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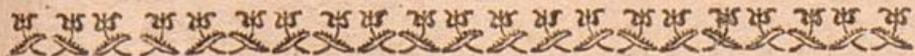
**The Henriade**

**Voltaire**

**London, 1762**

The Henriade. Canto the Ninth.

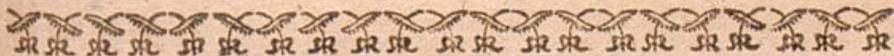
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THE

HENRIADE.

CANTO the NINTH.



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THE FIRST  
PART  
OF  
THE  
HISTORICAL  
RELATIONS  
OF THE  
EMPEROR  
AND  
EMPERESS  
MARGARET  
AUSTRIAN  
QUEEN OF HUNGARY  
AND BOHEMIA  
BY  
JOHN HAYWARD  
ESQ;  
OF  
THE  
MIDDLE TEMPLE  
IN  
LONDON.  
1704.

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THE ARGUMENT.

*Description of the temple of love. Discord implores his power to enervate the courage of Henry IV. The hero is detained some time by Madame d'Estrée, 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.

Description of the temple of Isaac. The temple of Isaac is  
found to contain the remains of Henry IV. The plan  
is detailed from time by Richard d'Elinc. It will  
contain under the name of the first Gothic. The  
any allegorical name of the subject, and the way  
return to the way.

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THE  
HENRIADE.

CANTO the NINTH.

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

---

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

\* Europe, and Asia,

Here,

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

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

With hand of soft indulgence she displays

15

Celestial quiet, and serenest days.

Here ev'ry lawn in plenty's robe is dress'd,

With ev'ry sweet but innocency bless'd.

From side to side the streams of music roll,

Whose soothing softness fascinates the soul.

20

In plaintive sonnets burns the lover's flame

Who boasts his weakness, and exults in shame.

Each day, encircled with the fragrant store,

The little godhead's smiles their pray'rs implore;

Eager they press to learn the pois'nous art

25

At once to pleasure, and entrance the heart.

Delusive hope, whose charms serenely shine,

Conducts the train to love's enchanting shrine.

The beauteous graces half-unveil'd advance,

Indulge the song, and join the decent dance.

30

Voluptuous pleasure on the velvet plain

In calm tranquillity attends the strain.

Lo! by her side the heart-enchaining sighs,

Fix'd silence strongly speaking to the eyes;

The

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

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

Conscious imprudence, murmurs, fears, and hate  
With darkness blast the splendors of the state.

Stern jealousy, whose fault'ring step obeys 45

Each fell suspicion that her blifs betrays ;  
Ungovern'd rage, with sharpest venom stor'd,  
Rears in the van his unrelenting sword.

These malice joins, who with perfidious face  
Smiles at the triumphs of the savage race. 50

Pensive repentance, shudd'ring in the rear,  
Heaves the deep groan, and show'rs the plenteous tear.

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

His

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

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

Fix'd

Fix'd to the standards, waving in the wind,  
She sooths in Discord's spite the rebel mind. 80

One vict'ry gain'd, my throne, my empire falls;  
Lo! Henry show'rs his rage on Paris' walls.

He flies to fight, to conquer, and forgive;  
Fast bound in brazen chains must Discord live.

'Tis thine to check the torrent of his course, 85  
And drop soft poison on his valour's source.

Yes, bend the victim to thy conqu'ring dart,  
And quell each virtue of his stubborn heart.

Of old (and well thou know'st,) thy sov'reign care  
Bow'd great Alcides to th' imperial fair. 90

By thee proud Anthony's enervate mind  
For Cleopatra's form each thought resign'd;

In flight inglorious o'er the ocean hurl'd  
For her he quits the empire of the world.

Henry alone resists thy dread command, 95  
Go, blast the laurels in his daring hand.

His brows entwine with myrtle's am'rous charms,  
And sink the slumbring warrior in thy arms.

Fly to support; he shakes my tott'ring throne:  
Go, shield an empire, and a cause thine own. 100

The monster spoke: the trembling roof around  
Returns the horrors of the dreadful sound.

Stretch'd

Stretch'd on his flow'ry couch, the lift'ning god  
With artful smiles consented at her nod.

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

Along the bright dominion of the skies.

With pleasures, sports, and graces in his train

The zephyrs bear him to the Gallic plain.

Straight he discovers with malicious joy  
The feeble Simois, and the fields of Troy; 110

And laughs, reflecting in those 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 115

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

Sicilia's plain his rapid flight retards,

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

Where fame reports through secret paths he led

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

Now quitting Arethusa's lovely shore

Swift to Vaclusia's feats his course he bore;

Afylum soft: in life's serener days

Where lovesick Petrarch sigh'd his pensive lays.

From

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

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

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

---

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

Bright

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

O'er the dark plains through miry, dubious ways  
Alone, and comfortless the monarch strays: 150

When watchful love displays the torch's light,  
Whose twinkling radiance strikes upon his sight.

The hostile star, with fatal joy betray'd,  
He swiftly follows through the dreary shade.

Such fatal joy deluded wand'ers shew, 155  
Led by the vapour's transitory glow;

The guide malignant through the midnight gloom  
Quits not the wretch, but leads him to his doom.

Once in the horrors of this lone retreat  
Roam'd a fair virgin's solitary feet. 160

Silent, the centre of the fort within,  
She waits her father from the battle's din;

Loyal in council, vet'ran in the plain,  
Who shone the foremost of his sov'reign's train;

\*D'Estrée her name, and nature's guardian care 165  
Had showr'd her treasures to adorn the fair.

---

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

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

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

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

A

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

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

Soft

Soft through the shade a soothing Lethe rolls,  
 Where nappy lovers with inebriate souls  
 Quaff long oblivion to departed fame ; 215  
 So unresisted love's all conqu'ring flaine !

How chang'd the scene ! here ev'ry bosom glows ;  
 Pour'd from each sweet th'entrancing venom flows.  
 Love sounds throughout : around, the feather'd choir  
 Indulge the song and burn with mutual fire. 220

The hind arising e're the dawn of day  
 To Ceres' golden treasures bends his way ;  
 Now stops aghast : now heaves the plaintive sighs,  
 And feels the new born passion with surprize.  
 No more his soul the toils of harvest move ; 225

He dwells delighted on the scenes of love :  
 Whilst heedless of her flock the maiden stands,  
 And drops the spindle from her fault'ring hands.  
 Could fair D'Estree resist the magic charm ?  
 What pow'r can guard 'gainst love's prevailing arm. 230

Superior foes her virgin-bosom load ;  
 At once her youth, an hero, and a god.  
 Meanwhile the king with dauntless soul prepares  
 In thought to mingle with the battle's cares.

Some subtle dæmon plies his secret art, 235  
 And free-born virtue fighting quits the heart.

To

To softer scenes his am'rous soul betray'd  
 Sees, hears, and loves alone the heav'nly maid:  
 But now the chieftains of th'embattled band  
 With ardent vows their absent king demand; 240  
 They shudder'd for his life, but little knew  
 Their fears were only to his glory due:  
 Immers'd in grief the soldier's conqu'ring pride  
 Sinks to despair, no Henry for their guide.  
 Thy guardian pow'r, O France, no longer stays 245  
 To grant continuance of the soft delays:  
 At Louis' nod descending from the skies  
 Swift to the succour of his son he flies.

Alighting now o'er earth's extended round  
 He seeks a mind for wisdom's stores renown'd, 250  
 Not where pale, hungry, speechless students claim  
 Fix'd in a midnight gloom her sacred name,  
 But in fair Ivry, midst the din of arms,  
 Where the flush'd warriors glow with conquest's  
 charms.

At length the genius stays his ardent flight, 255  
 Where Calvin's floating banners spread to fight.  
 There Mornay he address'd; when reason leads,  
 Her solid influence consecrates our deeds.  
 As o'er the heathen world she pour'd her ray,  
 Whose virtues christians blushing might survey, 260

Reason

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

Severe, but friendly Mornay knew the art  
 At once to mend, and captivate the heart.  
 His deeds more rev'rence than his doctrines move, 265  
 Each virtue met his fond, parental love.  
 Full steel'd to pleasure, covetous of toils  
 He look'd on dangers with undaunted smiles.

No pois'nous frauds of palaces controul  
 His nobly-stubborn purity of soul. 270

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

The gen'rous Mornay by the goddess led 275

Haste to the seats, where rapt'rous pleasure shed  
 Her soothing opiate on the victor's breast,  
 And lull'd awhile the fates of France to rest.

Triumphant love each lavish charm employs  
 To blast his glory with redoubled joys: 280

A waste of transports fill the round of day,  
 Transports which fly too swifly to decay.

To vengeance fir'd the little god descry'd  
 Mornay with heav'n-born wisdom for his guide.

L Full

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

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

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

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

Whilst

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

Each rebel passion feels thy conqu'ring reins,

O great protector of thy country's plains.

Love adds fresh lustre to the blaze of fame,

For triumphs there superior greatness can

He said; the monarch hastens to depart,

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

Still, as he flies, he cannot but adore,

His tears he censures, yet he weeps the more.

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

He flies, returns, and quits her in despair.

D'Estree unable to sustain the strife 345

Falls prostrate 'rest of colour, as of life.

A sudden night invades her beauteous eyes;

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

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

Should rob his empire of the lovely maid:

Should spoil the lustre of so fair a frame, 350

Destin'd through France to spread the genial flame.

Wrapt in his arms, again her eyelids move,

And gently open to the voice of love.

The king she names, the king demands in vain,

Now looks, now closes her bright eyes again. 355

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

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

With

THE HENRIADE. 221

And datt'ring hopes her solaced soul betray'd,  
And rooth'd those evils which himself had made.

Mornay of steady, and relentless mind, 360  
Led on the monarch still but half resign'd.

Firm force, and godlike virtue point the way,  
Whilst glory's hands the laurel wreath display ;  
And love indignant at the victor's fame,  
Flies far from Anet to conceal his shame. 365

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