The Henriade

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THE HENRIADE.

BY

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Translated from the French,

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and others.

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M.DCC.LXII.
THE HENRIADE.
CANTO the FIRST.
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.
THE "HENRIADE.
CANTO the FIRST.

THE chief renown'd, who rul'd in France, I
sing,
By right of conquest, and of birth, a king;
In various suff'ring's resolute, and brave,
Faction he quell'd: he conquer'd, and forgave.
Subdued the dangerous League, and faction Mayne,
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 Are-
hemband, 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.
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.
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 in civil divisions flow.
Relate the troubles of preceding times;
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 grace shed,
If her fair hand e'er deck'd thy sacred head,
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
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;

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* 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 arms thro’ Europe spread disorder’d fear,
Whose loyal subjects shed the pious tear,
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,
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.

Pleas’d in their soft luxurious prince to find
Corrupted morals, and a female mind.
Meantime the Guifes rose at fortune’s call:
And built their schemes of greatness on his fall.
Thence sprung the League, which prov’d the fatal source
Of numerous ills, and baffled all his force.
The servile crowd, with vain chimaeras fed,
Too blindly follow’d where the tyrants led.
Now from the Louvre see the monarch fly,
No faithful friend, no kind protection nigh;

Of num’rous ills, and baffled all his force.
All had been loft, 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,
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;
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,
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,
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 Béarn on 13 December 1553.
THE HENRIADE.

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,
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:
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,
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.
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
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.
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
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.
Rome without armies distant nations awes,
Spain hurls her thunder, and affords her cause.
Friends, subjects, kindred, in this evil day,
Or basely fly, or proudly disobey.
Rich is the harvest of Iberia's gains,
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.
Britannia's queen may lend the friendly aid,
And mutual terror may our foes invade.
What, tho' eternal jealousy, and pride
Oppose our interest, 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,
My subjects, and my country are no more.

Who comes these proud insulters to control
Is most my friend, and dearest to my soul.
No common, little's agent will I trust,
Be thou my envoy in a cause so just.

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 generous mind disdain'd to yield
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.

*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.
THE HENRIADE.

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, The guilty city shudder’d at his name: Each moment thought the mighty warriour near, With death, and desolation in his rear.

He thro’ the plains of Neustria bends his way, Attended only by his friend *Mornay. Mornay, too good to flatter, or deceive; The cause of error too averse to leave. By zeal, and prudence studious to advance Alike the interest of his church and France. The courier’s censor, but at court belov’d, Rome’s greatest foe, and y’r, 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.

*Mornay] 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.

The
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 soften Zephyr's care.
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.
Death mounts the storm, and foaming billows flew
The king of terrors to the failors 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,
The storm accu'ls, and condemns the wind.
Less gen'rous warmth the Roman's breast inspir'd,
By love of conquest, and ambition fir'd,
Whom launching boldly from Epirus' coast,
By angry seas, and furious surges toss'd,
He dar'd his mightier fortune to oppose
To all the pow'r of Ne'tune, 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,
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 sapphire throne.
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,
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.
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 would rove,
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 passion quell’d in this retir’d abode,
His ardent wish was union with his God.
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,
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.
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 empire spread.
Mornay unmov’d determin’d to protect,
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,
Was truth conceal’d, and been the nurse of crimes.
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 seer,
God’s secret counsels, and designs revere,
Nor rashly think that human errors bring
Their muddy currents from so pure a spring.

Well I remember, when these aged eyes
Beheld this seat in humble weakness rise,
When, as an exile dreading human flight,
It fled for refuge to the shades of night.
By slow degrees the phantom rais’d her head,
And all around her baleful influence shed.

Plac’d on the throne, no pow’r her force confines,
She reigns our tyrant, and o’erturns our shrines.

Far from the court, in this obscure retreat,
With sighs and tears I weep Religion’s fate.
One hope remains to cheer life’s dreary vale;
So strange a worship cannot long prevail:

It’s new-born glory in our days shall cease,
First sprung from man, and founded in caprice.

Frail, like ourselves, all human works decay;
God sweeps their glory, and their pride away.
Safe, and secure his holy city stands;
Nor dreads the malice of our mortal hands.

In vain the fabric hell, and time invade,
His own right arm the strong foundation laid.
On thee, great Bourbon, will he pour his light,
And chase the mists of error from thy sight.

On Valois' throne, with providence thy shield,
'Still 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,
To enter Paris, uniform'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 pursu'd,
The factious Leaguers, and thyself subdued,
In horrid seige thy bounteous hand shall give
Life to a nation, and its strength revive;
Then all thy realms shall take the sweet of peace,
All strife shall vanish, and all discord cease.

Then raise thine eyes to that almighty lord
Whom erst thy fathers honour'd, and ador'd.
Who most preserves his image, most shall find
That virtue pleases, and that heav'n is kind.

Thus spoke the seer, each word new warmth bestow'd,
And Henry's soul with secret raptures glow'd.
Those happy days were present to his eyes,
When God to man descended from the skies;
When virtue open'd all her sacred springs,
Pronounce'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.
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 wife,
Where virtue beams, but error's cloud's arise.

While thus the sage, enlighten'd from above,
Spoke to the heart, and tried the prince to move.
Charm'd with his voice the lift'ning winds subside,
Phœbus break'd forth, and ocean smooths the tide.
By him conducted, Bourbon reach'd the shore,
And prosperous gales the chief to Albion bore.
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 warriour fell of high renown,
And kings descended from the tott'ring throne,
A virgin queen the regal sceptre sway'd,
And fate itself her sov'reign pow'r obey'd.
The wife Eliza, whose directing hand
Had the great scale of Europe at command;
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 ves'els rule the azure seas,
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.
Three diff'rent pow'rs at Westminster appear,
And all admire the ties which join them there.
Whom inter'st parts, the laws together bring,
The people's deputies, the peers, and king.
One whole they form, whose terror wide extends
To neighboring 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 wife conduct of a prudent king.
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,
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.
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,
And native dignity each accent bears.
From honest frankness all his period's flow,
The only eloquence that rulers 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.
And does that arm, so dreaded in the fight,
Protect his honor, and maintain his right!
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,
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.
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
What ruthless evils harrass'd Gallia's state.
What springs of action had produc'd a change.
At once so new, so wonderfull, and strange.
Full o'th' bloody broils, Eliza said,
Thro' Britain's isle has fame the rumor spread.
But who for certainty on fame depends,
Light with darkness, truth with falsehood blends?
From you or Valois' friend, or conqu'ring foe,
Those long dislentions I could wish to know.
Yourself was witness, and can best impart
What mystic ties have chang'd so brave a heart.

Display
THE HENRIADE.

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!
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,
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.
THE
HENRIADE.
CANTO the SECOND.
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.
THE HENRIADE.
CANTO the SECOND.

In France, great soy 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
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;
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 waver-
ing between the two religions; here he is described as he was,
man of honour, seriously endeavouring to inform himself, the
friend of truth, the enemy of persecution, and detesting guilt
therefore 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;
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.
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,
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:
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 Balafré. It was he
who with the cardinal his brother, laid the foundations of the
league. He had several great first qualities, which however
must take care not to dignify with the name of virtues.
You know the madness of those vulgar minds
Which faction warms, and superstition blinds;
When, proudly arming in a cause divine,
No pow'r their head-strong passion can confine.
E'ft 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.
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.
Move'd by these tales of misery, and woe,
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 ever impart
The secret counsels of so deep a heart.
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
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 Guile oppos'd, and France to France.
By turns defending enemies, and friends,
And rivals aiding for her private ends.
False to her seat, and superstition's slave,
She sought each pleasure which ambition gave.
Scarce did one virtuous grace adorn her mind,
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 Chad IX. towards the latter 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, having hastened the death of that king.

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

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

Line 63. She was so weak as to believe in Magick, witness the Talisman which were found upon her after her death.
August Eliza, blest with ev'ry charm
That thought can fancy, or that heav'n can
form,
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,
By fate untimely join'd his fire, and died.
Guife 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 evince, 'twas Medicis that reign'd.
One 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,
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.
THE HENRIADE.

Old Montmorenci near the royal tomb
Met from a warrior's arm a warrior's doom.
At Orleans Guise resign'd his latest breath,
A stern assassin 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,
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.

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 his 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-mére 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 opprivers 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.
Nurs'd in his camp, beneath the laurel's shade,
Amidst surrounding heros was I bred.
Like him disdaining 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,
Thy murther'ring hand, O Montefquiou, destroy'd:
Too weak, too feeble to revenge the blow;
I saw thee deal destruction on the foe.
Young and untaught, exposed to ev'ry ill,
Heav'n found some hero to protect me still;
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 his regard in me,
If Rome herself confess my youthful days
Not unrenown'd, Coligny's be the praise.

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

Line 112. Gaillard de Coligny, admiral of France, the son of Gaillard de Coligny, marshal of France, and of Louisa de Montporenci, sister of the constable, born at Chatillon Feb. 16, 1516.

Vid. the following remarks.
THE HENRIADE.

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.
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,
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 fHONE;
With grief the queen her barren trophies view'd,
Our hardy troops, tho' vanquish'd, unsubdued,
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,
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?
True to his sov'reign still, devoutly true
Tho' he oppos'd her, to his country too,
Coligny sizio'd the happy hour to heal
Her bleeding int'rests, with a patriot's zeal.

Undaunted thro' surrounding foes he press'd,
(Suspicions seldom haunt a hero's breast)
Nor stri'd, 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;
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,
Less fon's indulgence to our hopes display'd,
Vain flatter'ing hopes alas! and quickly fled.

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 falsehood from his earliest youth,
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.
More deeply still to veil the dark design,
By nuptial bands he made his sister mine.
Oh bands accursit, and Hymen's rites profan'd,
By heaven in anger for our curse ordain'd,
Whose baleful torch, dire omen of our doom,
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,
Suspicion, tho' on reason firmly built,
I scorn, nor need them to enhance thy guilt.

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,
Silent and still th' appointed sign was giv'n.
The moon's pale regent faulter'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 Defnauuds 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.
The Henriad.

Coligny slept, and largely o'er his head
The drowsy pow'r had all his influence shed.

185
Sudden unnumber'd shrieks dispell'd the charm,
His rallying senes felt the dread alarm;

He wak'd, look'd forth, and saw th'assassin throng
With mur'd'rous strides march hastily along:

190
Saw on their arms the quiv'ring torch-light play,
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 echoing rends the skies,
And now far off Teligny he defcries,
Teligny, fam'd for ev'ry virtuous grace,
Whose truth had earn'd his daughter's chaste embrace,

Hope of his cause, and honour of his race.

200
The bleeding youth by russians 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.

Helpless
THE HENRIADE.

Helpless, unarm'd, he saw his fate decreed,
Saw that his blood must unreveng'd be shed;
Yet bravely anxious for renown aciev'd,
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 majestick brow,
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,
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,
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;
THE HENRIADE

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,
Who'er relented at Coligny's fate, 235
Was the queen's foe, a rebel to the state.

Athwart the crowd 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
Left 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
The rav'ning hawk and vultur hover round
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 the fate,
Nor seem'd t' enjoy the victim of her hate;
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 disast'rous night;
Coligny's death serv'd only to presage
Our future woes, an earnest of their rage.
Legions of bigots, flux'd with fiery zeal
And frantic ardour, shake the murth'ring steel;
Proudly they march where heaps of slaughter rise,
Unsated vengeance sparkling in their eyes.

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 Balafle; who was slain at Blois: the brother of duke Francis, who was assassinated by Poltrot.
Their leaders animate the troops aloud,
And chase to madness the deluded crowd;
Long registers of deaths foredoom’d display,
And guide the pognard to it’s deftin’d prey.

The tumult I omit, the deaf’ning screams,
The blood that floated in promifcuous streams;
How on his father’s coarse struck rudely down,
Convulsed with anguish fell th’expiring son;
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 ifl they mark the track where human frenzy flies.
But stranger far, what few will e’er believe
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,
Offer aloud to God the sacrifice abhor’d.
What num’rous heroes in that havock died!
Renel and brave Pardaillan by his side,

Line 287. Anthony of Clermont-Renel, as he was saving him-
sel’ in his shirt, was mcallaced by the son of the Baron des Adrets.
and by his own cousin, Buify d’Amboie. The marquis of Par-
daillan was slain at his side.

Guerchy
Guerchy and wife Lavardin, worthy well
A longer life and gentler fortune, fell.
Among the wretches, whom that night of woe
Plunged in the gloom of endless night below,
Marshallac and Soubite mark'd down to death,
Defended stoutly their devoted breath,
'Till all with labour wearied and foregone,
Close to the Louvre's gate push'd roughly on,
While to their king with supplicant voice they cry,
Deaf to their pray'rs, he hears not, and they die.

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

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

Line 288. Marshallac, 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.
THE HENRIADE.

Oh scandal to the name of king rever’d! 

Himself, the monarch, joins the felon herd; 

Himself the trembling fugitives pursues, 

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; 

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, 

And weakness, more than malice, was his fault.

A few there were whom vengeance fought in vain, 

Who ‘scap’d unhurt among the thousands slain. 

Caumont! thy fortune, thy auspicious fate, 

Ages unborn with wonder shall relate.

1. 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 flocked thither to see his body, naked and bloody as it was, with a savage curiosity, worthy of that abominable court.

2. Line 300. I have heard the last marshal of Fesse 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.

3. 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 four score and four years.
The hoary fire between his sons repose;
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, 34
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. 35
A hand unseen was stretch'd in his defence,
And screen'd from harm his infant innocence;
Pierced with a thousand murthers, to their force,
His father still opposed his bleeding corpse,
And a whole nation's ardour to destroy,
Eluding, twice gave being to his boy.

Me to sweet sleep resign'd, and balmy rest,
No fear alarm'd, no jealousy posse'st;
Deep in the Louvre at that dreadful hour,
Far from the din of arms I slept secure:
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 friends still bleeding, my domestics slain,
The truest, best, and dearest of my train.
Already at my bed the villains stand
Prepar'd, already lift the muth'ring hand;
My life hangs wav'ring on a point, I wait
The final stroke, and yield me to my fate.

But whether rev'rence 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
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 shai'd,
His life alone her treach'rous arts ensnai'd,
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;
Swift from the capital on ev'ry side
Death o'er the kingdom stretch'd his banners wide.

Kings
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
Upon their purple tides, the carnage to the deep.
THE
HENRIADE.
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 Balasfrè. Battle of Coutras. Murder of the duke of Guise. Extremities to which Henry III. is reduced. 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.
THE
HENRIADE.
CANTO the THIRD.

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 glutted sword;
Those crimes at length the factious crowd alarm'd
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.
That early culture, by ill fate design'd
To blast the fairer blossoms of his mind,
Conscience subdued;—her whispering voice alone
Can shake with terror the securest throne.
Not all his mother's principles cou'd frame
A heart like her's, insensible of shame.
Severe remorse his anxious soul dismay'd,
His strength was wafted, and his youth decay'd.
Heav'n mark'd him out in vengeance for his crimes
A dread example to succeeding times.
*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
A youthful monarch bred to ev'ry crime,
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
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 acquire'd at Jarnac and Montcontour, supported by French coin, had gain'd him the election as king of Poland in the year 1573. He succeed'd Sigismond II. the last prince of the race of the Jagellons.
Great are the dangers of too bright a name,
E'en Valois funk 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.
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 laurel'd prince in battle brave
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'n's peculiar care
For martial prowess, and the deeds of war:
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;
Whilst they, indulging in voluptuous ease,
Drank of each joy which luxury supplies,
And scorn'd to listen to a nation's cries.

D 3

Unmov'd
THE HENRIADE.

Unmov'd beheld afflicted France lament
Her strength exhausted, and her treasures spent.
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,
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 restless charms.
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,
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 flatter'ring tongue declare.
The public sorrows were his only care.

* Henry of Guise; sir named Balafré: born in the year 1550, of Francis de Guise, and Ann d'Est. He executed the grand projet 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 Guife, and charity were near.
All arts were tried which cunning might afford,
To court the nobles whom his soul abhor'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.
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 fhone,
Defied his sovereign, and attack'd the throne.
Within our walls the fatal league began,
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;
That wide diffus'd fierce wars destructive flame,
Master of all things save the royal name.
Valois awak'd the threat'ning danger fees,
And quits the slumbers of lethargic ease.

D 4  But
But still to ease, and indolence a prey,
His eyes are dazzled by the blaze of day.
Tho' o'er his head the stormy thunders royl,
Nor storms, nor thunders rouze his sluggish soul.
Sweet to his taste the streams of pleasure flow,
And sleep conceals the precipice below.
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,
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.
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,
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 will you see unhallow’d temples rise,
And point their airy summits to the skies.
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,
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.
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 weaknesses, and his pow’r oppos’d.
A thousand states were lavish of supplies,
Each passing hour beheld new armies rise,
Led on by fierce Joyeuse, and well instru’d 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,
I press’d thro’ myriads of embattl’d hofts.
Thro’ all the field I fought the proud Joyeuse; —
But stay—the rest Eliza will excuse.

More
More of that chief 'twere needless to relate,
You've heard his end, and fame has spread his fate.
"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;
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.
Of all, who Valois cou'd by flattery 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
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:
Yet dar'd the am'rous chieftain to oppose
Unskilful valour to experience'd foes.
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;
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.

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, disdaining empty shew,
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.

The only graces, that employ'd their care,
Were swords 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,
Distinguish'd only by my rank, and place.

These
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.
Still shall my tongue their honest praises tell;
Firm in his post each youthful courtier fell,
And bravely struggling to his latest breath
Amidst the terrors of surrounding death.
Our silken sons of pleasure, and of ease,
Preserve their valour in the midst 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.
Too soon I saw him sunk to endless night,
Sustained by kind associates in the fight,
A pale, and breathless corse, all ghastly to the sight.
Thus some fair stem, whose op'ning flow'r's display
Their fragrant bosoms to the dawn of day,
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
Those horrid triumphs to oblivion due?

Conquests
The Henriad.

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.

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,

Germania suffer'd for Joyeuse's death.

Auneau beheld my army of allies
Yield to his pow'r; defeated by surprize.

Tho' Paris streets he march'd with haughty air,
Array'd in laurels, and the pride of war.

E'en Valois tamely to his insults bow'd,
And serv'd this idol of the gazing crow'd.

Shame will at length the coolest courage warm,
And give new vigor to the weakest arm.

Such vile affronts made Valois less incline
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.

All
THE HENRIADE.

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,
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;
But, when each arm was ready for the blow,
Compassion soothe'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,
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.
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'ft, with high imperious pride,
Was vainly feated by his sovr'ign'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 studed to attain
The mean, the odious triumphs of disdain;
Not deem'd that ever such a prince cou'd shew
Those stern resolves which strike th' assassin's blow.

Fate
THE HENRIADE.

Fate o'er his eyes with envious hand had spread
Her thickest veil's impenetrable shade.
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,
This fun 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.
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
Display'd their grief, and join'd their plaintive cries.
The softer sex invok'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.

* He was assassinated in the king's antichamber at Blois, on Friday the 3d of December, 1588.
Amidst the rest, the brave and valiant Mayne
Sought not their zealous fury to restrain:
But more by interest, than resentment mov'd,
The flame augmented, and their zeal approv'd.
Mayne, under Guise inur'd to wars alarms,
Was nurs'd in battle, and train'd up to arms:
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:
But better pleas'd to govern, than obey,
Forgot the loss, and wip'd his tears away.
Mayne, with a soul to generous deeds inclin'd,
A statesman's cunning, and a hero's mind,
By subtle arts unnumber'd followers draws
To yield him homage, and to serve his laws.
Skilful e'en good from evil to produce,
Full well he knows their talents, and their use.
Tho' brighter splendors dazzl'd all our eyes,
Not greater dangers ever rose from Guise.
To young Aumale, and this more prudent guide,
The leaguers owe their courage, and their pride.
Aumale, the great invincibles by name,
Is high exalted in the lists of fame.
Thro' all their ranks he spreads ambition's fires,
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 German dread,
To deeds inhuman from his cradle bred;
That tyrant catholic, 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,
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 forrows burst upon our walls.
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,
A brother's safety is my sole desire.
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.
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,
Thro' all his soul diffus'd a generous 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.

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,
And cleaves the bosom of the azure main.
Essex commands,—the proud Iberian knows
That Essex conquers e'en the wifest foes:
Full little deeming that injurious fate
Should blast his laurels with her keenest hate.

To
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;
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.
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
Where Sixtus governs, or where Philip reigns.
The cruel Philip, artful as his fire
In all that views of interest may require,
Tho' less renown'd in war, less great, and brave,
Divisions spreads in order to enslave;
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,
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
With English valour, and the stormy main.
These shores beheld the proud Armada lost;
Yon purple billows bore the floating hoff.
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,
Her flames, and thunders wait on thy resolve.
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.
THE
HENRIADE.
CANTO the FOURTH.

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

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

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

Long with these traitors to their lawful lord,
Joyeuse's brother drew the faction's sword;
By turns a soldier, and a saint was he,
Now all for arms, and now a devotee,
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,
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 bal-
cony, 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 puissant arms the boldest might appall,
The first in feats of glory was D'Aumale.
Sprung from the far—sain'd heroes of Lorrain,
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,
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 heighth,
Where earth, sea, air lie stretch'd before the fight,
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
With screams of cruel joy, the living prey.

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

The chevalier d'Aumale, brother of the duke
of Lorrain, a young man of an impetuous
spirit with many shining qualities; he headed all the fallies
during the siege of Paris, and inspired the inhabitants with his
own courage and confidence.
Dark was the night and sudden the surprise;
Around the camp a pannick horror flies;
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,
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 left,
"And are you vanquish'd, and is this," he cried,
"Is this the glorious welcome you provide
"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,
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,
Impetuous to the foremost ranks he flies,
Death in his hand, and light'ning in his eyes,
Th'ambitious chiefs crowd fast around his shield,
At once he shifts the fortune of the field,
His stern approach the pale confederates shun,
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;
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,
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,
Seeks in despair once more the mortal strife;
Restraints 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.
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 manly, broad, impenetrable shield,
Whose sight, or rage, or terror can convey,
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.
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
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.

Bold to achieve, 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,
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.
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,
His troops, a people groaning in distress!
The weeping orphan here her fire demands,
There brethren claim their brother at his hands;
Each mourns the present, dreads the future most,
And disaffection rends the murm'ring host.
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;
A thousand plans perplex his lab'ring thought;
When Discord by her snaky locks confess,
Stood forth reveal'd and thus the chief address'd.

August descendent of an awful line,
Whose vengeful cause unites thee firm to mine;
Form'd by my counsel, nurr'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,
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.
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,
Pale and half quench'd the sick'ning stars appear;
Beneath her bursts the thunder's sullen sound,
And death-like horror seized the nations round.

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

Towards Rome at length her baleful eye the 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;
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 conquerors tremble in her courts;

Deep rooted 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 prie'sly state,
And fills the throne where once the Caesars' fate.

There
There wand'ring heelefs 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'n's 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
'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  
'Streme, and crown'd with empire, Sixtus sate; 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 feem'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 com-  
monly called the Afs of Ancona. It is well known by what con-  
trivances 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.
Her smiles a free untroubled soul expres'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 flight she spreads,
Confounds her counsels, and her kings mifleads;
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;
Then smil'd a ghastly grin, but fighing 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,
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.
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 flighted arms,
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'ring's on my foe.
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 hardines not
only to excommunicate the emperor Frederic II. but even to of-
fer the imperial crown to Robert, the brother of St. Louis. The
parliament of France assembled, ans'ted 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 arrêt against the
bull in exa 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 bairdards, &c. and the continual
fortitude with which they always maintained our liberties against
the pretensions of the court of Rome.
Remote from Rome, where vanity and pride,
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.
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,
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,
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
And steadfast faith, resigns her to their pow'r.
Soon in her snowy veil and holy weeds
The monsters muzzles their detested heads.

* Policy, and Discord.
Then fir’d with hope, and glorying in their might, 
Stretch swift to Paris their impetuous flight.

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 errour, by no fear controul’d, 
Each bore an upright heart, was masculine and bold. 
Alas! what human virtue never errs——
Behold the tempter! policy appears; 
Smooth was the melting flattery of her tongue, 
And on her artful lips persuasion hung. 
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, 
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 expres’d, 
" Kings are the creatures of the church confess’d; 
" Chaftized or pardon’d as her laws decree, 
" That church, and guardians of those laws, are we; 
" Annul’d
"Annull'd and cancell'd are the vows we swore;
Such is our will, and Valois reigns no more."

Scarce was the curt decree pronounc'd aloud,
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
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, the cries,
Assert my rights, and let your zeal arise,
'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.

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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 Lorain succeeded?
THE HENRIADE.

Emerge, my children! from this silent gloom, 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;
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,
'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.
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 Rosé, bishop of Senlis at their head. The fact is mentioned here, though it did not happen till after the death of Henry III.
THE HENRIADE.

And hymns and holy songs they chaunted loud,
As heav’n itself their impious cause avow’d.  345
Ev’n on their knees their frenzy they declare,
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 clumfy pride;
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
Their wild attempt, which in his heart he scorn’d.
For well he knew fanatic rage would pass
For found religion with the common class;
Nor wanted he the princely craft, to court
And stoop the follies of the meaner sort.
The soldier laugh’d, the sage with frowns survey’d
Their antick pageantry and mad parade,
“Th’ many rend the skies with loud applause,”
And hail the rev’rend bulwarks of their cause.
Their daring rashness, first to fear gave way,
And frenzy now succeeds to their dismay.

The
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 paltry minions stand
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,
Black rises from below the flagrant 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 mingling metals in one mass are roll'd,
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 the trim'd the steady scale,
No spots the luster 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
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,
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
That bad pre-eminence, their leader came,
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,
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.

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
With ev’ry found 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, Bully le Clerc, one of the Sixteen, who from a fencing master was become governor of the Bafile, 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 compel them to renounce the royal family. On their refusal he himself imprisoned in the Bafile 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.
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
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.

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,
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.
THE HENRIADE.

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
For patriots here, and heroes is prepar'd.
Yet hapless suff'rs, 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.

O'erjoy'd mean while, and revelling in blood,
Amidst her bands triumphant discord flood,
Self-satisfied, with well-contented air,
She saw the dire effects of civil war,
Saw thousand's leagued against their monarch's life,
Yet ev'n themselves divided and at strife,
Dupos 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 havoc smote the realm, and march'd it round about.

Line 449. On Friday November 15, 1591. Barnaby Briflon, 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.
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.
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

The zeal of party, and the wiles of Mayne.  
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.

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.
THE HENRIADE.

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

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

In ev’ry age, some venerable seer
For heav’n’s pure joys has shed the pious tear;
Some rigid anchorets with vows divine
Have heap’d their incense on religion’s shrine:
Lest to the world, to each idea loft
That friendship loves, or charity can boast.
Their gloomy shades, and cloisters ever rude
The beams of fair humanity exclude.
Others in flow'ring 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.
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,
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 flouris'h'd in the days of yore,
With equal zeal, but far unequal pow'r.
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,
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
Witness what pray'rs fatigued the pow'rs divine.
This was their form, before the throne of grace.
While dust, and ashes sanctified his face.

Almighty being, whose avenging arm
Protects religion, and her sons from harm,
How long shall justice sleep, or tyrants live?
The perjurer 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.
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 foe reign lord of all,
Kings, chiefs, and armies in one common fall.
As gath’ring storms the leaves of Autumn bear
O’er hills, and valleys through the fields of air.
The League shall praise thy name with holy tongue,
Whilst blood, and murder elevate the song.

Discord, attentive, heard his hideous cries,
And swift to Pluto’s dreary regions flies.
From those dark realms the worst of tyrants came,
Fanatic Dæmon is his horrid name.
Religion’s son, but rebel in her cause,
He tears her bosom, and disdains her laws.
’Twas he that guided Ammon’s frantic race,
Where silver Arnon winds his liquid maze.
When weeping mothers, with mad zeal possest,
Slew their fond infants clinging to the breast.
Through him, rash Jeptha 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;
There smoak’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.
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,
Whole bloody arm the feeble monarch flew.
The fame 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 daemon 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 littlest 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 flung
Her peaceful slumbers over Clement’s head,
In that still hour, when horrid spectres meet,
He fought the zealot in his calm retreat. 130
THE HENRIADE

Cabal, and ingratitude, 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'reings claim;
More fit, more worthy of his holy name.
Far other incense must adorn his shrine;
Off'reings more pure, and worship more divine.
Had Judith only wept with plaintive sighs,
A female's grief, and unavailing cries,
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,
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.
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
Thrice happy, couldst thou join the tyrant's death
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.

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,
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.
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,
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 fairest now're each conscious friend bestow'd,
And balmy odors to perfume the road.
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 saints in virtue, and in fame.
Now hail'd as patron, now ador'd as God,
And fed with incense by the kneeling crow'd.
Transports less warm, less moving raptures fr'd
The christian heroes, and their souls inspir'd,
When pious brethren were consign'd to death,
Firm, and intrepid to their latest breath.
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 saints appear.
The same desire the good, and impious draws,
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.
Sedition's sons were left to guide the whole,
And steel with rage the impious zealot's soul.
To Paris' gates they lead the traitor on, 205
Whilst the Sixteen with fond impatience run
To arts infernal, and devoutly pray
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,
Fond of whate'er is marvellous, or new,
The same impieties with zeal pursue.

When night's still shades conceal'd the bands impure,
Silence conducts them to a vault obscure.
By the pale torch, which faintly pierc'd the gloom,
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 daemons summon'd to their aid.
High on the walls, a hundred lances flood,
Mysteries, awful terrors! plung'd in blood.
Their priest was one of that unhappy race
Proscrib'd on earth, and sentence'd to disgrace.

Slaves-
Slaves long inward to superflition's lore,
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.
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
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 priest's erist such off'rings made,
And rais'd by dire enchantments Samuel's shade.
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
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.
For them were ftop 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;
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.
Loud rolling thunders gave the fatal sign,
And op'ning earth receiv'd the flaming shrine.
The priests, and Leaguers shudder'd at the sight,
And veil'd their crimes beneath the shades of night.
The rolling thunders, and the fiery blaze
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 admission undismay'd by fear.
For heav'n, he said, had sent him to bestow
Reviving honors on the monarch's brow;
And secrets to unfold, which might appear
Worthy reception from his sovereign's ear.
All mark his looks, and many a question ask
Least his attire some bad design should mark.
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.

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 address paid.

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 shewn'd down blessings on thy sacred head.
Potier the good, and Villerois the sage
Have faithful prov'd in this rebellious age.
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
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.
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,
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 undissimul'd, and extended arm.
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,
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 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 celestial 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,
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.

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,
Guarded by heav’n from each assassin’s sword.
You know the League, with us begins the blow,
Nor flays it’s fury, but would end with you.
In future days perchance some barb’rous hand,
Obedient slave to faction’s dread command,
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,
And odious songs of triumph rent the skies.
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.

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,
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.
Redoubld 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 unfettl'd Gallia's throne,
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.

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,
No holy oil, or consecrating hand.

All due allegiance, in the days of yore,
Your brave forefathers on their buckler swore,
To vict'ry's laurell'd field your hands confin'd
From thence send forth the monarchs of mankind.

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 Argument

After the death of Henry III, the Provisions of Oxford, which
were intended to check the power of his ministers,
failed in their object, and the power of the
king was so increased that the
separation of the English people
was not removed by the
consequences of the

[Rest of the text is not clearly visible or legible.]
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,
May change the laws or chuse their future lord.
The states in council represent the whole,
Elect the king, and limit his control;
Thus our renown'd forefathers did ordain
That Capet should succeed to Charlemagne.

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

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

Their dark designs, and captivate the crowd,
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,
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 piousligly bigot went,
To speed th' election with tumultuous haste,
An insult on the kings of ages past,
And in the splendor of their trains, experience
Was seen, the child of public indigence.

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 asserters of the public claim
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'se prepar'd,
A canopy of royal state was rear'd,
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 confind,
"Lay nature waste beneath your fierce domain,
"Let Valois' fate instruct you how to reign."

Forthwith contentious rage with jarring sound,
And clam'rous strife discordant echo round.
Slave to the smiles of Rome, obsequious here
A venal flatt'rer sooths the legates ear;
'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,
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
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.
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 with he sends,
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;
Oft had he check'd, with courage uncontroll'd,
The tide of faction headlong as it roll'd.
Afferted hardly the laws he loved,
Nor ever fear'd reproof, or was reprovd.
He raised his voice; struck silent at the sound
The crowd was hush'd, and lift'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.

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 excufe your choice;
"His virtues I esteem not less than you,
"And were I free to chufe, might chufe 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.

"Prince! he pursu'd, and spoke it boldly forth,
"I dare oppose you, for I know your worth;"
"Dare step between your merit and the throne,
Warm in the cause of France, and in our own.
Vain your election were, your right unfound,
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.
Point not your vengeance then at Henry's head,
Nor charge him with the blood he never shed.
Heav'n's influence on you both too largely flows,
And 'tis your rival virtue makes you foes.
But hark! the clamour of the common herd
Ascends the skies, and heretick's the word;
And see the priesthood ranged in dark array,
To deeds of blood inflatiate urge their way!
Barbarians hold — what custom yet unknown,
What law, or rather frenzy of your own,
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;
"Virtue alone, whatever form she wears,
Whatever sect she graces he reveres;
Nor like yourselves, weak, arrogant and blind,
Eares do the work of God, and judge mankind;
More righteous, and more christian far than you,
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! not fullied with your crimes,
Were the true christian race of elder times;
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 affares,
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 closed his bold harangue, confusion scar'd
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
THE HENRIADE.

With fear and rage their troubled thoughts were toss'd,
When sudden a loud shout from all their host 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 echo round.

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

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 general flew, the soldier to his post,
With shouts th' approaching hero they incense,
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;
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,
A rampart all around of earth was thrown,
With a deep foss to part them from the town.
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 resifless 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.

In earlier times, unaided and untaught,
His fate by simplier means the soldier 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,
Nor less than light'nig satisfied their rage.
Then first was heard the thunder-bearing bomb,
Imprison'd mischief struggling in it's womb,
Flow on the destin'd mark the pond'rous shell,
Came down, and spread destruction where it fell.

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.

A sudden blast divides the yawning earth,
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.
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,
Though slow his march, intrepid his intent;
Rage he alike disdain’d and flavi’st 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;
Ev’n for the wonders of his sword he griev’d,
And loath’d it for the glories it achiev’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,
They choke the fos’s, and lift it to the plain.
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.
Already fixt by his victorious hand
High on the walls his glittering banners stand:
Awe-struck the Leaguers seem'd, as they implor'd
The conqueror's mercy, and confess'd their lord;
But Mayne recalls them to their guilty part,
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;
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,
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:
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,
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,
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,
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.
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, Lorronese in combat close,
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.

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 disafflous toil and long fatigue,
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;
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,
Victorious Bourbon urged his rapid course.
Such havoc where the royal warrior pass'd,
Deform'd the ranks and lay'd the battle waste.
At length the friendly gates, by Mayne's command
Fia... wide, receiv'd the defolated band.
The victor host around the suburbs fly
Incensed, 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
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."

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'rd's Henry the descending vision flew,
His brow was with immortal splendor grac'd,
And horror mixt with love his radiant eyes express'd.
Hold hapless conquer'r of your native land!
The phantom cried, and stay your vengeful hand;

This
THE HENRIADE.

This fair dominion you with war deface,
Is yours of old, the birthright of your race;
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 plain.
Amaz'd the soldier heard the solemn sound,
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?
Mild as the breeze, at summers ev'ning tide
Serene, the visionary shape replied.
Behold the sainted king whom France adores,
Protector of the Bourbon race, and yours,
That Louis, who like you once urged the fight,
Whose shrines you heed not, and whose faith you slight;
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.
The Henriade

He spoke, the lift'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;
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,
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,
What thanks to his paternal saint he ow'd;
Tow'rs 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!

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 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's 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
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 Richleu 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 produced in France.
THE
HENRIADE
CANTO the SEVENTH

THE great, the boundless clemency of God,
To soothe 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,
Has toiled his spirits, and his strength away,
That, nature's friend, restores her pow'r's again,
And brings the blest forgetfulness of pain.
This, oft deceitful, but for ever kind,
Diffuses warmth and transport through the mind.
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
Expand their downy wings, and soften Henry's care.
THE HENRIADE.

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.
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;
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?
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,
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 saint; they mount the car of light,
And swiftly traverse the ætherial height.

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,
The prophet fled, and vanish'd from the sight.

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.

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,
And all around reflect the solar blaze;
Attract each other, and each other fhun:
And end their courses where they first begun.

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

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

Thither
Thither the hero, and the faint repair;
Myriads of spirits are created there,
Which amply people all the globe, and fill
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, Jehovah, Jove, or Lord.
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 omnicient mind.
All who on earth’s inferior confines breathe,
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:
The pale inhabitants of Zembla’s coast,
That dreary region of eternal frost;
Canada’s sons, with fatal error blind,
Where truth illumines not the savage mind.
The gazing Dervis looks in vain around
At God’s right hand no prophet to be found.
The Bonze, with gloomy, penitential brow,
Derives no comfort from his rigid vow.

At once enlightened, all the dead await
To hear their sentence, and approaching fate.
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,
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?
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
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,
Nature, the fame through each inferior clime,
Pure, and unspotted to the end of time,
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;
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.

The rolling spheres the sacred accents caught,
And truths divine to other planets taught.

Observe thy mental pow'rs, nor blindly stray
As pride, or feeble reason points the way,
The high invisible who rules above,
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 confin'd,
Truth's radiant orb illumine all thy mind.
These were the founds, 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,
Diffuses comfort through the savage wild.
Angels abhor the desolated waste,
Which life's fair, fruitful blossoms never grac'd.
Confusion, death, each terror of despair,
Fix'd on his throne, presides a tyrant there.

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,
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:
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,
And down-cast weakness, ever pale, reside.
Weakness, which yields to each persuading crime,
And croppeth the flow'r of virtue in its prime.
Ambition there with headstrong 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 Interest, father of all crimes, appear'd,
And blinded Zeal by cruelty rever'd.
These wild, tyrannic rulers of mankind,
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 control.
Who comes, they cried, to break the peaceful rest
Of night eternal, and these shades molest? 165

Our hero view'd the subterraneous scene,
And slowly travel'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,
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.

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,
For vice committed, and for crimes allow'd.
Death, from on high commiss'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.

Now is no civil, fly deceiver near,
To whisper error in the sovereign'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,
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 little's, feeble monarch is reclin'd;
Whose indolence disgrac'd the subject land,

Meer airy forms, meer nothings in command.

Sinister
Sinister counsellors on these await,
Once their imperious ministers of state.
Proud, avaritious, of immoral lives,
Who sold 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?
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
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,
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
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
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.
Let not these horrid scenes thy soul alarm;
Compasion checks the fury of his arm:
Nor endless punishments inflicts on those
Whose faults from human imperfection rose:
Whose pleasures, follow'd by remorse, have been
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.
There, in the floods of purest aether 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
Which thought can fancy, or which heav'n can form.
No cares solicit, and no passions move;
But all is govern'd by angelic love,
Far other love, than that of wild desires,
Which groser 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,
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 unimpart'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,
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 commissi'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 filled not with blood;
His ev'ry wish was center'd in her good.

Oh spotless manners! bright, and halcyon days!
Worthy eternal memory, and praise.
Then wholesome laws adorn'd, and blest the state:
Subjects were happy, and the monarch great.
Return, ye halcyon days, with golden wing:
And equal blessings, equal honours bring.

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;
Led on by duty, not enrag'd by zeal.

Brave * Montmorency, † Tremouille ‡, de Foix,
Who fought their passage to those fields of joy.

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* 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 refused the high constable's sword in the reign of Charles VI.
‡ de Foix | Gaillon de Foix, duke of Nemours, and nephew to Louis XII. He was slain at the famous battle of Ravesno; having received fourteen wounds, and defeated the enemy.
There + Guesclin drinks of pleasures purer springs:
Guesclin, th'avenger, and the dread of kings. 295
There too appear'd the * Amazonian dame,
The terti'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?

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 Transtamare 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 rally at Compiegne in the year 1430, conducted to Rouen, tried as a forcereds in an ecclesiastical court, and burnt by the English.
And pours with plenteous hand on all mankind
The good, and evil for each race design'd.
An altar high of maflly iron bears
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 invisible encircled round.
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:
Each action seems the product of free-will.

From thence, cried Louis, on the human race
Descends the influence of heav'ly grace.
In future times its pow'r thy tongue shall tell:
Its purer radiance all thy heart shall feel.
Those precious moments God alone bestows;
No mortal hastens, and no being knows.
But Oh how flowly comes that period on
When God shall love, and own thee for his son!
Too long shall weakness hide thy brighter rays;
And lead thy steps through errors slippery 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.
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,
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.
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;
And wreaths more splendid first adorn his fire.
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.
A subject nation couch'd beneath their feet,
And guards unnumber'd form'd the train complete.
These, said the saint, arc doom'd to endless fame:
In all things sov'reigns, save the royal name.
Richelieu, and Mazarin, design'd by fate
Immortal ministers of Gallia's state.
To them shall policy confign 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.

* 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 relentles enemies avow'd.
With high ambition, and with pride inspir'd,
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.
The Henriad.

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!
No lustre equals, none excels 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:
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.

What troops of slav’e before † that monarchstand!
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 ap-
probation of men of sense, which at length prevailed, has render-
ed his name for ever dear, and respectable.
† That monarch.] Louis XIV.

Though
Though less belov'd, more dreaded in her eyes,
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'rful league.
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
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 canvas glows.
What sons of science in that period rise,
Measure the univerfe, and read the skies!
The purer ray of philosophic light
 Reveals all nature, and dispells the night.
Presumptuous error from their view retreats;
Truth crowns their labours, and their joy compleats.
Thy accents too sweet music, strike mine ear,
Music, descend'd from the heav'nly sphere.
'Tis
"Tis thine to sooth, to soften, and controul
Each wayward passion of the ruffled soul.
Unpolish'd Greece, and Italy have own'd
The strong enchantments of thy magic found.
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,
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.
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
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.

* Catinat.] The marshal de Catinat, born in 1637; he gained
the battle of Staffard, and Marfelles; and obeyed without
reluctance, or murmuring the marshal de Villeroy, who sent him
orders without consulting him. He resigned his command with
the utmost composure; never complained of any person's treat-
ment, asked nothing of the king, and died like a true philosopher
at his country-seat at St. Gratien. He never augmented or di-
minished 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 feiges, 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 Monfieur, 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
Battle, and exceedingly ill treated by the ministry.
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 sovereign arbiter of peace.

Denain shall own brave Villars to have been
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 marshall duke de Villars. He gained the battle of Fredelingue, and that of the first Hocquet. 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 Hocquet, so fatal to France. Upon resuming the command of the army, the marshall 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 marshall'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 marshall 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 Rastadt 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 how unmov’d—Oh heav’ns! what sudden shade!
Conceals the beauties which his form display’d!

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 thw’ mankind—
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 soft’ring hand
Fair peace, and plenty had enrich’d the land.

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
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.

Teach him, Fleury, to the throne of truth;
Wait on his years, and cultivate his youth.

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;
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.
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 terror, and adieu to war,
The peaceful olive be thy future care:

Pursued by envy, and distraction's crew,
* A chief renown'd advances to the view;
Eady, not weak, when glory spurs him on;
Engag'd by novelties, by trifles won.
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 renown'd.] A true portrait of the duke of Orleans.
The world shall move as Orleans shall guide; 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 way'd before their eyes. 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; 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. 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, 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
How long shall fatal politics forbear
To light the flames of discord, and of war!

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
Unlock’d the golden chambers of the sun.
Night’s fable robe o’er other climes was spread,
Each dream retir’d, and ev’ry flitting shade.
The prince arose, with heav’nly ardor flir’d,
Unusual vigor all his soul inspir’d.

Fear, and respect, great Bourbon, now were thine:
Full on thy brow fat 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;
Each prostrate Hebrew shudder’d at the sight.
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.
THE ARGUMENT

The cause of human society is often traced back to the original state of society, or to the state of nature. The state of nature is characterized by freedom, equality, and self-sufficiency. In this state, no one is subject to another, and no one has authority over another.

The government arises from the necessity of preserving order, maintaining security, and protecting the rights of individuals. The state is established to provide the necessary means for the common good.

The Great Question

Nature and Government

The nature of man is one of the central questions in political philosophy. The nature of man is often discussed in relation to the state and government.
THE
HENRIADE.
CANTO the EIGHTH.

DEJECTED by their loss, the states appear
Less haughty, and assume an humbler air,
Henry, such terror in their hearts had wrought,
Their king creating schemes were all forgot;
Wav'ring and weak in counsel, and afraid
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-commission'd chief, this king uncrown'd
In chains of iron rule his faction bound;

† 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,
And malice on their faded features fade;
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.
Before the chief their fullen ranks they range,
And grasp their shining arms, and vow revenge.
So the fierce sons of earth, as fable feigns,
Where Pelion overtops Theifalia's plains,
With mountains piled on mountains, vainly strove,
To scale the everlasting throne of Jove.
When sudden on a car of radiant light
Exalted, Discord flash'd upon their sight;
Courage, the said, 'tis now the times demand
Your first resolves, lo! succour is at hand.
First ran d'Aumale, and joyful from afar
Beheld the Spanish launcest gleam in air;
Then cried aloud, 'tis come; th' expected aid,
So oft demanded, and so long delay'd.
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.

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 Brussels first he drew the vital air;  
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,  
For fordid interest join'd his country's foes,  
And fought for France, regardless of her woes.

Philip, on May'n the warlike youth bestow'd,  
And arm'd him forth to be his guardian God;  
Nor doubted May'n, but slaughter and dismay  
Should spread to Bourbon's tent, when Egmont led the way.

* The earl of Egmont, son of admiral Egmont, who was beheaded at Brussels together with the prince de Horn.
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.

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 footsteps press'd the flow'ry green,
The shepherds there, while civil rage destroy'd
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.

Thither each hostile leader his array
Directs, and desolation marks their way,
A sudden horror strikes the trembling floods,
The frighted shepherds seek the sheltering woods,
The partners of their grief attend their flight,
And bear their weeping infants from the fight.

Ye hapless natives of this sweet recess!
Charge not at least your king with your distress,
For...
For peace he courts the combat, and his hand
Shall fly the bounteous blessing o'er the land;
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
The trumpets sound, and hopes the promis'd fight.

Crown'd with his laurels, at their master's side,
A well distinguishing'd groupe of warriors ride,
+ D'Aumont, beneath five kings a chief renown'd,
* Biron, whose name bore terror in the sound,
† 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 heir 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 warriour, 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 Balsile in 1602.

Grillion
Grillon and Sully by the guilty fear'd,
Chiefs whom the League detested, yet rever'd,
§Turenne, whose virtues and unrival'd fame,
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,
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 luster play'd;
Dear, valued gifts! with which his mistress grove
Left 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 stedfast air
And firm, they wait the signal of the war,
Glad omens from their Henry's eyes they took,
And read their conquest sure in his inspiring look.

§ Henry de la Tour d'Orliegues, 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.

'Twas
'Twas then, afflicted with inglorious dread,
Unhappy May'ne perceiv'd his courage fled,
Whether at length his boding heart divines
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,
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
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,
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 now he ponders his approaching fame,
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?
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 fight,
To that alone direct your constant aim,
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,
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,
Sudden the fierce conflicting oceans roar,
Earth trembles at the shock, the fleeted brine
Invades the skies, the sun forgets to shine,
The trembling moor believes all nature hurl'd
In ruin, and expects the falling world.

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
The worst effect of fire, and havoc 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.

Here from his stronger son the father flies,
There by the brother's arm the brother dies,
Nature was shock'd, and Eur's conscious bank
Shrunk with abhorrence from the blood it drank.

Bourbon his path right on to glory clears
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.

So, veil'd in human shape, the poets reign
The gods engaged in arms on Phrygia's plain;
"So when an angel by divine command,
"With rising tempests shakes a guilty land,
"Well pleas'd th'Almighty's orders to perform,
"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,
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.
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 generous thought,
For his defence th' im battled field he fought,
Detested war, and singularly brave.
Knew boldly to face death, but never gave.

Turenne already with resolute pow'r,
Repuls'd the shatter'd forces of Nemours;
Scarce d'Ailly fill'd the plain, with dire alarms,
Proud of his thirty years consum'd in arms;
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;
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,
D disdain'd the trivial prase by beauty won,
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 beautuous bride with trembling fingers laced
His heavy corflet on her hero's breast,
And cover'd with his helm of polish'd gold
Those eyes which still she languish'd to behold.

Tow'rds d'Ailly the fierce youth, des puising fear,
Spurr'd his proud steed, and couch'd his quivering spear,
Their headlong courses trampled, as they fled,
The wounded heaps, the dying and the dead;
Poachy with blood the turf and matted grafs,
Sink fetlock deep beneath them as they pass.
Swift to the shock 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,
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,
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;
'Till d'Ailly with a vig'rous effort found
The fatal pass, and stretch'd him on the ground.
His faded eyes for ever closed remain,
And his loose helmet rowls along the plain;
Then saw the wretched chief, too surely known,
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 haft'ning friends oppose;
When furious from the dreadful scene he rose;
Forth to the woods his cheerless journey sped,
From arms for ever and from glory fled,
And in the covert of a haggy den,
Dwell a sad exile from the ways of men.
There when the dawning day salutes the skies,
And when at eve the chilling vapours rise,
His unexhausted grief still flows the same,
Still echo sighs around his son's lamented name.
Tender alarms, and boding terours brought
The bride enquiring to the fatal spot,
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,
And feeble sounds scarce parted from her tongue.
Once
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 press'd,
Then look'd, and sigh'd, and died upon his breast.

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,
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.

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,
Conquest is theirs who fight beneath d'Aumale.
Fosseufe assisting and Beauvean sustain
Their part, and rally the disorder'd train.
Before the van d’Aumale his station took,
And the closed lines caught courage from his look.

The chance of war now flows a backward course,
Biron in vain withstands the driving force,
Nefle and Augenne within his sight are slain,
And Parabere and Clermont press the plain,
Himself scarce liv’d, so fast the purple tide

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;
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
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,

Cheer’d by the well-known voice again he plies
The sword, all force before the monarch flies,
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,
'Tis Discord blows afresh the flames of war,
To thwart the monarch's virtue, with new fires.
His fainting foes the belted fiend inspires;
She winds her fatal trump, the woods around,
And mountains tremble at th' infernal sound.
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,
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 thrillness of the cheering horn provokes:
Their rage, and echo's from the distant rocks.
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 incompa's'd round.
'Twas then his fainted fire his strength renew'd
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.

Shade of the first of kings, do thou diffuse
Thy spirit o’er my song, be thou my muse now

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,
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.

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! portentous from on high
A stream of light’ning shot along the sky,
Slow peals of muttering thunder growl’d around,
Beneath the trembling soldier shook the ground.

Egmont, alas! a flattering omen draws,
And dreams that heav’n shall combat in his cause.

That
That partial nature in his glory far'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
The wound, and Egmont triumph'd at the sight.
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.
The flinging 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,
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,
Like a contagion their unwarlike fear
Siez'd all the ranks and caught from van to rear.
Gen'ral and soldier felt the same disdain,
Nor longer these command, nor those obey.
Down fall the banners, routed and o'erthrown, 395  
And yelling with unmanly shrieks they run;  
Some bend the supplicant 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,  
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 chonk'd stream recoils upon it's source.

May're 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 daftard bands accus'd.  
410  
All's lost, he cried, see where the cowards fly,  
Illustrious May're! 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.

K 2  
He
He hears, reluctant sobs his passion speak,
And tears of anguish trickle down his cheek,
A flow compliance sullenly he pays,
And frowning stern at the command, obeys.
Thus the proud lion whom the Moor has tamed,
And from the fierceness of his race reclaim'd,
Bows down beneath his swarthy master's hand,
And bends his furly front at his command,
With low'ring aspect stalks behind his lord,
And grumbles while he crouches at his word.

Meanwhile in flight unhappy Mayne confides,
And close within the walls his shame he hides;
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,
To gaze intent upon his godlike son,
To prove if the triumphant chief could tame
His soul to mercy, and deserve his fame.

Th'avembl'd captives by their looks besought
The monarch's grace, but trembled at their lot,
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,
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,
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,
His might subdued them, and his bounty binds,
Proudly they mingle with the monarch's train,
And turn their justice vengeance upon May'ne.

Now Bourbon merciful and mild had stay'd:
The carnage, and the soldier's wrath allay'd;
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.

K 3

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

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,
As many mouths still ply the restless tongue,
And round with lift'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.
With the fame 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,
And echo'd thro' the lofty vatican.
Joy to the north the spreading sounds convey,
To Spain, confusion, terour and dismay.
Ill-fated Paris, and thou faithless League,
Ye priests, full-sraught 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'n 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 glo's he covers his defeat,
Calls ruin, victory, and flight, retreat,
Confirms the doubtful, and with prudent aim
Seeks by concealing, to repair his shame.
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 flain:
'Tis not for this the raging fires have shone,
That hated Bourbon might enjoy the throne. 510

Henceforth
THE HENRIADE.

Henceforth by weakness be his mind affail'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;
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,
Clouds of thick darkness then obscure'd the day,
Nature turned pale, and horror marked her way.
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'Éstrée, so well known under the name of the fair Gabrielle. Mornay disengages him from his mistress, and the king returns to the army.
THE ARGUMENT.

Discussion of the principles of true Discord, and the

importance of distinguishing them from errors. Part II.

The proof to demonstrate the necessity of Discord. A

short account of the nature of the true Discord, and the

means of distinguishing it from the pretended one.
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,
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.

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.

Here,
THE HENRIADE.

Here, whilst spontaneous harvests fill the plains,
No season changes, and no wretch complains.
Here peace unsparing 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.
Here ev'ry lawn in plenty's robe is dres'sd,
With ev'ry sweet but innocency bless'd.
From side to side the streams of music roll,
Whose soothing softness fascinates the soul.
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'r's implore;
Eager they press to learn the pois'nous art
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.
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 am'rous transports, and the soft desires,  
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!  
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  
Each fell suspicion that her bliss betrays;  
Ungovern'd rage, with sharpest venom stord,  
Rears in the van his unrelenting sword.

These malice joins, who with perfidious face  
Smiles at the triumphs of the savage race.  
Penfive 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,  
At once a cruel, and a tender god.
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.
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
Her vengeful passage to the kindred boy.
Fierce in her hand the brandish'd torches glow,
Her eye-balls flash, and blood disstains her brow.
Where then, she cries, thy formidable darts!
Recline they pointed for more stubborn hearts?
If e'er my venom, ming'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,
Who joins the olive to the laurel's shado.
Amidst the tumults of a civil war
Meek-stepping Clemency attends his car.
Fix'd to the standards, waving in the wind,
She stoops in Discord's spite the rebel mind.
One vict'ry gain'd, my throne, my empire falls;
Lo! Henry shower's 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,
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'st,) thy sov'reign care
Bow'd great Alcides to th' imperial fair.
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,
Go, blast the laurels in his daring hand.
His brows entwine with myrtle's am'rous charms,
And sink the flumbring warrior in thy arms.
Fly to support; he shakes my tottering throne:
Go, shield an empire, and a cause thine own.
The monster spoke: the trembling roof around
Returns the horrors of the dreadful sound.
Stretch'd on his flow'ry couch, the lift'ning god
With artful smiles consented at her nod.
Arm'd with his golden deaths resolv'd he flies
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;
And laughs, reflecting in those seats 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
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.
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 thence his eyes survey the fav'rite strand
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 shew'r
In grateful mem'ry each fragrant flow'r.

Now to the wand'rer Ivry's plain appears:
The monarch, ready for feverer cares,
There first with softer pleasures soothes his breast,
And lulls his thunders to a transient rest.
Around his side the warrior youth display'd
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.
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 boisterous brother at his mandate springs
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
Bright Phebas 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:
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'rers shew,
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,
Silent, the centre of the fort within;
She waits her father from the battle's din;
Loyal in council, veteran in the plain,
Who shone the foremost of his sov'reign's train;
*Deffrée her name, and nature's guardian care;
Had shew'd her treasures to adorn the fair.

** D'Effrée] Gabrielle D'Effrée, of an ancient family
Picardy, daughter, and grand-daughter of the grand master of the ordonnance; eloped to the lord of Liancourt, and became duchess of Beaufort. Henry IV. became violently in love with her during the civil wars; he went sometimes in a private fire to see her. One day he even disguised himself as a pedlar, passed through the midst of the enemy's guards, and arrived at her house, not without some danger of being taken.
Beauty lefs fair the Grecian maid posses‘d,
Whose guilt betray‘d her Menelaus‘ rest.
With charms inferior Cleopatra glow‘d,
Whose eyes the lord of Italy subdued,
Whilst to the shore th‘ enamour‘d Cydnians move,
And incense fled 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 fighing vows impart,
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 flores display
To the kind influence of a summer‘s day.

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
“ The halplefs May ne‘s tremendous conqu‘r or come.

Full through her foul the soft infection ran;
She pants to captivate the godlike man.
THE HENRIADE.

A livelier bloom her graceful features prove,
Which crowns the triumphs of applauding love.
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
Now kiss 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;
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
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 its fatal shade.
Till bands unseen th’entangled step betray;
Fear bids depart, but pleasure wins their stay.
soft through the shade a soothing Lethe rolls,
Where happy lovers with inebriate souls
Quaff long oblivion to departed fame;
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.
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;
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'Estrée resist the magic charm?
What pow'r can guard 'gainst love's prevailing arm.
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 daemon plies his secret art,
And free-born virtue fighting quits the heart.
To
THE HENRIADE

To foster scenes his am'rous soul betray'd
Sees, hears, and loves alone the heav'ny maid.
But now the chieftains of th'embattled band
With ardent vows their absent king demand.
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
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,
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 conqu'rst charms.
At length the genius frays his ardent flight,
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.

Reason
Severe, but friendly Mornay knew the art
At once to mend, and captivate the heart.
His deeds more reverence than his doctrines move.
Each virtue met his fond, parental love.
Full heart’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.

Thus Arethusa’s genial waters flow
Soft to the bosom of the deep below,
A chrysal pure, unconscious of a stain,
Spite of the billows of the foaming main.

The gen’rous Mornay by the goddess led
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;
A waste of transports fill the round of day,
Transports which fly too swiftly to decay.
To vengeance fir’d the little god defcry’d
Mornay with heav’n-born wisdom for his guide.
Full at the warrior-chief he points his dart
to lull his senses, and enthrall his heart.
Thick fall the blunted shafts, Mornay awaits
The king's return, and eyes th' accurst retreats.

Fast by the stream, 'midst nature's rich perfume,
Sacred to silent ease where myrtles bloom,
D'Estrée 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,
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.
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,
Each cruel transport brooding in her soul,
With active fury at the fav'ring hour
To rouse the serpent of confederate pow'r.
THE HENRIADE

Whilst Henry riots in the soft repose,
She takes to vengeance his relentless foes.
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
A pow'rful 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.
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:
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;
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.

L 2 Each
THE HENRIADE

Each rebel passion feels thy conqu’ring reins,
O great protector of thy country’s plains.
Love adds fresh lustre to the blaze of fame,
For triumphs there superior greatness gains.
He said; the monarch hastens to depart,
But oh! what sorrows load his am’rous heart!
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’Estée unable to sustaine the strife
Falls prostrate ’reft 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,
Defin’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.
Love bath’d in sorrow for the suff’ring fair
Recall’d her sinking spirit by his pray’r;
with flatter’ring hopes her solaced soul betray’d,
And rooth’d those evils which himself had made.

Mornay of steady, and relentless mind,
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.
THE HENRIADE.
CANTO the TENTH.

L4
THE ARGUMENT.

The king returns to the army. Renew 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 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 angels, whose obedience still
Guardian of France, performs th' Almighty's will,
Bad his soft breast with tender mercies glow,
Withheld his arm, and stopp'd the falling snow.  20
Through the king's camp no voice was heard around
But songs of mirth, and joy's tumultuous sound.
While each brave warriour, anxious for the fray,
With eyes impatient marks the desir'd prey.
Mean time the haughty legions all dismay'd,
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 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 leader's face
Read them horrify'd, and his own disgrace.
"Ye will not follow then, ye heroes tame,
Nor will 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.
Before his steps the fhrill-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,
"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,
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;
France to thy hands shall all her glory owe;
Remember, soldier, 'tis a glorious cause,
Thy own, thy king's, thy country and thy
I'll arm thee for the fight—the monarch said,
And from his girdle loosed the shining blade.
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,
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.
With steadfast 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,
Pregnant it seem'd with more than common storms,
While from its womb of darkness, strange to tell,
Burft forth in flames the monstrous brood of hell.
There was hot zeal, which frantic leaps all bounds,
And丁ed searing on her thousand wounds, 90
There artful policy designing fly,
With heart of falsehood and with scowling eye;
There the mad daemon 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 lusfre of the day. 100
On wings of fire he shaped his cheerful 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 ficken'd all o'erthrown
By some ressless force from hands unknown.
So Dagon worship'd on Philistia's shore,
Whose purple altars ran with human gore.
Before the ark with tottering ruin nods,
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 warriours came,
Conscious of valour, and a thirst for fame.
Their hands unus'd the cumbersome weight to wield,
Disdaining 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,
Which lengthening combat, made all danger less.
In courage firm advance'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;"
"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"
"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."
"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, courageous and resign'd.

Now sounds the trumpet, to the dubious fray
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.
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 crowds around with eyes intent
Look on amaz'd, and wait the dread event.
With nervous strength and fury uncontrouled,
Full of himself, and as a lion bold

Seems
THE HENRIADE.

Seems stern Aumale; the whiles his rival brave,
Nor proud of strength, nor passions headlong slave,
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 renewes,
Attacks with vigour, and with skill perfues,
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.

"League, thou art all o'erthrown, the prize is won,
"Bourbon, thou haft 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,
His glitt'ring sword fall'n useless 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.
Shame's quick'ning sense augments his furious air,
And his red eyeballs flash extreme despair.
He heaves, he sinks, he struggles all in vain,
His loos'ned limbs fall lifeless on the plain;
Paris' walls he lifts his closing eye,
Then dies indignant with a desperate sigh.
Mayenne, thou saw'lt 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 waft conquer'd with Aumale.

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 light cast forth a livid glare,
They saw—compassion, shame, disgrace and fear
Choak'd up each cry, and dry'd the falling tear.

'Twas solemn stillness all. When lo, a found
Which teem'd with horror pierc'd the wellkin round.
For now th'assailants with tumultuous cries
Demand th'attack, and hope the promis'd prize.

Mean
Mean-time the king, whom milder thoughts engage,
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;
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
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 press'd by want's impulsive sting
Might seek for mercy from their patriot king.

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
The frighted vessels bear the golden grain,
When desperate famine with her meagre train
With death her consort spreads her baneful reign,
In vain the wretch sends forth his piteous cries,
Licks 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 found of joy th’afflicted city knows,
No found, but such as witness’d direful woes.
No more their heads with festive chaplets crown’d,
In songs of joy they send the goblet round.
No wines provoke excess, no savoury 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
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 laft. 250

Mean
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
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;
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 crowd obsequious what they taught believ'd;
Submissive, half content, resign'd their breath,
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
Lufted for rapine, and rejoic'd in woe.
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 for the soldier's plunder, hidden store,
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 unrevea'd.

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
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
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
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,
Didst thou accept this idol boon of life
To die by famine, or these tyrant's strife?
Shouldst thou escape their unrelenting rage
Will pinching hunger spare thy foster age?
Then wherewith shouldst thou live? to weep in vain
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.
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
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.

When
THE HENRIADE.

When, dreadful fight! 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 fought a present food.

"Yes, cried the wretch, the bloody deed is done,
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.

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,
Plung'd home the sword, and died upon her child.
The dreadful fight all pow'r of speech controul'd,
And harrows up e'en these barbarian souls.
In dire amaze they cast their eyes around,
And fear an angry God in every sound;
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.

M

At
At each recital tender passions rofe,
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.

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,
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?
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,
To rule o'er foes I sought not, but to save.

He said, and hush'd the storms of vengeance cease,
And hush'd the tumults with returning peace.
Paris again her cheerful accents heard,
And willing troops obey'd their Henry's word.

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
Invoke the pow'rs below, and startle hell.

What admiration swell'd each happy breast
To find a guardian in their foe profess!
By their own chiefs deserted and betray'd,
An adverse army lent a willing aid.

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?"
"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;"
"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,
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.
But who 's a'las! 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 curt designing arts
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;
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,
And warp your conscience to his dangerous way.
"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
Flam'd out afresh, and full of desperate strive
They scorn to own the debt of forfeit life.
Midst all these clamours Henry's virtue known
Pièc'd thro' the skies to God's eternal throne.
Louis, from whom the Bourbon race begun,
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,
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,
Compose his essence; while the saints above,
Triumphant hosts, partake uns지원 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.
Events perceived, but causes undescribed,
Accuse God's wisdom in their selfish pride.
Such were the Goths of old, and barbarous Huns
The numerous Turk, and Afric's tawny sons.
All nations have their mighty tyrant, all
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.

Now Louis, fire 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
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.
Behold the king, of tried illustrious worth,
The terror, love, example of the earth,
With so much virtues couldst thou form his mind,
To leave him pathless; and in errors blind?
The Henriade.

Must thy most perfect work forego all bliss,
And only Henry thank his God amiss?
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.
So in thy praise may all our hearts unite,
And a whole city worship God a-right.

His humble pray'r's th'eternal maker heard;
And spoke assent; earth trembled at his word:
The Leaguers stood amaz'd, and Henry's breast
Glow'd with that faith which God himself imparted.
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,
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 cheerful as the sun.

Henry, whose bosom from his early youth
Had felt the longing of eternal truth,
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, however dispers'd and free;
Beneath one chief adores in every place,
In all her happy faints, God's wondrous 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 imprest 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,
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
Are dumb, and all around with jocund feasts
And cries of joy the vaulted heav'n's ring,
And hail at once a conquer' r, father, king,
Henceforth all nations own'd his regal state,
Too soon determined, as began too late.
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,
The best of subjects to the best of kings.