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The Henriade

Voltaire

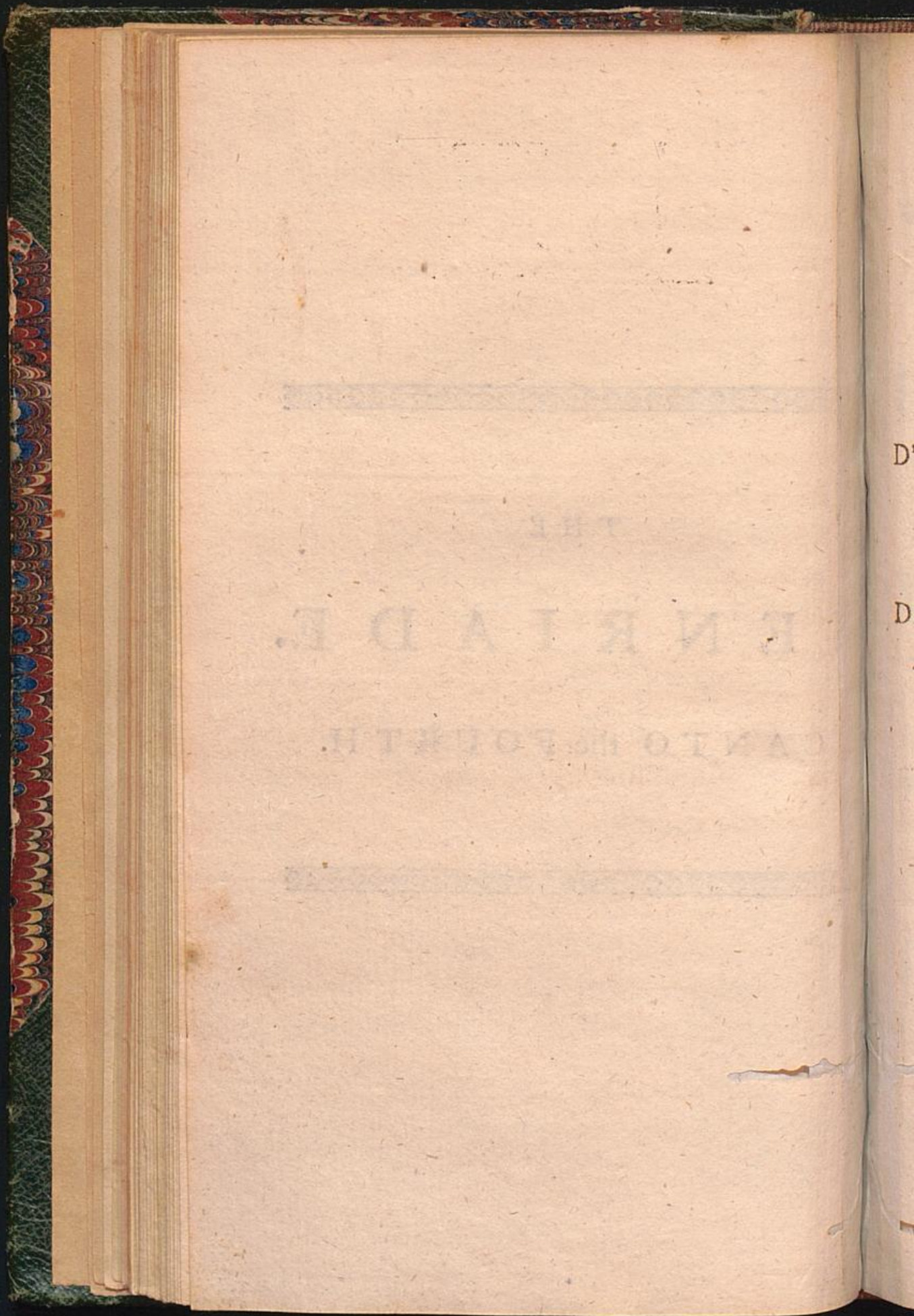
London, 1762

The Henriade. Canto the Fourth.

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THE
HENRIADE.

CANTO the FOURTH.



Faint, mirrored text visible through the paper, likely bleed-through from the reverse side. The text is arranged in several lines and appears to be a title or heading, possibly including the name "F. R. I. A. D. E." and "CANTO M. F. O. R. T. H.".

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.

E

THE ARGUMENT.

It is the duty of every man to be just, and to love his neighbor as himself. This is the great principle of morality, and the foundation of all civil society. It is the duty of every man to be just, and to love his neighbor as himself. This is the great principle of morality, and the foundation of all civil society. It is the duty of every man to be just, and to love his neighbor as himself. This is the great principle of morality, and the foundation of all civil society.

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

C A N T O the F O U R T H.

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

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

E 2

And

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

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

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

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

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

Whose

THE HENRIADE. 77

Whose puissant arms the boldest might appall,
The first in feats of glory was D'Aumale. 30
Sprung from the far—fam'd heroes of 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, 35
By day, by night he urged the various war,
Assail'd th'unguarded foe on ev'ry side,
And with their blood the dusty champion dyed.
So from proud Athos or Imau's heighth,
Where earth, sea, air lie stretch'd before the sight, 40
With headlong speed the rapid eagle flies,
And vulturs dart along the gloomy skies;
With hungry beaks the feather'd spoil they rend,
Resistless on the bleating flocks descend,
And soaring to their airy cliffs convey 45
With screams of cruel joy, the living prey.

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

Line 20. The chevalier d'Aumale, brother of the duke d'Aumale, of the house of Lorrain, a young man of an impetuous spirit with many shining qualities; he headed all the sallies during the siege of Paris, and inspired the inhabitants with his own courage and confidence.

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

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

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

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

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

Th' am-

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

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

E 4

But

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

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

victorious

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

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

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

She spoke, and rapid as the light'nings flight,
 Glanced through the clouds, and vanish'd from his
 fight. 155

Around the French she saw confusion low'r,
 And hail'd the fight, and bless'd the welcome hour ;
 The teeming earth grew barren as she pass'd,
 And the bright blossoms wither'd at the blast ;
 Flat in the furrow lies the blighted ear, 160
 Pale and half quench'd the sick'ning stars appear ;
 Beneath

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

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

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

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

There

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

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

'Till Rome, oppress'd beneath their hateful reign,
Sigh'd for her idol gods and pagan rites again. 205

A wiser race more modern times beheld,
Who crimes like these or wrought not, or conceal'd:
Then kings appeal'd to Rome's decisive pow'r,
And chose their umpire, whom they fear'd before;
Humility once more and meekness shone 210

Renew'd, beneath the proud pontific crown.
But pious fraud and priestcraft in these days,
Are Rome's chief virtue, and her worthiest praise.

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

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

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

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

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

Ev'n

Ev'n life and death confests'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, 250
 And breaks my philtres, and dispell's my charms;
 Truth's borrow'd guise in vain did I display,
 She first discern'd, and tore the mask away.
 But oh! what joy could I delude her now,
 At least avenge my suff'rings on my foe. 155
 Come then! my light'nings with thy torch restore,
 And France shall feel us, and the world once more;
 Our bonds again, earth's haughty lords shall wear,
 Again—she spoke, and pierced the yielding air.

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

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

Remote

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

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

* Policy, and Discord.

Then

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

Deep in the Sorbonne, in august debate,
The sage expounders of heav'n's dictates fate.
Their faith unshaken, loyalty unfeign'd,
The judges and th'examples of the land;
Sway'd by no error, by no fear controul'd, 290
Each bore an upright heart, was masculine and bold.

Alas! what human virtue never errs——
Behold the tempter! policy appears;
Smooth was the melting flatt'ry of her tongue,
And on her artful lips persuasion hung. 295

The dazzling mitre and the sweeping train,
With ease allure th'ambitious and the vain;
With secret bribes the miser's voice she buys,
With decent praise, the learned and the wise;
From each his virtue by some art she stole, 300
And shook with sounding threats the coward's soul.

Their counsels now with riot they disgrace,
Truth heard the din alarm'd, and fled the place.
When thus a sage the gen'ral voice express'd,
"Kings are the creatures of the church confess'd; 305

"Chastized or pardon'd as her laws decree,
"That church, and guardians of those laws, are we;

"Annul'd

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

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

Scarce was the curst decree pronounc’d aloud, 310 }
 When ruthless Discord copied it in blood, }
 And sign’d and sworn the fatal record stood. }

Then swift from church to church, with eager speed
 The fiend divulges their advent’rous deed ;
 Where’er she came her faintly garb bespoke 315
 Esteem, and sage and holy was her look.
 Forth from their gloomy cells, she calls amain
 The meagre slaves of voluntary pain ;
 Behold in me religion’s self, she cries,
 Assert my rights, and let your zeal arise, 320
 ’Tis I approach you, ’tis my voice you hear,
 For proof, mark well the flaming sword I bear,
 Of temper’d light’ning is that edge divine,
 And God’s own hand intrusted it to mine.

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

Emerge,

THE HENRIADE. 91

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

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

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

And

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

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

The

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

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

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

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

The

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

He

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

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

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

† The Bastile.

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

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

Line 449. On Friday November 15, 1591. Barnaby Brisson, a person of great knowledge, who executed the office of chief præident 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 HISTORY OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD
FROM THE FOUNDATION OF THE
SCHOOL OF GREAT BRITAIN
TO THE PRESENT TIME
BY JOHN HENRY HALLAM
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