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The Henriade

Voltaire

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The Henriade. Canto the Seventh.

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THE
HENRIADE.

CANTO the SEVENTH.



THE
FENRIAD
CANTO the SEVENTH

THE ARGUMENT.

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

H

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

C A N T O the S E V E N T H.

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

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

H 2

Still

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

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

Thus

Thus spoke the saint; they mount the car of light,
 And swiftly traverse the ætherial height. 40
 Thus midnight light'nings flash, while thunders roarl,
 And cleave the ambient air from pole, to pole.
 Thus rose Elijah on the fiery cloud;
 The radiant æther with effulgence glow'd:
 To purer worlds, array'd in glories bright, 45
 The prophet fled, and vanish'd from the 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. 50
 Thence spring those golden torrents, which bestow
 All vital warmth, and vigor as they flow.
 From thence the welcome day, and year proceeds;
 Through various worlds his genial influence spreads.
 The rolling planets beam with borrowed rays, 55
 And all around reflect the solar blaze;
 Attract each other, and each other shun:
 And end their courses where they first begun.
 Far in the void unnumber'd worlds arise,
 And suns unnumber'd light the azure skies. 60
 Far beyond all the God of heav'n resides,
 Marks ev'ry orbit, ev'ry motion guides.

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

The

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

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

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

H 4

Nature,

Nature, the same 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.

110

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.
*Distrust thy mental pow'rs, nor blindly stray
 As pride, or feebler 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 consign'd,
 Truth's radiant orb illumine all thy mind.*

115

120

125

130

These

THE HENRIADE. 153

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

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

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

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

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

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

H 5

Near

Near her, self-loving, self-admiring pride, 155
 And down-cast weakness, ever pale, reside.
 Weakness, which yields to each persuasive crime,
 And crops the flow'r of virtue in it's prime.
 Ambition there with head-strong fury raves,
 With thrones surrounded, sepulchres, and slaves. 160
 Submissive, meek Hypocrisy was nigh,
 Hell in her heart, all heav'n in her eye.
 There Int'rest, father of all crimes, appear'd,
 And blinded Zeal by cruelty rever'd.
 These wild, tyrannic rulers of mankind, 165
 When Henry came, their savage air resign'd.
 Their impious troop ne'er reach'd his purer soul,
 Such virtue yields not to their mad controul.
 Who comes, they cried, to break the peaceful rest
 Of night eternal, and these shades molest? 170

Our hero view'd the subterraneous scene,
 And slowly travell'd through the ranks obscene.
 Louis led on. — Oh heav'n! is that the hand,
 Which murder'd Valois at the League's command?
 Is that the monster? yes, I know him well, 175
 His arm still holds the parricidal steel.
 While barb'rous priests proclaim the wretch divine,
 And place his portrait on the hallow'd shrine,
 Though

THE HENRIADE. 155

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

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

Sinister

Sinister counsellors on these await,
 Once their imperious ministers of state.
 Proud, avaritious, of immoral lives, 205
 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? 210
 You, who, on flowry couches, pass away
 The tranquil moments of life's useless day.
 Shall virtue's friends in fiery torments roll?
 Whose faults have risen from expanse of soul.
 Shall one mistaken, momentary joy 215
 Maturer Wisdom's plenteous fruits destroy?
 This, cried the prince, the lot of human race?
 Condemn'd for endless ages to distress!
 If all mankind one common hell devours,
 Eternal tortures close our transient hours, 220
 Who was not more in non-existence blest?
 Who would not perish at his mother's breast?
 Far happier man! had God's creative hand
 Form'd him less free, in innocence to stand:
 Had God, thus awfully severe, bestow'd 225
 The sole capacity of doing good.

Think

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

Think not the great creator of mankind 230
To these his works is cruel, or unkind.

Lord of all beings, he presides above
With mercy infinite, and boundless love.
Though mortals see the tyrant in their God,
Parental tenderness directs his rod. 235

Let not these horrid scenes thy soul alarm ;
Compassion checks the fury of his arm :
Nor endless punishments inflicts on those
Whose faults from human imperfection rose :
Whose pleasures, follow'd by remorse, have been 240

The transient cause of momentary sin.
Such were his accents—to the realms of light
Both are convey'd with instantaneous flight.
Infernal darkness shuns those flow'ry plains
Where spotless innocence for ever reigns. 245

There, in the floods of purest æther play
The beams refulgent of eternal day.
Each blooming scene seraphick joys bestow'd ;
And Henry's soul with unknown raptures glow'd.
There tranquil pleasure spreads her ev'ry charm 250
Which thought can fancy, or which heav'n can form.

No

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

* Louis XII.

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

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

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

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

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

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

There

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

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

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

† *Guesclin.*] France owed her preservation to this great man, in the reign of Charles V. He conquered Castile, placed Henry de 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 sally at Compiègne in the year 1430, conducted to Rouen, tried as a sorceress in an ecclesiastical court, and burnt by the English.

And

And pours with plenteous hand on all mankind
 The good, and evil for each race design'd.
 An altar high of massy iron bears 310
 The fatal annals of succeeding years.
 Where God's own hand has mark'd, nor mark'd in
 vain

Each transient pleasure, each severer pain.
 There liberty, that haughty slave, is bound,
 With chains invifible encircled round. 315
 Beneath the yoke ſhe bends her ſtubborn head,
 Still unconſtrain'd, unconſcious of the deed.
 This ſuppliant turn that hidden chain ſupplies
 Wiſely conceal'd for ever from her eyes.
 The fates appear her ſentence to fulfill : 320
 Each action ſeems the product of free-will.

From thence, cried Louis, on the human race
 Deſcends the influence of heav'nly grace.
 In future times its pow'r thy tongue ſhall tell :
 Its purer radiance all thy heart ſhall feel. 325
 Thoſe precious moments God alone beſtows ;
 No mortal haſtens, and no being knows.
 But Oh how ſlowly comes that period on
 When God ſhall love, and own thee for his ſon !
 Too

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

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

On

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

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

Their

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

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

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

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

† *That monarch.*] Louis XIV.

Though

THE HENRIADE 165

Though less belov'd, more dreaded in her eyes, 390
 Like thee he claims fair glory's richest prize.
 Firm in all danger, in success too warm
 When fortune smiles, and conquest meets his arm.
 Himself shall crush, superior to intrigue,
 Full twenty nations join'd in pow'rful league. 395
 Praise shall attend him to his latest breath,
 Great in his life, but greater in his death.
 Thrice happy age! when nature's lavish hand
 With all her graces shall adorn the land.
 Thrice happy age! when ev'ry art refin'd 400
 Spreads her fair polish o'er the ruder mind.
 The muse for ever our retreats shall love
 More than the shades of Aganippe's grove.
 From sculptur'd stone the seeming accent flows;
 With animated tints the canvass glows. 405
 What sons of science in that period rise,
 Measure the universe, and read the skies!
 The purer ray of philosophic light
 Reveals all nature, and dispells the night.
 Presumptuous error from their view retreats; 410
 Truth crowns their labours, and their joy compleats.
 Thy accents too sweet music, strike mine ear,
 Music, descended from the heav'nly sphere.

'Tis

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

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

Assemblage

THE HENRIADE.

167

Assemblage rare! in * Catinat are seen

430

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

Known by his compass † Vauban from the tow'r

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

England shall tell of † Luxembourg's renown,

In war invincible, at court unknown.

435

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

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

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

Onward

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

440

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

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

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

Sec

See how unmov'd——Oh heav'ns ! what sudden shade
Conceals the beauties which his form display'd ! 445
Death flutters round ; health, beauty, all is gone :
He falls just ready to ascend the throne.

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

Oh gracious God ! shall fate but shew mankind 450

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

What could a soul so gen'rous not obtain !

What joys would France experience from his reign !

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

a no Fair peace, and plenty had enrich'd the land. 455

Each day some new beneficence had brought :

Oh how shall Gallia weep ! alarming thought !

When one dark, silent sepulchre contains

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

ge'd Fall'n is the tree, and from it's ruins springs 460

was An infant successor to Gallia's kings.

when A tender shoot, from whose increasing shade

ated France may derive some salutary aid.

de Conduct him, Fleury, to the throne of truth ;

emy Wait on his years, and cultivate his youth. 465

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

ards Teach him that Louis is no more than man.

See I Inspire

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

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

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

The world shall move as Orleans shall guide ; 490
 And ev'ry science flourish at his side.
 Empire, my son, himself shall never reach ;
 'Tis his the art of government to teach.

Now burst the light'ning from the op'ning skies,
 And Gallia's standard wav'd before their eyes. 495
 Iberia's troops, array'd in arms compleat,
 The German eagle crush'd beneath their feet.
 When thus the faint—no more remains the trace
 Of Charles the fifth, his glory, or his race.

Each earthly being has it's final hour ; 500
 Eternal wisdom let us all adore.

From thence all human revolutions spring :
 E'en Spain from Bourbon shall request a king.
 Illustrious Philip shall receive the crown ;
 And sit as monarch on Iberia's throne. 505

Surprize was soon succeeded by delight,
 And Henry's soul enraptur'd at the sight.
 Repress thy transports, cried the faint, and dread
 This great event, this present to Madrid.

Say, who can fathom heav'n's conceal'd intent, 510
 Dangers may come, and Paris may repent.

Oh Philip ! Oh my sons ! shall France, and Spain
 Thus meet, and never be disjoin'd again !

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

Thus Louis spoke — when lo! the scene withdrew,
Each object vanish'd from our hero's view.
The sacred portals clos'd before his eyes,
And sudden darkness overspread the skies.
Far in the east Aurora moving on 520
Unlock'd the golden chambers of the sun.
Night's sable robe o'er other climes was spread,
Each dream retir'd, and ev'ry flitting shade.
The prince arose, with heav'nly ardor fir'd,
Unusual vigor all his soul inspir'd. 525
Fear, and respect, great Bourbon, now were thine:
Full on thy brow sat majesty divine.
Thus when before the tribes great Moses stood,
Return'd at length from Sinai, and from God,
His eyeballs flash'd intolerable light; 530
Each prostrate Hebrew shudder'd at the sight.