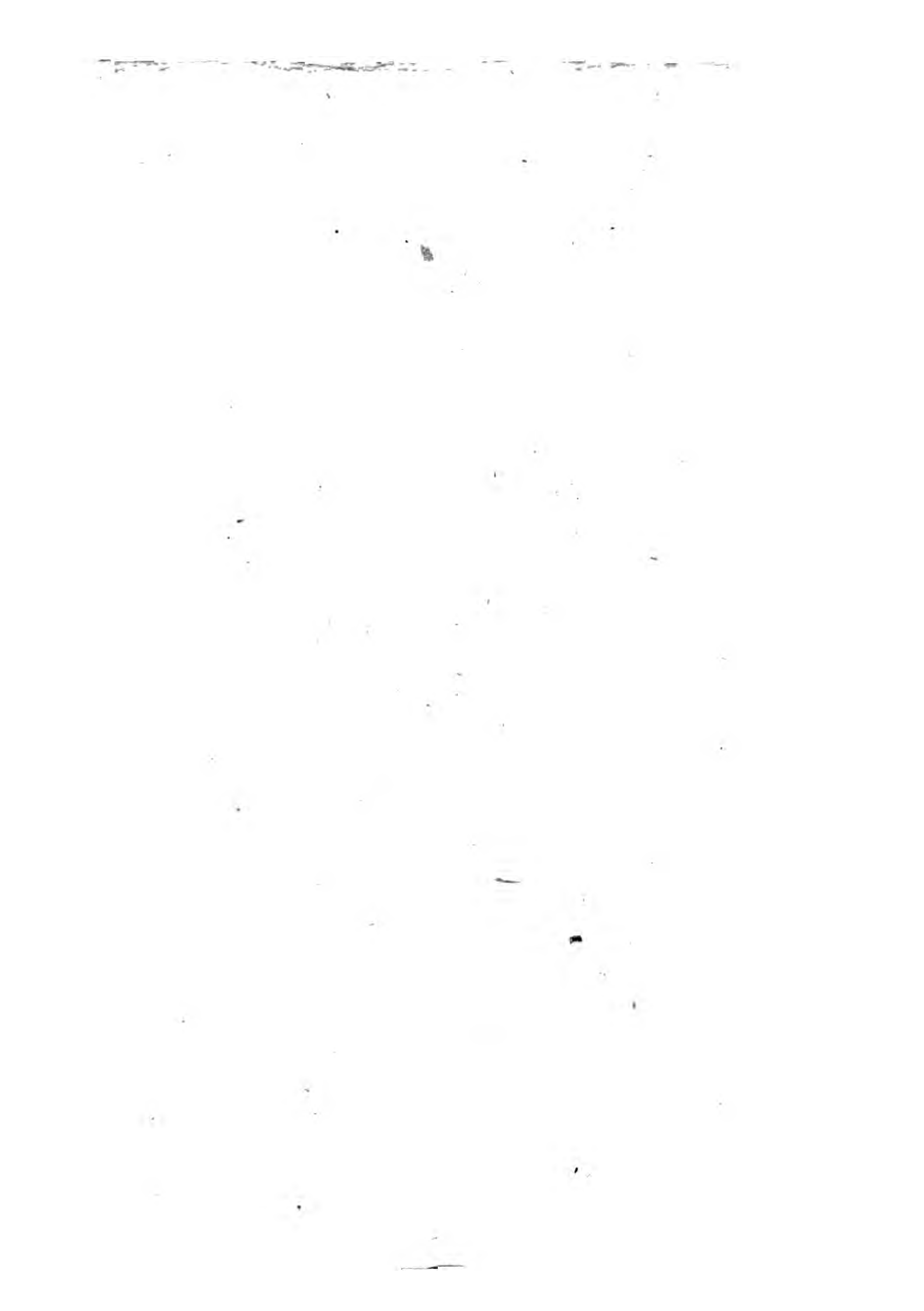
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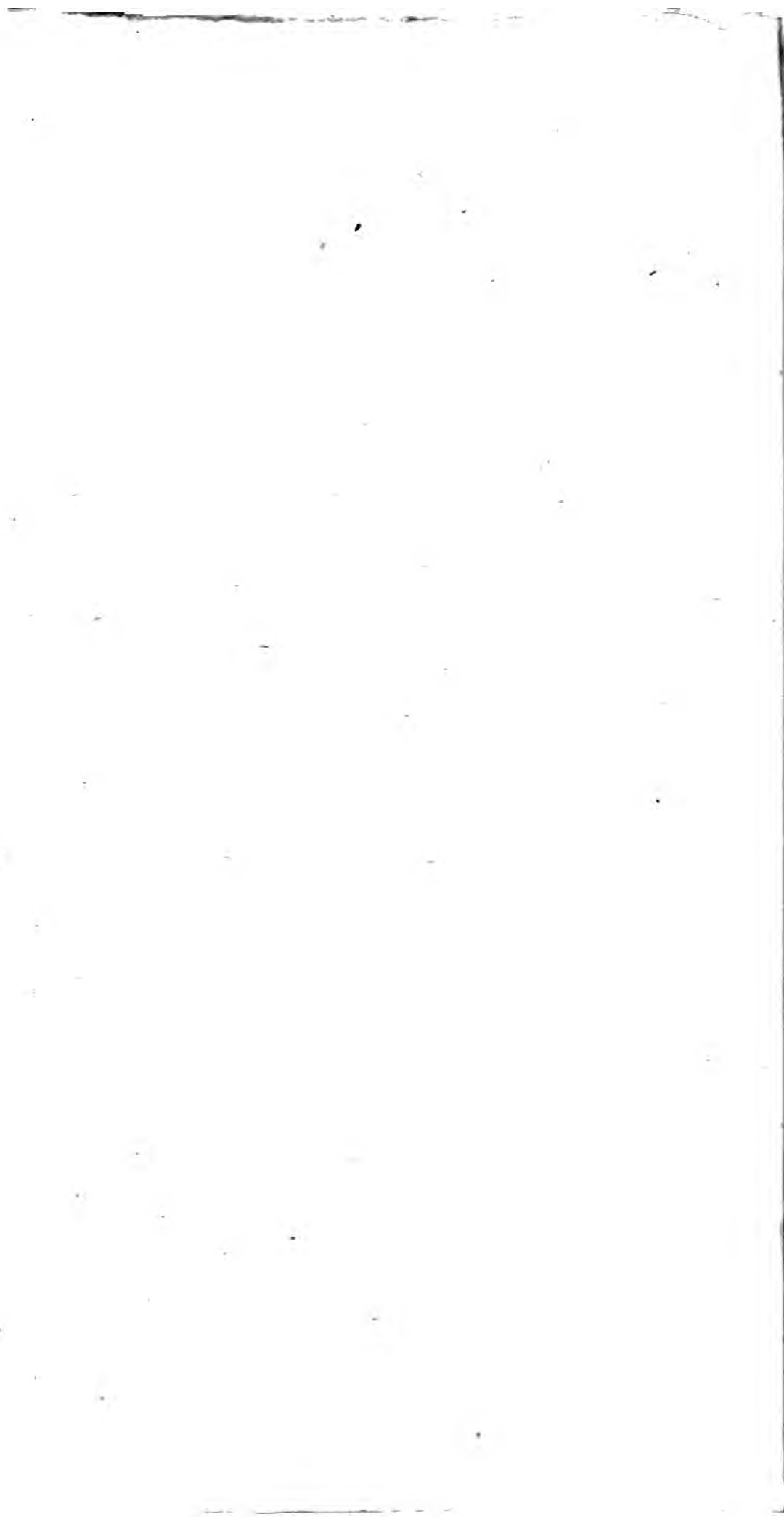
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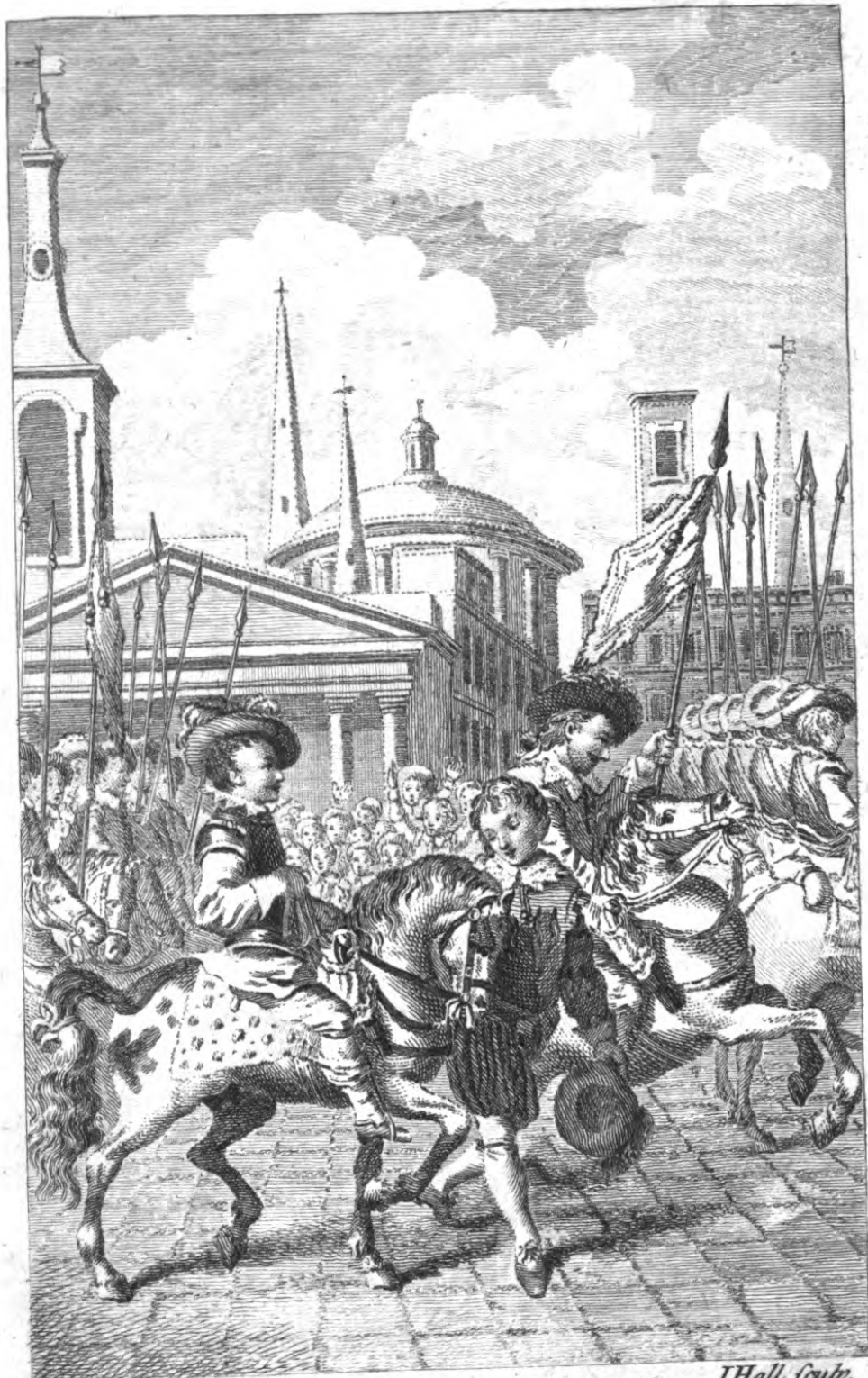
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J. Hall sculp.

THE
HENRIADE.

BY

Mr. DE VOLTAIRE.

Translated from the FRENCH,

By T. SMOLLETT M.D. T. FRANCKLIN, M.A.
and others.

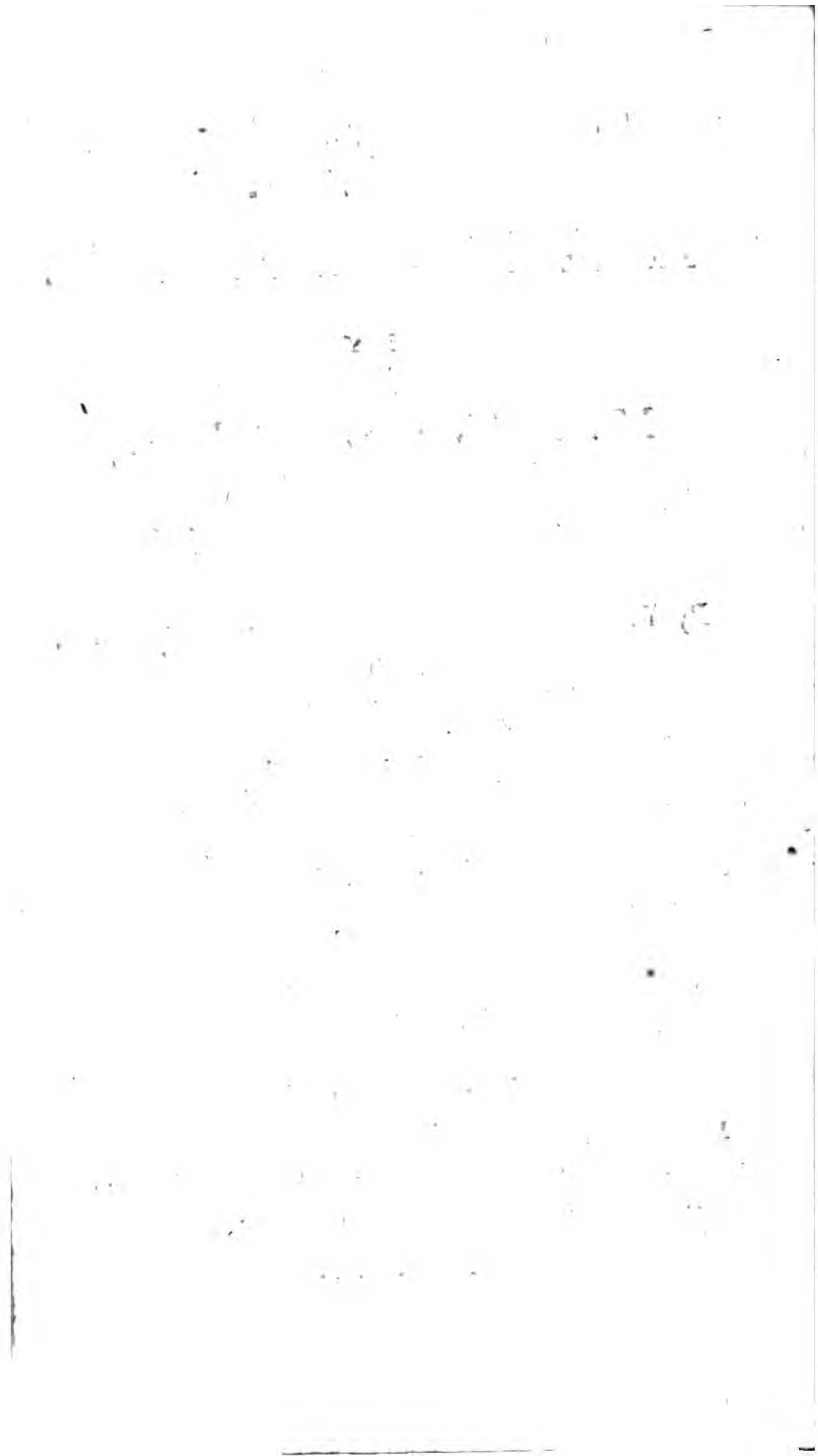
V O L. XXIV.



L O N D O N :

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T H E

H E N R I A D E.

C A N T O the F I R S T.



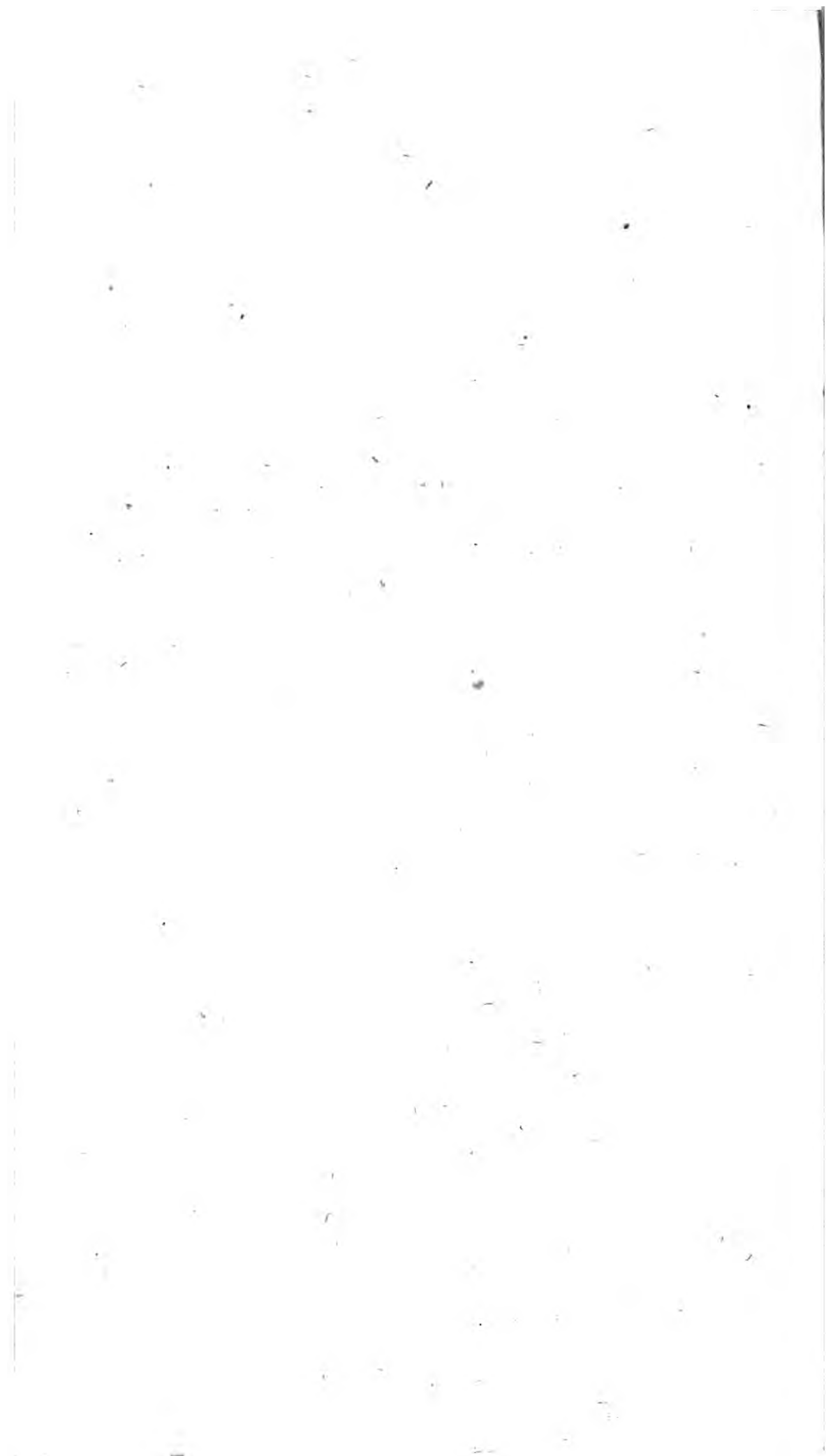
THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

PHYSICS DEPARTMENT

PHYSICS 350

THE ARGUMENT.

Henry III. join'd by Henry de Bourbon, king of Navarre, against the League, having blockaded Paris, sends over Henry de Bourbon privately into England, in hopes of obtaining succours from queen Elizabeth. A violent storm over-taking him in his voyage, he is oblig'd to put into an island, where an old hermit receives him, and foretells his change of religion, and accession to the throne. Description of England, and its government.



T H E
H E N R I A D E.
C A N T O the F I R S T.

* **T**HE chief renown'd, who rul'd in France, I
sing,
By right of conquest, and of birth, a king ;
In various suff'rings resolute, and brave,
Faction he quell'd : he conquer'd, and forgave.
Subdued the dangerous League, and † factious Mayne, 5
And curb'd the head-strong arrogance of Spain.

* *The chief renown'd,*] Henry IV. of France, son of Anthony king of Navarre, who descended in a direct line from Robert Count de Clermont, youngest son of Lewis IX. or St. Lewis king of France. The posterity of his eldest son *Philip the Bold*, failing in Henry III. king of France, three hundred years after the death of St. Lewis, Henry of Bourbon became heir to the crown, as descended from the above-mentioned Count de Clermont, who married Beatrix, daughter of Agnes de Bourbon, heir of Arehemband, lord of Bourbon in the middle of the XIIIth century.

† Charles duke de Mayne, Brother of Henry duke de Guise, who form'd the League, a faction in France; who, under pretence of danger of the church, made head against Henry III. king of France, and, after his death, against Henry of Bourbon, who gain'd great advantages over the Spaniards in confederacy with the League.

6 THE HENRIADE.

He taught those realms he conquer'd to obey,
And made his subjects happy by his sway.

O heaven-born truth, descend, celestial muse,
Thy power, thy brightness in my verse infuse. 10
May kings attentive hear thy voice divine
To teach the monarchs of mankind is thine.
'Tis thine to war-enkind'ling realms to shew
What dire effects from curst divisions flow.
Relate the troubles of preceding times ; 15
The people's suff'ring's, and the prince's crimes,
And O ! if fable may her succours lend,
And with thy voice her softer accents blend ;
If on thy light her shades sweet graces shed,
If her fair hand e'er deck'd thy sacred head. 20
Let her with me thro' all thy limits rove,
Not to conceal thy beauties, but improve.

* Valois then govern'd the distracted land,
Loose flow'd the reins of empire in his hand :
Rights were confounded, laws neglected bore 25
No force, alas ! for Valois reign'd no more.
No more the prince for deeds of war renown'd,
Whom as her son victorious conquest own'd ;

* *Valois then govern'd,*] Henry III. king of France, one of the principal heroes of this poem, is always called Valois, the name of the royal branch to which he belong'd.

Whose

T H E H E N R I A D E. 7

Whose arms thro' Europe spread disorder'd fear,
Whose loyal subjects shed the pious tear, 30
When the bleak north proclaim'd him truly great,
And laid her crowns, and scepters at his feet.
Those rays of glory, erst in battle won,
Sunk into night, and vanish'd from the throne.
There sat the monarch on the lap of ease, 35
Reclining fondly in the arms of peace.
Too weak to bear in each lethargic hour,
The regal diadem, and weight of pow'r.
Voluptuous youths usurp'd the sole command,
And reign'd, in truth, the sov'reigns of the land. 40
Pleas'd in their soft luxurious prince to find
Corrupted morals, and a female mind.
Meantime the Guises rose at fortune's call ;
And built their schemes of greatness on his fall,
Thence sprung the League, which prov'd the fatal
source 45
Of num'rous ills, and baffled all his force.
The servile crowd, with vain chimæras fed,
Too blindly follow'd where the tyrants led.
Now from the Louvre see the monarch fly,
No faithful friend, no kind protection nigh ; 50

8 THE HENRIADE.

All had been lost, but warlike* Bourbon came,
 Whose gen'rous soul was fraught with virtue's flame.
 'Twas his the royal sacrifice to save,
 And teach once more the monarch to be brave.
 The kings to Paris with their troops advance, 55
 The eyes of Europe all are fix'd on France.
 Rome takes th' alarm, her fears the Spaniards share,
 And wait with dread the issue of the war.

High on the walls inhuman Discord stood,
 Eager for slaughter, and athirst for blood; 60
 Thro' all the city rag'd, nor rag'd in vain,
 But drove to arms the hostile League, and Mayne :
 Thro' church, and state the deadly poison spread,
 And call'd the proud Iberia to her aid.
 This savage monster scenes of horror loves, 65
 And plagues the vot'ries whom her soul approves.
 She racks, and galls the slaves her chains confin'd,
 And riots in the torments of mankind.
 Westward of Paris, where the winding Seine
 Adorns each meadow with eternal green, 70
 Where oft' the Graces, and the Muses play,
 The troops of Valois shon in dread array.

* *Bourbon*] Henry IV. is call'd indifferently throughout the poem either Bourbon, or Henry. He was born at Pau in Bearn le 13 December 1553.

There,

THE HENRIADE. 9

There, whom religion sway'd by diff'rent laws
Revenge united in their sov'reign's cause.
A thousand chiefs stood forth at Bourbon's word, 75
Love join'd their hearts, and valour drew the sword.
With joy they follow'd the bright paths of fame,
But one their leader, and their church the same.

Immortal* Louis eyed him from above
With all the fondness of parental love : 80
Virtues he saw which Gallia's king might grace,
And future glories worthy of his race.
Charm'd with his courage, yet he griev'd to find
Such weak discernment in so brave a mind :
Would gladly guide him to the throne of truth, 85
And wish'd to check the errors of his youth.
But valiant Henry gain'd the regal crown,
And rose by measures to himself unknown.
Louis was present from his blest abode
To lead the youthful hero in his road. 90
Full oft' unseen the kind assistance came,
That toils, and dangers might augment his fame.

Oft' had our walls beheld with martial rage
In doubtful war th'embattl'd ranks engage.

* *Immortal Louis*] St. Louis, the ninth of that name, king of France, from whom the Bourbon branch was descended.

The plains were desolate, and carnage spread 95
 From shore to shore her mountains of the dead,
 When Valois thus address'd the chief with sighs,
 And tears of sorrow streaming from his eyes.

See to what height thy monarchs ills are grown,
 There read the faithful portrait of thy own. 100
 With equal hate the factious Leaguers join
 To strike at Bourbon's glory, and at mine.
 Seditious Paris, with a proud disdain,
 Rejects the present, and the future reign.
 The ties of blood, the laws, each gen'rous care 105
 That fills thy soul, proclaims thee lawful heir.
 Great are thy virtues, and, I blush to own,
 For this would Paris drive thee from the throne.
 Nay more, to shew that heav'n approves the deed,
 Religion heaps her curses on thy head. 110
 Rome without armies distant nations awes,
 Spain hurls her thunder, and asserts her cause.
 Friends, subjects, kindred, in this evil day,
 Or basely fly, or proudly disobey.
 Rich is the harvest of Iberia's gains, 115
 Who pours her legions on my desert plains.
 Perchance, the succours of a foreign force
 May stop th' impending danger in it's course.

Britannia's

T H E H E N R I A D E. 11

Britannia's queen may lend the friendly aid,
 And mutual terror may our foes invade. 120
 What, tho' eternal jealousy, and pride
 Oppose our int'rest, and our hearts divide.
 When life's severest ills have been endur'd,
 My glory blasted, and my fame obscur'd ;
 When vile affronts have made my honor poor, 125
 My subjects, and my country are no more.
 Who comes these proud insulters to controul
 Is most my friend, and dearest to my soul.
 No common, listless agent will I trust,
 Be thou my envoy in a cause so just. 130
 On thee my fortune in the war depends,
 Thy merit only can procure me friends.

Thus Valois spoke, and Bourbon heard with grief
 The new designs, and counsels of the chief.
 His great, and gen'rous mind disdain'd to yield 135
 Thus to divide the glory of the field.
 There was a time when conquest met his arm,
 And all those honours which the brave can charm :
 When strong in pow'r, unaided by intrigue,
 Himself, with*Condé, quell'd the trembling League. 140

* *Condé*] Henry, prince of Condé. He was the hopes of the Protestant party : and died at Saint-Jean d'Angeley, aged 35 years, in 1685.

Yet, in obedience to the king's command,
 He left his laurels, and withdrew his hand.
 The troops, amaz'd, with restless ardor burn,
 Their fate, their fortune waits on his return.
 The absent hero still preserv'd his fame, 145
 The guilty city shudder'd at his name:
 Each moment thought the mighty warrior near,
 With death, and desolation in his rear.

He thro' the plains of Neustria bends his way,
 Attended only by his friend *Mornay. 150
 Mornay, too good to flatter, or deceive,
 The cause of error too averse to leave.
 By zeal, and prudence studious to advance
 Alike the int'rest of his church and France.
 The courtier's censor, but at court belov'd, 155
 Rome's greatest foe, and yet by Rome approv'd.

Between two rocks, which hoary ocean laves,
 And beats with all the fury of his waves,
 The port of Dieppe meets the hero's eyes,
 And crowds of eager mariners supplies. 160

* *Morna.*] Duplessis Mornay; the bravest, and most virtuous person belonging to the Protestant party. When Henry IV: chang'd his religion, Mornay reproach'd him in the severest manner, and retir'd from court. He was called the pope of the Huguenots.

Their hands prepare the vessels for the main,
 Those sov'reign rulers of the azure plain.
 The stormy Boreas, fast-enchain'd in air,
 Leaves the smooth sea to softer Zephyr's care. 164
 Their anchor weigh'd, they swiftly quit the strand,
 And soon descry Britannia's happy land.

When lo! the day's bright star is hid in clouds,
 And gath'ring whirlwinds whistle thro' the shrouds.
 Heav'n gives her thunder, waves on waves arise,
 And floods of lightning burst from all the skies. 170
 Death mounts the storm, and foaming billows shew
 The king of terrors to the sailors view.
 Nor death, nor dangers Bourbon's soul annoy,
 His country's sorrows all his cares employ;
 For her he casts the longing look behind, 175
 The storm accuses, and condemns the wind.
 Less gen'rous warmth the Roman's breast inspir'd,
 By love of conquest, and ambition fir'd,
 When, launching boldly from Epirus' coast,
 By angry seas, and furious surges tost, 180
 He dar'd his mightier fortune to oppose
 To all the pow'r of Neptune, and his foes:
 Firm, and convinc'd that no impending doom
 Could snatch it's monarch from the world, and Rome.

'Twas

'Twas then that being, infinitely wise, 185
 At whose high will all empires fall, or rise,
 Who gave this world it's fair, and beauteous form,
 Who calms the ocean, and directs the storm,
 On Gallia's hero look'd with pity down
 From the bright radiance of his saphire throne. 190
 The waves, obedient to his dread command,
 Convey'd the vessel to the neighbouring land.
 Guided by heav'n, secure the hero stood
 Where Jersey's isle emerges from the flood.

Near to the shore there lay a calm retreat, 195
 By shades defended from the solar heat.
 A rock, that hid the fury of the seas,
 Forbid the entrance of each ruder breeze.
 By nature's hand adorn'd, a mossy grot
 Improv'd the beauties of this rural spot. 200
 An holy hermit, train'd in wisdom's ways,
 There spent the quiet evening of his days.
 Lost to the world, and all it's trifling shew,
 His only study was himself to know.
 O'er ev'ry fault his pensive mind woud rove, 205
 Which pleasure dictates, or which springs from love.
 The flow'ry meadows, and the silver streams
 Had rais'd his soul to more enlighten'd themes.

Each

THE HENRIADE. 15

Each passion quell'd in this retir'd abode,
His ardent wish was union with his God. 210
Wisdom before him spread her ample page,
And heav'n protected his declining age.
She pour'd her purest blessings on his head,
And taught him Fate's mysterious book to read.
The hoary sage, who well our hero knew, 215
Whom God inform'd with science ever true,
Near a clear stream invites the prince to taste
The simple diet of his rural feast.
He oft had fled from vanity, and care,
To humble cottages, and simpler fare. 220
Had bid adieu to courts, and courtly pride,
And laid the pomp of majesty aside.

In plain, and useful converse much was said
Of troubles thro' the christian empire spread.
Mornay unmov'd determin'd to protect, 225
With zealous fervor Calvin, and his sect.
Henry, in doubt what precepts to believe,
Petition'd heav'n one ray of light to give.
Error, he said, in all preceding times,
Has truth conceal'd, and been the nurse of crimes. 230
Must I then wander, and mistake the road,
Whose only confidence is plac'd in God.

A God, so gracious, sure will lend his aid,
And teach mankind what worship should be paid.

Let us, replied the venerable feer, 235
God's secret counfels, and defigns revere.
Nor rashly think that human errors bring
Their muddy currents from fo pure a fpring.
Well I remember, when thefe aged eyes
Beheld this feft in humble weaknefs rife, 240
When, as an exile dreading human fight,
It fled for refuge to the fhades of night.
By flow degrees the phantom rais'd her head,
And all around her baleful influence fhed.
Plac'd on the throne, no pow'r her force confines, 245
She reigns our tyrant, and o'erturns our fhines.
Far from the court, in this obfcure retreat,
With fighs, and tears I weep Religion's fate.
One hope remains to chear life's dreary vale ;
So ftrange a worship cannot long prevail : 250
It's new-born glory in our days fhall ceafe,
Firft fprung from man, and founded in caprice.
Frail, like ourfelves, all human works decay ;
God fweeps their glory, and their pride away.
Safe, - and feure his holy city ftands ; 255
Nor dreads the malice of our mortal hands.
In vain the fabric hell, and time invade,
His own right arm the ftrong foundation laid.

On

T H E H E N R I A D E. 17

On thee, great Bourbon, will he pour his light,
 And chase the mists of error from thy fight. 260
 On Valois' throne, with providence thy shield,
 Bright wilt thou shine, and all thy foes shall yield.
 Through paths of glory conquest leads thy sword ;
 'Tis heaven's decree ; the highest gave his word.
 Yet hope not rashly, in the pride of youth, 265
 To enter Paris, uninform'd by truth.
 But most of love's bewitching draught beware,
 The bravest hearts are conquer'd by the fair.
 From that sweet poison guard thy manly soul ;
 Though passion calls, and pleasure crowns the bowl.
 And when, at length, this sage advice pursued, 271
 The factious Leaguers, and thyself subdued,
 In horrid seige thy bounteous hand shall give
 Life to a nation, and it's strength revive ;
 Then all thy realms shall taste the sweets of peace, 275
 All strife shall vanish, and all discord cease.
 Then raise thine eyes to that almighty lord
 Whom erst our fathers honour'd, and ador'd.
 Who most preserves his image, most shall find
 That virtue pleases, and that heav'n is kind. 280

Thus spoke the seer, each word new warmth be-
 stow'd,
 And Henry's soul with secret raptures glow'd.

Those

18 THE HENRIADE.

Those happy days were present to his eyes,
 When God to man descended from the skies;
 When virtue open'd all her sacred springs, 285
 Pronounc'd her oracles, and govern'd kings.

With tears he claspt the hermit to his breast,
 And parting sighs his honest grief express'd.
 Far distant scenes creative fancy drew,
 And rising glories dawn'd upon his view. 290

Marks of surprize were stamp'd on Mornay's face,
 But heav'n from him withheld her gifts of grace.
 The world in vain bestows the name of wise,
 Where virtue beams, but error's cloud's arise.

While thus the sage, enlighten'd from above, 295
 Spoke to the heart, and tried the prince to move.
 Charm'd with his voice the list'ning winds subside,
 Phœbus breaks forth, and ocean smooths the tide.
 By him conducted, Bourbon reach'd the shore,
 And prosp'rous gales the chief to Albion bore. 300
 Soon as he saw the sea-encircled isle,
 It's change of fortune made the hero smile.

Where once the public evils owed their cause
 To long abuses of the wisest laws,
 Where many a warrior fell of high renown, 305
 And kings descended from the tott'ring throne,

THE HENRIADE. 19

A virgin queen the regal sceptre sway'd,
 And fate itself her sov'reign pow'r obey'd.
 The wise Eliza, whose directing hand
 Had the great scale of Europe at command; 310
 And rul'd a people that alike disdain
 Or freedom's ease, or slav'ry's iron chain.
 Of ev'ry loss her reign oblivion bred;
 There, flocks unnumber'd graze each flow'ry mead.
 Britannia's vessels rule the azure seas, 315
 Corn fills her plains, and fruitage loads her trees.
 From pole to pole her gallant navies sweep
 The waters of the tributary deep.
 On Thames's banks each flow'r of genius thrives,
 There sports the Muse, and Mars his thunder gives. 320
 Three diff'rent pow'rs at Westminster appear,
 And all admire the ties which join them there.
 Whom int'rest parts, the laws together bring,
 The people's deputies, the peers, and king.
 One whole they form, whose terror wide extends 325
 To neighb'ring nations, and their rights defends.
 Thrice happy times, when grateful subjects shew
 That loyal, warm affection which is due!
 But happier still, when freedom's blessings spring
 From the wise conduct of a prudent king. 330
 O when, cried Bourbon, ravish'd at the sight,
 In France shall peace, and glory thus unite?

A female hand has clos'd the gates of war,
 Look on, ye monarchs, and adopt her care.
 Your nations Discord's horrid tide o'erwhelms, 335
 She lives the blessing of adoring realms.

Now at that spacious city he arrives,
 Where nurs'd by heav'n-born freedom plenty lives.
 Now, mighty William's tow'r before him stood,
 Now, fair Eliza's more august abode. 340
 Thither he speeds, attended by Mornay,
 His friend, and sole associate in the way.
 True heroes scorn that pageantry, and state,
 Whose glitt'ring honors captivate the great.
 For France he supplicates with humble prayers, 345
 And native dignity each accent bears.
 From honest frankness all his period's flow,
 The only eloquence that soldiers know.
 Does Valois send you to the banks of Thame?
 Eliza cries, surpriz'd at Valois' name.
 Are all your dire contentions at an end!
 And you, that bitt'rest enemy, his friend!
 Fame spread your discords, and that fame was true,
 From north, to south, from Ganges, to Peru. 355
 And does that arm, so dreaded in the fight,
 Protect his honor, and maintain his right!

Distress,

THE HENRIADE. 21

Distress, replied the chief, our friendship gave,
The chains are broke, and Valois will be brave.
Far happier days he once was doom'd to see, 360
Had all his confidence been plac'd in me.
But fears unmanly in his breast arose,
'Twas art, and cowardice that made us foes.
Henceforth, the vanquish'd shall my aid receive,
His wrongs I punish, and his faults forgive. 365
This war so just may raise Britannia's fame,
'Tis thine, great queen, to signalize her name.
Let royal mercy spread her downy wings,
And crown thy virtues by defending kings.

The queen, impatient, asks him to relate 370
What ruthless evils harass'd Gallia's state.
What springs of action had produc'd a change
At once so new, so wonderful, and strange.
Full oft' of bloody broils, Eliza said,
Thro' Britain's isle has fame the rumor spread. 375
But who for certainty on fame depends,
Which light with darkness, truth with falsehood
blends?
From you or Valois' friend, or conqu'ring foe,
Those long dissentions I could wish to know.
Yourself was witness, and can best impart 380
What mystic ties have chang'd so brave a heart.

Display

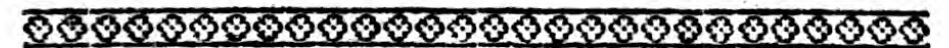
Display your martial deeds, your griefs declare,
No life more worthy of a royal ear.

And must I then, return'd the chief with sighs,
Recall those scenes of horror to my eyes ! 385

O would to heav'n, oblivions endless night
With thickest shades might veil them from my sight !
Must Bourbon tell of kindred prince's crimes,
And the fell madness of preceding times ?

I shudder at the thought, but your command, 390
Respect of pow'r forbids me to withstand.

Others, no doubt, would use refin'd address,
Disguise the truth, and make their errors less :
But I reject an artifice so weak,
And like a soldier, not an envoy speak. 395



T H E

H E N R I A D E.

C A N T O the S E C O N D.



THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

PHYSICS DEPARTMENT

PHYSICS 311

THE ARGUMENT.

Henry the great relates to queen Elizabeth the history of the civil wars of France. He traces them from their origin, and enters into a detail of the massacres committed on St. Bartholomew's day.



T H E
H E N R I A D E.
C A N T O the S E C O N D.

IN France, great sov'reign, to increase the curse,
 Our ills are risen from a sacred source.
 Religion, raging with inhuman zeal,
 Arms ev'ry hand, and points the fatal steel.
 To me however it will least belong 5
 To prove the Romans, or Geneva wrong.
 Whatever names divine the parties claim,
 In mad imposture they are both the same.
 If in the strifes, which Europe's sons divide,
 Murder, and treason mark the erring side; 10
 Since both alike in blood their hands imbrue,
 Their crimes are equal, and their blindness too.

Line 6. Several Historians have described Henry IV. as wavering between the two religions; here he is described as he was, a man of honour, seriously endeavouring to inform himself, the friend of truth, the enemy of persecution, and detesting guilt wheresoever it appeared.

For me, whose business is to guard the state,
 I leave to heav'n their vengeance, and their fate.
 My hand ne'er trespass'd on the rights divine ; 15
 Or e'er profan'd the incense of the shrine.
 Perish each statesman cruel, and unkind,
 Who reigns despotic o'er the human mind ;
 Who stains with blood religion's sacred word,
 And kills, or gains new converts by his sword. 20
 Presuming rashly that a gracious God
 Approves, the sacrifice of human blood.
 Oh wou'd that God, whose laws I wish to know,
 On Valois' court such sentiments bestow !
 The Guises falsely plead religion's cause, 25
 No scruple checks them, and no conscience awes.
 At me those leaders, insolent and proud,
 Direct their fury, and ensnare the crowd.
 These eyes have seen our citizens engage
 In mutual murders, with a zealous rage : 30
 For vain disputes have seen their pious care
 Deal all around the horrid flames of war.

Line 25. Francis duke of Guise, commonly at that time called the Great duke of Guise, was the father of Balafre. It was he, who with the cardinal his brother, laid the foundations of the league. He had several great great qualities, which however we must take care not to dignify with the name of virtues.

T H E H E N R I A D E. 29

You know the madness of those vulgar minds
Which faction warms, and superstition blinds ;
When, proudly arming in a cause divine, 35
No pow'r their head-strong passion can confine.
Er'st in these happy realms yourself beheld
The rising evil, and it's danger quell'd :
The troubl'd scene assum'd a milder form ;
Your virtuous cares subdued the gath'ring storm. 40
No reign more pleasing cou'd I wish to see,
Your laws are flourishing, your city free.
Far other paths did Medicis pursue,
Far less belov'd, less merciful than you.
Mov'd by these tales of misery, and woe, 45
More of her conduct shou'd you seek to know,
Myself her real character will tell,
Nor ought exaggerate, nor ought conceal.
Many have tried, but few cou'd e'er impart
The secret counsels of so deep a heart. 50
Full twenty years within the palace bred
Much to my cost, I saw the tempest spread.

The king expiring in the bloom of life
Left a free course to his ambitious wife.

Form'd by her cares to empire, either son 55
 Alike she hated when he reign'd alone.
 Her hands, the source from whence confusion flow'd,
 The seeds of jealousy, and discord sow'd.
 Her deep designs, no wild effect of chance,
 To Condè Guise oppos'd, and France to France. 60
 By turns defending enemies, and friends,
 And rivals aiding for her private ends.
 False to her sect, and superstition's slave,
 She sought each pleasure which ambition gave.
 Scarce did one virtuous grace adorn her mind, 65
 Deform'd with all the vices of her kind.
 Forgive the freedom of an honest heart ;
 You reign a stranger to your sex's art.

Line 55. Catharine of Medicis quarrel'd with her son Charles IX. towards the later end of his life, and afterwards with Henry III. She had so openly expressed her dislike of the government of Francis II. that she was suspected, though unjustly, of having hastened the death of that king.

Line 60. In the memoirs of the League is contained a letter from Catharine of Medicis to the prince of Condé, in which she returns him her thanks for having taken arms against the court.

Line 63. When she believed that the battle of Dreux was lost, and the protestants had gained the victory, "Well then, she cried, we will say our prayers in French".

Line 63. She was so weak as to believe in Magick, witness the Talismans which were found upon her after her death.

August

August Eliza, blest with ev'ry charm
 That thought can fancy, or that heav'n can
 form, 70

To win affection, or to guard a state,
 Lives a bright pattern to the good, and great.
 With love, and wonder all your deeds are seen,
 And Europe ranks you with her greatest men.
 Francis the second, in youth's early pride, 75
 By fate untimely join'd his fire, and died.

Guise he ador'd, no more his years had shewn,
 Nor vice, nor virtue mark'd him for their own.
 Charles, younger still, the regal name obtain'd,
 But fear evinc'd, 'twas Medicis that reign'd. 80

She fought by artful policy to bring
 Eternal childhood on the rising king.
 A hundred battles spoke her new command,
 And discord's flames were kindled by her hand.
 Two rival parties she with rage inspir'd, 85

Their arms directed, and their bosoms fir'd.
 Dreux first beheld their banners wave in air,
 Ill-fated theatre of horrid war !

Line 87. The battle of Dreux was the first pitched battle between the catholic and protestant parties. It happened in 1562.

Old Montmorenci near the royal tomb
 Met from a warrior's arm a warrior's doom. 90
 At Orleans Guise resign'd his latest breath,
 A stern affassin gave the stroke of death.
 My father still unwilling slave at court,
 Was fortune's bubble, and the queen's support;
 Wrought his own fate, in battle firmly stood, 95
 And died for those who thirsted for his blood.
 Condé vouchsaf'd a parent's aid to lend,
 My surest guardian, and my truest friend.

Nurs'd

Line 89. Anne de Montmorenci, a man remarkable for his obstinacy, and the most unfortunate general of his time, was taken prisoner at Pavia and at Dreux, beaten at St. Quintin by Philip II. and was at length mortally wounded at the battle of St. Denis by an Englishman named Stuart, the same person who had taken him prisoner at Dreux.

Line 91. This is the same Francis de Guise who is mentioned afterwards, famous for the defence of Metz against Charles V. He was besieging the Protestants in Orleans in 1563, when Poltrot-de-meré shot him in the back with a pistol loaded with three poisoned balls. He was forty-four years old when he died.

Line 93. Anthony of Bourbon, king of Navarre, the father of Henry IV. was of a weak and unsettled temper. He quitted the Protestant religion in which he was born, just when his wife renounced the Catholic. He never knew with certainty what party or what religion he belonged to. He was killed at the siege of Bonen, where he assisted the Guises, who were his oppressors, against the Protestants whom he loved. He died in 1562, of the same age with Francis de Guise.

Line 97. The prince of Condé who is here meant, was brother of the king of Navarre and uncle of Henry IV. He was a long time chief of the Protestants, and a great enemy of the Guises.

He

Nurs'd in his camp, beneath the laurel's shade,
 Amidst surrounding heroes was I bred. 100
 Like him disdain'd indolence, and sloth,
 Arms were the toys, and play-things of my youth.
 O plains of Jarnac ! O unhappy day
 That took my guardian, and my friend away !
 Condé, whose kind protection I enjoy'd, 105
 Thy murd'ring hand, O Montesquiou, destroy'd :
 Too weak, too feeble to revenge the blow,
 I saw thee deal destruction on the foe.
 Young and untaught, expos'd to ev'ry ill,
 Heav'n found some hero to protect me still ; 110
 Great Condé first my steps to glory train'd,
 Next my good cause Coligny's arm sustain'd :
 Coligny, gracious queen ! if Europe see
 A virtue worthy her regard in me,
 If Rome herself confess my youthful days 115
 Not unrenown'd, Coligny's be the praise.

He was slain after the battle of Jarnac by Montesquiou, captain of the guard to the Duke of Anjou, (afterwards Henry III.) The Count of Soissons son of the deceased, fought diligently after Montesquiou and his relations, that he might sacrifice them to his vengeance.

Line 112. Gaspard de Coligny, admiral of France, the son of Gaspard de Coligny, marshal of France, and of Louisa de Montmorenci, sister of the constable, born at Chatillon Feb. 16, 1516. Vid. the following remarks.

Early I learn'd beneath his eye to bear
 A soldier's hardships in the school of war ;
 His great example my ambition fir'd,
 His counsel form'd me, and his deeds inspir'd. 120
 I saw him gray in arms, yet undismay'd,
 The gen'ral cause reclining on his aid ;
 Dear to his friends, respected by the foe,
 Firm in all states, majestic tho' in woe ;
 Expert alike in battle and retreat, 125
 More glorious, ev'n more awful in defeat,
 Than Gaston or Dunois in all the pride
 Of war, with France and fortune at their side.

Ten years elaps'd of battles lost and won,
 Still on the field our well-arm'd legions shone ; 130
 With grief the queen her barren trophies view'd,
 Our hardy troops, tho' vanquish'd, unsubdu'd,
 And at one stroke, one fatal stroke ordain'd
 To sweep the civil fury from the land.
 Sudden new counsels in her court prevail'd, 135
 And peace was offer'd, when the sword had fail'd.
 Peace ! be thou witness heav'n's avenging pow'r !
 That treach'rous olive how it blush'd with gore ;
 Gods ! is it then so hard a task to stray,
 And shall their monarchs teach mankind the way ? 140

True

True to his sov'reign still, devoutly true
 Tho' he oppos'd her, to his country too,
 Coligny seiz'd the happy hour to heal
 Her bleeding int'rests, with a patriot's zeal.
 Undaunted thro' surrounding foes he press'd, 145
 (Suspicious seldom haunt a hero's breast)
 Nor staid, till in her own august abode,
 Full in the midst before the queen we stood.
 With circling arms and flowing tears she strove
 To lavish o'er me ev'n a mother's love; 150
 Coligny's friendship was her dearest choice,
 Still to be rul'd by his unerring voice;
 Wealth, pow'r, and honour at his feet she lay'd,
 Her son's indulgence to our hopes display'd,
 Vain flatt'ring hopes alas! and quickly fled. } 155
 All were not blinded by this specious shew
 Of cordial grace and bounty from the foe.
 But Charles, still anxious to insure success,
 More bounteous seem'd, as they believ'd him less.
 Train'd up in falshood from his earliest youth, 160
 He held eternal enmity with truth;
 From infant years had treasur'd in his heart
 The pois'nous precepts of his mother's art;
 And fierce by nature, merciless and proud,
 With ease was ripen'd to the work of blood. 165

More

36 THE HENRIADE.

More deeply still to veil the dark design,
 By nuptial bands he made his sister mine.
 Oh bands accurst, and Hymen's rites profan'd,
 By heaven in anger for our curse ordain'd,
 Whose baleful torch, dire omen of our doom, 170
 Blaz'd but to lead me to a mother's tomb.
 Tho' I have suffer'd let me still be just,
 Nor blame thee, Medicis, but where I must,
 Suspitions, tho' on reason firmly built,
 I scorn, nor need them to enhance thy guilt. 175
 But Albret died—forgive these tears I shed,
 Due to the fond remembrance of the dead.
 Mean while the dreadful hour in swift career,
 Big with the queen's vindictive wrath, drew near.
 Nights gloomy mantle thrown o'er earth and
 heav'n, 180
 Silent and still th'appointed sign was giv'n.
 The moon's pale regent falter'd on her way,
 And sick'ning seem'd to quench her feeble ray.

Line 167. Margaret of Valois, sister of Charles IX. was married to Henry IV. in 1572, few days before the massacre.

Line 172. Jeanne d'Albret, mother of Henry IV. who was drawn to Paris with the rest of the Huguenots, died almost suddenly between the marriage of her son and the feast of St. Bartholomew; but Caillart her physician, and Desnœuds her surgeon, both zealous Protestants, who opened her body, found no marks of poison upon it.

Line 182. It was on the night between the 23d and 24th of August, being the feast of St. Bartholomew in 1572, where this bloody tragedy was executed.

Coligny

Coligny slept, and largely o'er his head
 The drowfy pow'r had all his influence shed. 185
 Sudden unnumber'd shrieks dispell'd the charm,
 His rallying senses felt the dread alarm;
 He wak'd, look'd forth, and saw th'assassin throng
 With murd'rous strides march hastily along:
 Saw on their arms the quiv'ring torch-light play, 190
 His palace fir'd, a nation in dismay,
 His bleeding household stifled in the flames,
 While all the savage host around exclaims,
 " Let no compassion check your righteous hands,
 'Tis God, 'tis Medicis, 'tis Charles commands. 195
 Now his own name shrill ecchoing rends the skies,
 And now far off Teligny he descries,
 Teligny, fam'd for ev'ry virtuous grace,
 Whose truth had earn'd his daughter's chaste em-
 brace,
 Hope of his cause, and honour of his race. } 200
 The bleeding youth by ruffians force convey'd,
 With outstretch'd arms demands his instant aid.

Line 197. The count de Teligny, ten months before, had married the daughter of the admiral. He had so much sweetness in his countenance, that they who came first to kill him relented at the sight, but others more barbarous did the business.

38 T H E H E N R I A D E .

Helpless, unarm'd, he saw his fate decreed,
 Saw that his blood must unreveng'd be shed ;
 Yet bravely anxious for renown atchiev'd, 205
 Wish'd but to die the hero he had liv'd.

Already the tumultuous band explore
 His own recess, and thunder at the door.
 Instant he flings it wide, and meets the foe
 With eye untroubled, and majestic brow, 210
 Such as in battle with delib'rate breast,
 Serene, he urged the slaughter, or repress'd.

Awful and sage he stood, his gracious form
 Quell'd the loud tumult, and controul'd the storm.
 Finish, my friends, your fatal task, he said, 205
 Bathe in my freezing blood this hoary head,
 These locks, which yet full many a boist'rous year
 Ev'n the rough chance of war has deign'd to spare.
 Strike, and strike deep ; be satisfied and know
 With my last breath I can forgive the blow, 220
 The mean desire of life my soul abjures,
 Yet happier ! might I die, defending yours.

The savage band grown human at his words,
 Clasping his knees let fall their idle swords ;

Prone

Prone on the ground his pard'ning grace implore, 225
 And at his feet repentant sorrows pour ;
 He in the midst, like some lov'd monarch rose,
 Theme of his subject's praise, and idol of their vows.

When Besme, impatient for his destin'd prey,
 Rush'd headlong in, enrag'd at their delay ; 230
 Furious he saw the deed unfinish'd yet,
 And each assassin trembling at his feet.

No change in him this scene of sorrow wrought,
 Hard and unfeeling still, the caitiff thought,
 Whoe'er relented at Coligny's fate, 235

Was the queen's foe, a rebel to the state.
 Athwart the croud he breaks impetuous way,
 Firm stands the chief, unconscious of dismay,
 Deep in his side the fierce Barbarian struck
 The fatal steel, but with averted look, 240
 Lest at a glance that eye's resistless charm
 Should freeze his purpose, and unnerve his arm.
 Such was the brave Coligny's mournful end ;
 Affront and outrage ev'n his death attend,

Line 229. Besme was a German, a domestic of the house of Guise. This wretch being afterwards taken by the Protestants, the Rochellers offered a price for him that they might tear him to pieces in the great square, but he was killed by a person named Bretanville.

The rav'ning hawk and vultur hover round 245
 His mangled limbs, still fest'ring on the ground.
 At the queen's feet his sacred head is thrown,
 A conquest worthy both herself and son.
 With brow unalter'd and serene she fate,
 Nor seem'd t' enjoy the victim of her hate ; 250
 To veil her secret thoughts so well she knew,
 Such presents seem'd familiar to her view.

Vain were the task and endless to recite
 Each horrid scene of that disastrous night ;
 Coligny's death serv'd only to presage 255
 Our future woes, an earnest of their rage.
 Legions of bigots, flush'd with fiery zeal
 And frantic ardour, shake the murth'ring steel ;
 Proudly they march where heaps of slaughter rise,
 Unfated vengeance sparkling in their eyes. 260
 Guise in the van full many a victim paid
 Indignant, to his father's injur'd shade ;

Line 244. They suspended the admiral by the feet with an iron chain to the gibbet of Montfaucon. Charles IX. went, together with his court, to enjoy this horrid spectacle. One of his courtiers saying that the body of Coligny had an ill smell, the king answered like Vitellius, the body of an enemy slain smells always well.

Line 261. This was Henry duke of Guise, surnamed Balafre, who was slain at Blois: the brother of duke Francis, who was assassinated by Poltrot.

Their

T H E H E N R I H D E 41

Their leaders animate the troops aloud,
 And chafe to madness the deluded crowd;
 Long registers of deaths foredoom'd display, 265
 And guide the poignard to it's destin'd prey.

The tumult I omit, the deaf'ning screams,
 The blood that floated in promiscuous streams;
 How on his father's coarse struck rudely down,
 Convulsed with anguish fell th'expiring son; 370
 How when the flames had split the mould'ring wall,

It crush'd the cradled infant in it's fall:
 Events like these we view with less surprize,
 For still they mark the track where human frenzy flies.
 But stranger far, what few will e'er believe 275

In future ages, or yourself conceive,
 The barb'rous rout, whose hearts with added fire,
 Those holy savages, their priests inspire;
 Ev'n from the carnage call upon the Lord,
 And waving high in air the reeking sword, } 280
 Offer aloud to God the sacrifice abhorr'd.

What num'rous heroes in that havock died!
 Renel and brave Pardailan by his side,

* Line 283. Anthony of Clermont-Renel, as he was saving himself in his shirt, was massacred by the son of the Baron des Adrets, and by his own cousin, Buffy d'Amboise. The marquis of Pardailan was slain at his side.

Guerchy and wife Lavardin, worthy well
A longer life and gentler fortune, fell. 285

Among the wretches, whom that night of woe
Plunged in the gloom of endless night below,
Marillac and Soubise mark'd down to death,
Defended stoutly their devoted breath,
'Till all with labour wearied and foredone, 290
Close to the Louvre's gate push'd roughly on,
While to their king with suppliant voice they cry,
Deaf to their pray'rs, he hears not, and they die.

High on the roof the royal fury stood,
At leisure feasting on the scenes of blood, 295
Her cruel minions watch the gloomy host,
And mark the spot where slaughter rages most ;
Brave chiefs ! triumphant only in their shame,
They saw their country blaze, and gloried in the
flame.

Oh

Line 284. Guerchy defended himself a long time in the street, and slew many of the assassins 'till he was overpowered by numbers ; but the marquis of Lavardin had not time to draw his sword.

Line 288. Marillac, Count Rochfoncault, was a favourite of Charles IX. and had spent part of the night with him. The king had some inclination to save him, and had himself commanded him to sleep in the Louvre ; but at length he let him depart, saying, I see plainly it is God's will that he should perish.

Soubise

T H E H E N R I A D E. 43

Oh scandal to the name of king rever'd ! 300
 Himself, the monarch, joins the felon herd ;
 Himself the trembling fugitives persues,
 And ev'n his sacred hands in blood imbrues.
 This Valois too, whose cause I now support,
 Who comes by me, a suppliant to your court, 305
 Shar'd in his brother's guilt an impious part,
 And roused the flames of vengeance in his heart ;
 Nor yet is Valois fierce, of savage mood,
 Or prone by nature to delight in blood ;
 But on his youth those dire examples wrought, 310
 And weakness, more than malice, was his fault.

A few there were whom vengeance sought in vain,
 Who 'scap'd unhurt among the thousands slain.
 Caumont ! thy fortune, thy auspicious fate,
 Ages unborn with wonder shall relate. 315

Soubise was so called because he had married the heiress of that family. His own name was Dupont-Quellence. He defended himself a long time, and fell covered with wounds under the queen's window. The ladies flock'd thither to see his body, naked and bloody as it was, with a savage curiosity, worthy of that abominable court.

Line 300. I have heard the last marshal of Fessé assert, that in his youth he knew an old man 90 years of age, who had been page to Charles IX. and who had often told him, that he himself loaded the carabine with which the king fired upon his Protestant subjects, the night of St. Bartholomew.

Line 314. De Caumont, who escaped the massacre, was the famous marshal de la Force, who afterwards gained such great reputation, and lived to the age of fourscore and four years.

The

44 THE HENRIADE.

The hoary fire between his sons reposed,
 His aged eyes in needful slumber closed,
 One bed sufficed them all; when rushing in
 The fell destroyers mar the peaceful scene,
 With hasty strokes their poignards plunging round, 320
 They deal a random death at ev'ry wound.
 But he, whose mercies o'er our fate preside,
 Can waft with ease the threat'ning hour aside;
 Through very zeal to slay, they spare the son,
 And not a trace of mischief reach'd Caumont. 325
 A hand unseen was stretch'd in his defence,
 And screen'd from harm his infant innocence;
 Pierced with a thousand murders, to their force
 His father still opposed his bleeding corse,
 And a whole nation's ardour to destroy 330
 Eluding, twice gave being to his boy.

Me to sweet sleep resign'd, and balmy rest,
 No fear alarm'd, no jealousy possess'd;
 Deep in the Louvre at that dreadful hour,
 Far from the din of arms I slept secure: 335
 But oh! what scenes my waking eyes survey'd,
 Grim death in all his horrid pomp array'd,
 Porches and Porticos were deluged o'er,
 With crimson streams, and stood in pools of gore;
 My

T H E H E N R I A D E . 45

My friends still bleeding, my domestics slain, 340
The truest, best, and dearest of my train.
Already at my bed the villains stand
Prepar'd, already lift the murth'ring hand ;
My life hangs wav'ring on a point, I wait
The final stroke, and yield me to my fate. 345

But whether rev'ence of their ancient lords,
The blood of Bourbon, check'd their daring swords ;
Whether ingenious to torment, the queen
Held Henry's life a sacrifice too mean ;
Or wisely spared it, to secure alone 350
In future storms, a shelter for her own ;
Instead of death, at once to set me free,
Chains and a dungeon were her stern decree.

Far happier was the fate Coligny shar'd,
His life alone her treach'rous arts ensnar'd, } 355
The hero's freedom still, and glory unimpar'd.
I see Eliza shares in the distress,
Though half the sad recital I suppress.
It seem'd as from the queen's malignant eye
All France had caught the signal to destroy ; 360
Swift from the capital on ev'ry side
Death o'er the kingdom stretch'd his banners wide.

Kings

46 T H E H E N R I A D E .

Kings in their vengeance are too well obey'd ;

Whole armies blindly lend their impious aid ;

France floats in blood, and all her rivers sweep 365

Upon their purple tides, the carnage to the deep.

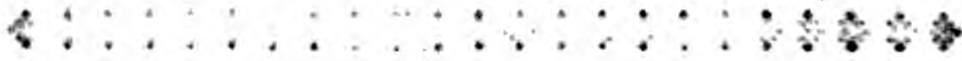


THE

HENRIADE.

CANTO the THIRD.

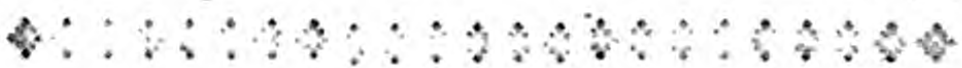




THE

HENRI V D E

CANTO the THIRD.



THE ARGUMENT.

The hero continues the history of the civil wars of France.

The unfortunate death of Charles IX. Reign of Henry III. His character. That of the famous duke of Guise, known by the name of Balafre. Battle of Coutras. Murder of the duke of Guise. Extremities to which Henry III. is reduc'd. Mayenne at the head of the league. D'Aumale the hero of it. Reconciliation of Henry III. and Henry king of Navarre. Queen Elizabeth's answer to Henry of Bourbon.



W

T H E
H E N R I A D E.

C A N T O the T H I R D.

WHEN many a day (for thus the fates ordain'd)
With blackest deeds of murder had been
stain'd;

When each assassin cruel, and abhorr'd,
Fatigu'd with crimes, had sheath'd his glutt'd sword;
Those crimes at length the factious crowd alarm'd 5
Whom zeal had blinded, and their sov'reign arm'd.
As rage subsided, melting pity mov'd
Each friend to virtue who his country lov'd;
Her plaintive voice awaken'd softer cares,
And Charles himself relented at her tears. 10
That early culture, by ill fate design'd
To blast the fairer blossoms of his mind,
Conscience subdued;—her whisp'ring voice alone
Can shake with terror the securest throne.

Not all his mother's principles cou'd frame 15

A heart like her's, insensible of shame.

Severe remorse his anxious soul dismay'd,

His strength was wasted, and his youth decay'd.

Heav'n mark'd him out in vengeance for his crimes

A dread example to succeeding times. 20

*Myself was present at his latest breath,

And still I shudder at that scene of death,

When, in return for tides of Gallic blood,

Each bursting vein pour'd forth the crimson flood.

Thus fell lamented in his early prime 25

A youthful monarch bred to ev'ry crime, W

From whose repentance we had hop'd to gain

The balmy blessings of a milder reign.

Soon as he died, with speed advancing forth

From the bleak bosom of the wintry north 30

Great Valois came, like some bright orient star,

To claim his birth-right in these realms of war.

On him † Polonia had bestow'd her throne,

Deem'd by each province worthy of the crown.

* He never enjoyed his health after the affair of St. Bartholomew, and died about two years afterwards, May 30, 1574. cover'd with his own blood, which gush'd out from ev'ry pore.

† The reputation he had acquired at Jarnac and Montcontour, supported by French coin, had gained him the election as king of Poland in the year 1573. He succeeded Sigismund II. the last prince of the race of the Jagellons.

T H E H E N R I A D E. 53

Great are the dangers of too bright a name, 35
E'en Valois sunk beneath the weight of fame :
Tho' in his cause each danger I defy,
Cou'd toil for ever, and with transport die,
Yet, heav'n-born truth, this tongue thy accents loves,
And only praises what the heart approves. 40
Soon was the race of all his greatness run ;
As morning vapours fly before the sun.
Oft' have I mark'd these changes, often seen,
Heroes, and kings become the weakest men :
Have seen the laurell'd prince in battle brave 45
Wear the soft chain, and live a courtier's slave.
This fact by long experience have I known,
Seeds of true courage in the mind are sown.
Valois was form'd by heav'ns peculiar care
For martial prowess, and the deeds of war : 50
Yet was too weak the rod of pow'r to wield,
Tho' great in arms, and steady in the field.
Detested minions shew'd their artful skill,
And reign'd supreme the sov'reigns of his will.
His voice but dictated their own decrees ; 55
Whilst they, indulging in voluptuous ease,
Drank of each joy which luxury supplies,
And scorn'd to listen to a nation's cries.

Unmov'd beheld afflicted France lament
 Her strength exhausted, and her treasures spent. 60
 Beneath their yoke whilst Valois tamely bow'd,
 And new oppressions from new taxes flow'd,
 Lo * Guise appears ! ambition spurs him on,
 All eyes are fix'd upon this rising sun.
 His deeds of war, the glory of his race, 65
 His manly beauty, and attractive grace ;
 But more than all, that happy, pleasing art,
 Which wins our love, and steals upon the heart,
 Subdued e'en those whom virtue faintly warms,
 And gain'd their wishes by resistless charms. 70
 None e'er like him cou'd lead the mind astray,
 Or rule the passions with more sov'reign sway,
 None e'er conceal'd from busy, curious eyes,
 Their dark intentions in so fair disguise.
 Tho' proud ambition kindled in his soul, 75
 His cooler judgement cou'd that pride controul.
 To gain the crowd, and win deserv'd esteem,
 Detested levies were his daily theme.
 Oft' have they heard his flatt'ring tongue declare
 The public sorrows were his only care. 80

* Henry of Guise ; fir named Balafre : born in the year 1550, of Francis de Guise, and Ann d'Est. He executed the grand project of the league formed by his uncle, the Cardinal of Lorraine, and begun by Francis his father.

On modest worth he lavish'd all his store,
 Or cloth'd the naked, or enrich'd the poor.
 Oft' wou'd his alms prevent the starting tear,
 And tell that Guise, and charity were near.
 All arts were tried which cunning might afford, 85
 To court the nobles whom his soul abhorr'd.
 Alike to virtue, as to vice inclin'd,
 Or love, or endless hatred rul'd his mind.
 He brav'd all dangers which on arms await,
 No chief more bold, none more oppress'd the state. 90
 When time at length had made his influence strong,
 And fix'd the passions of the giddy throng;
 Stripp'd of disguise unmask'd the traitor shone,
 Defied his sov'reign, and attack'd the throne.
 Within our walls the fatal league began, 95
 And next thro' France the dire contagion ran.
 Nurs'd by all ranks the hideous monster stood,
 Pregnant with woes, and rioting in blood.
 Two monarchs rul'd o'er Gallia's hapless land:
 This shar'd alone the shadow of command; 100
 That wide diffus'd fierce wars destructive flame,
 Master of all things save the royal name.
 Valois awak'd the threat'ning danger sees,
 And quits the slumbers of lethargic ease.

56 THE HENRIADE.

But still to ease, and indolence a prey, 105
 His eyes are dazzled by the blaze of day.
 Tho' o'er his head the stormy thunders rowl,
 Nor storms, nor thunders rouze his sluggish soul.
 Sweet to his taste the streams of pleasure flow,
 And sleep conceals the precipice below. 110
 Myself remain'd, the next succeeding heir,
 To save the monarch, or his ruin share :
 Eager I flew his weakness to supply ;
 Firmly resolv'd to conquer, or to die.
 But Guise, alas ! that fly, dissembling fiend, 115
 By craft depriv'd him of his truest friend.
 That old pretence thro' all revolving time,
 Divine religion, veil'd the horrid crime.
 The busy crowd fictitious virtue warm'd,
 With zeal inspir'd them, and with fury arm'd. 120
 Before their eyes in lively tints he drew,
 That ancient worship which their fathers knew.
 From new-born sects declar'd what ills had flow'd,
 And painted Bourbon as a foe to God.
 Thro' all your climes, forbid it heav'n ! he said, 125
 His tenets flourish, and his errors spread.
 Yon walls, that cast a sacred horror round,
 Will soon be sunk, and levell'd with the ground.

Soon

T H E H E N R I A D E.

57

Soon will you see unhallow'd temples rise,
 And point their airy summits to the skies. 130
 So lov'd by Bourbon, so ador'd has been
 The curst example of Britannia's queen.
 Scarce had he spoke, when lo! the public fear
 Was swiftly wafted to the royal ear.
 Nay more, the leaguers issue Rome's decree, 135
 And curse the monarch that unites with me.
 Now was this arm prepar'd to strike the blow,
 Pour forth it's strength, and thunder on the foe;
 When Valois, won by subtle, dark intrigue,
 Fix'd on my ruin, and obey'd the league. 140
 Unnumber'd soldiers arm'd in dread array
 Fill'd ev'ry plain, and spoke the king's dismay.
 With grief I saw such jealousy disclos'd,
 Bewail'd his weakness, and his pow'r oppos'd.
 A thousand states were lavish of supplies, 145 }
 Each passing hour beheld new armies rise, }
 Led on by fierce Joyeuse, and well instructed Guise. }
 Guise, form'd alike for prudence as for war,
 Dispers'd my friends, and baffl'd all their care.
 Still undismay'd, such strength my valour boasts, 150
 I press'd thro' myriads of embattl'd hosts.
 Thro' all the field I fought the proud Joyeuse; —
 But stay—the rest Eliza will excuse.

More of that chief 'twere needless to relate,
 You've heard his end, and fame has spread his fate. 155

“ Not so, — the queen with eagerness replied,

“ Well hast thou spoke with modesty thy guide ;

“ But deign to tell me what I wish to hear,

“ Such themes are worthy of Eliza's ear :

“ Joyeuse his fall in vivid colours draw ; 160

“ Go on, and paint thy conquest at Coutras.”

Touch'd with these words the hero sunk his head ;

An honest blush his manly check o'erspread.

Pausing a while, the tale he thus led on,

Yet wish'd the glory any but his own. 165

Of all, who Valois cou'd by flatt'ry move,

Who nurs'd his weakness, and enjoy'd his love ;

Joyeuse illustrious best deserv'd to share

The fairest sunshine of his royal care.

If to his years the stern decree of fate 170

Had fix'd some period of a longer date,

In noble exploits had his virtue shone,

And Guise's greatness not excell'd his own.

But vice o'er virtue gain'd superior force,

Court was his cradle, luxury his nurse : 175

Yet dar'd the am'rous chieftain to oppose

Unskilful valour to experienc'd foes.

From

From pleasure's downy lap the courtiers came
To guard his person, and to share his fame.

In gay attire each gallant youth was drest; 180
Some cypher glitter'd on each martial vest.
Some dear distinction, such as lovers wear,
To tell the fondness of the yielding fair.
The costly sapphire, or the diamonds rays,
O'er their rich armour shed the vivid blaze. 185
Thus deck'd by folly, thus elate and vain,
These troops of Venus issued to the plain.
Swift march'd their ranks, as tumult led the way,
Unwisely brave, and impotently gay.
In Bourbon's camp, disdain'g empty shew, 190
Far other scenes were open'd to the view:
An army, silent as the dead of night,
Display'd it's forces well inur'd to fight;
Men gray in arms, and disciplin'd to blood,
Who bravely suffer'd for their country's good. 195
The only graces, that employ'd their care,
Were sword's well pointed, and the dress of war.
Like them array'd, and steady to my trust,
I led the squadrons cover'd o'er with dust.
Like them ten thousand deaths I dar'd to face, 200
Distinguish'd only by my rank, and place.

These

60 THE HENRIADE.

These eyes beheld the brilliant foe o'erthrown,
 Expiring legions, and the field our own.
 Deep in their breasts I plung'd the fatal spear,
 And wish'd some Spanish bosom had been there. 205

Still shall my tongue their honest praises tell ;
 Firm in his post each youthful courtier fell,
 And bravely struggl'd to his latest breath
 Amid'st the terrors of surrounding death.
 Our silken sons of pleasure, and of ease, 210
 Preserve their valour in the mid'st of peace.

Call'd forth to war, they bravely scorn to yield,
 Servile at court, but heroes in the field.
 Joyeuse, alas ! I tried, in vain, to save ;
 None heard the orders which my mercy gave. 215

Too soon I saw him sunk to endless night,
 Sustain'd by kind associates in the fight,
 A pale, and breathless corse, all ghastly to the fight. }
 Thus some fair stem, whose op'ning flow'rs display
 Their fragrant bosoms to the dawn of day, 220

Which decks the early scene, and fresh appears
 With zephyrs kisses, and Aurora's tears,
 Too soon decays, on nature's lap reclin'd,
 Crop't by the scythe, or scatter'd by the wind.
 But why should memory recall to view 225

Those horrid triumphs to oblivion due ?

Conquests

Conquests so gain'd for ever cease to charm,
 Whilst Gallic blood still blushes on my arm.

Those beams of grandeur with false lustre shone,
 And tears bedew the laurels which I won. 230

Unhappy Valois! that ill fated day
 Show'd down on thee dishonour, and dismay.
 Paris grew proud, the league's submission less,
 And Guise's glory doubled thy distress.

Vimori's plains saw Guise the sword unsheath, 235
 Germania suffer'd for Joyeuse's death.

Auneau beheld my army of allies
 Yield to his pow'r, defeated by surprize.
 Thro' Paris streets he march'd with haughty air,
 Array'd in laurels, and the pride of war. 240

E'en Valois tamely to his insults bow'd,
 And serv'd this idol of the gazing crowd.
 Shame will at length the coolest courage warm,
 And give new vigor to the weakest arm.

Such vile affronts made Valois less incline 245
 To offer incense at so mean a shrine.

Too late he tried his greatness to restore,
 And reign the monarch he had liv'd before.

Now deem'd a tyrant by the factious crew,
 Nor loyal fear, nor love his subjects knew. 250

All

All Paris arms, sedition spreads the flame,
 And headstrong mutiny asserts her claim.
 Encircling troops raise high the hostile mound,
 Besiege his palace, and his guards surround.
 Guise undisturb'd, amidst the raging storm, 255
 Gave it a milder, or severer form :
 Rul'd the mad tumult of rebellious spleen,
 And guided, as he pleas'd, the great machine.
 All had been lost ; and Valois doom'd to die
 By one command, one glance of Guise's eye ; 260
 But, when each arm was ready for the blow,
 Compassion sooth'd the fierceness of the foe ;
 Enough were deem'd the terrors of the fight,
 And meek-eyed pity gave the pow'r of flight.
 Guise greatly err'd, such subjects all things dare, 265
 Their king must perish, or themselves despair.
 This day confirm'd, and strengthen'd in his schemes,
 He saw that all was fatal but extremes :
 Himself must mount the scaffold, or the throne,
 The lord of all things, or the lord of none. 270
 Thro' Gallia's realms ador'd, from conquest vain,
 Aided by Rome, and seconded by Spain ;
 Pregnant with hope, and absolute in pow'r,
 He thought those iron ages to restore,

When

When erst our kings in mould'ring cloisters liv'd, 275
 In early infancy of crowns depriv'd.
 In hallow'd shades they wept the hours away,
 Whilst tyrants govern'd with oppressive sway.
 Valois, indignant at so high a crime,
 Delay'd his vengeance to some better time. 280
 Our states at Blois were summon'd to appear,
 And fame, no doubt, has told you what they were.
 In barren streams from 'oratory's tongue
 Smooth flow'd the tide of eloquence along ; 284
 Laws were propos'd whose pow'r none e'er perceiv'd,
 And ills lamented which none e'er reliev'd.

Guise in the mid'st, with high imperious pride,
 Was vainly seated by his sov'reign's side.
 Sure of success, he saw around the throne,
 Or thought he saw, no subjects but his own. 290
 These sons of infamy, this venal band
 Was ready to bestow the dear command,
 When Valois pow'r was destin'd to appear,
 And burst the chains of mercy and of fear.
 Each day his rival studied to attain 295
 The mean, the odious triumphs of disdain ;
 Nor deem'd that ever such a prince cou'd shew
 Those stern resolves which strike th' assassin's blow.
Fate

64 THE HENRIADE.

Fate o'er his eyes with envious hand had spread
Her thickest veil's impenetrable shade. 300

The hour arriv'd when Guise was doom'd to bear
That lot of nature which all mortals share.

Disgrac'd with wounds before the royal eye

The mighty victim was condemn'd to die.

All pale, and cover'd by the crimson tide, 305

This sun descended in his native pride.

The parting soul, by thirst of glory fir'd,

In life's last moments to the throne aspir'd.

* Thus fell the pow'rful chief, assemblage rare

Of foulest vices, and perfections fair. 310

With other conduct, than to kings belongs,

Did Valois suffer, and revenge his wrongs.

Soon did the dire report thro' Paris spread,

That heav'n was injur'd, and that Guise was dead.

The young, the old with unavailing sighs 315

Display'd their grief, and join'd their plaintive cries.

The softer sex invoc'd the pow'rs above,

And clasp'd his statues in the arms of love.

All Paris thought her father, and her God

Call'd loud for vengeance, and inspir'd to blood. 320

* He was assassinated in the king's antichamber at Blois, on Friday the 23d of December, 1588.

Amid'ft the reft, the brave and valiant Mayne
Sought not their zealous fury to refrain :

But more by int'reft, than resentment mov'd,
The flame augmented, and their zeal approv'd.

Mayne, under Guife inur'd to wars alarms,

Was nurs'd in battle, and train'd up to arms: 325

His brother's equal in each dark intrigue,
And now the lord, and glory of the league.

Thus highly rais'd, thus eminently great ;

He griev'd no longer for his brother's fate: 330

But better pleas'd to govern, than obey,

Forgot the lofs, and wip'd his tears away.

Mayne, with a foul to gen'rous deeds inclin'd,

A ftatesman's cunning, and a hero's mind,

By fubtle arts unnumber'd followers draws 335

To yield him homage, and to ferve his laws.

Skilful e'en good from evil to produce,

Full well he knows their talents, and their ufe.

Tho' brighter fplendors dazzl'd all our eyes,

Not greater dangers ever rofe from Guife. 340

To young Aumale, and this more prudent guide,

The leaguers owe their courage, and their pride.

Aumale, the *great invincible* by name,

Is high exalted in the lifts of fame.

Thro'

Thro' all their ranks he spreads ambition's fires, 345
 Presumptuous valour, and his own desires.
 Unshaken in their cause the league protects,
 And bravely executes what Mayne directs.

Meantime, the king, whose pow'r the Germans
 dread,

To deeds inhuman from his cradle bred; 350

That tyrant catholick, that artful foe,

Incens'd at Bourbon, and Eliza too:

Ambitious Philip, sends his warlike train

To aid our rivals, and the cause of Mayne.

Rome, best employ'd in making wars to cease, 355

Lights discord's torch, and bids her fires increase.

The same fierce views the christian father owns,

Points the keen blade, and animates his sons.

From Europe's either end the torrent falls:

Uniting sorrows burst upon our walls. 360

Weak, and defenceless in this evil hour

Valois relented, and implor'd my pow'r.

Humane benevolence my soul approves,

The state commiserates, and Valois loves.

Impending dangers banish all my ire, 365

A brother's safety is my sole desire.

With

With honest zeal I labour for his good :

'Tis duty calls me, and the ties of blood.

I know the royal dignity my own,

And vindicate the honors of the crown.

370

Nor treaty made, nor hostage ask'd I came,

And told him, courage was his guide to fame.

On Paris' ramparts bid him cast his eye,

And there resolve to conquer, or to die.

These friendly words, thus happily applied,

375

Thro' all his soul diffus'd a gen'rous pride.

Manners thus chang'd thus resolutely brave

The sense of shame, and not example gave.

The serious lessons, which misfortune brings,

Are needful often, and of use to kings.

380

Thus Henry spoke with honesty of heart,

And begg'd for succours on Eliza's part.

Now from the tow'rs where rebel discord stood,

Conquest recalls him to her scenes of blood.

The flow'r of England follows to the plain,

385

And cleaves the bosom of the azure main.

Essex commands,—the proud Iberian knows

That Essex conquers e'en the wisest foes :

Full little deeming that injurious fate

Should blast his laurels with her keenest hate.

390

Tj

68 THE HENRIADE.

To France brave Henry hastens to repair,
 Eager to grace the theatre of war.
 Go, said the queen, thyself, and virtue please;
 My troops attend thee o'er the azure seas.
 For thee, not Valois they endure the fight; 395
 Thy cares must guard them, and defend their right.
 From thy example will they scorn to swerve;
 And rather seem to imitate, than serve.
 Who now the sword for valiant Bourbon draws
 Will learn to triumph in Britannia's cause. 400
 Oh! may they pow'r the factious leaguers quell,
 And Mayne's allies thy gallant conquests feel!
 Spain is too weak thy rebel foes to save,
 And Roman thunders never awe the brave.
 Go, free mankind, and break the iron chains 405
 Where Sixtus governs, or where Philip reigns.
 The cruel Philip, artful as his fire
 In all that views of int'rest may require,
 Tho' less renown'd in war, less great, and brave,
 Divisions spreads in order to enslave; 410
 Forms in his palace each ambitious scheme,
 And boundless triumphs are his darling theme.

Lo! Sixtus,* rais'd from nothing to the throne,
 Designs more haughty blushes not to own.

* Pope Sixtus V. who from having been a shepherd's boy rose to the Papal throne.

Mont Alto's shepherd monarchs wou'd o'ercome, 415

And dictate laws in Paris, as at Rome :

Safe in the honours which adorn his brow,

To Philip, and to all mankind a foe :

As serves his cause, or insolent, or meek,

Rival of kings, and tyrant o'er the weak. 420

Thro' ev'ry clime, with faction at their head,

E'en to our court his dark intrigues have spread.

These mighty rulers fear not to defy ;

They both have dar'd Eliza's pow'r to try :

Witness, ye seas ! how Philip fought in vain 425

With English valour, and the stormy main.

These shores beheld the proud Armada lost ;

Yon purple billows bore the floating host.

Rome's pontiff still in quiet silence bears

The loss of conquest, and our greatness fears. 430

Display thy banners in the martial field ;

When Mayne is conquer'd, Rome herself will yield.

Tho' proud when fortune smiles, her own defeat

Lays her submissive at the victor's feet.

Prompt to condemn, and eager to absolve, 435

Her flames, and thunders wait on thy resolve.

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THE

HENRIADE.

CANTO the FOURTH.





THE ARGUMENT.

D'Aumale is upon the point of being master of Henry the third's camp, when the hero returning from England, engages the Leaguers and changes the fortune of the day.

Discord comforts Mayenne, and flies to Rome for succours. Description of Rome. Discord meets with Policy. She returns with her to Paris, causes an insurrection of the Sorbonne; animates the sixteen against the parliament, and arms the Monks. Troubles, and confusion in Paris.

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THE
HENRIADE.
CANTO the FOURTH.

WHILE thus sequester'd from the train of state,
Their glorious int'rests sagely they debate,
At leisure o'er the princely science stray,
Combat and conquest and imperial sway,
The Seine with terrour saw the chiefs combin'd, 5
Spread on his banks their banners to the wind.

Anxious the king, from Henry distant far,
Bewail'd th'uncertain destiny of war;
His cheering aid irresolute he needs,
For vict'ry follows still where Bourbon leads. 10
With triumph the confed'rate bands beheld
His weak disinay, and eager sought the field;
Chill'd ev'ry dreadful hour with fresh alarms,
He saw th'o'erwhelming torrent of their arms,

And prone to change, and hasty to repent, 15
 Regrets his absence whom himself had sent.

Long with these traitors to their lawful lord,
 Joyeuse's brother drew the factious sword ;
 By turns a soldier, and a saint was he,
 Now all for arms, and now a devotee, 20
 Preferr'd, as when inclin'd his various soul,
 One hour the helmet, and the next the cowl.
 He left the scenes of penitence and tears,
 To bark sedition in the Leaguer's ears,
 And bath'd remorseless in his country's blood, 25
 The hand just then devoted to his God.

Of all the chiefs for valour most renown'd,
 Whose prowess shed despair and horror round,

Line 18. Henry, Count of Bouchage, younger brother of the duke of Joyeuse, slain at Coutras.

Once as he was passing by the convent of the Capuchins at Paris, at four o'clock in the morning, after having spent the night in a debauch, he fancied he heard the angels singing matins in the convent. Struck with this idea, he made himself a Capuchin, by the name of *brother angel*. Afterwards, when he quitted the cowl, and took arms against Henry IV, the duke of Mayenne made him governor of Languedoc, duke and peer and marshal of France. At length he came to an accommodation with the king: but as he was one day standing with his majesty in a balcony, under which a great multitude were assembled, the king said to him, cousin, these people seem delighted with seeing an apostate and a renegade together. This speech of Henry's sent him again to his convent, where he died.

Whose

THE HENRIADE. 77

Whose puissant arms the boldest might appall,
The first in feats of glory was D'Aumale. 30
Sprung from the far—fam'd heroes of Lorraine,
King, laws, and peace alike were his disdain;
The noblest youths his daring steps pursue,
With them incessant to the field he flew,
Now in still march, now shouting from afar, 35
By day, by night he urged the various war,
Assail'd th'unguarded foe on ev'ry side,
And with their blood the dusty champion dyed.
So from proud Athos or Imau's heigth,
Where earth, sea, air lie stretch'd before the fight, 40
With headlong speed the rapid eagle flies,
And vulturs dart along the gloomy skies;
With hungry beaks the feather'd spoil they rend,
Resistless on the bleating flocks descend,
And soaring to their airy cliffs convey 45
With screams of cruel joy, the living prey.

Fir'd on a time and frantick with the thirst
Of glory, to the royal tent he pierced;

Line 30. The chevalier d'Aumale, brother of the duke d'Aumale, of the house of Lorraine, a young man of an impetuous spirit with many shining qualities; he headed all the sallies during the siege of Paris, and inspired the inhabitants with his own courage and confidence.

78 THE HENRIADE.

Dark was the night and sudden the surprize,
 Around the camp a pannick horror flies ; 50
 The torrent of his arms o'erlooks the mound,
 And the big deluge threatens all around.

But when the day-star rais'd his glimm'ring urn,
 Came Mornay to announce his lord's return ;
 With joyful speed th'impatient chief drew near, 55
 When the rough din smote loudly on his ear,
 Amaz'd he flies, sees terror and distress

In the king's troops, nor ev'n in Bourbon's lefs,
 " And are you vanquish'd, and is this," he cried,
 " Is this the glorious welcome you provide 60
 " For Henry, for your Henry ?" at that name
 Their hearts were flush'd again with valour's glowing
 flame.

So when the Sabin arms drove trembling home,
 Ev'n to the capital, the bands of Rome,
 His guardian God their mighty founder hail'd, 65
 And in the name of Stator Jove prevail'd.

Let him, they cry, let Henry lead the fight,
 And we must conquer in our Henry's fight.
 Keen as the flash that cleaves the stormy cloud,
 In the mid camp the dazzling hero stood, 70
 Impetuous to the foremost ranks he flies,
 Death in his hand, and light'ning in his eyes,

Th' am-

T H E H E N R I A D E. 79

Th'ambitious chiefs crowd fast around his shield,
 At once he shifts the fortune of the field,
 His stern approach the pale confed'rates shun, 75
 As stars diminish'd fade before the sun.
 D'Aumale enraged tries ev'ry art in vain
 To rally their disorder'd files again ;
 His voice a while their tim'rous flight with-held,
 But Henry's drove them headlong o'er the field ; 80
 His awful front strikes terror thro' the foe,
 Their chief unites them, and their fears o'erthrow :
 'Till ev'n D'Aumale reluctant born along
 Obeys th'o'erwhelming torrent of the throng.
 Incumber'd thus with many a winter's snow, 85 }
 Some rock forsakes the mountain's lofty brow, }
 And wrapt in sheets of ice, rolls o'er the vale below. }

He shews to the besieging pow'rs around
 His front so long with matchless glory crown'd,
 Bursts through the multitude, and loathing life, 90
 Seeks in despair once more the mortal strife ;
 Restrains a while the victor's rapid course,
 'Till weak, and baffled by superior force,
 Each moment he expects the fatal meed,
 Death, the just wages of his hardy deed. 95

80 THE HENRIADE.

But Discord, for her darling chief, afraid,
Flies swift to save him, for she needs his aid,
Between her champion and the foe, she held
Her massy, broad, impenetrable shield,
Whose sight, or rage, or terrour can convey, 100
Omen of death, and meteor of dismay.
Offspring of Hell ! from her infernal cave
Then first she came, to succour and to save,
Then first her hand, dire instrument of death,
Redeem'd from instant fate a hero's breath. 105
Forth from the field, her minion, cover'd o'er
With wounds unfelt amid his toil, she bore,
His anguish with a lenient hand allay'd,
And staunch'd the blood that in her cause was shed.
But while her labours to his limbs impart 110
Their wonted health, her venom taints his heart.
Thus tyrants oft, with treach'rous pity, stay
The wretches doom, and spare but to betray ;
Act by his arm the purpose of their hate,
And dark revenge, then yield him to his fate. 115

Bold to atchieve, nor fraught with wisdom less
To catch th' auspicious moment of success ;

Victorious

Victorious Henry urg'd the important blow,
 And with new fury press'd th' astonish'd foe.
 Close in their walls their dire disgrace they mourn, 120
 And dread th' assault, and tremble in their turn.
 Ev'n Valois now, to martial deeds inspir'd
 The troops, himself by Henry's actions fir'd ;
 Laughs at all pain, despises all alarms,
 And owns ev'n toil and danger have their charms. 125
 No secret feuds the jarring chiefs confound,
 Their brave attempts were all with glory crown'd ;
 Horror, where'er they march, their way prepares,
 The ramparts tremble, and the foe despairs.
 Where now shall Mayne deep sorrowing seek re-
 dress, 130
 His troops, a people groaning in distress !
 The weeping orphan here her sire demands,
 There brethren claim their brother at his hands ;
 Each mourns the present, dreads the future most,
 And disaffection rends the murm'ring host. 135
 Some counsel flight, surrender some prefer,
 But all renounce unanimous the war ;
 So light the feeble vulgar, and so near
 Their headstrong rashness is allied to fear.

Their ruin he beheld already wrought, 140
 A thousand plans perplex his lab'ring thought ;
 When Discord by her snaky locks confest,
 Stood forth reveal'd and thus the chief address'd.

August descendant of an awful line,
 Whose vengeful cause unites thee firm to mine ; 145
 Form'd by my counsel, nurs'd beneath my care,
 Know thy protectress, and her voice revere.
 Shall wretches base as these thy fears excite,
 Who freeze with horror at a loss so slight.
 Slaves of my pow'r, and vassals of my will, 150
 Ev'n now our great designs they shall fulfil ;
 Let but my breath their dastard bosoms fire,
 They court the combat, and with joy expire.

She spoke, and rapid as the light'nings flight,
 Glanced through the clouds, and vanish'd from his
 sight. 155
 Around the French she saw confusion low'r,
 And hail'd the fight, and bless'd the welcome hour ;
 The teeming earth grew barren as she pass'd,
 And the bright blossoms wither'd at the blast ;
 Flat in the furrow lies the blighted ear, 160
 Pale and half quench'd the sick'ning stars appear ;

Beneath

Beneath her bursts the thunder's fullen sound,
And death-like horreur seized the nations round.

Dark scowling o'er the flow'ry vales below,
A whirlwind snatch'd her to the banks of Po. 165

Tow'rs Rome at length her baleful eye she roll'd,
Rome, the world's dread, and Discord's fane of old,
Imperial Rome, by destiny design'd,
In peace, in war, the mistress of mankind.
By conquest first she stretch'd her wide domain, 170
And all earth's monarchs wore her galling chain;
On arms alone her solid empire grew,
And the world crouch'd where'er her eagle flew.
More peaceful art her modern rule supports,
Now ev'n her conqu'rors tremble in her courts; 175
Deeprooted in their hearts her pow'r she sees,
And needs no thunder but her own decrees.

High on that gorgeous wreck of ancient war,
Where Mars for ages drove his rattling car,
A pontiff now maintains his priestly state, 180
And fills the throne where once the Cæsars fate.

There

There wand'ring heedless of the mighty dead,
 Monastic feet on Cato's ashes tread,
 On God's own altar there the throne they raise,
 And one despotic hand the cro's and sceptre sways. 185

There first his infant church th' almighty plac'd,
 By turns with zeal rejected, or embrac'd ;
 There heav'ns high will his first apostle taught,
 In native truth and singleness of thought.
 Scarce meaner praise his successors acquir'd, 190
 And they were honour'd most, who least aspir'd ;
 No fopp'ry then their modest brow adorn'd,
 All praise but virtue, and all wealth they scorn'd,
 And flew with rapture from their low abode,
 To die triumphant in the cause of God. 195
 Deprav'd at length they scorn'd their humble state,
 And heav'n, for man's offences, made them great;
 Ambition then profan'd the sacred shrine
 And human pow'r was grafted on divine ;
 The lurking dagger and the pois'ning bowl, 200
 Were the dark basis of their new controul.
 Vicegerents of the Lord, his holy place
 With brutal lust they blush'd not to disgrace,

'Till Rome, oppress'd beneath their hateful reign,
 Sigh'd for her idol gods and pagan rites again. 205
 A wiser race more modern times beheld,
 Who crimes like these or wrought not, or conceal'd:
 Then kings appeal'd to Rome's decisive pow'r,
 And chose their umpire, whom they fear'd before;
 Humility once more and meekness shone 210
 Renew'd, beneath the proud pontific crown.
 But pious fraud and priestcraft in these days,
 Are Rome's chief virtue, and her worthiest praise.

Now in the pomp of apostolic state
 Supreme, and crown'd with empire, Sixtus fate; 215
 If fraud and churlish insolence might claim
 Renown, no monarch bore a fairer name.
 Long time he sculk'd beneath the drivler's part
 Disguis'd, and owed his greatness to his art;
 Long seem'd unworthy what he sigh'd to gain, 220
 And shun'd it long the surer to obtain.

Deep in his palace, secret and unseen,
 Dwelt dark-veil'd policy, mysterious queen;

Line. 215. Sixtus the fifth when he was cardinal of Montalto, counterfeited the idiot so artfully for 15 years, that he was commonly called the Ass of Ancona. It is well known by what contrivances he obtained the papacy, and with what haughtiness he governed.

Unsocial interest and ambition join'd
 Of yore, to spawn this pest of human kind. 225
 Her smiles a free untroubled soul express'd,
 Tho' cares unnumber'd swarm'd within her breast ;
 Keen were her haggard eyes, nor knew to close
 Their wakeful lids, nor would admit repose ;
 Thick woven films o'er Europe's sight she spreads, 230
 Confounds her counsels, and her kings misleads ;
 Calls truth itself to testify a fraud,
 And stamps imposture with the seal of God.

When first the phantom Discord met her view,
 With instant rapture to her arms she flew ; 235
 Then smil'd a ghastly grin, but sighing soon,
 As one o'erwhelm'd with sorrow, thus begun :
 I see, alas ! those happy times no more,
 When thoughtless multitudes ador'd my pow'r,
 When Europe credulous obey'd my laws, 240
 And mix'd with mine religion's sacred cause.
 I spoke, and kings from their exalted seat
 Came trembling down, and worship'd at my feet ;
 High on the echoing vatican I stood,
 And breath'd my wars, and launch'd my storms
 abroad. 245

Ev'n

Ev'n life and death confess'd my proud domain,
 And monarchs reign'd by me, or ceas'd to reign.
 Now France subdues my light'nings e'er they fly,
 And quench'd and smother'd, in my grasp, they die.
 Religion's friend, she thwarts my slighted arms, 250
 And breaks my philtres, and dispell's my charms;
 Truth's borrow'd guise in vain did I display,
 She first discern'd, and tore the mask away.
 But oh! what joy could I delude her now,
 At least avenge my suff'rings on my foe. 155
 Come then! my light'nings with thy torch restore,
 And France shall feel us, and the world once more;
 Our bonds again, earth's haughty lords shall wear,
 Again—she spoke, and pierced the yielding air.

Line 248. During the wars in the thirteenth century, between the emperors and the popes, Gregory IX. had the hardiness not only to excommunicate the emperor Frederic II. but even to offer the imperial crown to Robert, the brother of St. Louis. The parliament of France assembled, answer'd in the name of the king, that the pope could not lawfully depose a sovereign, nor the brother of a king of France receive from the hand of the pope, a crown over which neither he nor St. Peter had any right. In 1570 the sitting parliament issued a famous arret against the bull in *cæna domini*.

The celebrated remonstrances made by the parliament under Louis XI. on the subject of the pragmatic sanction, are well known, as are those likewise which they made to Henry III. against the scandalous bull of Sixtus the fifth, which called the reigning family, a generation of bastards, &c. and the continual fortitude with which they always maintained our liberties against the pretensions of the court of Rome.

Remote

Remote from Rome, where vanity and pride, 260
 In temples sacred to themselves reside,
 Conceal'd from sight, within her humble cell,
 Religion, pensive maid, delights to dwell.
 There angels hover round her calm abode,
 And waft her raptures to the throne of God. 265
 Mean while, the sanction of her injur'd name
 Th'oppressor's wrong, and tyrant's fury claim;
 Yet doom'd to suffer, no revenge she knows,
 But melts in silent blessings on her foes.
 Her artless charms their modest lustre shroud 270
 For ever from the vain tumultuous crowd,
 Who without faith their impious vows prefer,
 And pray to fortune, while they kneel to her.
 In Henry she beheld her future son,
 And knew the fates had mark'd him for her own, 275
 With sighs to speed the destin'd hour she strove,
 And view'd and watch'd him with a seraph's love.

Sudden the * fiends their awful foe surprize;
 The captive lifts to heav'n her streaming eyes;
 In vain—for heav'n to prove her virtue sure 280
 And steadfast faith, resigns her to their pow'r.
 Soon in her snowy veil and holy weeds
 The monsters muffles their detested heads,

* Policy, and Discord.

Then fir'd with hope, and glorying in their might,
Stretch swift to Paris their impetuous flight. 285

Deep in the Sorbonne, in august debate,
The sage expounders of heav'n's dictates fate.
Their faith unshaken, loyalty unfeign'd,
The judges and th'examples of the land ;
Sway'd by no error, by no fear controul'd, 290
Each bore an upright heart, was masculine and bold.
Alas ! what human virtue never errs——
Behold the tempter ! policy appears ;
Smooth was the melting flatt'ry of her tongue,
And on her artful lips persuasion hung. 295
The dazzling mitre and the sweeping train,
With ease allure th'ambitious and the vain ;
With secret bribes the miser's voice she buys,
With decent praise, the learned and the wise ;
From each his virtue by some art she stole, 300
And shook with sounding threats the coward's soul.

Their counsels now with riot they disgrace,
Truth heard the din alarm'd, and fled the place.
When thus a sage the gen'ral voice express'd,
“ Kings are the creatures of the church confess'd ; 305
“ Chastized or pardon'd as her laws decree,
“ That church, and guardians of those laws, are we ;
“ Annull'd

“ Annull’d and cancell’d are the vows we swore ;

“ Such is our will, and Valois reigns no more.”

Scarce was the curst decree pronounc’d aloud, 310

When ruthless Discord copied it in blood,

And sign’d and sworn the fatal record stood. }

Then swift from church to church, with eager speed

The fiend divulges their advent’rous deed ;

Where’er she came her faintly garb bespoke 315

Esteem, and sage and holy was her look.

Forth from their gloomy cells, she calls amain

The meagre slaves of voluntary pain ;

Behold in me religion’s self, she cries,

Affert my rights, and let your zeal arise, 320

’Tis I approach you, ’tis my voice you hear,

For proof, mark well the flaming sword I bear,

Of temper’d light’ning is that edge divine,

And God’s own hand intrusted it to mine.

Line 309. On the 17th of January 1589, the faculty of Theology in Paris awarded that famous decree, by which it was declared, that the subject was released from his oath of allegiance, and might lawfully make war upon the king. Le Fevre, the Dean, and some of the wisest refused to sign it. Afterwards, when the Sorbonne were set at liberty, they revoked this decree, which the tyranny of the League had extorted from some of their society. All the religious orders who, like the Sorbonne, had declared themselves against the royal family, like them retracted. But would they have retracted, had the house of Lorraine succeeded?

Emerge,

T H E H E N R I A D E. 91

Emerge, my children ! from this silent gloom, 325
 The time for action now and high exploit is come.
 Go forth, and teach the lukewarm wav'ring crowd,
 To slay their king if they would serve their God.
 Think how the ministry by special grace
 Was giv'n of old to Levi's holy race ; 330
 Jehova's self pronounced that glory due
 To their deserts, when Israel's sons they slew.
 Where are, alas ! those times of triumph fled,
 When by the brothers arm the victim bled ?
 Ye priests devout, your spirit was their guide, 335
 'Twas by your hands alone Coligny died ;
 'Twas then the slaughter raged, go forth, explain
 My voice abroad, and let it rage again.

She spoke, and wav'd the signal ; ev'ry heart
 Throbb'd with the poison of the beldam's art. 340
 To Paris next their solemn march she led,
 High o'er the midst the banner'd cross was spread,

Line 342. When Henry III. and the king of Navarre appeared in arms before Paris, most of the monks put on armour and mounted guard with the citizens. This passage in the poem nevertheless alludes to the procession of the League, in which 1200 armed monks were reviewed in Paris, having William Rose, bishop of Senlis at their head. The fact is mentioned here, though it did not happen 'till after the death of Henry III.

And

And hymns and holy songs they chaunted loud,
 As heav'n itself their impious cause avow'd.
 Ev'n on their knees their frenzy they declare, 345
 And mix a pious curse in ev'ry pray'r :
 Bold in the pulpit, tim'rous in the field,
 With uncouth arm the pond'rous sword they wield,
 Their penitential shirts the zealots hide
 Beneath their canker'd armour's clumsy pride ; 350
 And thus th'inglorious band in foul array
 Thro' tides of gazing rabble sped their way,
 While high in effigy pourtray'd they bore
 Their God, the God of peace, their crazy troop before.

Mayne with the pomp of public praise adorn'd 355
 Their wild attempt, which in his heart he scorn'd.
 For well he knew fanatic rage would pass
 For sound religion with the common class,
 Nor wanted he the princely craft, to court
 And sooth the follies of the meaner sort. 360
 The soldier laugh'd, the sage with frowns survey'd
 Their antick pageantry and mad parade,
 " The many rend the skies with loud applause,"
 And hail the rev'rend bulwarks of their cause.
 Their daring rashness first to fear gave way, 365
 And frenzy now succeeds to their dismay.

The

The spirit thus that rules th'obedient main,
Can lull the waves to rest, or wake the storm again.

Now discord from the tribe of Valois' foes,
Twice eight, the rankest of the faction chose; 370
Slaves of the queen, who yet presum'd to guide
The car of state, like monarch's, at her side,
While pride and perfidy, revenge and death,
With streams of slaughter mark'd the road beneath.
Mayne blush'd to see the poultry minions stand 375
So near himself, his equals in command,
But fellowship in guilt all rank destroys,
As great the wretch who serves, as who employs.
So when the winds fierce tyrants of the deep,
The Seine or Rhone with rapid fury sweep, 380
Black rises from below the stagnant mud,
And stains the silver surface of the flood.
So when the flames some destin'd town invade,
And on the plain the smoking tow'rs are spread,

Line 370. It is not meant that there were but sixteen individuals lifted in the faction, as the Abbé le Gendre has remark'd in his little history of France; but they were called the Sixteen, from the sixteen quarters of Paris which they governed by their spies and their emissaries.

Line 377. The Sixteen were long independent of the duke of Mayenne. One of them named Normand, said once in the duke's chamber, they who had made him, could easily unmake him.

The

The mingling metals in one mass are roll'd, 385
 And worthless dross incrusts the purest gold.

Themis alone uninfluenced by their crimes,
 Escapes the foul contagion of the times ;
 With her, nor hope of pow'r nor fear prevail,
 But still well-poised she trim'd the steady scale, 390
 No spots the lustre of her shrine impair,
 But justice finds a sacred refuge there.

There, foes to vice, and equity their guide,
 An awful senate o'er the laws preside,
 With patriot candour watchful to secure 395
 The people's privilege and monarch's pow'r,
 True to the crown, yet anxious for the state,
 Tyrants alike and rebels are their hate ;
 Firm their allegiance still, tho' free and brave
 They scorn to sink the subject to the slave, 400
 Rome and the Roman pow'r, full well they know,
 Know to respect it, and to curb it too.

Chos'n from the League, a furious troop beset
 The portal, and invade the still retreat ;
 Buffy, that whom no chief might better claim 405
 That bad pre-eminence, their leader came,
 And

And thus the ruffian, proud of the command
He bore, bespoke the venerable band.

Ye, who for pay the laws vile drudg'ry bear,
 And doze, and dream, plebeians as you are, 410 }
 Of kings committed to your guardian care,
 Yet still when public feuds and broils prevail,
 Set the mean trappings of your rank to sale,
 Tim'rous in war, in peace a bluff'ring train,
 Here what your lords, the commonwealth, ordain. 415
 Societies were form'd e'er kings were made,
 We claim the rights our ancestors betray'd,
 The people whom your arts enslaved before,
 Discern the cheat, and will be slaves no more.
 Truce with the pomp of titles then, away 420
 With ev'ry sound of arbitrary sway,
 Draw from the people's rights your pow'r alone,
 Friends of the state, nor bondsmen of the throne.

Line 405. On the 16th of January 1589, Buffy le Clerc, one of the Sixteen, who from a fencing master was become governor of the Bastile, and chief of the faction, entered the grand chamber of the parliament, followed by fifty guards. He presented to them a request, or rather an order to compell them to renounce the royal family. On their refusal he himself imprisoned in the Bastile all those who opposed his party. There he made them fast upon bread and water, that they might be the readier to ransom themselves out of his custody, for which reason he was called the Grand Penitentiary of the Parliament.

He

He spoke, and scorn appear'd in ev'ry eye,
 Nor censure else vouchsafed they, or reply. 125
 So when of old within her ruin'd wall
 Rome in dismay receiv'd the conqu'ring Gaul,
 Undaunted still her awful senate fate,
 Calm as in peace, nor trembled at their fate.

Tyrants he cried with fury, though not free 430
 From secret dread, obey or follow me.
 Then fam'd for worth and fearless of his foes,
 Their honour'd chief, illustrious Harlay rose,
 And claim'd his fetters with so stern a tone,
 As for their hands he sought them, not his own. 435
 At once his hoary brethren of the laws,
 Ambitious victims in the royal cause,
 And proud to share their Harlay's glorious pains,
 With outstretch'd arms received the traitor's chains.
 The gath'ring multitude around them roars, 440
 And crowds attend them to those † dreary tow'rs,
 Where vengeance, undistinguishing in blood,
 Too oft confounds the guilty and the good.

Thus sinks the state beneath their lawless pow'r,
 The Sorbonne's fall'n, the senate is no more. 445

† The Bastille.

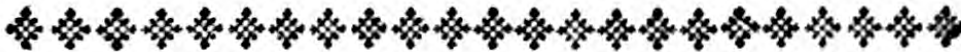
But why this throng? that universal yell?
 The fatal scaffold, and the tort'ring wheel?
 Say for whose punishment this pomp design'd?
 For theirs—the first, the noblest of mankind.
 So fare the just in Paris, such reward 450
 For patriots here, and heroes is prepar'd.
 Yet hapless suff'ers, no disgrace invades
 Your honest fame, nor blush your injur'd shades,
 Your fate was glorious, and whoe'er like you
 Dies for his king, shall die with glory too. 455

O'erjoy'd mean while, and revelling in blood,
 Amidst her bands triumphant discord stood,
 Self-satisfied, with well-contented air,
 She saw the dire effects of civil war,
 Saw thousand's leagued against their monarch's life, 460
 Yet ev'n themselves divided and at strife,
 Dupes of her pow'r, and servants of her hate,
 Push the mad war, and urge their country's fate,
 Tumult within, and danger all without,
 While havock smote the realm, and march'd it round
 about. 465

Line 449. On Friday November 15, 1591. Barnaby Brisson, a person of great knowledge, who executed the office of chief president in the absence of Achilles de Harlay: Claude Larcher, counsellor of the Inquests, and Jean Tardif, counsellor of the Châtelet, were hanged in the little Châtelet by order of the Sixteen.

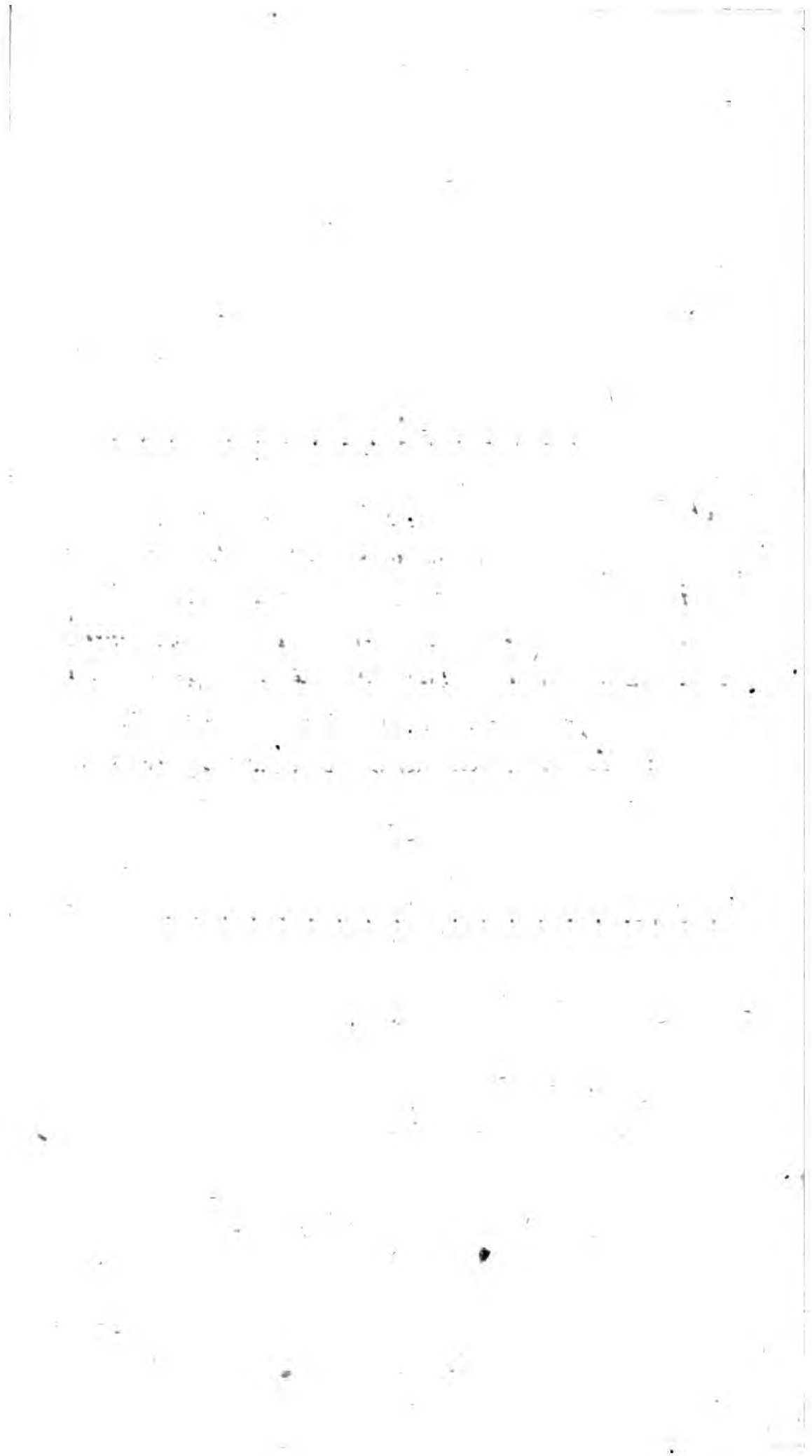
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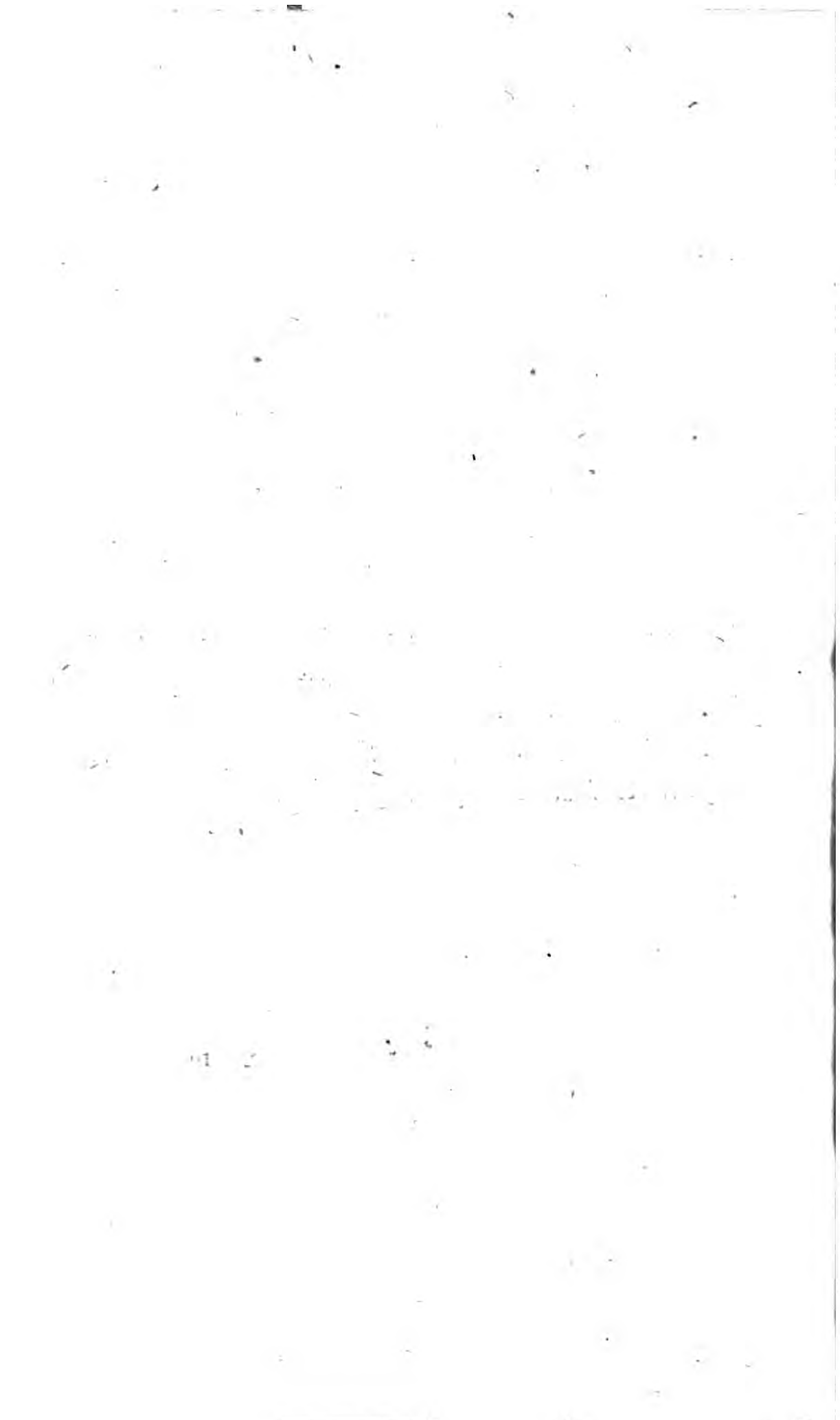
THE
HENRIADE.
CANTO the FIFTH.





THE ARGUMENT.

The besieged are very sharply press'd. Discord persuades Clement to go to Paris, and assassinate the king. He is conducted by Fanaticism, whom Discord calls for that purpose from the infernal regions. Sacrifice of the Leaguers to the spirits of darkness. Henry III. is assassinated. Sentiments of Henry IV. upon the occasion. He is acknowledged king of France by the army.



THE
HENRIADE.
CANTO the FIFTH.

NOW marching on, those dread machines appear'd,

Which death attended, and the rebels fear'd.

A hundred mouths pour'd forth the rapid balls,

And iron tempests rattl'd on the walls.

Now was employ'd, and exercis'd in vain 5

The zeal of party, and the wiles of May'ne.

The guards of Paris, and the noisy crowd,

The prating doctors insolent, and loud,

Tried, but in vain, our hero to subdue,

Beneath whose feet victorious laurels grew. 10

By Rome, and Philip were the thunders hurl'd,

But Rome diffus'd no terrors through the world.

His native sloth the old Iberian shew'd,

And all his succours were too late bestow'd.

Through Gallia's realms the plund'ring troops enjoy'd 15
 The spoils of cities which their arms destroy'd.
 An easy conquest o'er oppress'd allies
 Was first, and fairest in the traitor's eyes.
 The falling League but waited to receive
 Whate'er the pride of tyranny could give, 20
 When fate, that governs with supreme command,
 Appear'd suspended by a zealot's hand.

Forgive, ye citizens, whose peaceful days
 Are calm, and bright'ned by serener rays,
 Forgive the bard who paints the horrid crimes 25
 That stain'd the annals of preceding times.
 Yourself unfullied may the lays approve,
 Whose hearts are warm with loyalty, and love.

In ev'ry age, some venerable seer
 For heav'ns pure joys has shed the pious tear ; 30
 Some rigid anchorets with vows divine
 Have heap'd their incense on religion's shrine :
 Lost to the world, to each idea lost
 That friendship loves, or charity can boast.
 Their gloomy shades, and cloisters ever rude 35
 The beams of fair humanity exclude.

Others

Others in flowing periods have display'd
 Religion's truths by learning's pow'rful aid.
 In these ambition has produc'd desires
 Mean, and unworthy virtue's sacred fires. 40
 Oft' have their schemes extended far, and wide,
 And all their piety been sunk in pride.
 Thus by perverse, untoward abuses still
 The highest good becomes the greatest ill.
 Those, who the life of Dominic embrac'd, 45
 In Spain with wreaths of glory have been grac'd.
 From mean employments have with lustre shone,
 Like painted insects glitt'ring round the throne.
 In France they flourish'd in the days of yore,
 With equal zeal, but far unequal pow'r. 50
 The kindly patronage, from kings deriv'd,
 Might still attend them, had not Clement liv'd.
 The soul of Clement, gloomy, and austere,
 Was form'd to virtues rigid, and severe.
 Soon as the torrent of rebellion flow'd, 55
 The tide he follow'd, and pronounc'd it good.
 Fell Discord rising had profusely shed
 Infernal poisons o'er his youthful head.
 The long-drawn isle, and venerable shrine
 Witnesses what pray'rs fatigued the pow'rs divine. 60

This was their form, before the throne of grace,
While dust, and ashes sanctifi'd his face.

Almighty being, whose avenging arm
Protects religion, and her sons from harm,
How long shall justice sleep, or tyrants live, 65
The perjur'd flourish, and oppression thrive?
Let us, O God, thy gracious mercies tell,
Thy fiery scourges let the sinner feel.
Dispel death's horrid gloom, assist the brave,
And crush the tyrant, whom thy fury gave. 70
Send thy destroying angel from above,
Descend in flames, and let thy thunders move.
Descend, and quell the sacrilegious host,
Defeat their triumphs, and confound their boast.
Let ruin seize, great sov'reign lord of all, 75
Kings, chiefs, and armies in one common fall.
As gath'ring storms the leaves of Autumn bear
O'er hills, and vallies through the fields of air.
The League shall praise thy name with holy tongue,
Whilst blood, and murder elevate the song. 80

Discord, attentive, heard his hideous cries,
And swift to Pluto's dreary regions flies.

From

From those dark realms the worst of tyrants came,
 Fanatic Dæmon is his horrid name.
 Religion's son, but rebel in her cause, 85
 He tears her bosom, and disdains her laws.
 'Twas him that guided Ammon's frantic race,
 Where silver Arnon winds his liquid maze.
 When weeping mothers, with mad zeal possess'd,
 Slew their fond infants clinging to the breast. 90
 Through him, rash Jephtha vow'd, the fiend imbrued
 The father's dagger in the daughter's blood.
 By him the impious Chalchas was inspir'd,
 And tender Iphigenia's death requir'd.
 Thy forests, France, the cruel pow'r approv'd; 95
 There smok'd the incense which Tentates lov'd.
 Thy shades have seen the human victims bleed,
 Whilst hoary druids authoriz'd the deed.
 From Rome's proud capitol he gave the word,
 When christians shudder'd at the pagan sword. 100
 When Rome submitted to the son of God,
 High o'er the church he wav'd his iron rod.
 Christians, once doom'd to feel the tort'ring flame,
 Were deaf to mercy, and unmov'd by shame.
 On Thames's banks the seeds of faction grew, 105
 Whose bloody arm the feeble monarch slew.

The

The same fierce genius fans the annual fire
 At Lisbon, or Madrid, when Jews expire :
 Unwilling to desert the cause of heav'n,
 Or quit the faith their ancestors have giv'n. 110

Like some high priest his part the dæmon play'd,
 In the pure vest of innocence array'd.
 Now, from the wardrobe of eternal night
 For other crimes equipp'd, he sprung to light.
 Deceit, for ever plausible, and fair, 115

Dress'd him like Guise in person, height, and air.
 The haughty Guise, whose artifice alone
 Enchain'd the listless monarch on his throne,
 Whose pow'r still working, like some fatal star,
 Foreboded ruin, and inspir'd to war. 120

The dreaded helmet glitter'd on his head ;
 The sword, prepar'd for ev'ry murd'rous deed,
 Flam'd in his hand ;—and many a wound could tell
 How once at Blois the factious hero fell.

For vengeance calling loud, the crimson tide 125
 Fast flow'd in copious streams adown his side.

Clad in this mournful garb, when night had shed
 Her peaceful slumbers over Clement's head, ✓
 In that still hour, when horrid spectres meet,
 He fought the zealot in his calm retreat. 130

cabal,

Cabal, and superstition, nurse of sin,
Unbarr'd the doors, and let the chieftain in.

Thy pray'rs, he cried the pow'rs of heav'n receive,
But more than tears, or pray'rs should Clement give.
The Leaguer's god will other off'rings claim;
More fit, more worthy of his holy name.
Far other incense must adorn his shrine;
Off'rings more pure, and worship more divine.
Had Judith only wept with plaintive sighs,
A female's grief, and unavailing cries, 140
Had life been dearer than her country's call,
Judith had seen Bethulia's levell'd wall.
These exploits copy, these oblations bring,
Derive thy currents from that sacred spring.
I see thee blush;—go, fly at my command, 145
Let royal blood now consecrate thy hand.
Set wretched Paris from her tyrant free,
Revenging Rome, the universe, and me.
Go, murder Valois, as he murder'd Guise,
Nor deem it faulty in religion's eyes. 150
Who guards the church, and vindicates her laws,
Is bravely acting in fair virtue's cause.
When heav'n commands, then ev'ry deed is good,
Attend her accents, and prepare for blood.

When

110 THE HENRIADE.

Thrice happy, could'st thou join the tyrant's death 155
 To Bourbon's fall, and gain a nobler wreath !
 Oh could thy citizens ! — but fate denies
 Thy hand the honors of that happy prize.
 Yet, should thy fame with rays inferior shine,
 Scorn not the gift, but finish heaven's design. 160

Thus spoke the phantom, and unsheath'd the blade,
 By hatred once in Stygian waters laid.
 To Clement's hand he gave the fatal steel,
 Then swiftly fled, and downward sunk to hell.
 The young recluse, too easily deceiv'd, 165
 Himself th' almighty's delegate believ'd :
 Embrac'd the gift with reverential love,
 And begg'd assistance from the pow'rs above.
 The fiend no superstitious influence spar'd,
 But all his soul for parricide prepar'd. 170
 How apt is error to mislead mankind !
 And reason's piercing eye how often blind !
 The raging Clement, happy, and at ease,
 Happy as those whom truth and virtue please ;
 With down-cast looks, and virtue's clouded brow, 175
 To heav'n address'd the sacrilegious vow.
 On as he march'd, his penitential veil
 Conceal'd from view the parricidal steel.

The

THE HENRIADE. 111

The fairest flow'rs each conscious friend bestow'd,
And balmy odors to perfume the road. 180

These guides, in counsel, or in praises join'd
To add new fervor to his zealous mind.

The holy calendar receiv'd his name,
Equal to faints in virtue, and in fame.

Now hail'd as patron, now ador'd as God, 185

And fed with incense by the kneeling crowd.

Transports less warm, less moving raptures fir'd

The christian heroes, and their souls inspir'd,

When pious brethren were consign'd to death,

Firm, and intrepid to their latest breath. 190

They kiss'd each footstep, thought each torture gain,

And wish'd to feel the agonizing pain.

Fanatics thus religion's ensigns bear,

Like worthies triumph, and like faints appear.

The same desire the good, and impious draws, 195

Unnumber'd martyrs fall in error's cause.

Mayne's piercing eyes beheld the future blow,
And more was known, than what he seem'd to know.

Intending wisely, when the blood was spilt,

To reap the profits, but avoid the guilt. 200

Sedition's fons were left to guide the whole,

And steel with rage the impious zealot's soul.

To

To Paris' gates they lead the traitor on ;
 Whilst the Sixteen with fond impatience run
 To arts infernal, and devoutly pray 205
 That heav'n her secret counsels would display.
 This science once distinguish'd Cath'rine's reign,
 Tho' always criminal, and often vain.
 The servile people, that for ever love
 Each courtly vice, and what the great approve, 210
 Fond of whate'er is marvellous, or new,
 The same impieties with zeal pursue..

When night's still shades conceal'd the bands im-
 pure,

Silence conducts them to a vault obscure.
 By the pale torch, which faintly pierc'd the gloom, 215
 They raise an altar on the mould'ring tomb.
 There both the royal images appear,
 Alike the objects of their rage, and fear.
 There to almighty pow'r their vows are paid,
 And hellish dæmons summon'd to their aid. 220
 High on the walls, a hundred lances stood,
 Mysterious, awful terrors ! plung'd in blood.
 Their priest was one of that unhappy race
 Proscrib'd on earth, and sentenc'd to disgrace.

Slaves

Slaves long inur'd to superstition's lore, 225
 Whose crimes, and sorrows spread from shore to shore.
 The Leaguers next the sacrifice begin
 With horrid cries, and bacchanalian din :
 Now bathe their arms within the crimson tide ;
 Now on the altar strike at Valois' side. 230
 Now with more rage, the terror to compleat,
 See Henry's image trod beneath their feet.
 Death, as they thought, would aid the impious blow,
 And send the heroes to the shades below.

The Hebrew tried by blasphemy to move 235
 The depths beneath, and all the pow'rs above.
 Invok'd the spirits that in æther dwell,
 Swift light'nings, thunders, and the flames of hell.
 Endor's fam'd priestess erst such off'rings made,
 And rais'd by dire enchantments Samuel's shade' 240
 Thus in Samaria once 'gainst Judah hung
 The lying accent on the prophet's tongue.
 And thus inflexibly Ateius rose
 The high designs of Crassus to oppose.

The Leagues mad ruler waited to receive 245
 To charms, and spells what answer heav'n would give.
 Convinc'd that vows, thus offer'd, wing their way
 To the pure regions of eternal day.

Heav'n

Heav'n heard the magic sounds, which only drew
From thence the vengeance to their errors due. 250

For them were stopt the laws which nature gave,
And plaintive murmurs fill'd the silent cave.

Successive light'nings in the depth of night
Flash'd all around, and gleam'd with horrid light.

Great Henry shone amidst the lambent flames, 255
Encircl'd round with glory's golden beams.

High on the car of triumph as he rode,
Grace on his brow the laurel wreath bestow'd,

The royal sceptre glitter'd in his hand,
Emblem of pow'r, and ensign of command. 260

Loud rolling thunders gave the fatal sign,
And op'ning earth receiv'd the flaming shrine.

The priest, and Leaguers shudder'd at the sight,
And veil'd their crimes beneath the shades of night.

The rolling thunders, and the fiery blaze 265
Declar'd that God had number'd Valois' days.

Grim death rejoic'd; and, such th' almighty's will,
Crimes were allow'd his sentence to fulfil.

Now Clement to the royal tent drew near.
And begg'd admision undismay'd by fear. 270

For heav'n, he said, had sent him to bestow
Reviving honors on the monarch's brow ;

And

THE HENRIADE. 115

And secrets to unfold, which might appear
Worthy reception from his sovereign's ear.
All mark his looks, and many a question ask 275
Least his attire some bad design should mask.
He undisturb'd, with calm, and simple air
Returns them answers plausible, and fair.
Each accent seems from innocence to spring.
The guards attend, and lead him to their king. 280

Calm as before, he bent the suppliant knee ;
Unruff'd, and unaw'd by majesty :
Mark'd where to strike, and thus, by falsehood's aid,
With treach'rous lies his feign'd addresses paid. 284

Pardon, dread sovereign, him who trembling brings
Submissive praises to the king of kings.
Oh let me thank kind heav'n, whose gracious aid
Has show'd down blessings on thy sacred head.
Potier the good, and Villerois the sage
Have faithful prov'd in this rebellious age. 290
Harlay the great, whose brave, intrepid zeal
Was ever active in the public weal,
Immur'd in prison, still thy cause defends,
Confounds the League, and animates thy friends.

That

That mighty being, whose all-piercing eyes 295
 Defeat the counsels of the great, and wise :
 Whose will no human knowledge can withstand,
 Whose works are finish'd by the weakest hand :
 To Harlay guided thy devoted slave,
 That loyal subject ever good, and brave. 300
 His sage advice, and sentiments refin'd
 Diffus'd a radiance o'er my clouded mind.
 To bring these lines with eagerness I flew,
 By Harlay counsell'd, and to Valois true.

The king receiv'd the letters with surprize, 305
 And tears of holy rapture fill'd his eyes.
 Oh when, he cried, shall Valois' hand supply
 Rewards proportion'd to thy loyalty ?
 Thus spoke the monarch with affection warm,
 Love undissembld, and extended arm. 310
 Each motion well the monstrous traitor eyed,
 And fiercely plung'd the dagger in his side.
 Soon as they saw the crimson torrents flow,
 A thousand hands reveng'd the fatal blow.
 The zealot wish'd not for a happier time, 315
 But stood unmov'd, and triumph'd in his crime.
 Through op'ning skies he saw the heav'nly dome,
 And endless glories in the world to come.

Claim'd.

Claim'd the bright wreath of martyrdom from God,
 And falling, blest'd the hand that shed his blood. 320
 Oh dread illusion terrible, and blind,
 Worthy the hate, and pity of mankind.
 Infectious preachers more deserv'd the blame,
 From whom the madness, and the poison came.

The hour arriv'd when Valois' darken'd fight 325
 Faintly beheld the parting, glimm'ring light.
 Surrounding slaves with many a falling tear
 Express'd their griefs dissembl'd, or sincere.
 For some there were, whose sorrows soon expir'd,
 With pleasing hopes of future greatness fir'd. 330
 Others, whose safety with the king was fled,
 Themselves lamented, not the royal dead.
 Amidst the various sounds of plaintive cries
 Tears unaffected flow'd from Henry's eyes.
 Thy foe, great Bourbon, fell ; but souls like thine 335
 In such dread moments ev'ry thought resign,
 Save those which friendship, and compassion claim :
 Self-love destroys not the cælestial flame.
 The gen'rous chief forgot his own renown,
 Tho' to himself devolv'd the regal crown. 340
 To raise his eyes the dying monarch strove,
 And clasp'd his hand with tenderness, and love.

Bourbon,

Bourbon, he cried, thy gen'rous tears refrain,
 Let others weep whose conduct I disdain,
 Fly thou to vengeance, spread the dire alarm, 345
 Go reign, and triumph with victorious arm.
 I leave thee struggling on the stormy coast
 Where shipwreck'd Valois was for ever lost.
 My throne awaits thee, take it as thy due,
 Its sole protection was deriv'd from you. 350
 Eternal thunders threaten Gallia's kings,
 Then fear the pow'r from whom the glory springs.
 By thee, from impious tenets undeceiv'd,
 Be all the honours of his shrine reviv'd.
 Farewell, brave prince, and reign by all ador'd, 355
 Guarded by heav'n from each assassin's sword.
 You know the League, with us begins the blow,
 Nor stays it's fury, but would end with you.
 In future days perchance some barb'rous hand,
 Obedient slave to faction's dread command, 360
 Some arm——but oh! ye Guardian angels, spare
 Virtues so pure, so exquisite, and rare.
 Permit——no more he said; departing breath
 Consign'd the monarch to the arms of death.

Now was all Paris fill'd with joyful cries, 365
 And odious songs of triumph rent the skies.

The

The fanes are open'd wide at Valois' death,
 And ev'ry Leaguer wears the flow'ry wreath.
 All labour ends whilst faction blith, and gay,
 To mirth, and feasting consecrates the day. 370

Bourbon appear'd the object of their sport,
 And glorious valour seem'd his sole support.
 Say, could he rise, and e'er resist again
 The strengthen'd League, the angry church, and
 Spain :

The Roman thunders with such fury hurl'd, 375
 And the bright treasures of the western world !

Some warlike few, who little understood
 What most contributes to the public good,
 Affecting scruples foolish, and refin'd,
 Calvin's defence already had resign'd. 380

Redoubl'd ardour in the royal cause
 The rest inflam'd, and rul'd by other laws.
 These gen'rous soldiers, well approv'd in war,
 Who long had rode on triumph's radiant car,
 To Bourbon give unsettl'd Gallia's throne, 385
 And all proclaim him worthy of the crown.

Those valiant knights, the Givris, and Daumonts,
 The Montmorencis, Sancis, and Crillons,

Swear

Swear to remain inviolable friends,
 And guard his person to earth's utmost ends. 390
 True to their laws, and faithful to their God,
 They boldly march where honour points the road.

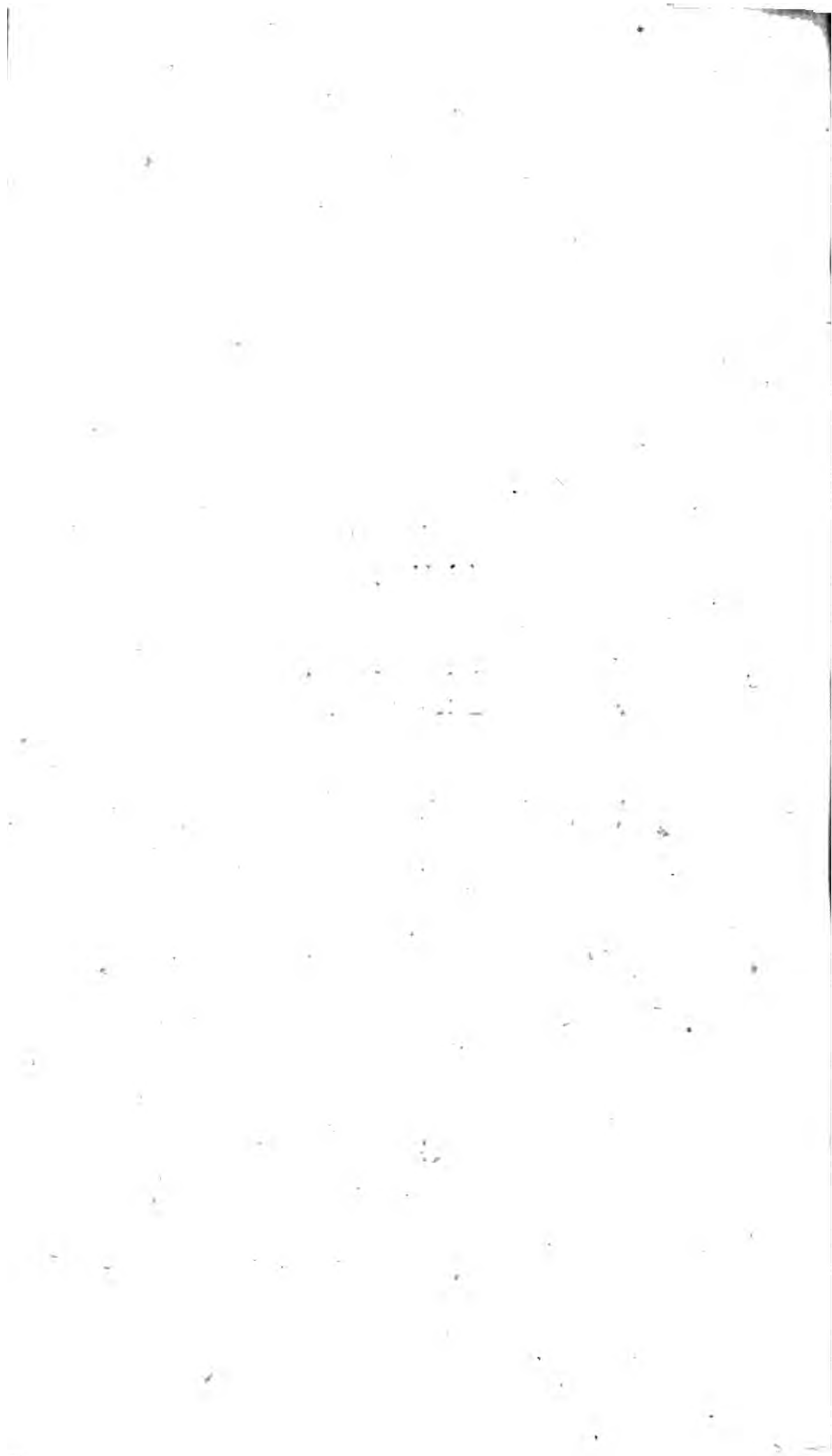
From you, my friends, cried Bourbon is deriv'd
 That lot which kindred heroes have receiv'd.
 No peers have authorized our high command, 395
 No holy oil, or consecrating hand.
 All due allegiance, in the days of yore,
 Your brave forefathers on their buckler swore.
 To vict'rys laurell'd field your hands confin'd
 From thence send forth the monarchs of mankind. 400
 Thus spoke the chief, and, marching first, prepar'd
 By martial deeds to merit his reward.



THE
HENRIADE.

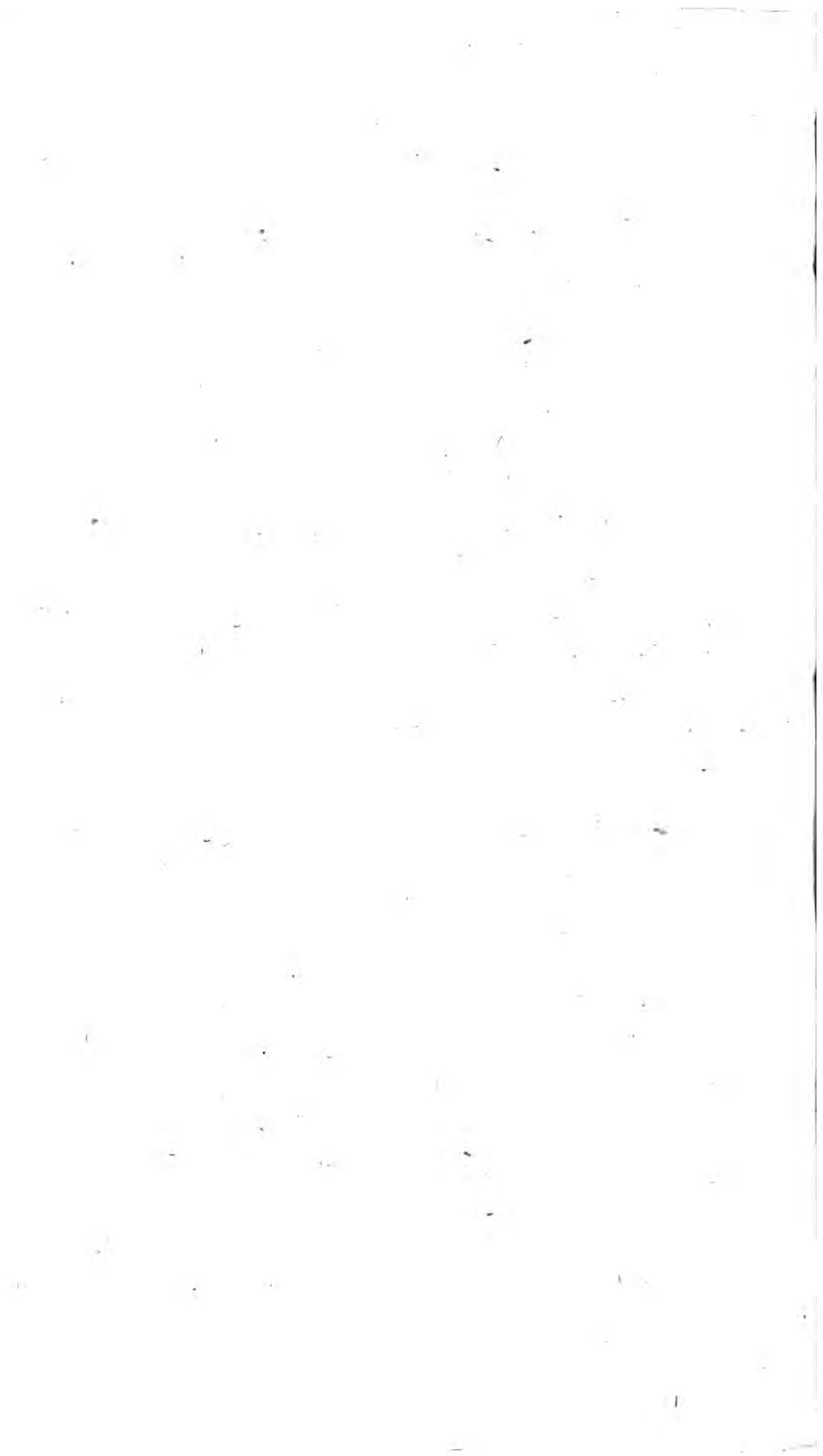
CANTO the SIXTH.





THE ARGUMENT.

After the death of Henry III. the Leaguers assemble in Paris to elect a king. In the midst of their debates, Henry IV. storms the city. The assembly is dismissed. The members that composed it repair to the ramparts. Description of the ensuing battle.



THE
HENRIADE.
CANTO the SIXTH.

IN France an ancient custom we retain,
When death's rude stroke has closed the monarch's
reign,
When destiny cuts short the smooth descent,
And all the royal pedigree is spent,
The people to their former rights restor'd, 5
May change the laws or chuse their future lord.
The states in council represent the whole,
Elect the king, and limit his controul ;
Thus our renown'd forefathers did ordain
That Capet should succeed to Charlemagne. 10

The League with vain presumption arrogates
This right, and hastens to convene the states.

G 3

They

They thought the murder of the king bestow'd
 That pow'r perhaps, on those who shed his blood,
 Thought that the semblance of a throne would
 shroud 15

Their dark designs, and captivate the croud,
 Would help their jarring counsels to unite,
 And give their foul pretence an air of right ;
 That from what source so'er his claim may spring,
 Just or unjust, a king is still a king, 20
 And worthy or unworthy of the sway,
 A Frenchman must have something to obey.

Swift to the Louvre with imperious air
 And fierce demeanour the proud chiefs repair ;
 Thither whom Spain embassador had sent,
 And Rome, with many a priestly bigot went,
 To speed th' election with tumultuous haste,
 An insult on the kings of ages past,
 And in the splendor of their trains, expence
 Was seen, the child of public indigence. 30
 No princely potentate or high-born peer
 Sprung from our old nobility, was there,
 Their grandeur now a shadowy form alone,
 Though lawgivers by birth and kinsmen of the throne.
No

No sage assertors of the public claim 35
 Strenuous and hardy, from the commons came,
 No lilies as of old the court array'd,
 But foreign pomp and pageant in their stead.
 There sumptuous o'er the throne for May'ne prepar'd,
 A canopy of royal state was rear'd, 40
 And on the front with rich embroid'ry graced,
 Oh dire indignity ! these lines were traced.
 " Kings of the earth, and judges of mankind,
 " Who deaf to mercy, by no laws confin'd,
 " Lay nature waste beneath your fierce domain, 45
 " Let Valois' fate instruct you how to reign."

Forthwith contentious rage with jarring sound,
 And clam'rous strife discordant eccho round.
 Slave to the smiles of Rome, obsequious here
 A venal flatt'rer soothes the legates ear ; 50
 'Tis time, he cries, the lily should bow down
 Her head, obedient to the triple crown,
 Time that the church should lift her chast'ning hand,
 And from her high tribunal scourge the land.

Line. 54. The dukes of Guise wanted to establish the inquisition in France.

Cruel tribunal ! scene of monkish pow'r, 55
 Which ev'n the realms that suffer it, abhor ;
 Whose fiery priests by bigotry prepar'd,
 Torture and death without remorse award,
 Disgraceful to the sacred cause they guard. }
 As if mankind were, as of old, possess'd } 60
 With pagan blindness, when the lying priest
 T'appease the wrath of heav'n with vengeance fir'd,
 The sacrifice of human blood requir'd.

Some for Iberian gold betray the state,
 And sell it to the Spaniard whom they hate. 65
 But mightier than the rest, their pow'r was shewn,
 Who destin'd May'ne already to the throne.
 The splendour of a crown was wanting yet,
 To make the fullness of his fame complete ;
 To that bright goal his daring wish he sends, 70
 Nor heeds the danger that on kings attends.

Then Potier rose ; plain, nervous and untaught
 His eloquence, the language of his thought.
 No blemish of the times had touch'd the sage,
 Rever'd for virtue in a vicious age ; 75
 Oft had he check'd, with courage uncontroul'd,
 The tide of faction headlong as it roll'd,

Aerte

Asserted hardily the laws he loved,
 Nor ever fear'd reproof, or was reprov'd.
 He rais'd his voice; struck silent at the sound 80

The croud was hush'd, and list'ning gather'd round.

{ So when at sea the winds have ceas'd to roar,
 { And the loud sailor's cries are heard no more,
 { No sound survives, but of the dashing prow
 { That cleaves with prosp'rous course th' obedient wave
 below. 85

Such Potier seem'd; no rude disturbance broke
 Th' attentive calm, while freely thus he spoke.

“ May'ne, I perceive then, has the gen'ral voice,
 “ And though I praise not, can excuse your choice;
 “ His virtues I esteem not less than you, 90
 “ And were I free to chuse, might chuse him too.
 “ But if the laws ambitious he pervert,
 “ His claim of empire cancels his desert.”

Thus far the sage; when lo! that instant May'ne
 Himself appear'd, with all a monarch's train. 95

“ Prince! he pursued, and spoke it boldly forth,
 “ I dare oppose you, for I know your worth;
 G 5 “ Dare

- “ Dare step between your merit and the throne,
 “ Warm in the cause of France, and in our own.
 “ Vain your election were, your right unsound, 100
 “ While yet in France a Bourbon may be found ;
 “ Heav’n in its wisdom placed you near the throne,
 “ That you might guard but not usurp the crown ;
 “ His ashes sprinkled with a monarch’s gore
 “ The shade of injured Guise can ask no more ; 105
 “ Point not your vengeance then at Henry’s head,
 “ Nor charge him with the blood he never shed.
 “ Heav’ns influence on you both too largely flows,
 “ And ’tis your rival virtue makes you foes.
 “ But hark ! the clamour of the common herd 110
 “ Ascends the skies, and heretick’s the word ;
 “ And see the priesthood ranged in dark array,
 “ To deeds of blood infatiate urge their way !
 “ Barbarians hold — what custom yet unknown,
 “ What law, or rather frenzy of your own, 115 }
 “ Can cancel your allegiance to the throne.
 “ Comes he, this Henry, savage and unjust,
 “ To’erthrow your shrines, and mix them with the
 dust ?
 “ He, to those shrines in search of truth he flies,
 “ And loves the sacred laws yourselves despise ; 120
 “ Virtue

- “ Virtue alone, whatever form she wears,
 “ Whatever sect she graces he reveres;
 “ Nor like yourselves, weak, arrogant and blind,
 “ Dares do the work of God, and judge mankind;
 “ More righteous, and more christian far than you, 125
 “ He comes to rule, but to forgive you too.
 “ And shall you judge your master, and shall he,
 “ The friend of freedom, not himself be free?
 “ Not such, alas! nor sullied with your crimes,
 “ Were the true christian race of elder times; 130
 “ They tho’ all heathen errors they abhorred,
 “ Serv’d without murmuring their heathen lord,
 “ The doom of death without a groan obey’d,
 “ And bless’d the cruel hand by which they bled:
 “ Such are the christians whom true faith assures, 135
 “ They died to serve their kings, you murder yours,
 “ And God, whom you describe for ever prone
 “ To wrath, if he delights to show’r it down
 “ On guilty heads, shall aim it at your own, }

He clos’d his bold harrangue, confusion scar’d 140
 Their conscious souls, none answer’d him, or dar’d;
 In vain they would have shaken from their hearts,
 The dread which truth to guiltiness imparts,

With

With fear and rage their troubled thoughts were tofs'd,
 When sudden a loud shout from all their host 145
 Was heard, to arms, to arms or we are lost.

Dark clouds of dust in floating volumes rise
 Wide o'er the champian, and obscure the skies;
 The clarion and the drum with horrid sound,
 Dread harbingers of slaughter eccho round. 150
 So from his gloomy chambers in the north,
 When the fierce spirit of the storm breaks forth,
 His dusky pinions shroud the noon-day light,
 And thunder and sharp winds attend his dreary flight.

'Twas Henry's host came shouting from afar, 155
 Disdaining ease, and eager for the war;
 O'er the wide plain they stretch'd their bright array,
 And to the ramparts urged their furious way.

These hours the chief vouchsaf'd not to consume
 In empty rites perform'd at Valois' tomb, 160
 Unprofitable tribute! fondly paid
 By the proud living to th' unconscious dead;
 No lofty dome, or monumental pile,
 On the waste shore he rais'd with fruitless toil,

Vain

THE HENRIAD E. 133

Vain arts! to rescue the departed great, 165
From the rough tooth of time and rage of fate;
A nobler meed on Valois' shade below,
And worthier gifts he hasten'd to bestow,
T' avenge his murder, make rebellion cease,
And rule the subjugated land in peace. 170

The din of battle gath'ring at their gates,
Dissolv'd their council, and dispers'd the states.
Swift from the walls to view th' advancing host
The gen'ral flew, the soldier to his post,
With shouts th' approaching hero they incense, 175
And all is ripe for onset and defence.

Tho' pleasure now, and peace securely reign
In all her courts, not such was Paris then,
But girt with massy walls, and unexpos'd,
An hundred forts the narrower town inclos'd; 180
The suburbs now defenceless and unbarr'd,
The gentle hand of peace their only guard,
Adorn'd with all the pomp that wealth supplies,
Proud spires and palaces that pierce the skies,
Were then a cluster of rude huts alone, 185
A rampart all around of earth was thrown,
With a deep foss to part them from the town.

}
From

From th'east the mighty chief his march began,
 And death with hasty strides came foremost in his van.
 Wing'd with red flames impetuous from on high 190
 And from below, the show'ry bullets fly,
 The rattling storm resistless thickens round,
 And tumbles tow'r and bastion to the ground ;
 Gor'd and defaced the gay battalions bleed,
 And on the plain their shatter'd limbs are spread. 195

In earlier times, unaided and untaught,
 His fate by simpler means the foldier wrought ;
 Strength against strength oppos'd the contest tried,
 And on their swords alone the combatants relied ;
 More cruel wars their children learn'd to wage, 200
 Nor less than light'ning satisfied their rage.
 Then first was heard the thunder-bearing bomb,
 Imprison'd mischief struggling in it's womb,
 Swift on the destin'd mark the pond'rous shell
 Came down, and spread destruction where it fell. 205

Next, dire improvement on the barb'rous trade,
 In hollow vaults the secret mine was laid ;
 In vain the warrior trusting in his might,
 Speeds his bold march, and seeks the promis'd fight,

THE HENRIADE. 135

A sudden blast divides the yawning earth, 210
And the black vapour kindles into birth,
Smote by strange thunder sinks th'astonish'd host,
Deep in the dark abyss for ever lost.
These dangers Bourbon unappall'd defies,
Impatient for the strife, a throne the prize. 215
Where'er his hardy bands the hero leads,
'Tis hell beneath, and tempest o'er their heads,
His glorious steps undunated they pursue,
Fir'd by his deeds still bright'ning in their view.

Grave in the midst the valiant Mornay went, 220
Though slow his march, intrepid his intent;
Rage he alike disdain'd and slavish dread,
Nor heard the thunders bursting round his head;
War was heav'n's scourge on man, he wisely thought,
Nor lov'd the task, but took it as his lot; 225
Ev'n for the wonders of his sword he griev'd,
And loath'd it for the glories it atchiev'd.

Now pour'd their legions down the dreadful way,
Where smear'd with blood the sloping Glacis lay;
More fierce as more in danger, with the slain 230
They choke the foss, and lift it to the plain,

Then

136 THE HENRIADE.

Then born upon the supple numbers, reach
 The ramparts, and rush headlong to the breach.
 Waving his bloody fauchion, Henry led
 The way, and enter'd furious at their head. 235
 Already fixt by his victorious hand
 High on the walls his glitt'ring banners stand :
 Awe-struck the Leaguers seem'd, as they implor'd
 The conqu'ror's mercy, and confess'd their lord ;
 But May'ne recalls them to their guilty part, 240
 And drives the dawning grace from ev'ry heart,
 'Till crowded in close Phalanx, they beset
 Their king, whose eye their hardiest fear'd to meet.
 Fierce on the battlements, and bathed in blood
 Of thousands slain, the fury Discord stood ; 245
 There best her horrid mandates they obey,
 And join'd in closer fight more surely slay.

Sudden the deep-mouth'd engines cease to roar,
 And the loud thunder of the war is o'er :
 At once an universal silence round, 250
 With awful pause, succeeds the deaf'ning sound ;
 Now thro' his foes the soldier cleaves his way,
 And on the sword alone depends the day ;
 Alternate the contending leaders boast
 The bloody ramparts won, and yield them lost : 255
 Still

Still victory the doubtful balance sway'd,
And join'd in air the mingling banners play'd,
'Till oft triumphant, and as oft subdued,
Fled the pale League, and Henry swift pursued.
'Tis thus the restless billows wash the shore, 260
By turns o'erwhelm it, and by turns restore.

Then most in that tremendous hour was shewn,
The might of Bourbon's rival, and his own;
'Twas then each hero's warlike soul was prov'd,
That in the shock of charging hosts unmov'd, 265
Amidst confusion, horror and despair,
Ranged the dread scene and ruled the doubtful war.

Mean while renown'd for many a martial deed,
A gallant English band brave Essex led,
In Gallia's cause with wonder they advance, 270
And scarcely can believe they fight for France.
On the same ramparts where the conquer'd Seine,
Saw in old time their great forefathers reign,
For England's sake they wage the mortal strife,
Proud to enhance her fame, and prodigal of life. 275
Impetuous Essex first the breach ascends,
Where fierce D'Aumale the crowded pass defends,

To

To fight like fabled demi-gods they came,
 Their age, their ardour, and their force the same;
 French, English, Lorraine in combat close, 280
 And in one stream the mingled slaughter flows.

Oh thou! the genius of that fatal day,
 Soul of the strife, destroying angel, say,
 Whose was the triumph then, which hero's host
 Yourself assisted, and heav'n favour'd most. 285
 Long time the chiefs with rival glory crown'd,
 Dealt equal slaughter thro' the legions round;
 At length, by factious rage in vain assail'd,
 The righteous cause and Henry's arms prevail'd;
 Worn with disastrous toil and long fatigue, 290
 Exhausted, hopeless, fled the vanquish'd League.
 As on Pyrene's ever-clouded brow,
 When swelling torrents threat the vale below,
 A while with solid banks and lofty mounds,
 They stay the foaming deluge in it's bounds; 295
 But soon, the barrier broke, the rushing tide
 Roars unresisted down the mountain's side,
 Unroots the forest oaks, and bears away,
 Flocks, folds and herds, an undistinguish'd prey:
 So from the smoking walls with matchless force, 300
 Victorious Bourbon urged his rapid course,

Such

T H E H E N R I A D E. 139

Such havock where the royal warrior pass'd,
Deform'd the ranks and lay'd the battle waste.
At length the friendly gates, by May'ne's command
Flung wide, receiv'd the defolated band. 305

The victor host around the suburbs fly
Incens'd, and hurl the blazing torch on high,
Their temp'rate valour kindles into rage,
And spoil and plunder are the war they wage.
Henry perceiv'd it not; with eager flight 310

He chaced the foe, dispers'd before his fight;
Spurr'd by his courage, with success elate
And ardent joy, he reach'd the hostile gate,
Thence on his scatter'd pow'r aloud he calls,
"Haste, fly my friends, and scale the haughty
walls." 315

When sudden in a rolling cloud enshin'd,
A beauteous form came floating on the wind,
With gracious mien and awful to the view,
Tow'rds Henry the descending vision flew,
His brow was with immortal splendor grac'd, 320
And horror mixt with love his radiant eyes express'd.
Hold hapless conqu'ror of your native land!
The phantom cried, and stay your vengeful hand;

This

This fair dominion you with war deface,
Is yours of old, the birthright of your race ; 325

These lives you seek, are vassals of your throne,

This wealth you give to plunder, is your own ;

Spare your own heritage, nor seek to reign

A solitary monarch o'er the slain.

Amaz'd the foldier heard the solemn sound, 330

And dropp'd his spoils, and prostrate kiss'd the ground.

Then Henry, rage still boiling in his breast,

Like seas hoarse—murm'ring while they sink to rest,

Say bright inhabitant of heav'n, what means

Your hallow'd form amidst these horrid scenes ? 335

Mild as the breeze, at summers ev'ning tide

Serene, the visionary shape replied.

Behold the fainted king whom France adores,

Protector of the Bourbon race, and yours,

That Louis, who like you once urged the fight, 340

Whose shrines you heed not, and whose faith you
sight ;

Know when the destin'd days their course have run,

Heav'n shall itself conduct you to the throne ;

Thine is the vict'ry, but that great reward,

Is for thy mercy, not thy might, prepar'd. 345

He

He spoke, the list'ning chief with rapture hears,
 And down his cheek fast flow the joyful tears;
 Peace sooth'd his tranquil heart, he dropp'd his sword,
 And on his knees devout the shade ador'd.
 Then twice around his neck his arms he flung, 350
 And thrice deceiv'd on vain embraces hung;
 Light as an empty dream at break of day,
 Or as a blast of wind, he rush'd away.

Mean while in haste to guard th'invested town,
 The swarming multitude the ramparts crown, 355
 Thick from above a fiery flood they pour,
 And at the monarch aim the fatal show'r,
 But heav'n's bright influence, round his temples shed,
 Diverts the storm, and guards his sacred head.
 'Twas then he saw, protected as he stood, 360
 What thanks to his paternal faint he ow'd;
 Tow'rd's Paris his sad eye in sorrow thrown,
 Ye French! he cried, and thou ill-fated town,
 Ye citizens, a blind deluded herd,
 How long will you withstand your lawful lord! 365
 Nor more; but as the star that brings the day,
 At eve declining in his western way,
 More mildly shoots his horizontal fires,
 And seems an ampler globe as he retires,

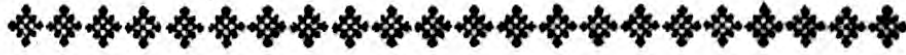
Such

142 THE HENRIADE.

Such from the walls the parting hero turn'd, 370
 While all his kindred faint within his bosom burn'd.
 Vincennes he fought, where Louis whilom spoke
 His righteous laws beneath an aged oak,
 Vincennes, alas! no more a calm retreat,
 How art thou chang'd, thou once delightful seat! 375
 Thy rural charms, thy peaceful smiles are fled,
 And blank despair possess thee instead.
 'Tis there the great, their hapless labours done,
 And all the short-liv'd race of glory run,
 The fickle changes of their various lot 380
 Conclude, and die neglected and forgot.

Now night o'er heav'n pursued her dusty way,
 And hid in shades the horrors of the day.

374. It is well known how many illustrious prisoners the cardinals Richlieu and Mazarin confin'd at Vincennes.

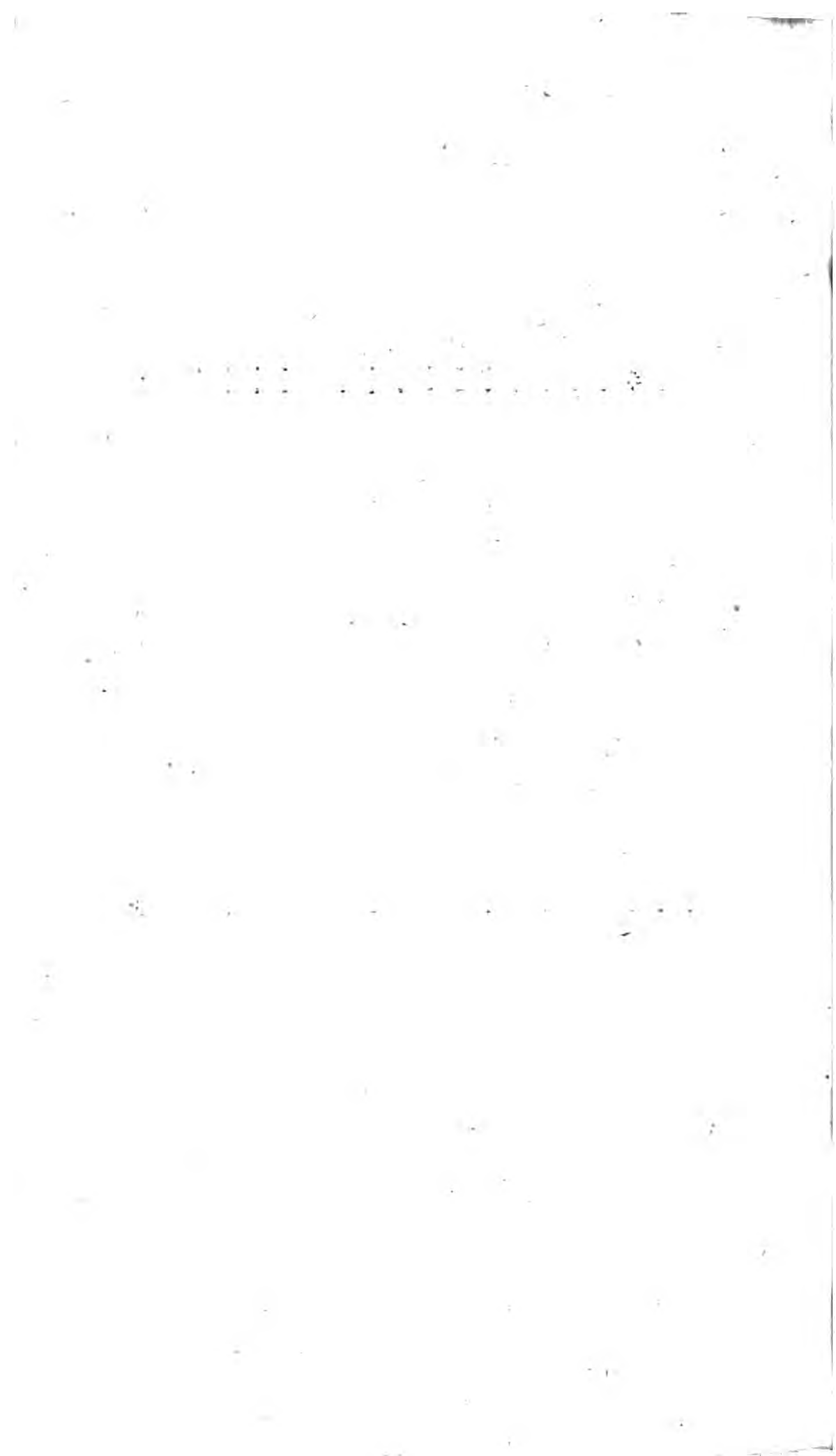


THE

HENRIADE.

CANTO the SEVENTH.

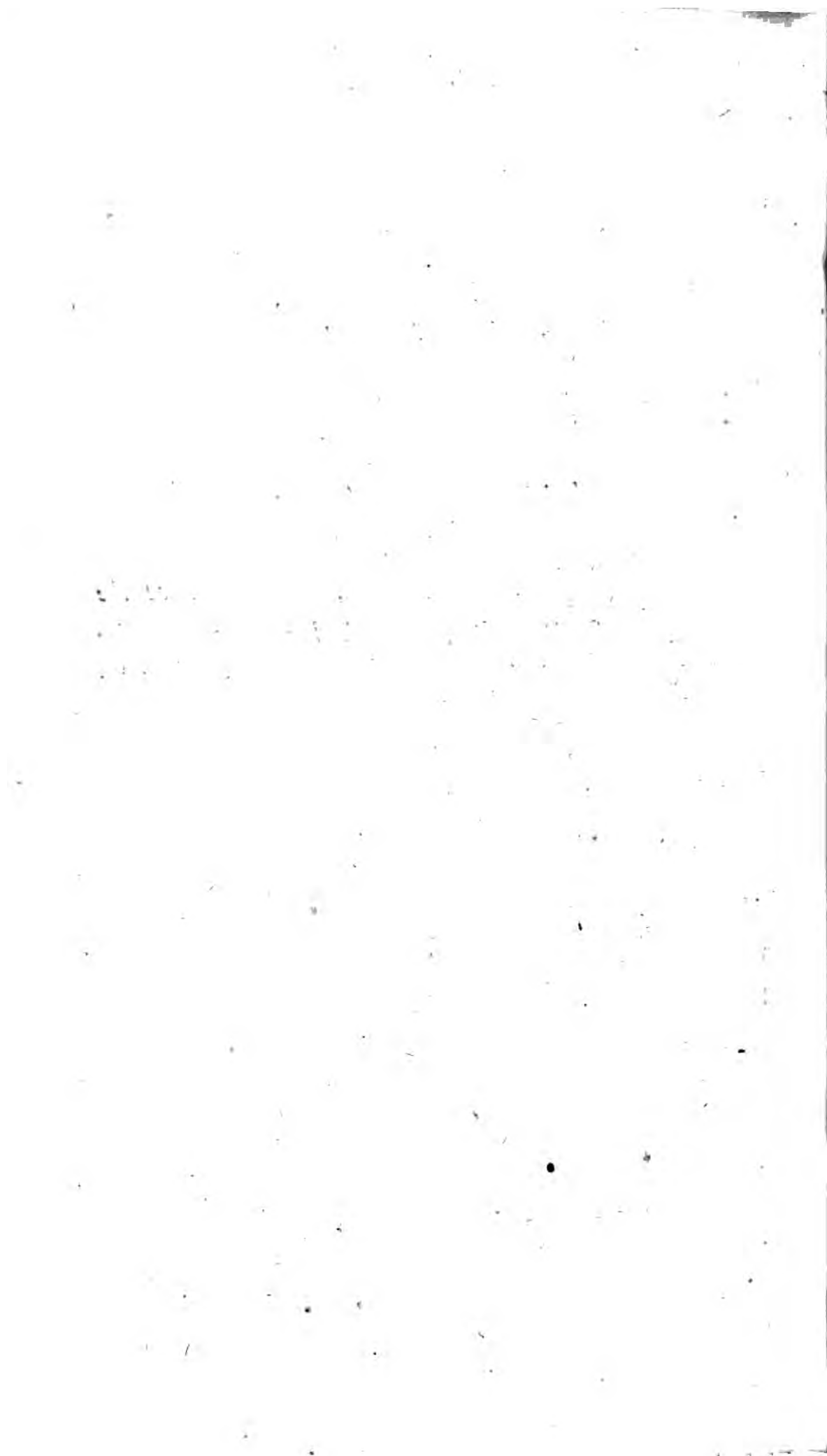




THE ARGUMENT.

Henry IV. is transported in a vision by St. Louis to heaven, and the infernal regions. He arrives at the palace of the Destinies; where he has an opportunity of seeing his posterity, and the great men hereafter to be produc'd in France.

H



THE
HENRIADE.

CANTO the SEVENTH.

THE great, the boundless clemency of God,
To sooth the ills of life's perplexing road,
Sweet sleep, and hope, two friendly beings gave,
Which earth's dark, gloomy confines never leave.
When man, fatigued by labours of the day, 5
Has toiled his spirits, and his strength away,
That, nature's friend, restores her pow'rs again,
And brings the blest forgetfulness of pain.
This, oft deceitful, but for ever kind,
Diffuses warmth and transport through the mind. 10
From her the few, whom heaven approves, may learn
The pleasing issue of each high concern.
Pure as her author in the realms above
To them she brings the tidings of his love.

Immortal Louis bid the faithful pair 15
Expand their downy wings, and soften Henry's care.

Still sleep repairs to Vincenne's shady ground ;
 The winds subside, and silence reigns around.
 Hope's blooming offspring, happy dreams succeed,
 And give the pleasing, though ideal meed. 20
 The verdant olive, and the laurel bough,
 Entwined with poppies, grace the hero's brow.

On Bourbon's temples Louis plac'd the crown
 Whose radiant honours once adorn'd his own.
 Go, reign, he cried, and triumph o'er thy foes ; 25
 No other hope the race of Louis knows.
 Yet think diviner presents to receive,
 Far more, my son, than royalty I give.
 What boots renown in arms, should heav'n withhold
 Her light more precious than the purest gold ? 30
 These worldly honours are a barren good ;
 Rewards uncertain on the brave bestow'd :
 A transient greatness, and a fading wreath
 Blasted by troubles, and destroy'd by death.
 Empire more durable, for thee designed, 35
 I come to shew thee, and inform thy mind.
 Attend my steps through paths thou ne'er hast trod,
 And fly to meet the bosom of thy God.

Thus

Thus spoke the faint ; they mount the car of light,
 And swiftly traverse the ætherial height. 40

Thus midnight light'nings flash, while thunders rowl,
 And cleave the ambient air from pole, to pole.

Thus rose Elijah on the fiery cloud ;
 The radiant æther with effulgence glow'd :
 To purer worlds, array'd in glories bright, 45
 The prophet fled, and vanish'd from the fight.

Amidst those orbs which move by certain laws
 Known to each sage whom love of science draws,
 The sun revolving round his axle turns,
 Shines undiminish'd, and for ever burns. 50

Thence spring those golden torrents, which bestow
 All vital warmth, and vigor as they flow.
 From thence the welcome day, and year proceeds ;
 Through various worlds his genial influence spreads.

The rolling planets beam with borrowed rays, 55
 And all around reflect the solar blaze ;

Attract each other, and each other shun :
 And end their courses where they first begun.

Far in the void unnumber'd worlds arise,
 And suns unnumber'd light the azure skies. 60

Far beyond all the God of heav'n resides,
 Marks ev'ry orbit, ev'ry motion guides.

Thither the hero, and the faint repair ;
 Myriads of spirits are created there,
 Which amply people all the globe, and fill 65
 The human body ; such th' Almighty's will.
 There, with immortal spirits at his feet,
 The judge incorruptible holds his seat.
 The God eternal, in all climes ador'd
 By diff'rent names, Jehova, Jove, or Lord. 70
 Before his throne our plaintive sorrows rise ;
 Our errors he beholds with pitying eyes :
 Those senseless portraits, figur'd by mankind,
 To paint his image, and omniscient mind.
 All who on earth's inferior confines breathe, 75
 Attend his summons through the gates of death.
 The eastern sage, with holy wisdom fraught,
 The sons of science, whom Confucius taught ;
 Those, who succeed in Zoroaster's cause,
 And blindly yield submission to his laws : 80
 The pale inhabitants of Zembla's coast,
 That dreary region of eternal frost ;
 Canadia's sons, with fatal error blind,
 Where truth illumines not the savage mind.
 The gazing Dervis looks in vain around 85
 At God's right hand no prophet to be found.

The

T H E H E N R I A D E, 151

The Bonze, with gloomy, penitential brow,
Derives no comfort from his rigid vow.

At once enlightned, all the dead await
To hear their sentence, and approaching fate. 90
That mighty Being, whose extended view,
And boundless knowledge looks all nature through,
The past, the present, and the future times,
Rewards their love, or punishes their crimes.
The prince approach'd not, in those realms of light, 95
The throne invisible to human sight;
Whence issues forth the terrible decree
Which man presumes too fondly to foresee.

Is God, said Henry to himself, unjust,
On whom the world's created beings trust? 100
Will the Almighty not vouchsafe to save
For want of knowledge which he never gave?
Expect religion where it never shone;
And judge the universe by laws unknown?
His hand created all, and all will find 105
That heaven's high king is merciful, and kind.
His voice informs the whole, and ev'ry part;
Fair nature's laws are stamp'd on ev'ry heart.

Nature, the same through each inferior clime,
 Pure, and unspotted to the end of time, 110
 By this the pagan's sentence will proceed,
 And pagan virtue is religion's deed.

While thus, with reason narrow, and confin'd,
 On truth's mysterious he employ'd his mind,
 A solemn, awful voice was heard around; 115
 All heav'n, all nature shudder'd at the sound.
 Such were the thunders, which from Sinai's brow,
 Diffus'd a horror through the plains below.
 Each seraph glow'd with adoration's fire,
 And silence reign'd through all the cherub choir. 120
 The rolling spheres the sacred accents caught,
 And truths divine to other planets taught.
*Distrust thy mental pow'rs, nor blindly stray
 As pride, or feebler reason points the way,
 The high invisible who rules above, 125
 Escapes thy knowledge, but demands thy love.
 His pow'r, and justice punish, and controul
 Each wilful error of the stubborn soul.
 To pure devotion be thy heart consign'd,
 Truth's radiant orb illumine all thy mind. 130*

These

These were the sounds, when, through the fields of
light,

A rapid whirlwind from the ætherial height
Convey'd the prince to dark, and dreary climes,
Like those where Chaos reign'd in elder times.
No solar influence, like it's author mild, 135

Diffuses comfort through the savage wild.
Angels abhor the desolated waste,
Which life's fair, fruitful blossom never grac'd.
Confusion, death, each terror of despair,
Fix'd on his throne, presides a tyrant there. 140

O heav'ns ! what shrieks of woe, what piteous cries,
What sulph'rous smoaks, what horrid flames arise !
What fiends, cried Bourbon, to these climes retreat !
What gulphs, what torrents burst beneath our feet !
See here, the faint return'd, the gates of hell, 145
Which justice form'd, where impious spirits dwell.

Come, view the dismal regions of distress ;
These paths are always easy of access.
There squint-eyed Envy lay, whose pois'nous breath
Consumes the verdure of each laurel wreath : 150

In night's impenetrable darkness bred,
She hates the living, but applauds the dead.
Her sparkling eyes, which shun the orb of day,
Perceiving Henry, Envy turn'd away.

Near her, self-loving, self-admiring pride, 155

And down-cast weakness, ever pale, reside.

Weakness, which yields to each persuasive crime,

And crops the flow'r of virtue in it's prime.

Ambition there with head-strong fury raves,

With thrones surrounded, sepulchres, and slaves. 160

Submissive, meek Hypocrisy was nigh,

Hell in her heart, all heav'n in her eye.

There Int'rest, father of all crimes, appear'd,

And blinded Zeal by cruelty rever'd.

These wild, tyrannic rulers of mankind, 165

When Henry came, their savage air resign'd.

Their impious troop ne'er reach'd his purer soul,

Such virtue yields not to their mad controul.

Who comes, they cried, to break the peaceful rest

Of night eternal, and these shades molest? 170

Our hero view'd the subterraneous scene,

And slowly travell'd through the ranks obscene.

Louis led on. — Oh heav'n! is that the hand,

Which murder'd Valois at the League's command?

Is that the monster? yes, I know him well, 175

His arm still holds the parricidal steel.

While barb'rous priests proclaim the wretch divine,

And place his portrait on the hallow'd shrine,

Though

THE HENRIADE. 155

Though Rome, and faction celebrate his name
To hymns, and praises hell denies his claim. 180

Princes, and kings, the honour'd saint replied,
Meet in these realms the punishment of pride.
Behold those tyrants, once ador'd by all,
Whose height but serv'd to aggrandize their fall.
God pours his vengeance on the scepter'd crowd, 185
For vice committed, and for crimes allow'd.
Death, from on high commission'd to destroy,
Cut short the transport of each wayward joy.
No pomp of greatness could the victim save;
Their beams of glory set within the grave. 190
Now is no civil, sly deceiver near,
To whisper error in the sov'reign's ear:
Once injur'd truth the sword of terror draws;
Displays each crime, and indicates her cause.
Behold yon heroes tremble at her nod, 195
Esteem'd as tyrants in the eyes of God.
Now on their heads descend those thunders dire,
Form'd by themselves to set the world on fire.
Close by their side, the weakest of mankind,
Each listless, feeble monarch is reclin'd; 200
Whose indolence disgrac'd the subject land,
Meer airy forms, meer nothings in command.

Sinister

156. THE HENRIADE.

Sinister counsellors on these await,
Once their imperious ministers of state.
Proud, avaritious, of immoral lives, 205
Who fold what honours Mars, or Themis gives :
Sold what our fathers purchas'd by their blood,
And all that's precious to the great, and good.

Tell me, said Henry, O ye sons of ease,
Must tender spirits dwell in climes like these ? 210
You, who, on flowry couches, pass away
The tranquil moments of life's useless day:
Shall virtue's friends in fiery torments roll ?
Whose faults have risen from expanse of soul.
Shall one mistaken, momentary joy 215
Maturer Wisdom's plenteous fruits destroy ?
This, cried the prince, the lot of human race ?
Condemn'd for endless ages to distress !
If all mankind one common hell devours,
Eternal tortures close our transient hours, 220
Who was not more in non-existence blest ?
Who would not perish at his mother's breast ?
Far happier man ! had God's creative hand
Form'd him less free, in innocence to stand :
Had God, thus awfully severe, bestow'd 225
The sole capacity of doing good.

Think

Think not, the saint replied, that sinners feel
Vengeance too heavy, or deserve not hell.

Think not the great creator of mankind 230

To these his works is cruel, or unkind.

Lord of all beings, he presides above

With mercy infinite, and boundless love.

Though mortals see the tyrant in their God,

Parental tenderness directs his rod. 235

Let not these horrid scenes thy soul alarm ;

Compassion checks the fury of his arm :

Nor endless punishments inflict on those

Whose faults from human imperfection rose :

Whose pleasures, follow'd by remorse, have been 240

The transient cause of momentary sin.

Such were his accents—to the realms of light

Both are convey'd with instantaneous flight.

Infernal darkness shuns those flow'ry plains

Where spotless innocence for ever reigns. 245

There, in the floods of purest æther play

The beams refulgent of eternal day.

Each blooming scene seraphick joys bestow'd ;

And Henry's soul with unknown raptures glow'd.

There tranquil pleasure spreads her ev'ry charm 250

Which thought can fancy, or which heav'n can form.

No

No cares solicit, and no passions move ;
 But all is govern'd by angelic love.
 Far other love, than that of wild desires,
 Which grosser sense, and luxury inspires. 255
 The bright, the sacred flame on earth unknown,
 Which burns in heav'n, and heav'nly minds alone.
 It's chaste endearments all their hours employ,
 And endless wishes meet with endless joy.
 There dwell true heroes ; there each pious sage, 260
 And monarchs once the glory of their age.
 Thence Charlemagne, and Clovis turn their eyes
 On Gallia's empire from the azure skies :
 On golden thrones for ever plac'd sublime,
 And clad in honours unimpair'd by time. 265
 There, fiercest foes the happy union prove
 Of pure affection, and a brother's love.
 * Louis the wise, amidst the royal band,
 Tall as a cedar, issues his command.
 Louis, of France the glory, and the pride, 270
 Who rul'd our realms with justice by his side.
 Oft' would he pardon, oft' relief supply ;
 And wipe the falling tear from ev'ry eye.
 D'Amboise is still commission'd to attend ;
 His faithful minister, and warmest friend. 275

* Louis XII.

To him alone was Gallia's honour dear :
 To him alone her homage was sincere.
 His gentler hands were fullied not with blood ;
 His ev'ry wish was center'd in her good.

Oh spotless manners ! bright, and halcyon days ! 280
 Worthy eternal memory, and praise.
 Then wholesome laws adorn'd, and blest'd the state :
 Subjects were happy, and the monarch great.
 Return, ye halcyon days, with golden wing :
 And equal blessings, equal honours bring. 285
 Virtue, descend, another Louis frame
 As rich in merit, and as great in fame.

Farther remote, those worthy heroes stood,
 Careless of life, and prodigal of blood,
 Who died with transport for the public weal ; 290
 Led on by duty, not enrag'd by zeal.
 Brave * Montmorency, †, Tremouille ‡, de Foix,
 Who fought their passage to those fields of joy.

* *Montmorency*] It would fill a volume, should we specify the services done to the state by this family.

† *Tremouille*] Amongst many great men of this name, Guy de la Tremouille is particularly alluded to. He was surnamed *the Valiant* ; carried the royal standard : and refus'd the high constable's sword in the reign of Charles VI.

‡ *de Foix*] Gaston de Foix, duke of Nemours, and nephew to Louis XII. He was slain at the famous battle of Ravenna ; having received fourteen wounds, and defeated the enemy.

There

There † Guesclin drinks of pleasures purer springs :
 Guesclin, th'avenger, and the dread of kings. 295
 There too appear'd the * Amazonian dame,
 The tott'ring throne's support, and England's shame.

These, cried the faint, who now possess the skies,
 Like thee with glory dazzled Europe's eyes.
 Virtue alone their simpler minds could move : 300
 The church was nourish'd by their filial love.
 Like me they honour'd truth's diviner name :
 Our worship uniform, our church the same.
 Say, why does Bourbon follow other laws,
 Or why defend religion's weaker cause ? 305

Time, with incessant flight prepar'd to roam,
 Quits, and revisits this terrific dome :

† *Guesclin.*] France owed her preservation to this great man, in the reign of Charles V. He conquered Castile, placed Henry de Trastamare upon the throne of Peter the cruel, and was constable of France, and Castile.

* *Amazonian Dame.*] Joan d'Arc (known by the name of the Maid of Orleans.) She was servant-maid at an inn; and born at the village of Domremy upon the Meuse: being superior to her sex in strength of body, and bravery of mind, she was employed by the count de Dunois to retrieve the affairs of Charles VII. taken prisoner in a sally at Compiègne in the year 1430, conducted to Rouen, tried as a sorceress in an ecclesiastical court, and burnt by the English.

And

THE HENRIADE. 161

And pours with plenteous hand on all mankind
The good, and evil for each race design'd.

An altar high of massy iron bears 310

The fatal annals of succeeding years.

Where God's own hand has mark'd, nor mark'd in
vain

Each transient pleasure, each severer pain.

There liberty, that haughty slave, is bound,

With chains invifible encircled round. 315

Beneath the yoke she bends her stubborn head,

Still unconstrain'd, unconscious of the deed.

This suppliant turn that hidden chain supplies

Wifely conceal'd for ever from her eyes.

The fates appear her sentence to fulfill : 320

Each action seems the product of free-will.

From thence, cried Louis, on the human race

Descends the influence of heav'nly grace.

In future times its pow'r thy tongue shall tell :

Its purer radiance all thy heart shall feel. 325

Those precious moments God alone bestows ;

No mortal hastens, and no being knows.

But Oh how slowly comes that period on

When God shall love, and own thee for his son !

Too

Too long shall weakness hide thy brighter rays ; 330
 And lead thy steps through errors slipp'ry ways.
 Teach him, kind heav'n, the happier, better road ;
 Shorten the days which part him from his God.

But see what crowds in long succession press
 Through the vast region of unbounded space. 335
 These sacred mansions to thy view display
 The unborn offspring of some future day.
 All times, and places are for ever nigh,
 All beings present to Jehova's eye.
 Here fate has mark'd their destin'd hour of birth, 340
 Their rise, their grandeur, and their fall on earth,
 The various changes of each life to come,
 Their vices, virtues, and their final doom.
 Draw near, for heav'n allows us to foresee
 What kings, and heroes shall descend from thee. 345
 That graceful personage is Bourbon's son,
 Form'd to support the glory of the crown.
 The warlike leader shall his triumphs boast
 O'er Belgia's plains, and proud Iberia's coast.
 To deeds more noble shall his son aspire ; 350
 And wreaths more splendid first adorn his fire.

On

On beds of lillies, near a tow'ring throne,
 Two radiant forms before our hero shone.
 Monarchs they seem'd, of high, imperious pride,
 And Roman purple flow'd adown their side. 355
 A subject nation couch'd beneath their feet,
 And guards unnumber'd form'd the train complete.
 These, said the faint, are doom'd to endless fame :
 In all things sov'reigns, save the royal name.
 Richelieu, and Mazarin, design'd by fate 360
 Immortal ministers of Gallia's state.
 To them shall policy consign her aid ;
 And fortune raise them from the altar's shade.
 Rul'd by despotic pow'r, shall France confess
 Great Richelieu's genius, Mazarin's address. 365
 * One flies with art before the rising storm :
 One braves all danger in it's fiercest form.
 Both to the princes of our royal blood
 With hate relentless enemies avow'd.
 With high ambition, and with pride inspir'd, 370
 By all dislik'd and yet by all admir'd.

* *One flies.*] Cardinal Mazarin was oblig'd to leave the kingdom in the year 1651 ; notwithstanding he had the entire government of the queen Regent. Cardinal Richelieu on the contrary always maintain'd his situation in spite of his enemies, and the king, who was disgusted at his behaviour.

Their

Their artful schemes, and industry shall bring
Plagues on their country, glory on their king.

O thou, great * Colbert, whose enlighten'd mind
Schemes less extensive for our good design'd ! 375
No lustre equals, none excells thy own,
Save that which gilds, and decorates the crown.
Nurs'd by thy genius, heav'n-born plenty reigns,
And pours her treasures over Gallia's plains.
Colbert by gen'rous deeds to glory rose : 380
His only vengeance was to bless his foes.
Thus were dispens'd the gifts of heav'nly grace,
By God's own confident on Israel's race.
That race, whose blasphemy could ne'er remove,
Or quench the beams of mercy, and of love. 385

What troops of slaves before † that monarch stand !
What numbers tremble at his high command !
No king did Gallia ever yet obey
With such profound submission to his sway.

* Colbert was detested by the people. That blind, and savage monster would have dug his body out of the ground ; but the approbation of men of sense, which at length prevailed, has rendered his name for ever dear, and respectable.

† *That monarch.*] Louis XIV.

Though

T H E H E N R I A D E 165

Though less belov'd, more dreaded in her eyes, 390

Like thee he claims fair glory's richest prize.

Firm in all danger, in success too warm

When fortune smiles, and conquest meets his arm.

Himself shall crush, superior to intrigue,

Full twenty nations join'd in pow'ful league. 395

Praise shall attend him to his latest breath,

Great in his life, but greater in his death.

Thrice happy age! when nature's lavish hand

With all her graces shall adorn the land.

Thrice happy age! when ev'ry art refin'd 400

Spreads her fair polish o'er the ruder mind.

The muse for ever our retreats shall love

More than the shades of Aganippe's grove.

From sculptur'd stone the seeming accent flows;

With animated tints the canvass glows. 405

What sons of science in that period rise,

Measure the universe, and read the skies!

The purer ray of philosophic light

Reveals all nature, and dispells the night.

Presumptuous error from their view retreats; 410

Truth crowns their labours, and their joy compleats.

Thy accents too sweet music, strike mine ear,

Music, descended from the heav'nly sphere.

'Tis

'Tis thine to sooth, to soften, and controul
 Each wayward passion of the ruffled soul. 415
 Unpolish'd Greece, and Italy have own'd
 The strong enchantments of thy magic sound.
 The subjects rul'd by Gallia's pow'rful king
 Shall bravely conquer, and as sweetly sing.
 Shall join the poet's to the warrior's praise, 420
 And twine Bellona's with Apollo's bays.
 E'en now I see this second age of gold
 Produce a people of heroic mould.
 Here num'rous armies skim before my fight;
 There fly the Bourbons eager for the fight. 425
 At once his master's terror, and support,
 Great * Condé makes the flames of war his sport.
 Turenne more calmly meets the hostile pow'r,
 In arms his equal, and in wisdom more.

* *Condé.*] Louis de Bourbon, generally called the great Condé; and Henry viscount de Turenne, have been look'd upon as the greatest generals of their time. They have both gained very important victories, and acquired glory even in their defeats. The prince of Condé's genius seem'd, as it was said, more proper for a day of battle, and that of Mr. de Turenne for a whole campaign. It is certain at least, that Mr. de Turenne gained considerable advantages over the great Condé at Gien, Etampes, Paris, Arras, and the battle of Dunes. We shall not however attempt to determine which was the greatest man.

Assemblage rare ! in * Catinat are seen. 430

The hero's talents; and the sage's mien.

Known by his compass † Vauban from the tow'r

Smiles at the tumult, and the cannon's roar.

England shall tell of † Luxembourg's renown,

In war invincible, at court unknown. 435

* *Catinat.*] The marshal de Catinat, born in 1637; he gained the battle of Staffarde, and Marseilles: and obeyed without reluctance, or murmuring the marshal de Villerois, who sent him orders without consulting him. He resigned his command with the utmost composure; never complained of any person's treatment, asked nothing of the king, and died like a true philosopher at his country-seat at St. Gratien. He never augmented or diminished his estate, and never for a moment acted unworthy his character as a man of temperance, and moderation.

† *Vauban.*] The marshal de Vauban, born in 1633, the greatest engineer that ever lived. He repaired upon a new plan of his own no less than 300 old fortifications, and built 33. He conducted 53 sieges, and was present at 140 actions. He left behind him at his death 12 manuscript volumes full of designs for the good of the state: none of which has ever yet been executed. He was a member of the academy of sciences, and did more honour to it than any other person, by rendering mathematics subservient to the advantage of his country.

‡ *Luxembourg.*] Francis Henry de Montmorency, who took the name of Luxembourg; marshal of France, and both duke, and peer of the realm. He gained the battle of Cassel, under the direction of Monsieur, the brother of Louis XIV. and won the celebrated victories of Mons, Fleurus, Steinkerke, and Nerwinde, where he acted as commanding officer. He was confined to the Bastile, and exceedingly ill treated by the ministry.

Onward

Onward I see the martial * Villars move
 To wrest the thunder from the bird of Jove.
 Conquest attends to bid the battle cease,
 And leaves him sov'reign arbiter of peace.
 Denain shall own brave Villars to have been 440
 The worthy rival of the great Eugene.

What † princely youth draws near, whose manly
 face
 United majesty, and sweetness grace ?

* *Villars.*] It was the author's original design to mention no living character through the whole poem; and the rule proposed has only been deviated from in favour of the marshal duke de Villars. He gained the battle of Fredelingue, and that of the first Hochstet. It is remarkable that in this engagement he posted himself on the same spot of ground which the duke of Marlborough afterwards occupied, when he won that very signal victory of the second Hochstet, so fatal to France. Upon resuming the command of the army, the marshal was afterwards engaged in the famous battle of Blangis, or Malplaquet, in which twenty thousand of the enemy were slain; and the loss of which was owing to the marshal's being wounded. In the year 1712, when the enemy threatened to proceed to Paris, and it was deliberated whether Louis XIV. should not quit Versailles, the marshal de Villars defeated prince Eugene at Denain, dislodged the enemy from their post at Marchienne, raised the siege of Landrecy, took Douay, Quesnoy, and Bouchain at discretion, and afterwards agreed upon a peace at Radstat in the king's name, with the same prince Eugene, the emperor's plenipotentiary.

† *Princely youth.*] This poem was composed in the infancy of Louis XV.

See

See how unmov'd——Oh heav'ns ! what sudden shade
 Conceals the beauties which his form display'd ! 445

Death flutters round ; health, beauty, all is gone :
 He falls just ready to ascend the throne.

Heav'n form'd him all that's truly just, and good :
 Descended, Bourbon, from thy royal blood.

Oh gracious God ! shall fate but shew mankind 450

A flow'r so sweet, and virtues so refin'd !

What could a soul so gen'rous not obtain !

What joys would France experience from his reign !

Produc'd, and nurtur'd by his fost'ring hand

Fair peace, and plenty had enrich'd the land. 455

Each day some new beneficence had brought :

Oh how shall Gallia weep ! alarming thought !

When one dark, silent sepulchre contains

The son's, the mother's, and the fire's remains.

Fall'n is the tree, and from it's ruins springs 460
 An infant successor to Gallia's kings.

A tender shoot, from whose increasing shade
 France may derive some salutary aid.

Conduct him, Fleury, to the throne of truth ;

Wait on his years, and cultivate his youth. 465

Teach him self-knowledge, and, if Fleury can,

Teach him that Louis is no more than man.

Inspire each virtue which can life adorn ;
 Kings for their subjects, not themselves are born.
 And thou, O France, once more arise to day ; 470
 Resume thy majesty beneath his sway.
 Let ev'ry science, which retir'd before,
 Crown thy fair temples, and adorn thy shore.
 The azure waters with thy navies sweep :
 So wills the monarch of the hoary deep. 475
 See, from the Nile, the Euxine, and the Ind,
 Each port by nature, or by art design'd,
 Commerce aloud demands thee for her seat ;
 And spreads her richest treasures at thy feet.
 Adieu to terrour, and adieu to war, 480
 The peaceful olive be thy future care.

Pursued by envy, and distraction's crew,
 * A chief renown'd advances to the view ;
 Easy, not weak, when glory spurs him on,
 Engag'd by novelties, by trifles won. 485
 Though luxury displays a thousand charms,
 And smiling pleasure courts him to her arms,
 Yet shall he keep all Europe in suspense
 By artful politics, and manly sense.

* *A chief renowned.*] A true portrait of the duke of Orleans.

THE HENRIADE. 171

The world shall move as Orleans shall guide ; 490

And ev'ry science flourish at his side.

Empire, my son, himself shall never reach ;

'Tis his the art of government to teach.

Now burst the light'ning from the op'ning skies,

And Gallia's standard wav'd before their eyes. 495

Iberia's troops, array'd in arms compleat,

The German eagle crush'd beneath their feet.

When thus the faint—no more remains the trace

Of Charles the fifth, his glory, or his race.

Each earthly being has it's final hour ; 500

Eternal wisdom let us all adore.

From thence all human revolutions spring :

E'en Spain from Bourbon shall request a king.

Illustrious Philip shall receive the crown ;

And fit as monarch on Iberia's throne. 505

Surprize was soon succeeded by delight,

And Henry's soul enraptur'd at the sight.

Repress thy transports, cried the faint, and dread

This great event, this present to Madrid.

Say, who can fathom heav'n's conceal'd intent, 510

Dangers may come, and Paris may repent.

Oh Philip ! Oh my sons ! shall France, and Spain

Thus meet, and never be disjoin'd again !

How long shall fatal politics forbear
To light the flames of discord, and of war ! 515

Thus Louis spoke — when lo ! the scene withdrew,
Each object vanish'd from our hero's view.

The sacred portals clos'd before his eyes,
And sudden darkness overspread the skies.

Far in the east Aurora moving on 520

Unlock'd the golden chambers of the sun.

Night's sable robe o'er other climes was spread,
Each dream retir'd, and ev'ry flitting shade.

The prince arose, with heav'nly ardor fir'd,
Unusual vigor all his soul inspir'd. 525

Fear, and respect, great Bourbon, now were thine :
Full on thy brow sat majesty divine.

Thus when before the tribes great Moses stood,
Return'd at length from Sinai, and from God,

His eyeballs flash'd intolerable light ; 530

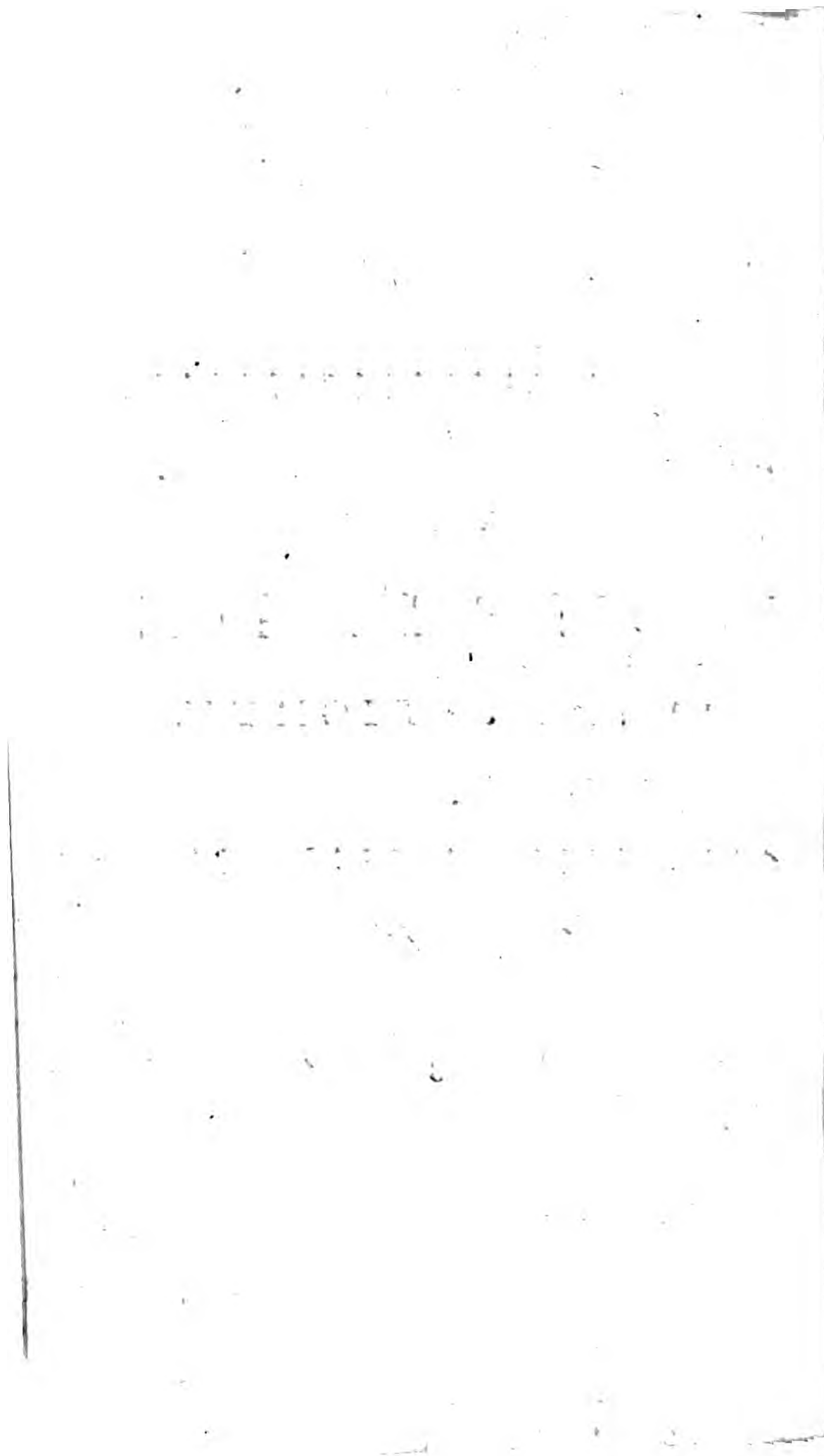
Each prostrate Hebrew shudder'd at the sight.



THE
HENRIADE.

CANTO the EIGHTH.





THE ARGUMENT.

The earl of Egmont comes to assist May'ne and the League. Battle of Ivry, in which May'ne is defeated, and Egmont slain. Valour, and clemency of Henry the Great.

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PHYSICS DEPARTMENT

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THE
HENRIADE.

CANTO the EIGHTH.

DEJECTED by their loss, the states appear
Less haughty, and assume an humbler air,
Henry, such terrour in their hearts had wrought,
Their king creating schemes were all forgot;
Wav'ring and weak in counsel, and afraid 5
To crown their idol May'ne, or to degrade,
By vain decrees they labour to complete
And ratify a pow'r, not giv'n him yet.

‡ This self-commiffion'd chief, this king uncrown'd
In chains of iron rule his faction bound ; 10

‡ He was declared by the parliament, which continued attached to him, lieutenant-general of the state, and kingdom of France.

His willing slaves obedient to his laws,
 Resolve to fight and perish in his cause;
 Thus flush'd with hope, to council he convenes
 The haughty lords, on whom his fortune leans.
 They came: despair, and unextinguish'd hate, 15
 And malice on their faded features sate;
 Some tremble in their pace, and feebly tread,
 Faint with the loss of blood in battle shed,
 But keen resentment prompts them to repair
 Their losses, and revenge the wounds they bear. 20
 Before the chief their sullen ranks they range,
 And grasp their shining arms, and vow revenge.
 So the fierce sons of earth, as fable feigns,
 Where Pelion overlooks Thessalia's plains,
 With mountains piled on mountains, vainly strove, 25
 To scale the everlasting throne of Jove.
 When sudden on a car of radiant light
 Exalted, Discord flash'd upon their sight;
 Courage, she said, 'tis now the times demand
 Your fixt resolves, lo! succour is at hand. 30
 First ran d'Aumale, and joyful from afar
 Beheld the Spanish launces gleam in air;
 Then cried aloud, 'tis come; th' expected aid,
 So oft demanded, and so long delay'd.

T H E H E N R I A D E. 179.

Near to that hallow'd spot, where rest rever'd 35
 The reliques of our kings, their march appear'd ;
 The groves of polish'd spears, the targets bound
 With circling gold, the shining helms around,
 Against the sun with full reflection play,
 Rival his light and shed a second day. 40
 To meet their march the roaring rabble went,
 And hail'd the mighty chief Madrid had sent ;
 That chief was * Egmont ; fam'd for martial fire,
 Ambitious son of an unhappy fire ;
 At Bruffels first he drew the vital air ; 45
 His country's weal was all his father's care,
 For that, the rage of tyrants he defied,
 And in the cause of freedom, bravely died.
 The servile son, as base as he was proud,
 Fawn'd on that hand which shed his father's blood, 50
 For sordid int'rest join'd his country's foes,
 And fought for France, regardless of her woes.
 Philip, on May'ne the warlike youth bestow'd,
 And arm'd him forth to be his guardian God ;
 Nor doubted May'ne, but slaughter and dismay 55
 Should spread to Bourbon's tent, when Egmont led the
 way.

* The earl of Egmont, son of admiral Egmont, who was be-headed at Bruffels together with the prince de Horn.

With

With heedless arrogance their march they drew,
 And Henry's heart exulted at the view,
 Gods! how his eager hopes anticipate
 And meet the moment that decides his fate. 60

Their streams where Iton and fair Eura lead,
 By nature blest, a fertile plain is spread,
 No wars had yet approach'd the peaceful scene,
 Nor warrior's footstep press'd the flow'ry green,
 The shepherds there, while civil rage destroy'd 65
 The regions round, their happy hours enjoy'd,
 Screen'd by their poverty, they seem'd secure
 From lawless rapine and the soldier's pow'r,
 Nor heard beneath their humble roofs the jar
 Of arms, or clamour of the sounding war. 70

Thither each hostile leader his array
 Directs, and desolation marks their way,
 A sudden horror strikes the trembling floods,
 The frightened shepherds seek the shelt'ring woods,
 The partners of their grief attend their flight, 75
 And bear their weeping infants from the sight.

Ye hapless natives of this sweet recess!
 Charge not at least your king with your distress,

For

THE HENRIADE. 181

For peace he courts the combat, and his hand
Shall shed the bounteous blessing o'er the land ; 80
He shares your sorrows, and shall end your woes,
Nor seeks you, but to save you from your foes.

Along the ranks he darts his glancing eyes,
Swift as the winds his foaming courser flies,
Proud of his load, he catches with delight 85
The trumpets sound, and hopes the promis'd fight.

Crown'd with his laurels, at their master's side,
A well distinguish'd groupe of warriors ride,
† D'Aumont, beneath five kings a chief renown'd,
* Biron, whose name bore terrour in the sound, 90
‡ His son, whom toil nor danger could restrain,
Who soon alas ! — but he was faithful then ;

† John D'Aumont, marshal of France, who did wonders at the battle of Ivry, was the son of Peter d'Aumont and Frances de Sully, an heiress of the ancient family of Sully. He served under Henry II. Francis II. Charles II. Henry III. and Henry IV.

* Henry de Contand de Biron, marshal of France, and grand master of the artillery. He was a great warrior, commanded the corps de reserve at Ivry, and was very instrumental in gaining the victory.

‡ Charles Contand de Biron, son of the former. He conspired afterwards against Henry IV. and was beheaded in the court of the Bastille in 1602.

Grillon and Sully by the guilty fear'd,
 Chiefs whom the League detested, yet rever'd,
 § Turenne, whose virtues and unrival'd fame, 95
 Won the fair honours of the Bouillon name,
 Ill-fated pow'r alas! and ill maintain'd,
 Crush'd in the birth, and lost as soon as gain'd.
 His crest amid the band brave Essex rears,
 And like a palm beneath our skies appears, 100
 Among our elms the lofty stranger shoves
 His growth, as if he scorn'd the native groves.
 From his bright casque with orient gems array'd
 And burnish'd gold, a starry lustre play'd;
 Dear, valued gifts! with which his mistress strove 105
 Less to reward his courage, than his love,
 Ambitious chief! the mighty bulwark grown
 Of Gallia's prince, and darling of his own.
 Such was the monarch's train, with steadfast air
 And firm, they wait the signal of the war, 110
 Glad omens from their Henry's eyes they took,
 And read their conquest sure in his inspiring look.

§ Henry de la Tour d'Orliques, viscount of Turenne, marshal of France. Henry the great married him to Charlotte de la Mark, princess of Sedan, in 1591. The marshal went on the wedding night to take Stenay by assault.

T H E H E N R I A D E. 183

'Twas then, afflicted with inglorious dread,
Unhappy May'ne perceiv'd his courage fled,
Whether at length his boding heart divines 115
The wrath of heav'n on his unjust designs,
Whether the soul prophetic of our doom,
Foresees the dreary train of ills to come,
Whate'er the cause, he feels a chilling fear,
But veils it with a shew of seeming cheer, 120
Inspires his troops with ardour of renown,
And fills their hearts with hopes that dwell not in his
own.

But Egmont at his side, with glory fir'd,
And the rash confidence his youth inspir'd,
Flush'd for the fight, and eager to display 125
His prowess, chides his infamous delay.
As when the Thracian courser from afar,
Hears the shrill trumpet and the sound of war,
A martial fire informs his vivid eye,
He neighs, he snorts, he bears his head on high, 130
Impatient of restraint he scorns the rein,
Springs o'er the fence and scours along the plain;
Such Egmont seem'd, with beating heart he stood,
And in his eye the rage of battle glow'd.

Ev'n

Ev'n now he ponders his approaching fame, 135
 And looks on conquest as his rightful claim ;
 Alas ! he dreams not that his pride shall gain
 Nought but a grave, in Ivry's fatal plain.

Bourbon at length drew near, and thus inspir'd
 His ardent warriors whom his presence fir'd ? 140
 Ye sons of France ! your king is at your head,
 You see your foes, then follow where I lead,
 Mark well this waving plume amid the fight,
 Nor let the tempest shade it from your sight,
 To that alone direct your constant aim, 145
 Still sure to find it in the road to fame.

Thus spoke the chief ; his bands exulting hear,
 And with new fury court the glorious war ;
 Then march'd, and as he went, his pious breast
 With silent pray'rs the God of hosts address'd. 150
 At once the legions rush with headlong pace
 Behind their chiefs, and snatch the middle space.

So where the seas with narrow Frith divide
 Contabria's coast from Afric's desert side,
 If eastern storms along the channel pour, 155
 Sudden the fierce conflicting oceans roar,
 Earth trembles at the shock, the sheeted brine
 Invades the skies, the sun forgets to shine,

The

T H E H E N R I A D E. 185

The trembling moor believes all nature hurl'd
In ruin, and expects the falling world. 160

Now lengthen'd with the spear the musket spread
The carnage wide, and flew with double speed,
That fatal engine in Bayonne design'd,
And fram'd by Discord to lay waste mankind,
Strikes a twin death, and can at once afford 165

The worst effect of fire, and havock of the sword.
Trembled the steadfast earth beneath their feet
As sword to sword and lance to lance they met,
From rank to rank despair and horror strode,
The shame of flight and impious thirst of blood. 170

Here from his stronger son the father flies,
There by the brother's arm the brother dies,
Nature was shock'd, and Eura's conscious bank
Shrunk with abhorrence from the blood it drank.
Bourbon his path right on to glory clears 175

Through bristly forests of portended spears,
O'er many a crested helm his course he sped,
Close in his rear, serene and undismay'd
Went Mornay, thoughtful and intent alone
On Henry's life, regardless of his own. 180

So, veil'd in human shape, the poets feign
The gods engaged in arms on Phrygia's plain ;

“ So

" So when an angel by divine command,
 " With rising tempests shakes a guilty land,
 " Well pleas'd th' Almighty's orders to perform, 185
 " He rides the whirlwind, and directs the storm."

The royal chief his dread commands express'd,
 The prudent dictates of a hero's breast,
 Mornay the mighty charge attentive caught,
 And bore it where the distant leaders fought, 190
 The distant leaders to their troops convey
 The word, their troops receive it, and obey.
 They part, they join, in various forms are seen,
 One soul informs and guides the vast machine.
 Swift thro' the field return'd in haste he seeks 195
 The prince, accosts, and guards him while he speaks.
 But still the stoic warrior kept unstain'd
 With human blood, his inoffensive hand,
 The king alone employ'd his gen'rous thought,
 For his defence th' imbattled field he fought, 200
 Detested war, and singularly brave
 Knew boldly to face death, but never gave.

Turenne already with resistless pow'r,
 Repulf'd the shatter'd forces of Nemours ;
 Scarce d'Ailly fill'd the plain, with dire alarms, 205
 Proud of his thirty years consum'd in arms ;

Still

Still spite of age the vet'ran chiefs displays
 The well-strung vigour of his youthful days ;
 Of all his foes, one only would presume
 To match his might, a hero in the bloom ; 210
 Now first indignant to the field he came,
 And parted eager for the goal of fame.
 New to the taste of Hymen, yet he fled
 The chaste endearments of his bridal bed,
 Disdain'd the trivial praise by beauty won, 215
 And panted for a soldier's fame alone.
 That cruel morn, accusing heav'n in vain,
 And the curs'd League that call'd him to the plain,
 His beauteous bride with trembling fingers laced
 His heavy corslet on her hero's breast, 220
 And cover'd with his helm of polish'd gold
 Those eyes which still she languish'd to behold.

Tow'rs d'Ailly the fierce youth, despising fear,
 Spurr'd his proud steed, and couch'd his quiv'ring spear,
 Their headlong courses trampled, as they fled, 225
 The wounded heaps, the dying and the dead ;
 Poachy with blood the turf and matted grass,
 Sink fetlock deep beneath them as they pass.

Swift to the flock they come ; their shields sustain
 The blow, their spears well pointed but in vain, 230 }
 In scatter'd splinters shine upon the plain.

So when two clouds with thunder fraught draw near,
 And join their dark encounter in mid air,

Struck from their sides the light'ning quivers round,
 Heav'n roars, and mortals tremble at the sound. 235

Now from their steeds with unabated rage

Alighting swift, a closer war they wage ;

Ran Discord to the scene, and near her stood,

Death's horrid spectre, pale and smear'd with blood.

Already shine their fauchions in their hands, 240 }

No kind preventing pow'r their rage withstands,

The doom is past, their destiny commands.

Full at each other's heart they aim alike,

Nor knows their fury at whose heart they strike ;

Their bucklers clash, thick strokes descend from
 high, 255

And flakes of fire from their hard helmets fly,

Blood stains their hands, but still the temper'd plate

Retards a while and disappoints their fate.

Each wond'ring at the long unfinish'd fight,

Esteems his rival, and admires his might ; 250

'Till d'Ailly with a vig'rous effort found

The fatal pass, and stretch'd him on the ground.

His

His faded eyes for ever closed remain,
 And his loose helmet rows along the plain ;
 Then saw the wretched chief, too surely known, 25
 The kindred features, and embraced his son.
 But soon with horror and remorse oppress'd,
 Revers'd the guilty steel against his breast.
 That just revenge his hast'ning friends oppose ;
 When furious from the dreadful scene he rose ; 26
 Forth to the woods his cheerless journey sped,
 From arms for ever and from glory fled,
 And in the covert of a shaggy den,
 Dwell a sad exile from the ways of men.
 There when the dawning day salutes the skies, 26
 And when at eve the chilling vapours rise,
 His unexhausted grief still flows the same,
 Still eccho sighs around his son's lamented name.
 Tender alarms, and boding terrours brought
 The bride enquiring to the fatal spot, 27
 Uncertain of her doom, with anxious haste
 And fault'ring knees between the dead she pass'd,
 'Till stretch'd upon the plain her lord she spied,
 Then shriek'd, and sunk expiring at his side.
 The damps of death upon her temples hung, 27
 And feeble sounds scarce parted from her tongue,

Once more her eyes a last farewell assay'd,
 Once more her lips upon his lips she lay'd,
 Within her arms the lifeless body prefs'd,
 Then look'd, and sigh'd, and died upon his breast. 280

Deplor'd examples of rebellious strife,
 Ill-fated victims, father, son, and wife,
 Oh may the sad remembrance of your woe,
 Teach tears from ages, yet unborn to flow,
 With wholesome sorrow touch all future times, 285
 And save the children from their father's crimes.

But say what chief disperses thus abroad
 The flying League, what hero, or what god?
 'Tis Biron, 'tis his youthful arm o'erthrows
 And drives along the plain his scatter'd foes. 290
 D'Aumale beheld, and madd'ning at the sight,
 Stand fast he cried, and stay your coward flight;
 Friends of the Guise and May'ne, their vengeance due
 Rome and the church and France expect from you;
 Return then, and your pristine force recall, 295
 Conquest is theirs who fight beneath d'Aumale.
 Fosseuse assisting and Beauvean sustain
 Their part, and rally the disorder'd train,

Before

Before the van d'Aumale his station took,
 And the closed lines caught courage from his look. 300
 The chance of war now flows a backward course,
 Biron in vain withstands the driving force,
 Nesle and Augenne within his sight are slain,
 And Parabere and Clermont press the plain,
 Himself scarce liv'd, so fast the purple tide 305
 Flow'd from his wounds, and happier, had he died.
 A death so glorious with unfading fame
 For ever had adorn'd the hero's name.

Soon learn'd the royal chief to what distress
 The youth was fall'n, courageous in excess; 310
 He lov'd him, not as monarchs condescend
 To love, but well, and plainly as a friend,
 Nor thought a subject's blood so mean a thing,
 A smile alone o'erpaid it from a king.
 Hail heav'n-born friendship! the delight alone 315
 Of noble minds, and banish'd from the throne.
 Eager he flies, the gen'rous fires that feed
 His heart augment his vigour and his speed.
 He came, and Biron kindling at the view,
 His gather'd strength to one last effort drew, 320
 Cheer'd by the well-known voice again he plies
 The sword, all force before the monarch flies,

The

The king redeems thee from th' unequal strife
Rash youth, be faithful and deserve thy life.

Hark a loud peal comes thund'ring from afar, 325
'Tis Discord blows afresh the flames of war,
To thwart the monarch's virtue, with new fires
His fainting foes the beldam fiend inspires ;
She winds her fatal trump, the woods around
And mountains tremble at th' infernal sound. 330
Swift to d'Aumale the baleful notes impart
Their pow'r, he feels the summons at his heart ;
Bourbon alone he seeks: the boist'rous throng
Close at his heels tumultuous pour along.
So the well-scented pack, long train'd to blood, 335
Deep in the covert of a spacious wood,
Bay the fierce boar to battle, and elate
With heedless wrath rush headlong on their fate,
The shrillness of the cheering horn provokes
Their rage, and ecchoes from the distant rocks. 340
Thus stood the monarch by the croud inclosed,
An host against his single arm opposed,
No friend at hand, no welcome aid he found,
Abandon'd, and by death incompass'd round.
'Twas then his fainting fire his strength renew'd 345
With tenfold force and vigour unsubdued,

Firm

Firm as a rock, pois'd on it's base he stood,
 That braves the blast, and scorns the dashing flood.
 Who shall relate, alas ! what heroes died
 In that dread hour on Eura's purple side. 350
 Shade of the first of kings, do thou diffuse
 Thy spirit o'er my song, be thou my muse.
 Now from afar his gath'ring nobles came,
 They died for Bourbon, and he fought for them,
 When Egmont rush'd with yet unrival'd force, 355
 To check the storm and thwart the monarch's course.

Long had the chief, misled by martial pride,
 Sought Henry thro' the combat far and wide,
 Nor cared he, so his vent'rous arm might meet
 That strife, for aught of danger or defeat. 360
 Bourbon, he cried, advance ; behold a foe
 Prepar'd to plant fresh laurels on your brow ;
 Now let your arm it's utmost might display,
 Ours be the strife, let us decide the day.
 He spoke, and lo ! portentuous from on high 365
 A stream of light'ning shot along the sky,
 Slow peals of mutt'ring thunder growl'd around,
 Beneath the trembling foldier shook the ground.
 Egmont, alas ! a flatt'ring omen draws,
 And dreams that heav'n shall combat in his cause, 370

K

That

That partial nature in his glory shar'd,
 And by the thunder's voice his victory declar'd.
 At the first onset with full force applied
 His driving faulchion reach'd the monarch's side,
 Fast flow'd a stream of trickling blood, tho' flight 375
 The wound, and Egmont triumph'd at the fight.
 But Bourbon unconcern'd receiv'd the blow,
 And with redoubled ardour press'd his foe ;
 Pleas'd when the field of glory could afford
 A conquest hardly earn'd and worthy of his sword. 380
 The stinging smart serv'd only to provoke
 His rage, and add new vigour to his stroke.
 He springs upon the blow ; the champion reels,
 And the keen edge within his bosom feels,
 O'erthrown beneath the trampling hoof he lies, 385
 And death's dim shadow skims before his eyes,
 He sees the dreary regions of the dead,
 And shrinks and shudders at his father's shade.

Then first, their leader slain, th'Iberian host
 Declin'd the fight, their vaunted spirit lost, 390
 Like a contagion their unwarlike fear
 Siez'd all the ranks and caught from van to rear.
 Gen'ral and soldier felt the same dismay,
 Nor longer these command, nor those obey.

Down

T H E H E N R I A D E. 195

Down fall the banners, routed and o'erthrown 395
And yelling with unmanly shrieks they run ;
Some bend the suppliant knee, submissive join
Their hands, and to the chain their wrists resign,
Some from the fierce pursuer wildly fled,
And to the river stretch'd their utmost speed, 400
There plunged downright, amid the foaming tide
They sink, and meet the death they would avoid.
The waves incumber'd intermit their course,
And the choak'd stream recoils upon it's source.

May'ne in the tumult of this troubled scene 405
Lord of himself, afflicted yet serene,
Survey'd his loss still tranquil and sedate,
And ev'n in ruin hoped a better fate.
D'Aumale, his eye with burning rage suffus'd,
His cruel stars and dastard bands accus'd. 410
All's lost, he cried, see where the cowards fly,
Illustrious May'ne ! our task then is to die.
Die ! said the chief, live rather to replace
Our fortune, and sustain the cause you grace,
Live to regain the laurels we have lost, 415
Nor now desert us, when we need you most.
Fly then, and where they straggle o'er the plain,
Glean up the wreck and remnant of our train.

He hears, reluctant sobs his passion speak,
 And tears of anguish trickle down his cheek, 420
 A slow compliance fullenly he pays,
 And frowning stern at the command, obeys.
 Thus the proud lion whom the Moor has tam'd,
 And from the fierceness of his race reclaim'd,
 Bows down beneath his swarthy master's hand, 425
 And bends his surly front at his command,
 With low'ring aspect stalks behind his lord,
 And grumbles while he crouches at his word.

Meanwhile in flight unhappy May'ne confides,
 And close within the walls his shame he hides; 430
 Prone at the monarch's feet the vanquish'd wait
 From his award, the sentence of their fate;
 When from the firmament's unfolded space
 Appear'd the manes of the Bourbon race;
 Louis in that important hour came down, 435
 To gaze intent upon his godlike son,
 To prove if the triumphant chief could tame
 His soul to mercy, and deserve his fame.
 Th'assembl'd captives by their looks besought
 The monarch's grace, but trembled at their lot, 440
 When thus with gentle, but determin'd look,
 The suppliant crowd the mighty chief bespoke.

“ Be free, and use your freedom as you may,
 “ Free to take arms against me, or obey ;
 “ On May’ne or me let your election rest, 445
 “ His be the sceptre who deserves it best,
 “ Chuse your own portion, your own fate decree,
 “ Chains from the League, or victory with me.”

Astonish’d that a king with glory crown’d,
 And lord of the subjected plains around, 450
 Ev’n in the lap of triumph should forego
 His right of arms, and vantage o’er the foe,
 His grateful captives hail him at his feet
 Victorious, and rejoice in their defeat.
 No longer hatred rankles in their minds, 455
 His might subdued them, and his bounty binds,
 Proudly they mingle with the monarch’s train,
 And turn their juster vengeance upon May’ne.

Now Bourbon merciful and mild had stay’d
 The carnage, and the soldier’s wrath allay’d ; 460
 No longer thro’ the ranks he cleaves his way,
 Fierce as the lion bearing on his prey,
 But seems a bounteous deity, inclin’d
 To quell the tempest, and to cheer mankind.

Peace o'er his brows had shed a milder grace, 465
 And smooth'd the warlike terrours of his face;
 Snatch'd from the jaws of the devouring strife,
 His captives feel themselves restor'd to life,
 Their dangers he repells, their wants supplies,
 And views and guards them with a parent's eyes. 470

Fame, the swift messenger of false and true,
 Still as she flies encreasing to the view,
 O'er mountains and o'er seas, from clime to clime,
 Expatiates, rapid as the flight of time.
 Millions of piercing eyes to fame belong, 475
 As many mouths still ply the restless tongue,
 And round with list'ning ears her miscreant form }
 is hung. }
 Where'er she roams, credulity is there,
 And curiosity with craving ear, }
 And doubt, and hope, and ever-boding fear. 480 }
 With the same speed she bears upon her wings
 From far, the glory and the shame of kings,
 And now unfolds them, eager to proclaim
 Great Henry's deeds, and fill the nations with his name.
 From Tagus swift to Po the tidings ran, 485
 And eccho'd thro' the lofty vatican.

Joy

Joy to the north the spreading sounds convey,
 To Spain, confusion, terrour and dismay.
 Ill-fated Paris, and thou faithless League,
 Ye priests, full-fraught with malice and intrigue, 490
 How trembled then your temples, and what dread
 Disast'rous, hung o'er ev'ry guilty head!
 But see your guardian deity appears,
 See May'ne returning to dispel your fears!
 Tho' foil'd, not lost, not hopeless tho' o'erthrown, 495
 For still rebellious Paris is his own.
 With specious gloss he covers his defeat,
 Calls ruin, victory, and flight, retreat,
 Confirms the doubtful, and with prudent aim
 Seeks by concealing, to repair his shame. 500
 Transient, alas! the joy that art supplies,
 For cruel truth soon scatter'd the disguise,
 The veil of falsehood from their fate withdrew,
 And open'd all it's horrors to their view.

Not thus the fury cried, with raging mind, 505
 Shall Discord's pow'r be conquer'd, and confin'd:
 'Tis not for this these wretched walls have seen
 Torrents of blood, and mountains of the slain:
 'Tis not for this the raging fires have shone,
 That hated Bourbon might enjoy the throne. 510

Henceforth by weakness be his mind assail'd,
Weakness may triumph where the sword has fail'd.
Force is but vain ; all other hopes are gone :
For Henry yields but to himself alone.
This day shall beauty's charms his bosom warm ; 515
Subdue his valour, and unnerve his arm.

Thus Discord spoke ; and, through the fields of air,
Drawn by fierce hatred on her blood-stained car,
Swiftly repair'd to Cytherea's grove
Assur'd of vengeance, and in search of love. 520
Clouds of thick darkness then obscur'd the day,
Nature turned pale, and horror marked her way.



THE
HENRIADE.

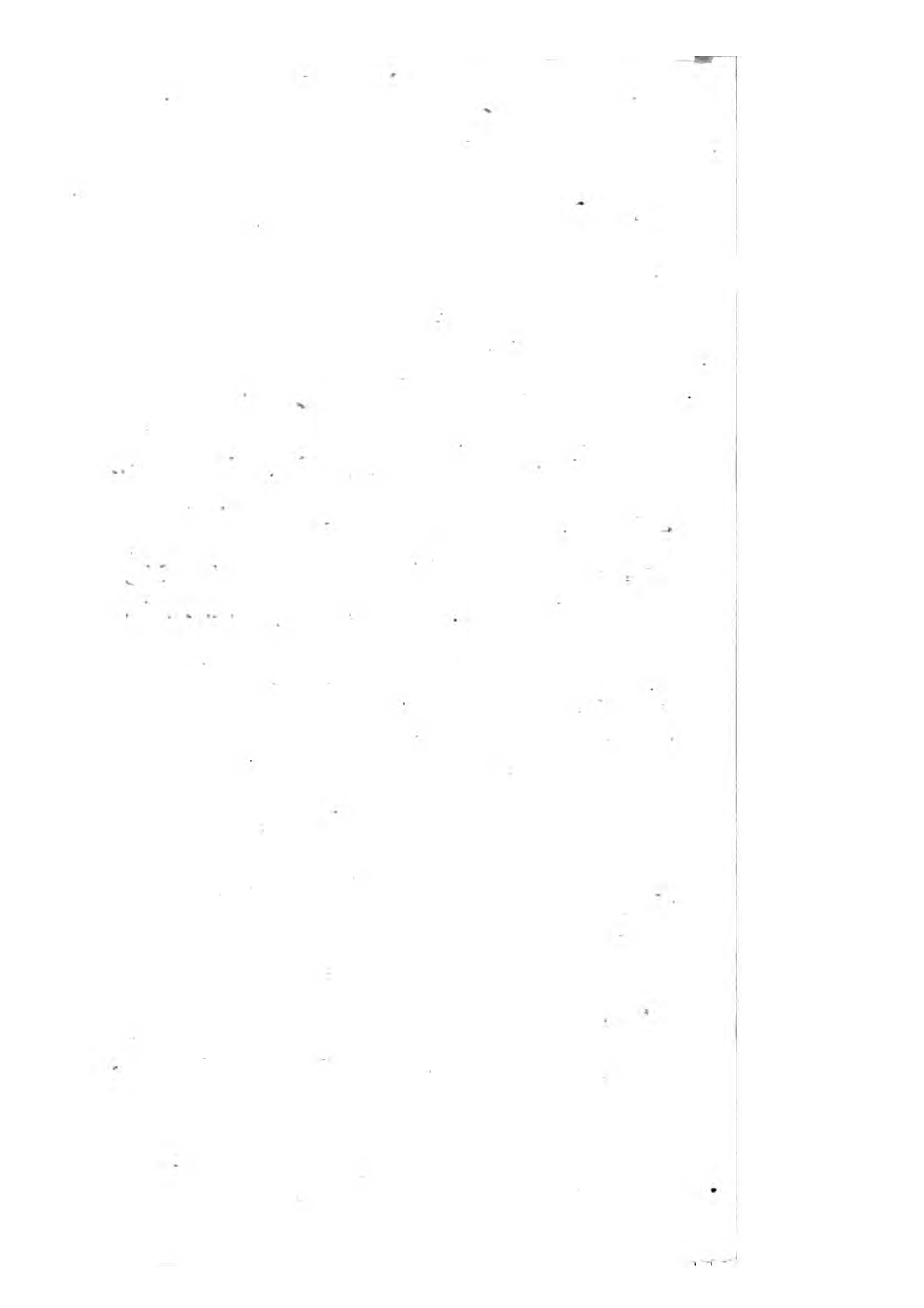
CANTO the NINTH.



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THE ARGUMENT.

Description of the temple of love. Discord implores his power to enervate the courage of Henry IV. The hero is detained some time by Madame d'Estree, so well known under the name of the fair Gabrielle. Mornay disengages him from his mistress, and the king returns to the army.



THE
HENRIADE.
CANTO the NINTH.

FIX'D on the borders of Idalia's coast,
Where * sister realms their kindred limits boast,
An antient dome superior awe commands,
Whose strong foundations rose from nature's hands :
But labour since has polish'd every part, 5
And nature yielded to the toils of art.
Each circling plain the verdant myrtles crown,
Unknown to winter's desolating frown.
Pomona here her fruits profusely pours ;
Here Flora sheds her variegated flow'rs. 10

N. B. The author of this translation is obliged to Edward Burnaby Green, Esq; for the following canto ; into which the beauties of the original are so happily transfused, that it needs no other recommendation than it's own elegance.

* Europe, and Asia.

Here,

Here, whilst spontaneous harvests fill the plains,
No season changes, and no wretch complains.

Here peace unfading sooths the sons of earth,
Such peace as reign'd at nature's earlier birth.

With hand of soft indulgence she displays
Celestial quiet, and serenest days.

15

Here ev'ry lawn in plenty's robe is dress'd,
With ev'ry sweet but innocency bless'd.

From side to side the streams of music roll,
Whose soothing softness fascinates the soul.

20

In plaintive sonnets burns the lover's flame
Who boasts his weakness, and exults in shame,

Each day, encircled with the fragrant store,
The little godhead's smiles their pray'rs implore ;
Eager they press to learn the pois'nous art

25

At once to pleasure, and entrance the heart.

Delusive hope, whose charms serenely shine,
Conducts the train to love's enchanting shrine.

The beauteous graces half-unveil'd advance,
Indulge the song, and join the decent dance.

30

Voluptuous pleasure on the velvet plain

In calm tranquillity attends the strain.

Lo ! by her side the heart-enchaining sighs,

Fix'd silence strongly speaking to the eyes ;

The

T H E H E N R I A D E. 207

The am'rous transports, and the soft desires, 35
Which fan the bosom to the fiercest fires.

Thus smiles th'alluring entrance of the dome:
When far within the daring footsteps roam,
What scenes of horror round the altar roll,
And shake the libertine's presuming soul ! 40
No sounds harmonious feast the ravish'd ears,
No more the lovely train of joys appears.

Conscious imprudence, murmurs, fears, and hate
With darkness blast the splendors of the state.
Stern jealousy, whose fault'ring step obeys 45
Each fell suspicion that her bliss betrays ;
Ungovern'd rage, with sharpest venom stor'd,
Rears in the van his unrelenting sword.

These malice joins, who with perfidious face
Smiles at the triumphs of the savage race. 50
Pensive repentance, shudd'ring in the rear,
Heaves the deep groan, and show'rs the plenteous tear.

Full in the center of this horrid court,
Where pleasure's fell companions all resort,
Love waves for ever his fantastick rod, 55
At once a cruel, and a tender god.

His

His infant pow'r the fates of mortals bears,
 With wanton smiles dispensing peace, and wars.
 Smooth flows deceit's insinuating art:
 Which lifts the captive, animated heart. 60
 He counts his triumphs from the splendid throne
 While prostrate sons of pride the conqu'ror own.
 Careless of good he plies his savage skill,
 And dwells applauding on each deed of ill:

Now Discord opens through the ranks of joy 65
 Her vengeful passage to the kindred boy,
 Fierce in her hand the brandish'd torches glow,
 Her eye-balls flash, and blood distains her brow.
 Where then, she cries, thy formidable darts!
 Recline they pointed for more stubborn hearts? 70
 If e'er my venom, mingl'd with thy fire,
 Has fann'd the flame, and rais'd the passion higher,
 If oft' for thee I trouble nature's laws,
 Rise, fly to vengeance of my injur'd cause.
 Crush'd by a victor king my snakes are lay'd, 75
 Who joins the olive to the laurel's shade.
 Amidst the tumults of a civil war
 Meek-stepping Clemency attends his car;

Fix'd

THE HENRIADE. 209

Fix'd to the standards, waving in the wind,
She sooths in Discord's spite the rebel mind. 80
One vict'ry gain'd, my throne, my empire falls ;
Lo ! Henry show'rs his rage on Paris' walls.
He flies to fight, to conquer, and forgive ;
Fast bound in brazen chains must Discord live.
'Tis thine to check the torrent of his course, 85
And drop soft poison on his valour's source.
Yes, bend the victim to thy conqu'ring dart,
And quell each virtue of his stubborn heart.
Of old (and well thou know'ft,) thy sov'reign care
Bow'd great Alcides to th' imperial fair. 90
By thee proud Anthony's enervate mind
For Cleopatra's form each thought resign'd ;
In flight inglorious o'er the ocean hurl'd
For her he quits the empire of the world.
Henry alone resists thy dread command, 95
Go, blast the laurels in his daring hand.
His brows entwine with myrtle's am'rous charms,
And sink the slumbring warrior in thy arms.
Fly to support ; he shakes my tott'ring throne :
Go, shield an empire, and a cause thine own. 100
The monster spoke : the trembling roof around
Returns the horrors of the dreadful sound.

Stretch'd

Stretch'd on his flow'ry couch, the list'ning god

With artful smiles consented at her nod.

Arm'd with his golden deaths resolv'd he flies 105

Along the bright dominion of the skies.

With pleasures, sports, and graces in his train

The zephyrs bear him to the Gallic plain.

Straight he discovers with malicious joy

The feeble Simois, and the fields of Troy; 110

And laughs, reflecting in those feats renown'd

O'er many a palace mould'ring on the ground.

Venice from far, fair city! strikes his sight,

The prodigy of earth, and art's delight;

Which tour's supreme as ocean's godhead gave 115

Her pow'r full empire o'er th' encircling wave.

Sicilia's plain his rapid flight retards,

Where his own genius nurs'd the past'ral bards.

Where fame reports through secret paths he led

The wand'ring waves from am'rous Alpheu's bed. 120

Now quitting Arethusa's lovely shore

Swift to Vauclusia's seats his course he bore;

Asylum soft: in life's serener days

Where lovesick Petrarch sigh'd his pensive lays.

From

T H E H E N R I A D E. 211

From thence his eyes survey the fav'rite strand 125
 Where * Anet's walls uprose at his command:
 Where art's rich toils superior rev'rence claim,
 And still beams forth Diana's cypher'd name.
 There on her tomb the joys, and graces show'r
 In grateful mem'ry each fragrant flow'r. 130

Now to the wand'rer Ivry's plain appears:
 The monarch, ready for severer cares,
 There first with softer pleasures sooths his breast,
 And lulls his thunders to a transient rest.
 Around his side the warrior youth display'd 135
 Pursue the labours of the sylvan shade.
 The godhead triumphs in his future pain,
 Sharpens his arrows, and prepares his chain,
 The winds, which erst he smooth'd, his nod alarms,
 He speaks, and sets the elements in arms. 140
 From ev'ry side he calls the furious storms;
 A weight of clouds the face of heav'n deforms.
 Th'impetuous torrent rushes from the sky;
 The thunder rolls, the livid lightnings fly:
 Each boist'rous brother at his mandate springs 145
 And earth lies shadow'd with their marky wings.

* Anet was built by Henry II. for Diana de Poitiers, whose cyphers are intermixed with all the ornaments of that castle. It is situated not far from the plains of Ivry.

Bright Phœbas sinks with night's incumbent load,
And conscious nature shudders at the god.

O'er the dark plains through miry, dubious ways
Alone, and comfortless the monarch strays : 150
When watchful love displays the torch's light,
Whose twinkling radiance strikes upon his sight.
The hostile star, with fatal joy betray'd,
He swiftly follows through the dreary shade.
Such fatal joy deluded wand'ers shew, 155
Led by the vapour's transitory glow ;
The guide malignant through the midnight gloom
Quits not the wretch, but leads him to his doom.
Once in the horrors of this lone retreat
Roam'd a fair virgin's solitary feet. 160
Silent, the centre of the fort within,
She waits her father from the battle's din ;
Loyal in council, vet'ran in the plain,
Who shone the foremost of his sov'reign's train :
*D'Estrée her name, and nature's guardian care 165
Had showr'd her treasures to adorn the fair.

* *D'Estrée*] Gabrielle D'Estere, of an ancient family in Picardy, daughter, and grand-daughter of the grand master of the ordonnance; espoused to the lord of Liancourt, and since dutchess of Beaufort. Henry IV. became violently in love with her during the civil wars; he went sometimes in a private dress to see her. One day he even disguised himself as a peasant, passed through the midst of the enemies guards, and arrived at her house, not without some danger of being taken.

Beauty less fair the Grecian maid possess'd,
 Whose guilt betray'd her Menelaus' rest.
 With charms inferior Cleopatra glow'd,
 Whose eyes the lord of Italy subdued, 170
 Whilst to the shore th' enamour'd Cydnians move,
 And incense shed as to the queen of love.

The nymph was now at that unsteady age
 When headstrong passions all the mind engage.
 No lovers yet their fighting vows impart, 175
 Though form'd for love, yet gen'rous was her heart.
 Thus the fair beauties of the blushing rose
 Coy in their spring to wanton zephyr close :
 But the full lustre of their stores display
 To the kind influence of a summer's day. 180

Cupid, preparing to ensnare the dame,
 Slyly approaches with a borrow'd name.
 No dart, no torch his little hands employ,
 In voice, and figure an unmeaning boy.
 " From yonder stream to this enchanting dome 185
 " The halpless May'ne's tremendous conqu'ror come."
 Full through her soul the soft infection ran;
 She pants to captivate the godlike man.



A livelier bloom her graceful features prove,
 Which crowns the triumphs of applauding love. 190
 What could he doubt? with charms celestial spread
 Th' attractive virgin to the king he led.
 With double glow each ornament of art
 In nature's guise enslaves th' enamour'd heart.
 Her golden tresses floating in the air 195
 Now kifs the rising bosom of the fair;
 Now start to view the heav'nly sweets display'd
 By native innocence more lovely made.
 No stern, no gloomy low'r, which puts to flight
 Each thought of love, of beauty, and delight; 200
 But the mild softness of a decent shame
 The cheek just tipping with the purest flame:
 Commanding rev'rence, which excites desires,
 And sheds when conquer'd love's increasing fires.

Now the arch god with each enchanting grace 205
 Diffus'd resistless beauties o'er the place.
 The plenteous myrtle with spontaneous birth
 Springs from the bosom of the lib'ral earth.
 It's am'rous foliage decorates the glade,
 And woos the thoughtless to it's fatal shade. 210
 Till bands unseen th'entangled step betray;
 Fear bids depart, but pleasure wins their stay.

Soft

T H E H E N R I A D E. 215

Soft through the shade a soothing Lethe rolls,
Where happy lovers with inebriate souls
Quaff long oblivion to departed fame ; 215
So unresisted love's all conqu'ring flame !
How chang'd the scene ! here ev'ry bosom glows ;
Pour'd from each sweet th'entrancing venom flows.
Love sounds throughout : around, the feather'd choir
Indulge the song and burn with mutual fire. 220
The hind arising e're the dawn of day
To Ceres' golden treasures bends his way ;
Now stops aghast : now heaves the plaintive sighs,
And feels the new born passion with surprize.
No more his soul the toils of harvest move ; 225
He dwells delighted on the scenes of love :
Whilst heedless of her flock the maiden stands,
And drops the spindle from her fault'ring hands.
Could fair D'Estree resist the magic charm ?
What pow'r can guard 'gainst love's prevailing arm. 230
Superior, foes her virgin-bosom load ;
At once her youth, an hero, and a god.
Meanwhile the king with dauntless soul prepares
In thought to mingle with the battle's cares.
Some subtle dæmon plies his secret art, 235
And free-born virtue fighting quits the heart.

To

To softer scenes his am'rous soul betray'd
 Sees, hears, and loves alone the heav'nly maid.
 But now the chieftains of th'embattled band
 With ardent vows their absent king demand ; 240
 They shudder'd for his life, but little knew
 Their fears were only to his glory due :
 Immers'd in grief the soldier's conqu'ring pride
 Sinks to despair, no Henry for their guide.
 Thy guardian pow'r, O France, no longer stays 245
 To grant continuance of the soft delays :
 At Louis' nod descending from the skies
 Swift to the succour of his son he flies.
 Alighting now o'er earth's extended round
 He seeks a mind for wisdom's stores renown'd, 250
 Not where pale, hungry, speechless students claim
 Fix'd in a midnight gloom her sacred name,
 But in fair Ivry, midst the din of arms,
 Where the flush'd warriors glow with conquest's
 charms.
 At length the genius stays his ardent flight, 255
 Where Calvin's floating banners spread to fight.
 There Mornay he address'd ; when reason leads,
 Her solid influence consecrates our deeds.
 As o'er the heathen world she pour'd her ray,
 Whose virtues christians blushing might survey, 260

Reason

Reason Aurelius' sentiments refin'd,
And shower'd ideas over Plato's mind.

Severe, but friendly Mornay knew the art
At once to mend, and captivate the heart.
His deeds more rev'rence than his doctrines move, 265
Each virtue met his fond, parental love.
Full steel'd to pleasure, covetous of toils
He look'd on dangers with undaunted smiles.
No pois'nous frauds of palaces controul
His nobly-stubborn purity of soul. 270
Thus Arethusa's genial waters flow
Soft to the bosom of the deep below,
A chrystal pure, unconscious of a stain,
Spite of the billows of the foaming main.

The gen'rous Mornay by the goddess led 275
Haste to the seats, where rapt'rous pleasure shed
Her soothing opiate on the victor's breast,
And lull'd awhile the fates of France to rest.
Triumphant love each lavish charm employs
To blast his glory with redoubled joys. 280
A waste of transports fill the round of day,
Transports which fly too swiftly to decay.
To vengeance fir'd the little god descry'd
Mornay with heav'n-born wisdom for his guide.

L

Full

Full at the warrior-chief he points his dart 285
 To lull his senses, and enthrall his heart.
 Thick fall the blunted shafts, Mornay awaits
 The king's return, and eyes th'accurs'd retreats.

Fast by the stream, 'midst nature's rich perfume,
 Sacred to silent ease where myrtles bloom, 290
 D'Estree on Henry lavish'd all her charms,
 Melting he glow'd, and languish'd in her arms.
 No cooling change their blissful moments know,
 Soft from their eyes the tears of rapture flow ;
 Tears, which redouble ev'ry fond delight, 295
 And heav'nly feelings of the soul excite ;
 Flush'd with the full blown rage of keen desires,
 Which love alone can paint, for love alone inspires.

The wanton youths unfolds the hero's vest,
 Whilst smiling pleasures fan his soul to rest. 300
 One holds the cuirass reeking from the plain,
 One grasps the sword, yet never worn in vain ;
 And laughs, whilst poising in his hand he shews
 The bulwark of the throne, and terror of its foes.

From Discord's voice the strains of insult roll, 305
 Each cruel transport brooding in her soul,
 With active fury at the fav'ring hour
 To rouse the serpent of confed'rate pow'r.

Whilst

T H E H E N R I A D E. 219

Whilst Henry riots in the soft repose,
She wakes to vengeance his relentless foes. 310
Now in the fragrant gardens of delight
Mornay appears : he blushes at the sight
Their startled bosoms mutual fears engage,
And a dead silence chains th' approaching sage.
But looks in silence bow'd to earth impart 315
A pow'ful language to the sov'reign's heart ;
And sadness low'ring in the clouded face
Proclaims at once his weakness, and disgrace.
Ill had another taken Mornay's care,
Love from the guilty few accusers share. 320
Fear not, he cries, our anger ; rest at ease ;
Who points my error cannot fail to please :
Worthy of thee our bosom shall remain ;
'Tis well : and Henry is himself again.
Love now resigns that virtue he betray'd : 325
Fly, let us quit this soft, inglorious shade.
Yes, quit the scenes, where my rebellious flame
Would fondling still the silken fetters frame.
Self conquest surely boasts the noblest charms,
We'll brave the pow'r of love in glory's arms ; 330
Scatter destruction o'er th' extended shore,
And sheath our error in the Spaniard's gore.
These gen'rous words the sage's soul inspire :
Yes, now my sov'reign beams with native fire.

Each rebel passion feels thy conqu'ring reins, 335

O great protector of thy country's plains.

Love adds fresh lustre to the blaze of fame,

For triumphs there superior greatness claim.

He said; the monarch hastens to depart,

But oh! what sorrows load his am'rous heart! 340

Still, as he flies, he cannot but adore,

His tears he censures, yet he weeps the more.

Forc'd by the sage, attracted by the fair,

He flies, returns, and quits her in despair.

D'Estree unable to sustain the strife 345

Falls prostrate 'rest of colour, as of life.

A sudden night invades her beauteous eyes;

Love who perceiv'd it, sent forth dreadful cries.

Pierc'd to the soul, least death's eternal shade

Should rob his empire of the lovely maid:

Should spoil the lustre of so fair a frame, 350

Destin'd through France to spread the genial flame.

Wrapt in his arms, again her eyelids move,

And gently open to the voice of love.

The king she names, the king demands in vain,

Now looks, now closes her bright eyes again. 355

Love bath'd in sorrow for the suff'ring fair

Recall'd her sinking spirit by his pray'r;

With

With flatt'ring hopes her solaced soul betray'd,
 And sooth'd those evils which himself had made.

Mornay of steady, and relentless mind, 360
 Led on the monarch still but half resign'd.
 Firm force, and godlike virtue point the way,
 Whilst glory's hands the laurel wreath display;
 And love indignant at the victor's fame,
 Flies far from Anet to conceal his shame. 365

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SECRET



THE
HENRIADE.

CANTO the TENTH.



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THE ARGUMENT.

The king returns to the army. Renews the siege. The duel betwixt Turenne and Aumale. A famine in the city. The king relieves the inhabitants. Heaven at length recompenses his virtues. Truth descends to enlighten him. Paris opens her gates and the war is finished.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

HENRI KRAMER

LECTURE NOTES

The first part of the course deals with the general theory of differential equations. We start with the linear case, then move to the nonlinear case. The second part of the course is devoted to the study of the stability of equilibrium points. We use the method of Lyapunov to study the stability of equilibrium points. The third part of the course is devoted to the study of the bifurcation theory. We use the method of normal forms to study the bifurcation theory. The fourth part of the course is devoted to the study of the asymptotic theory of differential equations. We use the method of averaging to study the asymptotic theory of differential equations.

THE
HENRIADE.
CANTO the TENTH.

THOSE fatal moments lost in soft repose
Had waked the courage of the vanquish'd foes.
Rebellion breath'd again, and faction's schemes
Flush'd the deluded throng with golden dreams.
Yet vain their hopes, for smit with generous fame 5
And active zeal the martial Bourbon came,
Eager to reap the harvest he had sown
And make the field of conquest all his own.
Again his banners wav'd aloft in air,
And Paris saw them with renew'd despair. 10
Again the chief before her walls appears
Scarce yet recover'd from a siege's fears ;
Those very walls, where yet sulphureous smoke
With desolation marks the cannon's stroke,
Which now with ruins had bestrew'd the land 15
Had not compassion check'd the hero's hand ;
When

When the bright angel, whose obedience still
 Guardian of France, performs th' Almighty's will,
 Had his soft breast with tender mercies glow,
 Withheld his arm, and stopp'd the falling blow. 20
 Through the king's camp no voice was heard around
 But songs of mirth, and joy's tumultuous sound.
 While each brave warrior, anxious for the fray,
 With eyes impatient marks the destin'd prey.
 Mean time the haughty legions all dismay'd, 25
 Press'd round their prudent chief, and sued for aid;
 When thus Aumale, of brave impetuous soul,
 Abhorring counsel, and above controul;
 " We have not yet so learn'd our warfare here
 " To sneak to hiding-holes, and crouch for fear, 30
 " Curs'd be the man whose counsel thither tends;
 " The foe comes forward—let us meet them, friends.
 " Not tamely wait till other vantage calls,
 " And rust in sloth beneath these coward walls;
 " On then, and conquer—fortune oft will spare 35
 " A smile to crown the efforts of despair.
 " Frenchmen attack'd, already are o'erthrown—
 " Seek then your safeties from yourselves alone.
 " Ye chiefs, who hear me, haste where glory calls,
 " Know, soldiers, know your leaders are your walls. 40

He

He spoke — amaz'd the Leaguers heard each sound,
And turn'd their eyes in silence to the ground.

He blush'd with shame, and in each leaders face
Read their refusal, and his own disgrace.

“ Ye will not follow then, ye heroes tame, 45

“ Nor wish I basely to survive the shame ;

“ Well—shrink at dangers still—so shall not I —

‘ Alone I go—to conquer or to die.’”

He said ; and from the city gate in martial pride
Boldly advanc'd with firm impetuous stride. 50

Before his steps the shrill-tongued herald went,

To hurl defiance at each warrior's tent.

E'en to the king's abode the martial came,

And challeng'd combat in the hero's name.

“ Ye daring sons of glory, loud he cried, 55

“ Now be your valour with your fortune tried,

“ Aumale in single combat waits you here,

“ By me he calls to arms ;—stand forth, appear.”

The valiant chiefs the desperate challenge heard,
Their zeal rekindling at each haughty word, 60

Each warrior stern impatient for the fray,

Hoped the king's voice, and hail'd the glorious day.

Courage in all had form'd an equal right.

Turenne alone found favour in his fight.

“ Go,

" Go, said the prince, chastise the daring foe, 65
 " France to thy hands shall all her glory owe;
 " Remember, soldier, 'tis a glorious cause,
 " Thy own, thy king's, thy country and thy laws:
 " I'll arm thee for the fight—the monarch said,"
 And from his girdle loos'd the shining blade. 70
 When thus Turenne — " by this good sword I swear,
 " By thee, my king, each subject's darling care,
 " Thus nobly honour'd in my prince's voice,
 " My ready zeal shall never shame thy choice."

He spoke; while manly valour flush'd his face, 75
 And his heart sprung to meet the king's embrace;
 Then to the field, impetuous as a flood,
 Rush'd where Aumale the daring champion stood.

To Paris' walls ran all the Leaguer-bands,
 While round their king his faithful army stands. 80
 With stedfast eye, which anxious care reveal'd,
 Each side beheld their champion take the field.
 While voice and gesture on each part unite
 To warm each hero for the dreadful fight.

Mean time a cloud the vaulted sky deforms, 85
 Pregnant it seem'd with more than common storms,

While

While from its womb of darkness, strange to tell,
 Burst forth in flames the monstrous brood of hell.
 There was hot zeal, which frantic leaps all bounds,
 And Discord smiling on her thousand wounds, 90
 There artful policy designing fly,
 With heart of falsehood and with scowling eye;
 There the mad dæmon too of battles stood,
 All Leaguer-gods and drunk with human blood.
 Hither they haste, and land on Paris walls, 95
 Aumale, their League, the cause, their interest calls.

When lo! an angel from the azure sky,
 The faithful servant of the God on high,
 Descended — round his head in splendour play
 Beams that eclipse the lustre of the day. 100
 On wings of fire he shaped his chearful flight,
 And mark'd his passage with a train of light.
 A fruitful olive-branch one hand sustain'd,
 Prefage of happy days and peace regain'd.
 His other hand upheld a flaming sword, 105
 And shook the terrors of th' eternal Lord;
 That sword with which th' avenging angel arm'd
 Smote the first-born — confounded and disarm'd
 Aghast at once shrunk all the friends of hell,
 While to the ground their pointless weapon's fell. 110

And

And resolution sicken'd all o'erthrown
 By some resistless force from hands unknown.
 So Dagon worshipp'd on Philistia's shore,
 Whose purple altars ran with human gore ;
 Before the ark with tott'ring ruin nods, **115**
 And the fall'n idol owns the God of Gods.

Paris, the king, the army, heav'n and hell
 Witness'd the combat ;—at the trumpets swell
 On to the field the ready warriors came,
 Conscious of valour, and a thirst for fame. **120**
 Their hands unus'd the cumbrous weight to wield,
 Disdain'd to fight beneath the glittering shield,
 The specious armour of inglorious knight
 Proof 'gainst all blows, and dazzling to the fight ;
 They scorn'd th' equipment of such coward dress, **125**
 Which lengthening combat, made all danger less.
 In courage firm advanc'd each haughty lord,
 Man against man, and sword oppos'd to sword.
 “ O God of kings, the royal champion cried,
 “ Judge thou my cause, and combat on my side ; **130**
 “ Courage I vaunt not of, an idle name,
 “ When heav'nly justice bars the warrior's claim ;
 “ Not from myself, I dare the glorious fight,
 “ My God shall arm me who approves my right.”

To whom Aumale, "in deeds of valour known 135
 " Be my reliance on this arm alone.
 " Our fate depends on us, the mind afraid
 " Prays to his God in vain for needful aid.
 " Calm in the heav'ns he views our equal fight,
 " And smiling conquest proves the hero's right. 140
 " The God of wars is valour—stern he cry'd,"
 And with a look of fell contemptuous pride
 Gaz'd on his rival, whose firm modest mind
 Spoke in his face, couragious and resign'd.

Now sounds the trumpet, to the dubious fray 145
 Rush the brave chiefs impatient of delay.
 Whate'er of skill, whate'er of strength is known,
 By turns each daring champion proves his own.
 While all around the troops with anxious fight,
 Half pleas'd, half frighted, view the desperate fight. 150
 The rushing swords cast forth promiscuous rays,
 Blinding the eye-fight with their trembling blaze,
 As when the sun athwart the silver streams
 Darts his strong light, and breaks in quivering beams.
 The thronging crouds around with eyes intent 155
 Look on amaz'd, and wait the dread event.
 With nervous strength and fury uncontrouled,
 Full of himself, and as a lion bold

Seems

Seems stern Aumale ; the whiles his rival brave,
 Nor proud of strength, nor passions headlong slave, 160
 Collected in himself awaits his foe,
 Smiles at his rage, and wards each furious blow.
 In vain Aumale his utmost efforts tries,
 His arm no more its wonted strength supplies,
 While cool Turenne the combat's rage renews, 165
 Attacks with vigour, and with skill pursues,
 Till proud Aumale sinks baffled to the ground,
 And his hot blood flows reeking from the wound ;
 The champion falls ; hell echoes with despair,
 And dreadful sounds affright the troubled air. 170
 " League, thou art all o'erthrown, the prize is won,
 " Bourbon, thou hast it now—our reign is done."
 The wretched people with lamenting cries
 Attest their grief, and rend the vaulted skies ;
 Aumale all weak, and stretch'd upon the sand, 175
 His glitt'ring sword fall'n uselefs from his hand,
 Fainting, yet strives fresh vigour to regain,
 And seems to threaten still, tho' all in vain.
 Fain would he speak, while deep-fetcht lab'ring breath
 Denies him utterance in the pangs of death. 180
 Shame's quick'ning sense augments his furious air,
 And his red eyeballs flash extreme despair.

He

He heaves, he sinks, he struggles all in vain,
 His loosen'd limbs fall lifeless on the plain;
 To Paris' walls he lifts his closing eye,
 Then dies indignant with a desperate sigh.
 Mayenne, thou saw'st him die, and at each look
 Thy trembling nerves with shudd'ring horrors shook,
 Then to thy mind thy own approaching fall
 Came full, and thou wast conquer'd with Aumale. 185

The soldiers now to Paris gates repair,
 And with slow steps their breathless hero bear.
 Entranc'd with woe, all silent, and amaz'd
 Upon the bleeding corpse the people gaz'd,
 That deep-gash'd wound, that front with gore be-
 spread,
 That mouth now fallen, and that unpropp'd head.
 Those eyes which e'en in death tremendous stare,
 While the fixt sight cast forth a livid glare,
 They saw—compassion, shame, disgrace and fear
 Choak'd up each cry, and dry'd the falling tear. 195
 'Twas solemn stillness all. When lo, a sound
 Which teem'd with horror pierc'd the wellkin round.
 For now th'affailants with tumultuous cries
 Demand th'attack, and hope the promis'd prize. 200

Mean

Mean-time the king, whom milder thoughts engage, 205
 Calm'd their high transports, and repress'd their rage.
 Stubborn howe'er, and adverse to his will,
 Howe'er ungrateful, 'twas his country still ;
 Hated by subjects whom he wish'd to save,
 The mercies they denied, his virtue gave ; 210
 Pleas'd if his bounty could their crimes efface,
 And force the wretched to accept of grace,
 All desperate means he shudder'd to employ,
 He sought to conquer Paris not destroy,
 Famine perhaps, and lengthen'd scenes of woe 215
 Might bend to law a proud mistaken foe ;
 Brought up in plenty, with abundance fed,
 To ease and all the train of pleasures bred ;
 His people prest by want's impulsive sting
 Might seek for mercy from their patriot king. 220

Rebellion's sons, whom vengeance fain would spare,
 Mistook for weakness Henry's pious care.
 His valour all forgot, in stubborn pride
 They brav'd their master, and the king defied.

But when no more along the silver Seine 225
 The freighted vessels bear the golden grain,
 When

When desperate famine with her meagre train
 With death her consort spreads her baneful reign,
 In vain the wretch sends forth his piteous cries,
 Looks up in vain for food and gasping dies. 230
 The rich no more preserve their wasting health,
 But pine with hunger in the midst of wealth.
 No sound of joy th'afflicted city knows,
 No sound, but such as witness'd direful woes.
 No more their heads with festive chaplets crown'd, 235
 In songs of joy they send the goblet round.
 No wines provoke excess, no favoury meats
 Quicken the jaded appetite. Thro' the lone streets,
 Emaciate, pale, with dead dull ghastly glare
 They wander victims of the fiend Despair. 240
 The weak old man worn out with hunger's rage
 Sees his child perish in its cradled age ;
 Here drops a family entire, and there
 Groveling in dust, and worn with meagre care,
 The hagg'd wretches in life's latest stage 245
 Fight for an offal with relentless rage.
 Fain would the living prey upon the dead,
 While the dry bones are kneaded into bread.
 What will not misery do ? This curst repast
 Promotes the work of death, and proves their last. 250

Mean time the priests, those rev'ren'd sons of pray'r
 Who preach up fasting which they never share,
 Batten'd in plenty, deaf to hunger's cries,
 Which from their bounty met no wish'd supplies :
 Yet went they forth with true fanatic zeal 255
 To preach those virtues which they could not feel.
 To the poor wretch, death hanging on his eyes,
 Their liberal hand would ope the friendly skies;
 To some they talk'd of vengeance sent from God,
 And Henry punish'd with th'Almighty's rod ; 260
 Of Paris fav'd by heav'n's immediate love,
 And manna dropping from the clouds above ;
 O'eraw'd by pow'r, by artful priests deceiv'd,
 The croud obsequious what they taught believ'd ;
 Submissive, half content, resign'd their breath, 265
 Nay, happy too, they triumph'd in their death.

With foreign troops, to swell affliction's tide
 The famish'd city swarm'd on every side ;
 Their breasts where pity never learn'd to glow
 Lusted for rapine, and rejoic'd in woe. 270
 These came from haughty Belgia's plains, and those
 Helvetia's monsters, hireling friends or foes.
 To mercy deaf, on misery's sons they press
 And snatch the little from extreme distress.

Not

THE HENRIADE. 239

Not for the soldier's plunder, hidden store, 275
And heap'd up riches, useful now no more;
Not urg'd by lust, and lured by beauty's charms,
To force the virgin from her mother's arms;
Their murd'rous torments rag'd for food conceal'd
Supports laid up, and pittance unreveal'd. 280

A woman — God! must faithful memory tell
A deed which bears the horrid stamp of hell!
Their flinty hearts which never felt remorse
Robb'd of her little all with brutal force.
One tender infant left, her late fond care 285
The frantic mother eyed with fell despair.
Then furious all at once, with murd'rous blade
Rush'd where the dear devoted offspring lay'd;
The smiling babe stretch'd forth its little arms;
It's helpless age, sweet looks, and guileless charms 290
Spoke daggers to her, whilst her bosom burns
With madd'ning rage, remorse, and love by turns.
Fain would she backward turn, and strives to shun
The wretched deed which famine wishes done.
Thrice did she rear the sword, and all dismay'd 295
Thrice did she trembling drop the bloodless blade.
Till furious grown in hollow voice she cries
“ Curs'd be the fruitful bed, and nuptial ties,
“ And

“ And thou unhappy offspring of my womb,
 “ Brought into being to receive thy doom, 300
 “ Didst thou accept this idol boon of life
 “ To die by famine, or these tyrant’s strife ?
 “ Should’st thou escape their unrelenting rage
 “ Will pinching hunger spare thy softer age ?
 “ Then wherefore should’st thou live ? to weep in
 vain 305

“ A wretched wanderer o’er thy parent slain.
 “ No, die with me, ’ere keen reflection knows
 “ With bitter anguish to augment thy woes.
 “ Give me — thou shalt — nor wait the formal grave,
 “ Give back the blood thy helpless mother gave. 310
 “ I will entomb thee, and the world shall see
 “ A desperate crime unheard of yet in me.”

She said, and frantic with extreme despair
 Plung’d the keen poinard in her darling heir.

Hither by hunger drawn, the ruffians sped 315
 Whilst yet the mother on her infant fed.
 Their eyes with eager joy the place survey
 Like savage tigers gloating on their prey.
 With furious wish they scan the mansion o’er,
 Then rush in rage and burst the jarring door. 320

When

When, dreadful sight ! a form with horror wild,
 That seem'd a woman, o'er a murder'd child
 Set all aghast, and in his reeking blood
 Bath'd her fell hands, and sought a present food.
 " Yes, cried the wretch, the bloody deed is done, 325
 Look there, inhuman monsters—'tis my son.
 These hands had never worn this purple hue,
 Nor this dear offspring perish'd but for you.
 Now, ruffians, now with happy transport strike,
 Feed on the mother and the babe alike. 330
 Why heaves your breast with such unusual awe ?
 Have I alone offended nature's law ?
 Why stare you all on me ? such horrid food
 Befits ye best, ye lustful sons of blood."

Furious she spoke, and staring, desperate wild, 335
 Plung'd home the sword, and died upon her child.
 The dreadful sight all pow'r of speech controuls,
 And harrows up e'en these barbarian souls.
 In dire amaze they cast their eyes around,
 And fear an angry God in every sound ; 340
 While the whole city, at the scene dismay'd,
 Call'd loud for death, the wretches last kind aid.
 E'en to the king the dreadful rumour ran,
 His bowels yearn'd—he felt himself a man.

At each recital tender passions rose, 345
 And tearful mercy wept a nation's woes.

O God, he cried, to whom my thoughts are bare,
 Who knowest all I can, and all I dare,
 To thee I lift these hands unstain'd with blood,
 Thou know'st I war not 'gainst my country's good. 350
 To me impute not nor their crimes nor woes,
 Let Mayenne say, from whence the ruin flows.
 For all these ills let him advance the plea,
 Which tyrants only use, necessity ;
 To be thy country's foe, Mayenne, be thine, 355
 To be its father, be that duty mine.
 I am their father, and would wish to spare
 Rebellious children with a father's care.
 Should my compassion then but madly arm
 A desperate rebel to extend his harm? 360
 Or must I lose my regal crown to shew
 Indulgent mercy on a subject foe ?
 Yes—let him live, and if such mercy cost
 So dear a price as all my kingdoms lost,
 Let this memorial dignify my grave, 365
 To rule o'er foes I fought not, but to save.

He said, and bad the storms of vengeance cease,
 And hush'd the tumults with returning peace.

Paris

Paris again her chearful accents heard,
 And willing troops obey'd their Henry's word. 370

Now on the walls the throng impetuous swarms,
 And all around, pale, trembling, wasted forms,
 Stalk like the ghosts, which from the shades of night,
 Compell'd by magic force, revisit light,
 When potent magi with enchantments fell 375

Invoke the pow'rs below, and startle hell.
 What admiration swell'd each happy breast
 'To find a guardian in their foe profess'd !
 By their own chiefs deserted and betray'd,
 An adverse army lent a willing aid. 380

These pikes, which late dealt slaughter all around,
 With desperate force no longer rear'd to wound,
 Now kindly rais'd to second Henry's care,
 On their stain'd points the cheering nurture bear.

“ Are these, said they, the monsters of mankind ? 385

“ Are these the workings of a tyrant mind ?

“ This the proud king, sad outcast of his God,

“ His passions easy slave, and people's rod ?

“ No, 'tis the image of that pow'r above,

“ Who acts with justice, and delights in love ; 890

“ He triumphs, yet forgives, nor seeks to shew

“ Revenge's malice on a conquer'd foe.

“ Nay

- “ Nay more, he comforts, and with royal grace
 “ Extends assistance to a rebel race.
 “ Be Discord banish’d from this glorious hour, 395
 “ And our blood flow but to cement his pow’r ;
 “ And steady zeal, no longer faction’s slave,
 “ For him employ that life, he wish’d to save.”

Such was the language Paris’ sons express’d,
 While soft emotions fill’d each grateful breast. 400
 But who alas ! can strong assurance ground
 On sickly friendship, which exhales in sound ?
 What hopes from such a race so light and vain,
 Who only idly rise to fall again ?
 For now the priests, whose curst designing arts 405
 Had rais’d the flames of discord in their hearts,
 Flock’d round the people—O ye sons of shame,
 “ Cowards in war, and christians but in name,
 “ Is’t thus your weakness from your God would fly,
 “ Think on the martyrs and resolve to die ; 410
 “ Think on the paths their holy army trod,
 “ Nor for preserving life, offend your God.
 “ Think of the crown religion’s sure to bring,
 “ Nor wait for pardon from a tyrant king.
 “ Fain would he lead your steady faith astray, 415
 “ And warp your conscience to his dangerous way.

With

“ With zeal defend religion’s holy laws,
 “ Death has no terrors in a christian cause.”

So spake they vengeful, and with purpose dire
 Blacken’d the king, ’till fell rebellion’s fire 420
 Flam’d out afresh, and full of desperate strife
 They scorn to own the debt of forfeit life.
 Midst all these clamours Henry’s virtue known
 Pierc’d thro’ the skies to God’s eternal throne.
 Louis, from whom the Bourbon race begun, 425
 Saw now the roll of time completely done,
 When his son’s error should be purg’d away,
 And pure religion beam her certain ray.
 Then from his breast fled all the train of fears,
 And faith establish’d dried up all his tears.
 Then soothing hope, and fond paternal love, 430
 Prov’d his sure guides to heav’nly paths above.

Before all time, in pure effulgence bright,
 The God of Gods had plac’d his throne of light ;
 Heav’n is beneath his feet ; pow’r, wisdom, love, 435
 Compose his essence ; while the faints above,
 Triumphant hosts, partake unfading joys,
 Which neither grief disturbs, nor time destroys.
 He speaks, the earth is chang’d, and frail mankind,
 The sport of error, and in councils blind, 440

Events perceiv'd, but causes undescried,
 Accuse God's wisdom in their selfish pride.
 Such were the Goths of old, and barb'rous Huns
 The numerous Turk, and Afric's tawny sons.
 All nations have their mighty tyrant, all 445
 Rise in their turns, and hasten to their fall.
 Yet not for ever tyrants sway their land,
 Oft falls the scepter in more favour'd hands,
 And heav'n's vice-regents, in their actions known,
 Dispense God's favour's from a royal throne. 450

Now Louis, sire of Bourbon's glorious race,
 In plaintive words address'd the throne of grace.
 Lord of the world, if from these azure skies
 Thou look'st on mortals with considering eyes,
 See how rebellion's hateful treason stains 455
 The generous sons on fam'd Lutetia's plains.
 If all unmindful of a subject's awe,
 They spurn their king, nor heed the royal law,
 'Tis for thy faith their ardent bosoms feel,
 And disobedience springs from holy zeal. 460
 Behold the king, of tried illustrious worth,
 The terror, love, example of the earth,
 With so much virtues could'st thou form his mind,
 To leave him pathless, and in errors blind?

Must

T H E H E N R I A D E. 247

Must thy most perfect work forego all bliss, 465
And only Henry thank his God amis?
Let him henceforth mistaken notions shun,
Give France a master and the church a son.
The ready subjects to their monarch bring
And to his subjects restore the king. 470
So in thy praise may all our hearts unite,
And a whole city worship God a-right.

His humble pray'rs th'eternal maker heard,
And spoke assent; earth trembled at his word:
The Leaguers stood amaz'd, and Henry's breast 475
Glow'd with that faith which God himself imprest.
When from her mansion, near th'eternal throne,
Truth dear to mortals, tho' sometimes unknown,
Descends a veil of clouds, with ample shade
Conceal'd from mortal ken the lovely maid, 480
Till by degrees, as at th'approach of day,
The shadowy mist melt all dissolv'd away:
Full to the sight now all the goddess shone,
Clear as heav'n's light, and chearful as the sun.

Henry, whose bosom from his early youth 485
Had felt the longing of eternal truth,

With

With faith avow'd, and pure religion glows,
 Which baffles man, and reason darkly knows;
 With will convinc'd reveres the holy see,
 Which always one, howe'er dispers'd and free; 490
 Beneath one chief adores in every place,
 In all her happy fairs, God's wond'rous grace.
 Christ, for our sins who shed his purest blood,
 Now, for his chosen flock, the living food,
 To the king's self who bows with secret dread,
 Shews his true godhead in the hallow'd bread;
 The monarch, deep impress'd with holy awe,
 Adores the wonders of the sacred law.

Now fainted Louis, at the Lord's command,
 The peaceful olive waving in his hand, 500
 Came down from heav'n; a ready guide to bring
 To Paris op'ning walls their convert king.
 In God's own name, by whom all monarchs reign,
 He enter'd Paris; while the Leaguer train
 Bow submissive, e'en the meddling priests 505
 Are dumb, and all around with jocund feasts
 And cries of joy the vaulted heav'n's ring,
 And hail at once a conqu'rer, father, king.
 Henceforth all nations own'd his regal state,
 Too soon determin'd, as began too late. 510

The

T H E H E N R I A D E. 249

The Austrian trembled ; and by Rome approv'd,
In Henry's virtues was his Rome belov'd.
Discord was exil'd from Lutetia's shore,
And Mayenne brave, a rebel now no more,
Himself his province, in subjection brings, 215
The best of subjects to the best of kings.

END of the HENRIADE.



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