

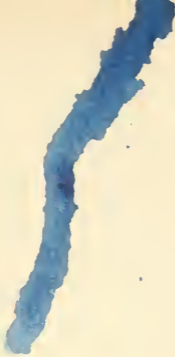
3 1761 04385 0882

CHILLER'S MAID OF ORLEANS



PT.
2473
T7S9







Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2008 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

SCHILLER'S

MAID OF ORLEANS

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY
EDWARD BROOKS, JR.

292956
—
11
9. 33

PHILADELPHIA:
DAVID McKAY, PUBLISHER,
601-8 SOUTH WASHINGTON SQUARE.

COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY DAVID MCKAY

PT
3473
5729

INTRODUCTION.

SCHILLER'S drama, "The Maid of Orleans," is one of the poet's later writings, it having been written in the early part of the nineteenth century, only a few years before the author's death. The play is founded upon the French legend of Joan of Arc. The heroine Joan or, as she is more properly called, Jeanne, was, according to historians, one of three daughters of Jacques and Isabella Darc, who belonged to the feudal class known as serfs. Her father was a laborer who possessed little else but a cabin, a small garden and some cattle in the province of Domremi on the borders of Lorraine. Here little Jeanne first saw the light in 1410. She received scarcely any education, but was given some religious instruction by her mother, who appears to have been a woman somewhat superior to her associates, she having made a pilgrimage to Rome and having received the surname Romée in consequence. Jeanne used to ride her father's horses to water and thus attained unusual proficiency as an equestrian, which stood her in good stead in her later life. During her early girlhood France was convulsed with civil war, and partly on this account the English had been able to overrun and conquer the entire northern part of it as far south as the river Loire. While

tending her father's sheep there appeared to the young girl visions of various saints who inspired her with the idea that she had been born with a destiny, viz., to free France from its enemies. There was at that time a superstition prevalent to the effect that the calamities which should fall upon France through the depravity of a woman should be removed through the instrumentality of a chaste virgin. Much of the misfortune which had befallen the country was due to the conduct of Isabella, the mother of Charles VII., who had disinherited her son in favor of Henry V. of England, the husband of her daughter Catherine. It is easy to understand, therefore, how the young girl became possessed with the idea that the delivery of France was her mission. Upon revealing her ambitions to her father he commanded her not to leave home. She then applied to her uncle, who was so much impressed with her earnestness that he made known her wish to a French captain who was stationed near, whose only remark was, "Box her ears and send her home." Finally, through the assistance of a rich and powerful duke who lived near by she was enabled to present herself at the court of Charles VII. The dauphin's council deliberated two days before she was granted an audience. In order to test the truth of her assertions that she received her inspiration from divine sources, the dauphin laid aside his royal clothes and mingled with his courtiers some of whom were much more richly dressed. Jeune, however, was not deceived but went straight to the dauphin and addressing him said, "I am the chaste

virgin who is sent to you by God to deliver you from your enemies." Though greatly impressed by her bearing, Charles was not at once convinced of her mission and caused her to be examined by his council and by learned doctors of divinity. This examination consumed a whole month, at the end of which time she was given a command in the army. Attired in white armor and bearing a standard covered with fleur-de-lis she presented herself to the French army then defending the city of Orleans against the English. After a series of bloody and desperate conflicts, in which the young girl bore herself with remarkable bravery and fortitude, the English were forced to abandon the siege and withdraw their troops from Orleans. This success was shortly followed by the great victory of Patay in which the English general Talbot was taken prisoner and the enemy driven beyond the Loire. Four months after his first interview with Jeanne Charles was crowned in the cathedral at Rheims. Jeanne, feeling that her mission had been accomplished, was desirous of returning to her home, but yielding to the persuasions of Dunois she resolved never to discontinue the struggle so long as there was an enemy upon the soil of France. She fought on until the following spring when, in a hotly contested action before Compiègne, she was surrounded by the enemy, thrown from her horse, and taken prisoner. Upon a charge being brought against her by the Inquisition she was thrown into a dungeon to await a trial for witchcraft. This trial and the execution which followed is one of the foulest blots

upon history's pages, and is attributable not alone to the English authorities, but in all probability in as great a degree to the Ecclesiastical party in France at whose head was the bishop of Beauvais, who took this method of revenging himself upon Charles VII. with whom he had a quarrel. Arraigned before her accusers, Jeanne was convicted and condemned to die at the stake unless she abjured her errors. In this terrible strait the woman prevailed over the heroine, and she signed the abjuration and received pardon. She was still, however, the prisoner of the English, and having been prevailed upon by those who had her in charge to resume her male clothes, she was judged to have relapsed into her evil ways, and sentenced to death. She was burned at the stake in the streets of Rouen on the thirtieth of May, 1431.

Such is the romantic story of Jeanne D'Arc, which Schiller has made the basis of his historical drama, "The Maid of Orleans." In order to add dramatic interest and for the purpose of making the play suitable for production upon the stage, the author has not adhered very closely to the legend. Jeanne's father, who is called Thibaut, in the drama is represented as being a man of some social standing as the aristocratic name "D'Arc" would indicate. That he was also a man of some property must be inferred from his giving each of his daughters a dowry consisting of "a yard, a stall and herd and also thirty acres."

Jeanne's introduction to the court of Charles is somewhat different. Having obtained a helm from

a Bohemian woman, which the young maid thinks has been sent her by the heavenly Spirit, she suddenly presents herself to the French army assembled in the valley of the Yonne, and, snatching the banner from the hand of the standard-bearer, leads her countrymen on to a miraculous victory over the foe. She then of her own accord presents herself to the dauphin Charles, and having distinguished him from Dunois, who by pre-arrangement is seated upon the throne, convinces Charles of her divine inspiration by disclosing to him the subject of three prayers which he has recently offered to God.

The duel scene between Jeanne and Montgomery is probably the product of the author's imagination, and is unquestionably introduced to add dramatic interest. The same might be equally said of the scenes in which the Duke of Burgundy is reconciled to the court of Charles. The scenes in which the maid indicates a love for Lionel, the English officer, are criticised by some as not being in accord with the essential qualities of her character : but they seem to me to be pretty touches suggestive of the woman's heart encased in the body which could overcome Montgomery and Lionel in hand-to-hand conflict, and controlled by a purity of purpose born of a belief in divine inspiration.

By a curious transposition of ideas, possibly suggested by the part which the French themselves played in the Maid's trial for heresy, Schiller makes Jeanne suspected of witchcraft by her own family, the king and those to whom she had rendered such valuable services. A pretty touch is given to this

incident in the portrayal of the faithful love of Raymond who, when all have turned against her, still remains staunch and true although he, too, shares the common belief.

The scene of her death as represented by Schiller differs greatly from the historical legend. Having been taken prisoner by the English, she is confined in a watch-tower in their camp. A great battle between the French and Burgundians on the one side and the English on the other is in progress. Success now perches upon the banners of the one, and now upon the other. Jeanne is in chains, watched over by the depraved queen Isabella. Suddenly there is a report that the English general is taken. Isabella is about to kill Jeanne with a dagger when the tide of success changes and the French are in retreat. Jeanne, perceiving this, rises up, and breaking the chains with which she is bound, seizes a sword from a nearby soldier, and rushing into the thickest of the fray rallies the French about her and snatches a victory from the jaws of defeat. In doing this, however, Jeanne receives a mortal wound and expires at the feet of the king whose cause she has so valiantly aided.

The translation which follows is from the pen of Miss Anna Swanwick, whose name is well known as a translator of Goëthe's *Faust*. Much of the beauty and grace of diction is naturally lost in the transfer from the original to another tongue, but much that is excellent will be found to be preserved in the following pages.

THE MAID OF ORLEANS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

CHARLES THE SEVENTH, <i>King of France.</i>	MONTGOMERY, <i>a Welshman.</i>
QUEEN ISABEL, <i>his Mother.</i>	COUNCILLORS OF ORLEANS.
AGNES SOREL.	AN ENGLISH HERALD.
PHILIP THE GOOD, <i>Duke of Burgundy.</i>	THIBAUT D'ARC, <i>a wealthy countryman.</i>
EARL DUNOIS, <i>Bastard of Orleans.</i>	MARGOT, LOUISON, JOHANNA, <i>his daughters.</i>
LA HIRE, DUCHATEL <i>French Officers.</i>	ETIENNE, CLAUDE MARIE, RAIMOND, <i>their Suitors.</i>
ARCHBISHOP OF RHEIMS.	BERTRAND, <i>another Countryman.</i>
CHATILLON, <i>a Burgundian Knight.</i>	<i>Apparition of a black Knight.</i>
RAOUL, <i>a Lotharingian Knight.</i>	CHARCOAL BURNER AND HIS WIFE.
TALBOT, <i>the English General.</i>	<i>Soldiers and People. Officers of the Crown. Bishops, Monks.</i>
LIONEL, FASTOLFE, <i>English Officers.</i>	<i>Marshals, Magistrates, Courtiers, and other mute persons in the Coronation Procession.</i>

PROLOGUE.

A rural District. To the right, a Chapel with an Image of the Virgin; to the left, an ancient Oak.

SCENE I.

THIBAUT D'ARC. *His three Daughters. Three young Shepherds, their Suitors.*

THIB. Ay, my good neighbors! we at least to-day
Are Frenchmen still, free citizens and lords
Of the old soil, which our forefathers till'd.
Who knows whom we to-morrow must obey?
For England her triumphal banner waves
From every wall: the blooming fields of Franco

Are trampled down beneath her chargers' hoofs ;
 Paris hath yielded to her conquering arms,
 And with the ancient crown of Dagobert
 Adorns the scion of a foreign race.

Our king's descendant, disinherited,
 Must steal in secret through his own domain ;
 While his first peer and nearest relative
 Contends against him in the hostile ranks ;
 Ay, his unnatural mother leads them on.
 Around us towns and peaceful hamlets burn.
 Near and more near the devastating fire
 Rolls toward these vales, which yet repose in
 peace

—Therefore, good neighbors, I have now re-
 solved.

While God still grants us safety, to provide
 For my three daughters ; for 'midst war's alarms
 Women require protection, and true love
 Hath power to render lighter every load.

[*To the first Shepherd.*

Come, Etienne ! You seek my Margot's hand.
 Fields lying side by side and loving hearts
 Promise a happy union !

[*To the second.*

Claude ! You're silent,

And my Louison looks upon the ground ?
 How, shall I separate two loving hearts
 Because you have no wealth to offer me ?
 Who now has wealth ? Our barns and homes
 afford

Spoil to the foe, and fuel to their fires.
 In times like these, a husband's faithful breast
 Affords the only shelter from the storm.

LOUIS. My father !

CLAUDE MARIE. My Louison !

LOUISON (*embracing JOHANNA*). My dear sister !

THIB. I give to each a yard, a stall and herd,
And also thirty acres ; and as God
Gave me his blessing, so I give you mine !

MARGOT (*embracing JOHANNA*).

Gladden our father—follow our example !
Let this day see three unions ratified !

THIB. Now go ; make all things ready ; for the morn
Shall see the wedding. Let our village friends
Be all assembled for the festival.

[The two couples retire arm-in-arm.]

SCENE II.

THIBAUT, RAIMOND, JOHANNA.

THIB. Thy sisters, Joan, will soon be happy brides ;
I see them gladly, they rejoice my age ;
But thou, my youngest, giv'st me grief and pain.

RAIM. What is the matter ? Why upbraid thy child ?

THIB. Here is this noble youth, the flower and pride
Of all our village ; he hath fix'd on thee
His fond affections, and for three long years
Has woo'd thee with respectful tenderness ;
But thou dost thrust him back, with cold reserve,
Nor is there one 'mong all our shepherd youths
Who e'er can win a gracious smile from thee.
—I see thee blooming in thy youthful prime ;
Thy spring it is, the joyous time of hope ;
Thy person, like a tender flower, hath now
Disclos'd its beauty, but I vainly wait
For love's sweet blossom genially to blow,
And ripen joyously to golden fruit !

Oh that must ever grieve me, and betrays
Some sad deficiency in nature's work!

The heart I like not, which, severe and cold,
Expands not in the genial years of youth.

- RAIM. Forbear, good father! Cease to urge her thus!
A noble tender fruit of heavenly growth
Is my Johanna's love, and time alone
Bringeth the costly to maturity!
Still she delights to range among the hills,
And fears descending from the wild free heath,
To tarry 'neath the lowly roofs of men,
Where dwell the narrow cares of humble life—
From the deep vale, with silent wonder, oft
I mark her, when, upon a lofty hill
Surrounded by her flock, erect she stands,
With noble port, and bends her earnest gaze
Down on the small domains of earth. To me
She looketh then, as if from other times
She came, foreboding things of import high.
- THIB. 'Tis that precisely which displeases me!
She shuns her sisters' gay companionship;
Seeks out the desert mountains, leaves her couch
Before the crowing of the morning cock,
And in the dreaded hour, when men are wont
Confidingly to seek their fellow-men,
She, like the solitary bird, creeps forth,
And in the fearful spirit-realm of night,
To yon crossway repairs, and there alone
Holds secret commune with the mountain wind,
Wherefore this place precisely doth she choose?
Why hither always doth she drive her flock?
For hours together I have seen her sit
In dreamy musing 'neath the Druid tree,

Which every happy creature shuns with awe.
 For 'tis not holy there ; an evil spirit
 Hath since the fearful pagan days of old
 Beneath its branches fix'd his dread abode.
 The oldest of our villagers relate
 Strange tales of horror of the Druid tree ;
 Mysterious voices of unearthly sound
 From its unhallow'd shade oft meet the ear.
 Myself, when in the gloomy twilight hour
 My path once chanc'd to lead me near this tree,
 Beheld a spectral figure sitting there,
 Which slowly from its long and ample robe
 Stretch'd forth its wither'd hand, and beckon'd
 me,

But on I went with speed, nor look'd behind,
 And to the care of God consign'd my soul.

RAYMOND (*pointing to the image of the Virgin.*)

Yon holy image of the Virgin blest,
 Whose presence heavenly peace diffuseth round,
 Not Satan's work, leadeth thy daughter here.

THIB.

Not ! not in vain hath it in fearful dreams
 And apparitions strange reveal'd itself.
 For three successive nights I have beheld
 Johanna sitting on the throne at Rheims,
 A sparkling diadem of seven stars
 Upon her brow, the sceptre in her hand,
 From which three lilies sprung, and I, her sire,
 With her two sisters, and the noble peers,
 The earls, archbishops, and the King himself,
 Bow'd down before her. In my humble home,
 How could this splendor enter my poor brain ?
 Oh, 'tis the prelude to some fearful fall !
 This warning dream, in pictur'd show, reveals

The vain and sinful longing of her heart.
 She looks with shame upon her lowly birth.
 Because with richer beauty God hath grac'd
 Her form, and dower'd her with wondrous gifts
 Above the other maidens of this vale,
 She in her heart indulges sinful pride,
 And pride it is, through which the angels fell,
 By which the fiend of Hell seduces man.

RAIM. Who cherishes a purer, humbler mind
 Than doth thy pious daughter? Does she not
 With cheerful spirit work her sisters' will?
 She is more highly gifted far than they,
 Yet, like a servant maiden, it is she
 Who silently performs the humblest tasks.
 Beneath her guiding hands prosperity
 Attendeth still thy harvest and thy flocks;
 And around all she does there ceaseless flows
 A blessing, rare and unaccountable.

THIB. Ay, truly! Unaccountable indeed!
 Sad horror at this blessing seizes me!
 —But now no more; henceforth I will be silent.
 Shall I accuse my own beloved child?
 I can do nought but warn and pray for her,
 Yet warn I must.—O shun the Druid tree!
 Stay not alone, and in the midnight hour
 Break not the ground for roots, no drinks
 prepare,
 No characters inscribe upon the sand!
 'Tis easy to unlock the realm of spirits;
 Listening each sound, beneath a film of earth
 They lie in wait, ready to rush aloft.
 Stay not alone, for in the wilderness
 The prince of darkness tempted e'en our Lord.

SCENE III.

THIBAUT, RAIMOND, JOHANNA.

BERTRAND *enters, a helmet in his hand.*

RAIM. Hush! here is Bertrand coming back from town,
What bears he in his hand?

BERTRAND. You look at me
With wondering gaze; no doubt you are
surprised
To see this martial helm!

THIBAUT. We are indeed!
Come, tell us how you came by it? Why bring
This fearful omen to our peaceful vale?

[JOHANNA, *who has remained indifferent during
the two previous scenes, becomes attentive,
and steps nearer.*

BERT. I scarce can tell you how I came by it.
I had procur'd some tools at Vaucouleurs;
A crowd was gather'd in the market-place,
For fugitives were just arriv'd in haste
From Orleans, bringing most disastrous news.
In tumult all the town together flock'd,
And as I forc'd a passage through the crowds,
A brown Bohemian woman, with this helm,
Approach'd me, eyed me narrowly, and said:
"Fellow, you seek a helm; I know it well.
Take this one! For a trifle it is yours."
"Go with it to the soldiers," I replied,
"I am a husbandman, and want no helm."
She would not cease, however, and went on:
"None knoweth if he may not want a helm.

A roof of metal for the head just now
Is of more value than a house of stone."
Thus she pursued me closely through the
streets,

Still offering the helm, which I refused,
I mark'd it well, and saw that it was bright,
And fair and worthy of a knightly head;
And when in doubt I weigh'd it in my hand,
The strangeness of the incident revolving,
The woman disappear'd, for suddenly
The rushing crowd had carried her away,
And I was left, the helmet in my hand.

JOHANNA (*attempting eagerly to seize it*).

Give me the helmet!

BERTRAND.

Why, what boots it you?

It is not suited to a maiden's head.

JOHANNA (*seizing it from him*).

Mine is the helmet—it belongs to me!

THIB. What whim is this?

RAIMOND.

Nay, let her have her way!

This warlike ornament becomes her well,
For in her bosom beats a manly heart.
Remember how she once subdued the wolf,
The savage monster which destroyed our
herds,

And fill'd the neighb'ring shepherds with
dismay.

She all alone—the lion-hearted maid—

Fought with the wolf, and from him snatch'd
the lamb,

Which he was bearing in his bloody jaws.

How brave soe'er the head this helm adorn'd,
It cannot grace a worthier one than hers!

THIBAUT (*to BERTRAND*).

Relate what new disasters have occurred.

What tidings brought the fugitives?

BERTRAND.

May God

Have pity on our land, and save the King!

In two great battles we have lost the day;

Our foes are station'd in the heart of France,

Far as the river Loire our lands are theirs—

Now their whole force they have combined, and

lay

Close siege to Orleans.

THIBAUT.

God protect the King!

BERT. Artillery is brought from every side,

And as the dusky squadrons of the bees

Swarm round the hive upon a summer day,

As clouds of locusts from the sultry air

Descend and shroud the country round for

miles,

So doth the cloud of war, o'er Orleans' fields,

Pour forth its many-nationed multitudes,

Whose varied speech, in wild confusion blent,

With strange and hollow murmurs fills the air.

For Burgundy, the mighty potentate,

Conducts his motley host: the Hennegarians,

The men of Liege and of Luxemburg,

The people of Namur, and those who dwell

In fair Brabant; the wealthy men of Ghent,

Who boast their velvets, and their costly silks;

The Zealanders, whose cleanly towns appear

Emerging from the ocean; Hollanders,

Who milk the lowing herds; men from Utrecht,

And even from West Friesland's distant realm,

Who look towards the ice-pole—all combine,

Beneath the banner of the powerful duke,
Together to accomplish Orleans' fall.

THIB. Oh the unblest, the lamentable strife,
Which turns the arms of France against itself!

BERT. E'en she, the Mother-Queen, proud Isabel—
Bavaria's haughty princess—may be seen,
Array'd in armor, riding through the camp;
With poisonous words of irony she fires
The hostile troops to fury 'gainst her son,
Whom she hath clasp'd to her maternal breast.

THIB. A curse upon her, and may God prepare
For her a death like haughty Jezebel's!

BERT. The fearful Sal'sbury conducts the siege,
The town-destroyer; with him Lionel,
The brother of the lion; Talbot, too,
Who, with his murd'rous weapon, moweth
down

The people in the battle: they have sworn,
With ruthless insolence, to doom to shame
The hapless maidens, and to sacrifice
All who the sword have wielded, with the
sword.

Four lofty watch-towers, to o'ertop the town,
They have uprear'd; Earl Sal'sbury from on
high

Casteth abroad his cruel, murd'rous glance,
And marks the rapid wanderers in the streets.
Thousands of cannon balls, of pond'rous weight,
Are hurled into the city. Churches lie
In ruin'd heaps, and Nôtre Dame's royal tower
Begins at length to bow its lofty head.
They also have form'd powder-vaults below,
And thus, above a subterranean hell,

The timid city every hour expects,
'Midst crashing thunder, to break forth in
flames.

[JOHANNA *listens with close attention, and
places the helmet on her head.*

THIB. But where were then our heroes? Where the
swords

Of Saintrailles, and La Hire, and brave Dunois,
Of France the bulwark, that the haughty
foe

With such impetuous force thus onward
rushed?

Where is the King? Can he supinely see
His kingdom's peril, and his cities' fall?

BERT. The King at Chinon holds his court; he lacks
Soldiers to keep the field. Of what avail
The leader's courage, and the hero's arm,
When pallid fear doth paralyze the host?
A sudden panic, as if sent from God,
Unnerves the courage of the bravest men.
In vain the summons of the King resounds
As when the howling of the wolf is heard,
The sheep in terror gather side by side,
So Frenchmen, careless of their ancient fame,
Seek only now the shelter of the towns.
One knight alone, I have been told, has brought
A feeble company, and joins the King
With sixteen banners.

JOHANNA (*quickly*) What's the hero's name?

BERT. 'Tis Baudricour. But much I fear the knight
Will not be able to elude the foe,
Who track him closely with two numerous
hosts.

JOHAN. Where halts the knight? Pray tell me, if you know.

BERT. About a one day's march from Vaucouleurs.

THIBAUT (*to JOHANNA*).

Why, what is that to thee? Thou dost inquire
Concerning matters which become thee not.

BERT. The foe being now so strong, and from the King
No safety to be hoped, at Vaucouleurs
They have with unanimity resolved
To yield them to the Duke of Burgundy.
Thus we avoid a foreign yoke, and still
Continue by our ancient royal line;
Ay, to the ancient crown we may fall back
Should France and Burgundy be reconcil'd.

JOHANNA (*as if inspired*).

Speak not of treaty! Speak not of surrender!
The Saviour comes, he arms him for the fight
The fortunes of the foe before the walls
Of Orleans shall be wreck'd! His hour is come,
He now is ready for the reaper's hand,
And with her sickle will the maid appear,
And mow to earth the harvest of his pride.
She from the heavens will tear his glory down,
Which he had flung aloft, among the stars;
Despair not! Fly not! for ere yonder corn
Assumes its golden hue, or ere the moon
Displays her perfect orb, no English horse
Shall drink the rolling waters of the Loire.

BERT. Alas! no miracle will happen now!

JOHAN. Yes, there shall yet be one—a snow-white dove
Shall fly, and with the eagle's boldness, tear
The birds of prey, which rend her Fatherland.
She shall o'erthrow this haughty Burgundy,

Betrayer of the kingdom ; Talbot, too,
 The hundred-handed, heaven-defying scourge ;
 This Sal'sbury, who violates our fanes,
 And all these island robbers shall she drive
 Before her like a flock of timid lambs.

The Lord will be with her, the God of battle ;
 A weak and trembling creature he will choose,
 And through a tender maid proclaim his power,
 For he is the Almighty !

THIBAUT. What strange power
 Hath seized the maiden ?

RAIMOND. Doubtless 'tis the helm
 Which doth inspire her with such martial
 thoughts.

Look at your daughter. Mark her flashing
 eye,
 Her glowing cheek, which kindles as with fire !

JOHAN. This realm shall fall ! This ancient land of
 fame,

The fairest that, in his majestic course,
 Th' eternal sun surveys—this paradise,
 Which, as the apple of his eye, God loves—
 Endure the fetters of a foreign yoke ?

—Here were the heathen scatter'd, and the
 cross

And holy image first were planted here ;
 Here rest Saint Louis' ashes, and from hence
 The troops went forth, who set Jerusalem free.

BERTRAND (*in astonishment*).

Hark how she speaks ! Why, whence can she
 obtain

This glorious revelation ?—Father Arc !

A wond'rous daughter God hath given you !

- JOHAN. We shall no longer serve a native prince !
 The King, who never dies, shall pass away—
 The guardian of the sacred plough, who fills
 The earth with plenty, who protects our herds,
 Who frees the bondmen from captivity,
 Who gathers all his cities round his throne—
 Who aids the helpless and appals the base,
 Who envies no one, for he reigns supreme ;
 Who is a mortal, yet an angel too,
 Dispensing mercy on the hostile earth.
 For the King's throne, which glitters o'er with
 gold,
 Affords a shelter for the destitute ;—
 Power and compassion meet together there,
 The guilty tremble, but the just draw near,
 And with the guardian lion fearless sport !
 The stranger king, who cometh from afar,
 Whose fathers' sacred ashes do not lie
 Interr'd among us ; can he love our land ?
 Who was not young among our youth, whose
 heart
 Respondeth not to our familiar words,
 Can he be as a father to our sons ?
- THIB. God save the King and France ! We're peaceful
 folk
 Who neither wield the sword, nor rein the
 steed.
 —Let us await the King whom victory crowns ;
 The fate of battle is the voice of God.
 He is our Lord who crowns himself at Rheims,
 And on his head receives the holy oil.
 —Come, now to work ! come ! and let every one
 Think only of the duty of the hour !

Let the earth's great ones for the earth contend,
Untroubled we may view the desolation,
For steadfast stand the acres which we till.
The flames consume our villages, our corn
Is trampled 'neath the tread of warlike steeds ;
With the new spring new harvests re-appear,
And our light huts are quickly rear'd again !
[*They all retire, except the Maiden.*]

SCENE IV.

JOHANNA (*alone*).

Farewell, ye mountains, ye beloved glades,
Ye lone and peaceful valleys, fare ye well !
Through you Johanna never more may stray !
For aye Johanna bids you now farewell.
Ye meads which I have watered, and ye trees
Which I have planted, still in beauty bloom !
Farewell ye grottos, and ye crystal springs !
Sweet echo, vocal spirit of the vale,
Who sang'st responsive to my simple strain,
Johanna goes, and ne'er returns again.

Ye scenes where all my tranquil joys I knew,
Forever now I leave you far behind !
Poor foldless lambs, no shepherd now have
you !
O'er the wide heath stray henceforth uncon-
fin'd !
For I to danger's field, of crimson hue,
Am summon'd hence, another flock to find.
Such is to me the Spirit's high behest ;
No earthly vain ambition fires my breast.

For who in glory did on Horeb's height
Descend to Moses in the bush of flame,
And bade him go and stand in Pharaoh's
sight—

Who once to Israel's pious shepherd came,
And sent him forth, his champion in the
fight,

Who eye hath loved the lowly shepherd train,—
He, from these leafy boughs, thus spake to me,
“Go forth! Thou shalt on earth my witness be,

“Thou in rude armor must thy limbs invest,
A plate of steel upon thy bosom wear;
Vain earthly love may never stir thy breast,
Nor passion's sinful glow be kindled there.
Ne'er with the bride-wreath shall thy locks be
dress'd

Nor on thy bosom bloom an infant fair;
But war's triumphant glory shall be thine;
Thy martial fame all women's shall outshine.

“For when in fight the stoutest hearts despair,
When direful ruin threatens France, forlorn,
Then thou aloft my oriflamme shalt bear,
And swiftly as the reaper mows the corn,
Thou shalt lay low the haughty conqueror;
His fortune's wheel thou rapidly shalt turn,
To Gaul's heroic sons deliv'rance bring,
Relieve beleaguer'd Rheims, and crown thy
king!”

The heavenly Spirit promised me a sign;
He sends the helmet, it hath come from him,
Its iron filleth me with strength divine,
I feel the courage of the cherubim;

As with the rushing of a mighty wind
 It drives me forth to join the battle's din ;
 The clanging trumpets sound, the chargers
 rear,
 And the loud war-cry thunders in mine ear.
[*She goes out*

ACT I.

SCENE I.

The royal residence at Chinon.

DUNOIS and DU CHATEL.

DUNOIS. No longer I'll endure it. I renounce
 This recreant Monarch who forsakes himself.
 My valiant heart doth bleed, and I could rain
 Hot tear-drops from mine eyes, that robber-
 swords
 Partition thus the royal realm of France ;
 That cities, ancient as the monarchy,
 Deliver to the foe the rusty keys,
 While here in idle and inglorious ease
 We lose the precious season of redemption.
 —Tidings of Orleans' peril reach mine ear,
 Hither I sped from distant Normandy.
 Thinking, arrayed in panoply of war,
 To find the Monarch with his marshall'd hosts ;
 And find him—here ! begirt with troubadours,
 And juggling knaves, engaged in solving
 riddles,
 And planning festivals in Sorel's honor,
 As brooded o'er the land profoundest peace !
 —The Constable hath gone, he will not brook

Longer the spectacle of shame.—I too
Depart, and leave him to his evil fate.

DUCH. Here comes the King.

SCENE II.

KING CHARLES. *The same.*

CHAS. The Constable hath sent us back his sword
And doth renounce our service. Now, by
Heaven!

He thus hath rid us of a churlish man,
Who insolently sought to lord it o'er us.

DUNOIS. A man is precious in such perilous times;
I would not deal thus lightly with his loss.

CHAS. Thou speakest thus from love of opposition;
While he was here, thou never wert his friend.

DUNOIS. He was a tiresome, proud, vexations fool,
Who never could resolve.—For once, however,
He hath resolved. Betimes he goeth hence,
Where honor can no longer be achieved.

CHAS. Thou'rt in a pleasant humor; undisturb'd
I'll leave thee to enjoy it.—Hark, Du Chatel!
Ambassadors are here from old king René,
Of tuneful song the master, far renowned.
—Let them, as honor'd guests be entertain'd,
And unto each present a chain of gold.

{To the Bastard.

Why smilest thou, Dunois?

DUNOIS. That from thy mouth
Thou shakest golden chains.

DUCHATEL. Alas! my King!
No gold existeth in thy treasury.

CHAS. Then gold must be procured.—It must not be

That bards unhonor'd from our court depart.
 'Tis they who make our barren sceptre bloom,
 'Tis they who wreath around our fruitless
 crown

Life's joyous branch, of never-fading green.
 Reigning, they justly rank themselves as kings.
 Of gentle wishes they erect their throne,
 Their harmless realm existeth not in space ;
 Hence should the bard accompany the king,
 Life's higher sphere the heritage of both !

DUCH. My royal Liege ! I sought to spare thine ear
 So long as aid and counsel could be found ;
 Now dire necessity doth loose my tongue.
 —Nought hast thou now in presents to bestow,
 Thou hast not wherewithal to live to-morrow !
 The spring-tide of thy fortune is run out,
 And lowest ebb is in thy treasury !
 The soldiers, disappointed of their pay,
 With sullen murmurs, threaten to retire.
 My counsel faileth, not with royal splendor
 But meagerly, to furnish out thy household.

CHAS. My royal customs pledge, and borrow gold
 From the Lombardians.

DUCHATEL. Sire, thy revenues,
 Thy royal customs, are for three years pledg'd.

DUNOIS. And pledge meanwhile and kingdom both are
 lost

CHAS. Still many rich and beauteous lands are ours.

DUNOIS So long as God and Talbot's sword permit !
 When Orleans falleth into English hands
 Then with King René thou may'st tend thy
 sheep !

CHAS. Still at this King thou lov'st to point thy jest ;

Yet 'tis this lackland Monarch, who to-day
Hath with a princely crown invested me.

DUNOIS. Not, in the name of heaven, with that of
Naples,

Which is for sale, I hear, since he kept sheep.

CHAS. It is a sportive festival, a jest,

Wherein he giveth to his fancy play,

To found a world all innocent and pure

In this barbaric, rude reality.

Yet noble—ay, right royal is his aim!

He will again restore the golden age,

When gentle manners reigned, when faithful
love

The heroic hearts of valiant knights inspired,

And noble women, whose accomplished taste

Diffuseth grace around, in judgment sat.

The old man dwelleth in those bygone times,

And in our workday world would realize

The dreams of ancient bards, who picture life

'Mid bowers celestial, thron'd on golden
clouds.—

He hath established hence a court of love,'

Where valiant knights may dwell, and homage
yield

To noble women, who are there enthroned,

And where pure love and true may find a home,

Me he hath chosen as the prince of Love.

DUNOIS. I am not such a base degenerate churl,

As Love's dominion rudely to assail.

I am her son, from her derive my name,

And in her kingdom lies my heritage.

The prince of Orleans was my sire, and while

No woman's heart was proof against his love,

No hostile fortress could withstand his shock !
 Wilt thou, indeed, with honor name thyself
 The prince of Love—be bravest of the brave !
 As I have read in those old chronicles,
 Love ay went coupled with heroic deeds,
 And valiant heroes, not inglorious shepherds,
 So legends tell us, graced king Arthur's board ;
 The man whose valor is not beauty's shield,
 Is all unworthy of her golden prize.
 Here the arena !—combat for the crown,
 Thy royal heritage !—with knightly sword
 Thy lady's honor and thy realm defend—
 And hast thou with hot valor snatch'd the
 crown
 From streams of hostile blood,—then is the
 time,
 And it would well become thee as a prince,
 Love's myrtle chaplet round thy brows to
 wreathe.

CHARLES (*to a PAGE, who enters*).

What is the matter ?

PAGE.

Senators from Orleans

Entreat an audience, Sire.

CHARLES.

Conduct them hither !

[PAGE *retires*.

Doubtless they succor need ; what can I do,
 Myself all-succorless !

SCENE III.

The same. Three SENATORS.

CHAS.

Welcome, my trusty citizens of Orleans !

What tidings bring ye from my faithful town ?

Doth she continue with her wonted zeal
Still bravely to withstand the leaguering foe ?

SENAT. Ah, Sire ! the city's peril is extreme ;
And giانت ruin, waxing hour by hour,
Still onward strides. The bulwarks are destroyed—

The foe, at each assault, advantage gains ;
Bare of defenders are the city walls,
For with rash valor forth our soldiers rush,
While few, alas ! return to view their homes,
And famine's scourge impendeth o'er the town.
In this extremity, the noble Count
Of Rochempierre, commander of the town,
Hath made a compact with the enemy,
According to old custom, to yield up,
On the twelfth day, the city to the foe,
Unless, meanwhile, before the town appear
A host of magnitude to raise the siege.

[DUNOIS manifests the strongest indignation.]

CHAS. The interval is brief.

SENATOR We hither come,
Attended by a hostile retinue,
To implore thee, Sire, to pity thy poor town,
And to send succor ere the appointed day,
When, if still unrelieved, she must surrender.

DUNOIS. And could Saintrailles consent to give his voice
To such a shameful compact ?

SENATOR. Never, Sir !
Long as the hero liv'd, none dared to breathe
A single word of treaty, or surrender.

DUNOIS. He then is dead ?

SENATOR. The noble hero fell,
His Monarch's cause defending, on our walls.

CHAS. What ! Saintrailles dead ! Oh, in that single man
A host is founder'd !

[A Knight enters and speaks apart with
DUNOIS, who starts with surprise.

DUNOIS. That too !

CHARLES. Well ! What is it ?

DUNOIS. Count Douglas sendeth here. The Scottish
troops

Revolt, and threaten to retire at once,
Unless their full arrears are paid to-day.

CHAS. Du Chatel !

DU CHATEL (*shrugs his shoulders*).

Sire ! I know not what to counsel.

CHAS. Pledge, promise all, even unto half my realm.—

CHAT. 'Tis vain ! They have been fed with hope too
often !

CHAS. They are the finest troops of all my host !
They must not now, not now abandon me !

SENATOR (*throwing himself at the KING'S feet*).

Oh, King, assist us ! Think of our distress !

CHARLES (*in despair*).

How ! Can I summon armies from the earth ?
Or grow a cornfield on my open palm ?
Rend me in pieces !—Pluck my bleeding heart
Forth from my breast, and coin it 'stead of gold !
I've blood for you, but neither coin, nor troops.

[*He sees SOREL approach and hastens to-
wards her with outstretched arms.*

SCENE IV.

The same. AGNES SOREL, *a casket in her hand.*

CHAS. My Agnes! Oh, my love! my dearest life!
Thou comest here to snatch me from despair!
Refuge I take within thy loving arms;
Possessing thee, I feel that nought is lost.

SOREL. My King, beloved!

*[Looking around with an anxious inquiring
gaze.*

Dunois! Say, is it true,

Du Chatel?

DU CHATEL. 'Tis alas!

SOREL. So great the need?

No treasure left? The soldiers will disband?

CHAT. Alas! it is too true!

SOREL (*giving him the casket*). Here—here is gold.

Here too are jewels! Melt my silver down!

Sell, pledge my castles—on my fair domains

In Provence, treasure raise—turn all to gold,

Appease the troops! No time is to be lost!

[She urges him to depart.

CHAS. Well now, Dunois! Du Chatel! Do you still

Account me poor, when I possess the crown

Of womankind?—She's nobly born as I;

The royal blood of Valois not more pure;

The most exalted throne she would adorn—

Yet she rejects it with disdain, and claims

No other title than to be my love.

No gift more costly will she e'er receive

Than early flower in winter, or rare fruit!

No sacrifice, on my part, she permits,

Yet sacrificeth all she hath to me !
 With generous spirit she doth venture all
 Her wealth and fortune in my sinking bark.

DUNOIS. Ay, she is mad indeed, my King, as thou ;
 She throws her all into a burning house,
 And draweth water in the leaky vessel
 Of the Danaïdes. Thee she will not save,
 And in thy ruin but involve herself.—

SOREL. Believe him not ! Full many a time he hath
 Perill'd his life for thee, and now forsooth,
 Chafeth, because I risk my worthless gold !
 How ? Have I freely sacrificed to thee
 What is esteemed far more than gold and
 pearls,

And shall I now hold back the gifts of fortune ?
 Oh, come ! Let my example challenge thee
 To noble self-denial ! Let's at once

Cast off the needless ornaments of life !
 Thy courtiers metamorphose into soldiers ;
 Thy gold transmute to iron ; all thou hast,
 With resolute daring, venture for thy crown !
 Peril and want we will participate !

Let us bestride the war-horse, and expose
 Our tender person to the fiery glow
 Of the hot sun, take for our canopy
 The clouds above, and make the stones our
 pillow.

The rudest warrior, when he sees his King
 Bear hardship and privation like the meanest,
 Will patiently endure his own hard lot !

CHARLES (*laughing*).

Ay ! now is realized an ancient word
 Of prophecy, once uttered by a nun

Of Clairmont, in prophetic mood, who said,
 That through a woman's aid I o'er my foes
 Should triumph, and achieve my father's crown.
 Far off I sought her in the English camp;
 I strove to reconcile a mother's heart;
 Here stands the heroine—my guide to Rheims!
 My Agnes! I shall triumph through thy love!

SOREL. Thou'lt triumph through the valiant swords of
 friends

CHAS. And from my foes' dissensions much I hope—
 For sure intelligence hath reach'd mine ear,
 That 'twixt these English lords and Burgundy
 Things do not stand precisely as they did;—
 Hence to the duke I have despatch'd La Hire,
 To try if he can lead my angry vassal
 Back to his ancient loyalty and faith:—
 Each moment now I look for his return.

DU CHATEL (*at the window*).

A knight e'en now dismounteth in the court.

CHAS. A welcome messenger! We soon shall learn
 Whether we're doomed to conquer or to yield.

SCENE V.

The same. LA HIRE.

CHARLES (*meeting him*).

Hope bringest thou, or not? Be brief, La Hire!
 Out with thy tidings! What must we expect?

HIRE. Expect nought, Sire, save from thine own good
 sword.

CHAS. The haughty duke will not be reconciled!
 Speak! How did he receive my embassy?

- HIRE. His first and unconditional demand,
 Ere he consent to listen to thine errand,
 Is that Du Chatel be deliver'd up,
 Whom he doth name the murderer of his Sire.
- CHAS. This base condition we reject with scorn!
- HIRE. Then be the league dissolved ere it commence!
- CHAS. Hast thou thereon, as I commanded thee,
 Challenged the duke to meet me in fair fight
 On Montereau's bridge, whereon his father fell?
- HIRE. Before him on the ground I flung thy glove,
 And said:—"Thou wouldst forget thy majesty,
 And like a knight do battle for thy realm."
 He scornfully rejoined—"He needed not
 To fight for that which he possess'd already.
 But if thou wert so eager for the fray,
 Before the walls of Orleans thou wouldst find
 him,
 Whither he purposed going on the morrow;"
 Thereon he laughing turn'd his back upon me.
- CHAS. Say, did not justice raise her sacred voice,
 Within the precincts of my Parliament?
- HIRE. The rage of party, Sire, hath silenc'd her.
 An edict of the Parliament declares
 Thee, and thy race, excluded from the throne.
- DUNOIS. These upstart burghers' haughty insolence!
- CHAS. Hast thou attempted with my mother aught?
- HIRE. With her?
- CHARLES. Ay! How did she demean herself?
- LA HIRE (*after a few moments' reflection*).
 I chanced to step within St. Denis' walls
 Precisely at the royal coronation.
 The crowds were dress'd as for a festival;
 Triumphal arches rose in every street

Through which the English monarch was to
pass.

The way was strewed with flowers, and with
huzzas,

As France some brilliant conquest had achieved,
The people thronged around the royal car.

SOREL. They could huzza—huzza, while trampling thus
Upon a gracious sovereign's loving heart!

HIRE. I saw young Harry Lancaster—the boy—
On good St. Lewis' regal chair enthroned;
On either side his haughty uncles stood,
Bedford and Gloucester, and before him kneeled,
To render homage for his lands, Duke Philip.

CHAS. O peer dishonor'd! O unworthy cousin!

HIRE. The child was timid, and his footing lost
As up the steps he mounted towards the throne.
An evil omen! murmured forth the crowd,
And scornful laughter burst on every side.
Then forward stepped Queen Isabel—thy
mother,

And—but it angers me to utter it!

CHARLES. Say on.

HIRE. Within her arms she clasped the boy,
And herself placed him on thy father's throne.

CHAS. Oh, mother! mother!

LA HIRE. E'en the murderous bands
Of the Burgundians, at this spectacle,
Evinceed some tokens of indignant shame.
The Queen perceived it, and addressed the
crowds,

Exclaiming with loud voice: "Be grateful,
Frenchmen,

That I engraft upon a sickly stock

A healthy scion, and redeem you from
The misbegotten son of a mad Sire !”

[*The KING hides his face ; Agnes hastens towards him and clasps him in her arms ; all the bystanders express aversion and horror.*

DUNOIS. She-wolf of France ! Rage-breathing Megara !

CHARLES (*after a pause to the senators*).

Yourselves have heard the posture of affairs,
Delay no longer, back return to Orleans,
And bear this message to my faithful town ;
I do absolve my subjects from their oath,
Their own best interests let them now consult,
And yield them to the Duke of Burgundy ;
'Yclept the Good, he needs must prove humane.

DUNOIS. What say'st thou, Sire ? Thou wilt abandon
Orleans !

SENATOR (*kneels down*).

My King ! Abandon not thy faithful town !
Consign her not to England's harsh control
She is a precious jewel in thy crown,
And none hath more inviolate faith maintain'd
Towards the kings, thy royal ancestors.

DUNOIS. Have we been routed ? Is it lawful, Sire,
To leave the English masters of the field,
Without a single stroke to save the town ?
And thinkest thou, with careless breath, for-
sooth,

Ere blood hath flowed, rashly to give away
The fairest city from the heart of France ?

CHAS. Blood hath been poured forth freely, and in vain !
The hand of Heaven is visibly against me ;
In every battle is my host o'erthrown,
I am rejected of my parliament,

My capital, my people, hail my foe,
 Those of my blood,—my nearest relatives,—
 Forsake me and betray—and my own mother
 Doth nurture at her breast the hostile brood.
 —Beyond the Loire we will retire, and yield
 To the o'ermastering hand of destiny
 Which sideth with the English

SOREL God forbid
 That we in weak despair should quit this realm!
 This utterance came not from thy heart, my
 King
 Thy noble heart, which hath been sorely riven
 By the fell deed of thy unnatural mother!
 Thou'lt be thyself again, right valiantly
 Thou'lt battle with thine adverse destiny,
 Which doth oppose thee with relentless ire.

CHARLES (*lost in gloomy thought.*)
 Is it not true? A dark and ominous doom
 Impendeth o'er the heaven-abandon'd house
 Of Valois—there preside the avenging powers,
 To whom a mother's crimes unbarr'd the way.
 For thirty years my sire in madness rav'd;
 Already have three elder brothers been
 Mow'd down by death; 'tis the decree of Heaven,
 The house of the Sixth Charles is doom'd to fall.

SOREL. In thee 'twill rise with renovated life!
 Oh, in thyself have faith!—Believe me, King,
 Not vainly hath a gracious destiny
 Redeem'd thee from the ruin of thy house,
 And by thy brethren's death exalted thee,
 The youngest born, to an unlook'd for throne.
 Heaven in thy gentle spirit hath prepared
 The leech to remedy the thousand ills

By party rage inflicted on the land,
The flames of civil discord thou wilt quench,
And my heart tells me, thou'lt establish peace,
And found anew the monarchy of France.

CHAS. Not I! The rude and storm-vexed times require
A pilot formed by nature to command.
A peaceful nation I could render happy,
A wild rebellious people not subdue.
I never with the sword could open hearts
Against me closed in hatred's cold reserve.

SOREL. The people's eye is dimm'd, an error blinds
them,
But this delusion will not long endure ;
The day is not far distant, when the love,
Deep rooted in the bosom of the French,
Towards their native monarch will revive,
Together with the ancient jealousy,
Which forms a barrier 'twixt the hostile nations.
The haughty foe precipitates his doom.
Hence, with rash haste abandon not the field,
With dauntless front contest each foot of
ground,

As thine own heart defend the town of Orleans !
Let every boat be sunk beneath the wave,
Each bridge be burned, sooner than carry thee
Across the Loire, the bound'ry of thy realm,
The Stygian flood, o'er which there's no return.

CHAS. What could be done I have done. I have
offer'd,
In single fight, to combat for my crown.—
I was refused. In vain my people bleed,
In vain my towns are levell'd with the dust.
Shall I, like that unnatural mother, see

My child in pieces severed with the sword?
No; I forego my claim, that it may live.

DUNOIS. How, Sire! Is this fit language for a king?
Is a crown thus renounced! Thy meanest
subject

For his opinion's sake, his hate and love,
Sets property and life upon a cast;
When civil war hangs out her bloody flag
Each private end is drowned in party zeal.
The husbandman forsakes his plow, the wife
Neglects her distaff; children, and old men,
Don the rude garb of war; the citizen
Consigns his town to the devouring flames,
The peasant burns the produce of his fields;
And all to injure or advantage thee,
And to achieve the purpose of his heart.
Men show no mercy, and they wish for none,
When they at honor's call maintain the fight,
Or for their idols or their gods contend.
A truce to such effeminate pity, then,
Which is not suited to a monarch's breast.
—Thou didst not heedlessly provoke the war.
As it commenced, so let it spend its fury.
It is the law of destiny that nations
Should for their monarchs immolate themselves,
We Frenchmen recognize this sacred law,
Nor would annul it. Base, indeed, the nation,
That for its honor ventures not its all.

CHARLES (*to the SENATORS*).

You've heard my last resolved—expect no other.
May God protect you! I can do no more.

DUNOIS. As thou dost turn thy back upon thy realm,
So may the God of battle aye avert

His visage from thee. Thou forsak'st thyself,
 So I forsake thee. Not the power combined
 Of England and rebellious Burgundy,
 Thy own mean spirit hurls thee from the throne.
 Born heroes ever were the kings of France;
 Thou wert a craven even from thy birth.

[*To the SENATORS.*

The King abandons you. But I will throw
 Myself into your town—my father's town—
 And 'neath its ruins find a soldier's grave.

[*He is about to depart.—AGNES SOREL detains him.*

SOL. (*to the KING*).

Oh let him not depart in anger from thee!
 Harsh words his lips have utter'd, but his heart
 Is true as gold. 'Tis he, himself, my King,
 Who loves thee, and hath often bled for thee.
 Dunois! confess the heat of noble wrath
 Made thee forget thyself—and oh, do thou
 Forgive a faithful friend's o'erhasty speech!
 Come! let me quickly reconcile your hearts,
 Ere anger bursteth forth in quenchless flame!

[DUNOIS looks fixedly at the KING, and appears to await an answer.

CHAS. Our way lies over the Loire. Du Châtel!
 See all our equipage embarked.

DUNOIS (*quickly to SOREL*). Farewell!

[*He turns quickly round, and goes out.—The SENATORS follow.*

SOREL (*wringing her hands in despair*).

O, if he goes, we are forsaken quite!

—Follow, La Hire! O seek to soften him!

[LA HIRE goes out.

SCENE VI.

CHARLES, SOREL, DU CHATEL.

CHAS. Is, then, the sceptre such a peerless treasure?
 Is it so hard to loose it from our grasp?
 Believe me, 'tis more galling to endure
 The domineering rule of these proud vassals.
 To be dependent on their will and pleasure
 Is, to a noble heart, more bitter far
 Than to submit to fate.

[To DU CHATEL, who still lingers,

Du Châtel, go,

And do what I commanded!

DU CHATEL (*throws himself at the KING's feet*).

Oh, my King!

CHAS. No more! Thou'st heard my absolute resolve!

CHATEL. Sire! with the Duke of Burgundy make peace!

'Tis the sole outlet from destruction left!

CHAS. Thou giv'st this counsel, and thy blood alone

Can ratify this peace?

DU CHATEL.

Here is my head.

I oft have risked it for thee in the fight,

And with a joyful spirit I, for thee,

Would lay it down upon the block of death.

Conciliate the Duke! Deliver me

To the full measure of his wrath, and let

My flowing blood appease the ancient hate!

CHARLES (*looks at him for some time in silence, and with deep emotion*).

Can it be true? Am I, then, sunk so low,

That even friends, who read my inmost heart,

Point out, for my escape, the path of shame?

Yes, now I recognize my abject fall,
My honor is no more confided in.

CHATEL. Reflect—

CHARLES. Be silent, and incense me not!

Had I ten realms, on which to turn my back,
With my friend's life I would not purchase
them.

—Do what I have commanded. Hence, and see
My equipage embarked.

DU CHATEL. "Twill speedily

Be done.

[*He stands up and retires.*—AGNES SOREL
weeps passionately.

SCENE VII.

The Royal Palace at Chinon.

CHARLES, AGNES SOREL.

CHARLES (*seizing the hand of AGNES*).

My Agnes, be not sorrowful!
Beyond the Loire we still shall find a France;
We are departing to a happier land,
Where laughs a milder, an unclouded sky,
And gales more genial blow; we there shall
meet

More gentle manners; song abideth there,
And love and life in richer beauty bloom

SOREL. Oh, must I contemplate this day of wo!
The King must roam in banishment! the son
Depart, an exile from his father's house,
And turn his back upon his childhood's home!
O pleasant, happy land, that we forsake,
Ne'er shall we tread thee joyously again!

SCENE VIII.

LA HIRE *returns*, CHARLES, SOREL.

SOREL. You come alone? You do not bring him back?
[Observing him more closely.

La Hire! What news? What does that look
 announce?

Some new calamity?

LA HIRE. Calamity

Hath spent itself; sunshine is now return'd.

SOREL. What is it? I implore you.

LA HIRE *(to the KING)*. Summon back

The delegates from Orleans!

CHARLES. Why? What is it?

HIRE. Summon them back! Thy fortune is reversed.
 A battle has been fought, and thou hast con-
 quer'd.

SOREL. Conquer'd! O heavenly music of that word!

CHAS. La Hire! A fabulous report deceives thee:
 Conquer'd!—In conquest I believe no more.

HIRE. Still greater wonders thou wilt soon believe.
 —Here cometh the Archbishop. To thine arms
 He leadeth back Dunois.—

SOREL. O beauteous flower
 Of victory, which doth the heavenly fruits
 Of peace and reconciliation bear at once!

SCENE IX.

The same, ARCHBISHOP OF RHELMS, DUNOIS, DU CHATEL,
with RAOUL, a Knight in armor.

ARCHBISHOP (*leading DUNOIS to the KING, and joining
their hands*).

Princes, embrace! Let rage and discord cease,
Since Heaven itself hath for our cause declared.

[DUNOIS embraces the KING.

CHAS. Relieve my wonder and perplexity.

What may this solemn earnestness portend?

Whence this unlook'd for change of fortune?

ARCHBISHOP (*leads the Knight forward, and presents
him to the KING*). Speak!

RAOUL. We had assembled sixteen regiments
Of Lotharingian troops, to join your host;
And Baudricourt, a Knight of Vaucouleurs,
Was our commander. Having gain'd the heights
By Vermanton, we wound our downward way
Into the valley water'd by the Yonne;
There, in the plain before us, lay the foe,
And when we turn'd, arms glitter'd in our rear.
We saw ourselves surrounded by two hosts,
And could not hope for conquest or for flight.
Then sank the bravest heart, and in despair
We all prepared to lay our weapons down.
The leaders with each other anxiously
Sought counsel and found none,—when to our
eyes

A spectacle of wonder show'd itself!

For suddenly from forth the thickets' depths

A maiden, on her head a polish'd helm.

Like a war-goddess, issued ; terrible
Yet lovely was her aspect, and her hair
In dusky ringlets round her shoulders fell.
A heavenly radiance shone around the height ;
When she upraised her voice and thus address'd
us :

“ Why be dismay'd, brave Frenchmen ? On
the foe !

Were they more numerous than the ocean
sands,

God and the holy Maiden lead you on ! ”

Then quickly from the standard-bearer's hand
She snatch'd the banner, and before our troop

With valiant bearing strode the wond'rous maid
Silent with awe, scarce knowing what we did.

The banner and the Maiden we pursue,

And fired with ardor, rush upon the foe,

Who, much amazed, stand motionless and view

The miracle with fix'd and wondering gaze.—

Then, as if seized by terror sent from God,

They suddenly betake themselves to flight,

And casting arms and armor to the ground,

Disperse in wild disorder o'er the field.

No leader's call, no signal now avails ;

Senseless from terror, without looking back,

Horses and men plunge headlong in the stream,

Where they without resistance are despatch'd.

It was a slaughter rather than a fight !

Two thousand of the foe bestrew'd the field,

Not reckoning numbers swallow'd by the flood,

While of our company not one was slain.

CHAS. 'Tis strange, by Heaven ! most wonderful and
strange !

SOREL. A maiden work'd this miracle, you say?
Whence did she come? Who is she?

RAOUL. Who she is
She will reveal to no one but the King!
She calls herself a seer and prophetess
Ordain'd by God, and promises to raise
The siege of Orleans ere the moon shall change.
The people credit her, and thirst for war.
The host she follows—she'll be here anon.

*[The ringing of bells is heard, together with
the clang of arms.]*

Hark to the din! The pealing of the bells!
'Tis she! The people greet God's messenger.

CHARLES (*to DU CHATEL*).

Conduct her hither.— *[To the ARCHBISHOP.*
What should I believe?

A maiden brings me conquest even now,
When nought can save me but a hand divine!
This is not in the common course of things.
And dare I here believe a miracle?

MANY VOICES (*behind the scene*).

Hail to the Maiden!—the deliverer!

CHAS. She comes! Dunois, now occupy my place!
We will make trial of this wond'rous maid.
Is she indeed inspired and sent by God,
She will be able to discern the King.

*[DUNOIS seats himself; the KING stands at
his right hand, AGNES SOREL near him;
the ARCHBISHOP and the others opposite;
so that the intermediate space remains
vacant.]*

SCENE X.

The same. JOHANNA, accompanied by the Councillors and many Knights, who occupy the background of the scene; she advances with noble bearing, and slowly surveys the company.

DUNOIS (*after a long and solemn pause*).

Art thou the wond'rous Maiden—

JOHANNA (*interrupts him, regarding him with dignity*).

Bastard of Orleans, thou wilt tempt thy God!

This place abandon, which becomes thee not!

To this more mighty one the Maid is sent.

[*With a firm step she approaches the KING bows one knee before him, and, rising immediately, steps back. All present express their astonishment, DUNOIS forsakes his seat, which is occupied by the KING.*

CHAS. Maiden, thou ne'er hast seen my face before.

Whence hast thou then this knowledge?

JOHANNA. Thee I saw

When none beside, save God in heaven, beheld thee.

[*She approaches the KING and speaks mysteriously.*

Bethink thee, Dauphin, in the bygone night!

When all around lay buried in deep sleep,

Thou from thy couch didst rise and offer up

An earnest prayer to God. Let these retire

And I will name the subject of thy prayer.

CHAS. What I to Heaven confided need not be

From men conceal'd. Disclose to me my prayer,

And I shall doubt no more that God inspires thee.

JOHAN. Three prayers thou offer'dst, Dauphin ; listen now

Whether I name them to thee ! Thou didst pray

That if there were appended to this crown
Unjust possession, or if heavy guilt,
Not yet atoned for, from thy father's times,
Occasion'd this most lamentable war,
God would accept thee as a sacrifice,
Have mercy on thy people, and pour forth
Upon thy head the chalice of his wrath.

CHARLES (*steps back with awe*).

Who art thou, mighty one ? Whence comest thou ?
[*All express their astonishment.*]

JOHAN. To God thou offeredst this second prayer :
That if it were His will and high decree
To take away the sceptre from thy race,
And from thee to withdraw whate'er thy
sires,

The monarchs of this kingdom, once possess'd,
He in his mercy would preserve to thee
Three priceless treasures—a contented heart,
Thy friend's affection, and thine Agnes' love.

[*The KING conceals his face : the spectators express their astonishment.—After a pause,*
Thy third petition shall I name to thee ?

CHAS. Enough—I credit thee ! This doth surpass
Mere human knowledge : thou art sent by God !

ARCHB. Who art thou, wonderful and holy maid ?
What favor'd region bore thee ? What blest
pair.

Belov'd of Heaven, may claim thee as their child?

JOHAN. Most reverend father, I am nam'd Johanna,
 I am a shepherd's lowly daughter, born
 In Dom Remi, a village of my King,
 Included in the diocese of Toul,
 And from a child I kept my father's sheep.
 —And much and frequently I heard them tell
 Of the strange islanders, who o'er the sea
 Had come to make us slaves, and on us force
 A foreign lord, who loveth not the people;
 How the great city, Paris, they had seized,
 And had usurp'd dominion o'er the realm.
 Then earnestly God's Mother I implor'd
 To save us from the shame of foreign chains,
 And to preserve to us our lawful King.
 Not distant from my native village stands
 An ancient image of the Virgin blest,
 To which the pious pilgrims oft repair'd;
 Hard by a holy oak, of blessed power,
 Standeth, far-fam'd through wonders manifold,
 Beneath the oak's broad shade I lov'd to sit,
 Tending my flock—my heart still drew me there
 And if by chance among the desert hills
 A lambkin strayed, 'twas shown me in a dream,
 When in the shadow of this oak I slept.
 —And once, when through the night beneath
 this tree
 In pious adoration I had sat,
 Resisting sleep, the Holy One appear'd,
 Bearing a sword and banner, otherwise
 Clad like a shepherdess, and thus she spake:—
 “'Tis I; arise, Johanna! leave thy flock,

The Lord appoints thee to another task !
Receive this banner ! Gird thee with this
sword !

Therewith exterminate my people's foes ;
Conduct to Rheims thy royal master's son,
And crown him with the kingly diadem !”
And I made answer : “ How may I presume
To undertake such deeds, a tender maid,
Unpractis'd in the dreadful art of war !”
And she replied : “ A maiden pure and chaste
Achieves whate'er on earth is glorious,
If she to earthly love ne'er yields her heart.
Look upon me ! a virgin, like thyself ;
I to the Christ, the Lord divine, gave birth,
And am myself divine !”—Mine eyelids then
She touch'd, and when I upward turn'd my
gaze,

Heaven's wide expanse was fill'd with angel-
boys,

Who bore white lilies in their hands, while tones
Of sweetest music floated through the air.

—And thus on three successive nights appear'd
The Holy One, and cried—“ Arise, Johanna !

The Lord appoints thee to another task !”

And when the third night she reveal'd herself,
Wrathful she seem'd, and chiding spake these
words:

“ Obedience, woman's duty here on earth ;

Severe endurance is her heavy doom ;

She must be purified through discipline ;

Who serveth here, is glorified above !”

While thus she spake, she let her shepherd
garb

Fall from her, and as Queen of Heaven stood
forth

Enshrined in radiant light, while golden clouds
Upbore her slowly to the realms of bliss.

[*All are moved ; AGNES SOREL weeping,
hides her face on the bosom of the KING.*

ARCHBISHOP (*after a long pause*).

Before divine credentials such as these
Each doubt of earthly prudence must subside.
Her deeds attest the truth of what she speaks,
For God alone such wonders can achieve.

DUNOIS. I credit not her wonders, but her eyes,
Which beam with innocence and purity.

CHAS. Am I, a sinner, worthy of such favor?
Infallible, All-searching eye, thou seest
Mine inmost heart, my deep humility!

JOHAN. Humility shines brightly in the skies:
Thou art abased, hence God exalteth thee.

CHAS. Shall I indeed withstand mine enemies?

JOHAN. France I will lay submissive at thy feet!

CHAS. And Orleans, say'st thou, will not be surren-
der'd?

JOHAN. The Loire shall sooner roll its waters back.

CHAS. Shall I in triumph enter into Rheims?

JOHAN. I through ten thousand foes will lead thee there.
[*The knights make a noise with their lances
and shields, and evince signs of courage.*

DUNOIS. Appoint the Maiden to command the host:
We follow blindly whereso'er she leads.
The holy one's prophetic eye shall guide,
And this brave sword from danger shall pro-
tect her!

HIRE. A universe in arms we will not fear,

If she, the mighty one, precede our troops.
 The God of battle walketh by her side ;
 Let her conduct us on to victory !

[The Knights clang their arms and press forward.]

CHAS. Yes, holy Maiden, do thou lead mine host ;
 My chiefs and warriors shall submit to thee.
 This sword of matchless temper, proved in war
 Sent back in anger by the Constable,
 Hath found a hand more worthy. Prophetess,
 Do thou receive it, and henceforward be—

JOHAN. No, noble Dauphin ! conquest to my Liege
 Is not accorded through this instrument
 Of earthly might. I know another sword
 Wherewith I am to conquer, which to thee,
 I, as the Spirit taught, will indicate ;
 Let it be hither brought.

CHARLES. Name it, Johanna.

JOHAN. Send to the ancient town of Fierbois ;
 There in Saint Catherine's churchyard is a vault
 Where lie in heaps the spoils of bygone war.
 Among them is the sword, which I must use.
 It, by three golden lilies may be known,
 Upon the blade impress'd. Let it be brought,
 For thou, my Liege, shalt conquer through this
 sword.

CHAS. Perform what she commands.

JOHANNA. And a white banner,
 Edg'd with a purple border, let me bear.
 Upon this banner let the Queen of Heaven
 Be pictur'd, with the beauteous Jesus child,
 Floating in glory o'er this earthly ball.
 For so the Holy Mother show'd it me.

CHAS. So be it as thou sayest.

JOHANNA (*to the ARCHBISHOP*). Reverend Bishop
Lay on my head thy consecrated hands!
Pronounce a blessing, Father, on thy child!
[She kneels down.

ARCH. Not blessings to receive, but to dispense
Art thou appointed.—Go, with power divine!
But we are sinners all and most unworthy.
[She rises: a PAGE enters.

PAGE. A herald from the English generals.

JOHAN. Let him appear, for he is sent by God!
[The KING motions to the PAGE, who retires.

SCENE XI.

The HERALD. The same.

CHAS. Thy tidings, Herald? What thy message?
Speak!

HER. Who is it, who for Charles of Valois,
The Count of Ponthieu, in this presence speaks?

DUNOIS. Unworthy Herald! base, insulting knave!
Dost thou presume the Monarch of the French
Thus in his own dominions to deny?
Thou art protected by thine office, else—

HER. One king alone is recognized by France,
And he resideth in the English camp.

CHAS. Peace, peace, good cousin! Speak thy message
Herald!

HER. My noble general laments the blood
Which hath already flow'd, and still must flow
Hence, in the scabbard holding back the sword
Before by storm the town of Orleans falls,
He offers thee an amicable treaty.

CHAS. Proceed!

JOHANNA (*stepping forward*).

Permit me, Dauphin, in thy stead,
To parley with this herald.

CHARLES.

Do so, Maid!

Determine thou, for peace, or bloody war.

JOHANNA (*to the HERALD*).

Who sendeth thee? Who speaketh through
thy mouth?

HER. The Earl of Salisbury; the British chief.

JOHAN. Herald, 'tis false! The earl speaks not through
thee.

Only the living speak, the dead are silent.

HER. The earl is well, and full of lusty strength;

He lives to bring down ruin on your heads.

JOHAN. When thou didst quit the British camp, he
lived.

This morn, while gazing from Le Tournelle's
tower,

A ball from Orleans struck him to the ground.

—Smil'st thou, that I discern what is remote?

Not to my words give credence; but believe

The witness of thine eyes! his funeral train

Thou shalt encounter as thou goest hence!

Now, Herald, speak, and do thine errand here.

HER. If what is hidden thou canst thus reveal,

Thou know'st mine errand ere I tell it thee.

JOHAN. It boots me not to know it. But do thou

Give ear unto my words! This message bear

In answer to the lords who sent thee here.

—Monarch of England, and ye haughty dukes,

Bedford and Gloucester, regents of this realm!

To Heaven's high King ye are accountable

For all the blood that hath been shed! Restore
 The keys of all the cities ta'en by force,
 In opposition to God's holy law!
 The Maiden cometh from the King of Heaven
 And offers you or peace, or bloody war.
 Choose ye! for this I say, that ye may know it:
 To you this beauteous realm is not assign'd
 By Mary's Son;—but God hath given it
 To Charles, my lord and Dauphin, who ere
 long
 Will enter Paris with a monarch's pomp,
 Attended by the great ones of his realm.
 —Now, Herald, go, and speedily depart,
 For ere thou canst attain the British camp
 And do thine errand, is the Maiden there,
 To plant the sign of victory at Orleans.

*[She retires. In the midst of a general move-
 ment, the curtain falls.]*

ACT II.

Landscape, bounded by Rocks.

SCENE I.

TALBOT and LIONEL, *English Generals*, PHILIP, DUKE OF
 BURGUNDY, FASTOLFE, and CHATILLON, *with Soldiers
 and Banners.*

TALBOT. Here let us make a halt, beneath these rocks,
 And pitch our camp, in case our scatter'd troops,
 Dispers'd in panic fear, again should rally.
 Choose trusty sentinels, and guard the heights!
 'Tis true the darkness shields us from pursuit,

And sure I am, unless the foe have wings,
 We need not fear surprisal.—Still 'tis well
 To practise caution, for we have to do
 With a bold foe, and have sustain'd defeat.

[FASTOLFE goes out with the soldiers.

LIONEL. Defeat ! My general, do not speak that word.
 It stings me to the quick to think the French
 To-day have seen the backs of Englishmen.
 —O, Orleans ! Orleans ! Grave of England's
 glory !

Our honor lies upon thy fatal plains,
 Defeat most ignominious and burlesque !
 Who will in future years believe the tale !
 The victors of Poitiers and Agincourt.
 Cressy's bold heroes, routed by a woman ?

BURG. That must console us. Not by mortal power,
 But by the devil, have we been o'erthrown !

TALBOT. The devil of our own stupidity !
 —How, Burgundy ? Do princes quake and fear
 Before the phantom which appals the vulgar ?
 Credulity is but a sorry cloak
 For cowardice—Your people first took flight.

BURG. None stood their ground. The flight was
 general.

TALBOT. 'Tis false ! Your wing fled first. You wildly
 broke

Into our camp, exclaiming : “ Hell is loose,
 The devil combats on the side of France ! ”

And thus you brought confusion 'mong our
 troops.

LIONEL. You can't deny it. Your wing yielded first.

BURG. Because the brunt of battle there commenced.

TALBOT. The Maiden knew the weakness of our camp ;

She rightly judged where fear was to be found.

BURG. How? Shall the blame of our disaster rest
With Burgundy?

LIONEL. By Heav'n! were we alone,
We English, never had we Orleans lost!

BURG. No, truly!—for ye ne'er had Orleans seen!
Who opened you a way into this realm,
And reached you forth a kind and friendly
hand,

When you descended on this hostile coast?
Who was it crowned your Henry at Paris,
And unto him subdued the people's hearts?
Had this Burgundian arm not guided you
Into this realm, by Heaven ye ne'er had seen
The smoke ascending from a single hearth!

LIONEL. Were conquests with big words effected, Duke,
You, doubtless, would have conquered France
alone.

BURG. The loss of Orleans angers you, and now
You vent your gall on me, your friend and ally.
What lost us Orleans, but your avarice?
The city was prepared to yield to me,
Your envy was the sole impediment.

TALBOT. We did not undertake the siege for you.

BURG. How would it stand with you, if I withdrew
With all my host?

LIONEL. We should not be worse off
Than when, at Agincourt, we provid a match
For you, and all the banded power of France.

BURG. Yet much ye stood in need of our alliance,
The regent purchased it at heavy cost.

TALBOT. Most dearly, with the forfeit of our honor,
At Orleans, have we paid for it to-day.

BURG. Urge me no further, Lords. Ye may repent it!
 Did I forsake the banners of my King,
 Draw down upon my head the traitor's name,
 To be insulted thus by foreigners?
 Why am I here to combat against France?
 If I must needs endure ingratitude,
 Let it come rather from my native King!

GALBOT. You're in communication with the Dauphin,
 We know it well, but we shall soon find means
 To guard ourselves 'gainst treason.

BURGUNDY. Death and Hell!
 Am I encounter'd thus?—Chatillon, hark!
 Let all my troops prepare to quit the camp,
 We will retire into our own domain.

[CHATILLON *goes out.*

LIONEL. God speed you there! Never did Britain's
 fame
 More brightly shine, than when she stood alone
 Confiding solely in her own good sword.
 Let each one fight his battle for himself.
 For 'tis eternal truth, that English blood
 Cannot, with honor, blend with blood of France.

SCENE II.

The same. QUEEN ISABEL, attended by a Page.

ISABEL. What must I hear? This fatal strife forbear!
 What brain-bewildering planet o'er your minds
 Sheds dire perplexity? When unity
 Alone can save you, will you part in hate,
 And, warring 'mong yourselves, prepare your
 doom?
 —I do entreat you, noble Duke, recall

Your hasty order. You, renowned Talbot,
Seek to appease an irritated friend !
Come, Lionel, aid me to reconcile
These haughty spirits, and establish peace.

LIONEL. Not I, Madame. It is all one to me.

'Tis my belief, when things are misallied,
The sooner they part company the better.

ISABEL. How? Do the arts of hell, which on the field
Wrought such disastrous ruin, even here
Bewilder and befool us? Who began
This fatal quarrel? Speak!—Lord General!
Your own advantage did you so forget,
As to offend your worthy friend and ally?
What could you do without his powerful arm?
'Twas he who placed your Monarch on the
throne.

He holds him there, and he can hurl him
thence;

His army strengthens you—still more his name,
Were England all her citizens to pour
Upon our coasts, she never o'er this realm
Would gain dominion, did she stand alone;
No! France can only be subdued by France!

TALBOT. A faithful friend we honor as we ought;
Discretion warns us to beware the false.

BURG. The liar's brazen front beseeueth him
Who would absolve himself from gratitude.

ISABEL. How, noble Duke? Could you so far renounce
Your princely honor, and your sense of shame,
As clasp the hand of him who slew your
sire?

Are you so mad to entertain the thought
Of cordial reconciliation with the Dauphin,

Whom you, yourself, have hurl'd to ruin's
brink?

His overthrow you have well-nigh achieved,
And madly now would you renounce your
work?

Here stand your allies. Your salvation lies
In an indissoluble bond with England.

BURG. Far is my thought from treaty with the Dau-
phin;

But the contempt and insolent demeanor
Of haughty England I will not endure.

ISABEL. Come, noble Duke! Excuse a hasty word.
Heavy the grief which bows the general down,
And well you know, misfortune makes unjust.
Come! come! embrace; let me this fatal
breach

Repair at once, ere it becomes eternal.

TALBOT. What think you, Burgundy? A noble heart,
By reason vanquish'd, doth confess its fault.
A wise and prudent word the Queen hath spoken
Come, let my hand, with friendly pressure,
heal

The wound inflicted by my angry tongue.

BURG. Discreet the counsel offered by the Queen!
My just wrath yieldeth to necessity.

ISABEL. 'Tis well! Now, with a brotherly embrace,
Confirm and seal the new-established bond;
And may the winds disperse what hath been
spoken.

[BURGUNDY and TALBOT embrace.

LIONEL (*contemplating the group aside*).

Hail to an union by the Furies planned!

ISABEL. Fate hath proved adverse, we have lost a battle,

But do not, therefore, let your courage sink.
 The Dauphin, in despair of heavenly aid,
 Doth make alliance with the powers of Hell ;
 Vainly his soul he forfeits to the Devil,
 For Hell itself cannot deliver him.
 A conquering maiden leads the hostile force ;
 Yours, I, myself, will lead ; to you I'll stand
 In place of maiden or of prophetess.

LIONEL. Madame, return to Paris ! We desire
 To war with trusty weapons, not with women.

TALBOT. Go ! go ! Since your arrival in the camp,
 Fortune hath fled our banners, and our course
 Hath still been retrograde.

BURGUNDY. Depart at once !
 Your presence here doth scandalize the host.

ISABEL (*looks from one to the other with astonishment*).
 This, Burgundy, from you ? Do you take part
 Against me with these thankless English lords ?

BURG. Go ! go ! The thought of combating for you
 Unnerves the courage of the bravest men.

ISABEL. I scarce among you have establish'd peace,
 And you already form a league against me !

TALBOT. Go, in God's name. When you have left the
 camp

No devil will again appal our troops,

ISABEL. Say am I not your true confederate ?
 Are we not banded in a common cause ?

TALBOT. Thank God ! your cause of quarrel is not ours.
 We combat in an honorable strife.

BURG. A father's bloody murder I avenge ;
 Stern filial duty consecrates my arms.

TALBOT. Confess at once ! Your conduct towards the
 Dauphin

Is an offence alike to God and man.

ISABEL. Curses blast him and his posterity !

The shameless son who sins against his mother !

BURG. Ay ! to avenge a husband and a father !

ISABEL. To judge his mother's conduct he presumed !

LIONEL. That was, indeed, irreverent in a son !

ISABEL. And me, forsooth, he banish'd from the realm .

TALBOT. Urged to the measure by the public voice.

ISABEL. A curse light on him if I e'er forgive him !

Rather than see him on his father's throne—

TALBOT. His mother's honor you would sacrifice !

ISABEL. Your feeble natures cannot comprehend

The vengeance of an outrag'd mother's heart.

Who pleasures me, I love ; who wrongs, I hate.

If he who wrongs me chance to be my son,

All the more worthy is he of my hate.

The life I gave, I will again take back

From him who doth, with ruthless violence,

The bosom rend which bore and nourish'd him.

Ye, who do thus make war upon the Dauphin,

What rightful cause have ye to plunder him ?

What crime hath he committed against you ?

What insult are you call'd on to avenge ?

Ambition, paltry envy, goad you on ;

I have a right to hate him—he's my son.

TALBOT. He feels his mother in her dire revenge !

ISABEL. Mean hypocrites ! I hate you and despise.

Together with the world, you cheat yourselves !

With robber-hands you English seek to clutch

This realm of France, where you have no just

right,

Nor equitable claim, to so much earth

As could be cover'd by your charger's hoof.

—This Duke, too, whom the people style The
Good,

Doth to a foreign lord, his country's foe,
For gold betray the birthland of his sires,
And yet is justice ever on your tongue.

—Hypocrisy I scorn. Such as I am,
So let the world behold me!

BURGUNDY.

It is true!

Your reputation you have well maintain'd.

ISABEL. I've passions and warm blood, and as a queen

Came to this realm to live, and not to seem.

Should I have lingered out a joyless life

Because the curse of adverse destiny

To a mad consort join'd my blooming youth?

More than my life I prize my liberty.

And who assails me here—But why should I

Stoop to dispute with you about my rights?

Your sluggish blood flows slowly in your
veins!

Strangers to pleasure, ye know only rage!

This duke too—who, throughout his whole
career,

Hath waver'd to and fro, 'twixt good and ill—

Can neither hate nor love with his whole
heart.

—I go to Melun. Let this gentleman,

[*Pointing to LIONEL.*

Who doth my fancy please, attend me there,

To cheer my solitude, and you may work

Your own good pleasure! I'll inquire no more

Concerning the Burgundians or the English.

[*She beckons to her PAGE, and is about to
retire.*

LIONEL. Rely upon us, we will send to Melun
The fairest youths whom we in battle take.

[*Coming back.*

ISABEL. Skilful your arm to wield the sword of death,
The French alone can round the polish'd phrase.
[*She goes out.*

SCENE III.

TALBOT, BURGUNDY, LIONEL.

TALBOT. Heavens! What a woman!

LIONEL. Now, brave generals,
Your counsel! Shall we prosecute our flight,
Or turn, and with a bold and sudden stroke
Wipe out the foul dishonor of to-day?

BURG. We are too weak, our soldiers are dispersed,
The recent terror still unnerves the host.

TALBOT. Blind terror, sudden impulse of a moment,
Alone occasioned our disastrous rout.
This phantom of the terror-stricken brain,
More closely view'd, will vanish into air.
My counsel, therefore, is, at break of day,
To lead the army back, across the stream,
To meet the enemy.

BURGUNDY. Consider well—

LIONEL. Your pardon! Here is nothing to consider
What we have lost we must at once retrieve,
Or look to be eternally disgraced.

TALBOT. It is resolved. To-morrow morn we fight,
This dread-inspiring phantom to destroy,
Which thus doth blind and terrify the host.
Let us in fight encounter this she-devil.
If she oppose her person to our sword,

Trust me, she never will molest us more ;
 If she avoid our stroke—and be assured
 She will not stand the hazard of a battle—
 Then is the dire enchantment at an end !

LIONEL. So be it ! And to me, my general, leave
 This easy, bloodless combat, for I hope
 Alive to take this ghost, and in my arms,
 Before the Bastard's eyes—her paramour—
 To bear her over to the English camp,
 To be the sport and mockery of the host.

BURG. Make not too sure.

TALBOT. If she encounter me,
 I shall not give her such a soft embrace.
 Come now, exhausted nature to restore
 Through gentle sleep. At daybreak we set
 forth. *They go out.*

SCENE IV.

JOHANNA *with her banner, in a helmet and breast-plate, otherwise attired as a woman.* DUNOIS, LA HIRE, Knights, and Soldiers, appear above upon the rocky path, pass silently over, and appear immediately after on the scene.

JOHANNA *(to the Knights, who surround her while the procession continues above).*

The wall is scaled, and we are in the camp !
 Now fling aside the mantle of still night,
 Which hitherto hath veild your silent march,
 And your dread presence to the foe proclaim
 By your loud battle-cry—God and the Maiden !

ALL *(exclaim aloud, amidst the loud clang of arms).*

God and the Maiden ! *[Drums and trumpets.*

SENTINELS (*behind the scene*). The foe! The foe!
The foe!

JOHAN. Ho! torches here! Hurl fire into the tents!
Let the devouring flames augment the horror,
While threatening death doth compass them
around!

[*Soldiers hasten on, she is about to follow.*

DUNOIS (*holding her back*).

Thy part thou hast accomplish'd now, Johanna!
Into the camp thou hast conducted us.
The foe thou hast deliver'd in our hands.
Now from the rush of war remain apart!
The bloody consummation leave to us.

HIRE. Point out the path of conquest to the host;
Before us, in pure hand, the banner bear,
But wield the fatal weapon not thyself;
Tempt not the treacherous god of battle, for
He rageth blindly, and he spareth not.

JOHAN. Who dares impede my progress? Who presume
The Spirit to control, which guideth me?
Still must the arrow wing its destin'd flight!
Where danger is, there must Johanna be;
Nor now, nor here, am I foredoom'd to fall;
Our Monarch's royal brow I first must see
Invested with the round of sovereignty.
No hostile power can rob me of my life,
Till I've accomplish'd the commands of God.

[*She goes out.*

HIRE. Come, let us follow after her, Dunois,
And let our valiant bosoms be her shield! [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

ENGLISH SOLDIERS *hurry over the stage. Afterwards*
TALBOT.

1 SOL. The Maiden in the camp!

2 SOLDIER. Impossible!

It cannot be! How came she in the camp?

3 SOL. Why through the air! The devil aided her!

4 AND 5 SOLDIERS.

Fly! fly! We are dead men!

TALBOT (*enters*).

They heed me not!—They stay not at my call!

The sacred bands of discipline are loosed!

As Hell had poured her damned legions forth,

A wild distracting impulse whirls along,

In one mad throng, the cowardly and brave.

I cannot rally e'en the smallest troop

To form a bulwark 'gainst the hostile flood,

Whose raging billows press into our camp!

—Do I alone retain my sober senses,

While all around in wild delirium rave?

To fly before these weak degenerate French-
men

Whom we in twenty battles have o'erthrown?—

Who is she then—the irresistible—

The dread-inspiring goddess, who doth turn

At once the tide of battle, and transform

To lions bold, a herd of timid deer?

A juggling minx, who plays the well-learn'd
part

Of heroine, thus to appal the brave?

A woman snatch from me all martial fame?

SOLDIER (*rushes in*).

The maiden comes ! Fly, general ! fly ! fly !

TALBOT (*strikes him down*).

Fly thou, thyself, to Hell ! This sword shall
pierce

Who talks to me of fear, or coward flight !

[*He goes out.*]

SCENE VI.

*The prospect opens. The English camp is seen in flames.
Drums, flight and pursuit. After a while, MONT-
GOMERY enters.*

MONTGOMERY (*alone*).

Where shall I flee ? Foes all around and death !

Lo ! here

The furious general, who, with threatening
sword, prevents

Escape, and drives us back into the jaws of
death.

The dreadful Maiden there—the terrible—who,
like

Devouring flame, destruction spreads ; while
all around

Appears no bush wherein to hide—no shelter-
ing cave !

Oh ! would that o'er the sea I never had come
here !

Me miserable ! Empty dreams deluded me—
Cheap glory to achieve on Gallia's martial fields !
And I am guided by malignant destiny
Into this murd'rous fight.—Oh, were I far, far
hence,

Still in my peaceful home, on Severn's flowery
banks,
Where in my father's house, in sorrow and in
tears,
I left my mother and my fair young bride.

[JOHANNA *appears in the distance.*

Wo's me! What do I see! The dreadful form
appears!

Arrayed in lurid light, she from the raging fire
Issues, as from the jaws of hell, a midnight
ghost.

Where shall I go?—Where flee? Already from
afar

She seizes on me with her eye of fire, and flings
Her fatal and unerring coil, whose magic folds
With ever-tightening pressure bind my feet,
and make

Escape impossible! Howe'er my heart rebels,
I am compell'd to follow with my gaze that form
Of dread!

[JOHANNA *advances towards him some steps ;
and again remains standing.*

She comes. I will not passively await
Her furious onset! Imploringly I'll clasp
Her knees! I'll sue to her for life. She is a
woman.

! may perchance to pity move her by my tears!
[*While he is on the point of approaching, her
she draws near.*

SCENE VII.

JOHANNA, MONTGOMERY.

JOHAN. Prepare to die! A British mother bore thee!
MONTGOMERY (*falls at her feet*).

Fall back, terrific one! Forbear to strike
An unprotected foe! My sword and shield
I've flung aside, and supplicating fall
Defenceless at thy feet. A ransom take!
Extinguish not the precious light of life!
With fair possessions crown'd, my father dwells
In Wales' fair land, where among verdant
meads

The winding Severn rolls his silver tide.
And fifty villages confess his sway.
With heavy gold he will redeem his son,
When he shall hear I'm in the camp of France.

JOHAN. Deluded mortal! to destruction doomed!
Thou'rt fallen in the Maiden's hand, from which
Redemption or deliverance there is none.
Had adverse fortune given thee a prey
To the fierce tiger or the crocodile—
Hadst robbed the lion-mother of her brood—
Compassion thou mightst hope to find and pity;
But to encounter me is certain death.
For my dread compact with the spirit realm—
The stern, inviolable—bindeth me,
To slay each living thing whom battle's God,
Full charged with doom, delivers to my sword.

MONT. Thy speech is fearful, but thy look is mild;
Not dreadful art thou to contemplate near;
My heart is drawn towards thy lovely form.

O! by the mildness of thy gentle sex,
Attend my prayer. Compassionate my youth.

JOHAN. Name me not woman! Speak not of my sex!
Like to the bodiless spirits, who know nought
Of earth's humanities, I own no sex;
Beneath this vest of steel there beats no heart.

MONT. O! by Love's sacred all-pervading power,
To whom all hearts yield homage, I conjure
thee.

At home I left behind a gentle bride,
Beauteous as thou, and rich in blooming grace;
Weeping she waiteth her betrothed's return.
O! if thyself dost ever hope to love,
If in thy love thou hopest to be happy,
Then ruthless sever not two gentle hearts,
Together linked in love's most holy bond!

JOHAN. Thou dost appeal to earthly, unknown gods,
To whom I yield no homage. Of Love's bond,
By which thou dost conjure me, I know nought,
Nor ever will I know his empty service.
Defend thy life, for death doth summon thee.

MONT. Take pity on my sorrowing parents, whom
I left at home. Doubtless thou, too, hast left
Parents, who feel disquietude for thee.

JOHAN. Unhappy man! thou dost remember me
How many mothers, of this land, your arms
Have rendered childless and disconsolate;
How many gentle children fatherless;
How many fair young brides dejected widows!
Let England's mothers now be taught despair,
And learn to weep the bitter tear, oft shed
By the bereav'd and sorrowing wives of France.

MONT. 'Tis hard, in foreign lands to die unwept.

JOHAN. Who call'd you over to this foreign land,
To waste the blooming culture of our fields,
To chase the peasant from his household hearth,
And in our cities' peaceful sanctuary
To hurl the direful thunderbolt of war?
In the delusion of your hearts ye thought
To plunge in servitude the freeborn French,
And to attach their fair and goodly realm,
Like a small boat to your proud English bark!
Ye fools! The royal arms of France are hung
Fast by the throne of God; and ye as soon
From the bright wain of heaven might snatch a
star,
As rend a single village from this realm,
Which shall remain inviolate forever!
—The day of vengeance is at length arrived;
Not living shall ye measure back the sea,
The sacred sea—the boundary set by God
Betwixt our hostile nations—and the which
Ye ventur'd impiously to overpass.

MONTGOMERY (*lets go her hands*).

O, I must die! I feel the grasp of death!

JOHAN. Die, friend! Why tremble at the approach of
death,
Of mortals the irrevocable doom?
Look upon me! I'm born a shepherd maid;
This hand, accustom'd to the peaceful crook,
Is all unused to wield the sword of death,
Yet, snatch'd away from childhood's peaceful
haunts,
From the fond love of father and of sisters,
Urged by no idle dream of earthly glory,
But Heaven-appointed to achieve your ruin,

Like a destroying angel I must roam,
 Spreading dire havoc round me, and at length
 Myself must fall a sacrifice to death !
 Never again shall I behold my home !
 Still many of your people I must slay,
 Still many widows make, but I at length
 Myself shall perish, and fulfil my doom.
 —Now thine fulfil. Arise ! resume thy sword,
 And let us fight for the sweet prize of life.

MONTGOMERY (*stands up*).

Now, if thou art a mortal like myself,
 Can weapons wound thee, it may be assign'd
 To this good arm to end my country's wo,
 Thee sending, sorceress, to the depths of Hell.
 In God's most gracious hands I leave my fate.
 Accursed one ! to thine assistance call
 The fiends of Hell ! Now combat for thy life !

[*He seizes his sword and shield, and rushes upon her ; martial music is heard in the distance.—After a short conflict MONTGOMERY falls.*

SCENE VIII.

JOHANNA (*alone*).

To death thy foot did bear thee--fare-thee-well !
 [*She steps away from him and remains absorbed in thought.*

Virgin, thou workest mightily in me !
 My feeble arm thou dost endue with strength,
 And steep'st my woman's heart in cruelty,
 In pity melts the soul and the hand trembles,
 As it did violate some sacred fane,
 To mar the goodly person of the foe.

Once I did shudder at the polish'd sheath,
But when 'tis needed, I'm possess'd with
strength,

And as it were itself a thing of life,
The fatal weapon, in my trembling grasp,
Self-swayed, inflicteth the unerring stroke.

SCENE IX.

A KNIGHT *with closed visor*, JOHANNA.

KNIGHT. Accursed one ! thy hour of death is come !
Long have I sought thee on the battle-field,
Fatal delusion ! get thee back to hell,
Whence thou didst issue forth.

JOHANNA. Say, who art thou,
Whom his bad genius sendeth in my way ?
Princely thy port, no Briton dost thou seem,
For the Burgundian colors stripe thy shield,
Before the which my sword inclines its point.

KNIGHT. Vile castaway ! Thou all unworthy art
To fall beneath a prince's noble hand.
The hangman's axe should thy accursed head
Cleave from thy trunk, unfit for such vile use
The royal duke of Burgundy's brave sword.

JOHAN. Art thou indeed that noble duke himself ?

KNIGHT (*raises his visor*).

I'm he, vile creature, tremble and despair !
The arts of hell shall not protect thee more,
Thou hast till now weak dastards overcome ;
Now thou dost meet a man.

SCENE X.

DUNOIS and LA HIRE. *The same.*

DUNOIS. Hold, Burgundy!
Turn! combat now with men, and not with
maids.

HIRE. We will defend the holy prophetess;
First must thy weapon penetrate this breast.—

BURG. I fear not this seducing Circe; no,
Nor you, whom she hath changed so shame-
fully!

Oh blush, Dunois! and do thou blush, La
Hire!

To stoop thy valor to these hellish arts—

To be shield-bearer to a sorceress!

Come one—come all! He only who despairs
Of Heaven's protection, seeks the aid of
Hell.

*[They prepare for combat. JOHANNA steps
between.]*

JOHAN. Forbear!

BURGUNDY. Dost tremble for thy lover? Thus
Before thine eyes he shall—

[He makes a thrust at DUNOIS.]

JOHANNA. Dunois, forbear!

Part them, La Hire! no blood of France must
flow;

Not hostile weapons must this strife decide.

Above the stars 'tis otherwise decreed.

Fall back! I say—Attend and venerate

The Spirit, which hath seized, which speaks
through me!

DUNOIS. Why, Maiden, now hold back my upraised arm?

Why check the just decision of the sword?

My weapon pants to deal the fatal blow

Which shall avenge and heal the woes of France.

[She places herself in the midst and separates the parties.]

JOHAN. Fall back, Dunois! Stand where thou art, La Hire!

Somewhat I have to say to Burgundy.

[When all is quiet.]

What wouldst thou, Burgundy? Who is the foe

Whom eagerly thy murderous glances seek?

This prince is, like thyself, a son of France,—

This hero is thy countryman, thy friend;

I am a daughter of thy fatherland.

We all, whom thou art eager to destroy,

Are of thy friends;—our longing arms prepare

To clasp, our bending knees to honor thee.—

Our sword 'gainst thee is pointless, and that face

E'en in a hostile helm is dear to us,

For there we trace the features of our king.

BURG. What, syren! wilt thou with seducing words

Allure thy victim? Cunning sorceress,

Me thou deludest not. Mine ears are closed

Against thy treacherous words: and vainly dart

Thy fiery glances 'gainst this mail of proof.

To arms, Dunois!

With weapons let us fight, and not with words.

DUNOIS. First words, then weapons, Burgundy! Do
words

With dread inspire thee? 'Tis a coward's fear,
And the betrayal of an evil cause.

JOHAN. 'Tis not imperious necessity

Which throws us at thy feet! We do not
come

As suppliants before thee.—Look around!

The English tents are level with the ground,

And all the field is cover'd with your slain.

Hark! the war-trumpets of the French re-
sound:

God hath decided—ours the victory!

Our new-cull'd laurel garland with our friend

We fain would share.—Come, noble fugitive!

Oh come where justice and where victory
dwell!

Even I, the messenger of Heaven, extend

A sister's hand to thee. I fain would save

And draw thee over to our righteous cause!

Heaven hath declared for France! Angelic
powers,

Unseen by thee, do battle for our King;

With lilies are the holy ones adorn'd.

Pure as this radiant banner is our cause;

Its blessed symbol is the Queen of Heaven.

BURG. Falsehold's fallacious words are full of guile,

But hers are pure and simple as a child's.

If evils spirits borrow this disguise,

They copy innocence triumphantly.

I'll hear no more. To arms, Dunois! to
arms!

Mine ear, I feel, is weaker than mine arm.

JOHAN. You call me an enchantress, and accuse
 Of hellish arts.—Is it the work of Hell
 To heal dissension and to foster peace?
 Comes holy concord from the depths below?
 Say, what is holy, innocent, and good,
 If not to combat for our fatherland?
 Since when hath nature been so self-opposed,
 That Heaven forsakes the just and righteous
 cause,
 While Hell protects it? If my words are
 true,
 Whence could I draw them but from Heaven
 above?
 Who ever sought me in my shepherd-walks,
 To teach the humble maid affairs of state?
 I ne'er have stood with princes, to these lips
 Unknown the arts of eloquence. Yet now,
 When I have need of it to touch thy heart,
 Insight and varied knowledge I possess;
 The fate of empires and the doom of kings
 Lie clearly spread before my childish mind,
 And words of thunder issue from my mouth.

BURGUNDY (*greatly moved, looks at her with emotion
 and astonishment*).

How is it with me? Doth some heavenly power
 Thus strangely stir my spirit's inmost depths?
 —This pure, this gentle creature cannot lie!
 No, if enchantment blinds me, 'tis from Heaven.
 My spirit tells me she is sent from God.

JOHAN. Oh, he is mov'd! I have not pray'd in vain,
 Wrath's thundercloud dissolves in gentle tears,
 And leaves his brow, while mercy's golden
 beams

Break from his eyes and gently promise peace.
—Away with arms, now clasp him to your
hearts,

He weeps—he's conquer'd, he is ours once more !
[*Her sword and banner fall ; she hastens to
him with outstretched arms, and embraces
him in great agitation. LA HIRE and
DUNOIS throw down their swords, and
hasten also to embrace him.*

ACT III.

Residence of the KING at Chalons on the Marne.

SCENE I.

DUNOIS, LA HIRE.

DUNOIS. We have been true heart-friends, brothers in
arms,

Still have we battled in a common cause,
And held together amid toil and death,
Let not the love of woman rend the bond
Which hath resisted every stroke of fate.

HIRE. Hear me, my Prince !

DUNOIS. You love the wondrous maid,
And well I know the purpose of your heart.
You think without delay to seek the King,
And to entreat him to bestow on you
Her hand in marriage.—Of your bravery
The well-earn'd guerdon he cannot refuse ;
But know,—ere I behold her in the arms
Of any other—

LA HIRE.

Listen to me, Prince !

- DUNOIS. 'Tis not the fleeting passion of the eye
Attracts me to her. My unconquer'd sense
Had set at nought the fiery shafts of love
Till I beheld this wondrous maiden, sent
By a divine appointment to become
The saviour of this kingdom, and my wife ;
And on the instant in my heart I vow'd
A sacred oath, to bear her home, my bride.
For she alone who is endowed with strength
Can be the strong man's friend. This glowing
heart
Longs to repose upon a kindred breast,
Which can sustain and comprehend its strength.
- HIRE. How dare I venture, Prince, my poor deserts
To measure with your name's heroic fame !
When Count Dunois appeareth in the lists,
Each humbler suitor must forsake the field ;
Still it doth ill become a shepherd maid
To stand as consort by your princely side.
The royal current in your veins would scorn
To mix with blood of baser quality.
- DUNOIS. She, like myself, is holy Nature's child,
A child divine—hence we by birth are equal.
She bring dishonor on a prince's hand,
Who is the holy Angel's bride, whose head
Is by a heavenly glory circled round,
Whose radiance far outshineth earthly crowns,
Who seeth lying far beneath her feet
All that is greatest, highest, of this earth ;
For thrones on thrones, ascending to the stars,
Would fail to reach the height where she abides
In angel majesty !
- HIRE. Our Monarch must decide.

DUNOIS. Not so! she must
Decide! Free hath she made this realm of
France,
And she herself must freely give her heart.
HIRE. Here comes the King!

SCENE II.

CHARLES, AGNES SOREL, DU CHATEL, *and* CHATILLON.
The same.

CHARLES (*to* CHATILLON).

He comes! My title he will recognize,
And do me homage as his sovereign Liege?

CHATIL. Here, in his royal town of Chalons, Sire,
The Duke, my master, will fall down before
thee.

—He did command me, as my lord and king,
To give thee greeting. He'll be here anon.

SOREL. He comes! 'Tis a beautiful and auspicious day,
Which bringeth joy, and peace, and reconcil-
ment!

CHATIL. The Duke, attended by two hundred knights,
Will hither come; he at thy feet will kneel;
But he expecteth not that thou to him
Shouldst yield the cordial greeting of a kins-
man.

CHAS. I long to clasp him to my throbbing heart.

CHATIL. The Duke entreats that at this interview,
No word be spoken of the ancient strife!

CHAS. In Lethe be the past forever sunk!
The smiling future now invites our gaze.

CHATIL. All who have combated for Burgundy
Shall be included in the amnesty.

CHAS. So shall my realm be doubled in extent !

CHATIL Queen Isabel, if she consent thereto,
Shall also be included in the peace.

CHAS. She maketh war on me, not I on her.
With her alone it rests to end our quarrel.

CHATIL. Twelve knights shall answer for thy royal word.

CHAS. My word is sacred.

CHATILLON. The Archbishop shall
Between you break the consecrated host,
As pledge and seal of cordial reconciliation.

CHAS. Let my eternal weal be forfeited,
If my hand's friendly grasp belie my heart.
What other surety doth the Duke require ?

CHATILLON (*glancing at DU CHATEL*).

I see one standing here, whose presence, Sire,
Perchance might poison the first interview.

[*DU CHATEL retires in silence.*]

CHAS. Depart, Du Châtel, and remain conceal'd
Until the Duke can bear thee in his sight.

[*He follows him with his eye, then hastens
after and embraces him.*]

True-hearted friend ! Thou wouldst far more
than this

Have done for my repose ! [*Exit DU CHATEL.*]

CHATIL. This instrument doth name the other points.

CHARLES (*to the ARCHBISHOP*).

Let it be settled. We agree to all.

We count no price too high to gain a friend,
Go now, Dunois, and with a hundred knights,
Give courteous conduct to the noble Duke.
Let the troops, garlanded with verdant boughs,
Receive their comrades with a joyous welcome,
Be the whole town arrayed in festal pomp,

And let the bells with joyous peal, proclaim
That France and Burgundy are reconcil'd.

[A PAGE enters. Trumpets sound.

Hark! What importeth that loud trumpet's
call?

PAGE. The Duke of Burgundy hath stayed his march.
[Exit.

DUNOIS. Up! forth to meet him!

[Exit with LA HIRE and CHATILLOX.

CHARLES (*to SOREL*).

My Agnes! thou dost weep! Even my strength
Doth almost fail me at this interview.
How many victims have been doom'd to fall
Ere we could meet in peace and reconcilement!
But every storm at length suspends its rage,
Day follows on the murkiest night; and still
When comes the hour, the latest fruits mature!

ARCHBISHOP (*at the window*).

The thronging crowds impede the Duke's ad-
vance;
He scarce can free himself. They lift him now
From off his horse; they kiss his spurs, his
mantle.

CHAS. They're a good people, in whom love flames
forth

As suddenly as wrath.—In how brief space
They do forget that 'tis this very Duke
Who slew, in fight, their fathers and their sons:
The moment swallows up the whole of life!
—Be tranquil, Sorel! Even thy passionate joy
Perchance might to his conscience prove a
thorn.

Nothing should either shame or grieve him here.

SCENE III.

The DUKE OF BURGUNDY, DUNOIS, LA HIRE, CHATILLON, and two other Knights of the DUKE'S train. The DUKE remains standing at the door; the KING inclines towards him; BURGUNDY immediately advances, and in a moment when he is about to throw himself upon his knees, the KING receives him in his arms.

CHAS. You have surprised us—it was our intent
To fetch you hither—but your steeds are
fleet.

BURG. They bore me to my duty.
[*He embraces SOREL, and kisses her brow.*
With your leave!

At Arras, niece, it is our privilege,
And no fair damsel may exemption claim.

CHAS. Rumor doth speak your court the seat of love,
The mart, where all that's beautiful must
tarry.

BURG. We are a traffic-loving people, Sire;
Whate'er of costly earth's wide realms pro-
duce,

For show and for enjoyment, is displayed
Upon our mart at Bruges; but above all
There woman's beauty is pre-eminent.

SOREL. More precious far is woman's truth; but it
Appeareth not upon the public mart.

CHAS. Kinsman, 'tis rumor'd to your prejudice,
That woman's fairest virtue you despise.

BURG. The heresy inflicteth on itself
The heaviest penalty. 'Tis well for you,

From your own heart, my King, you learn'd be-
times

What a wild life hath late reveal'd to me.

*[He perceives the ARCHBISHOP, and extends
his hand.*

Most reverend minister of God! your blessing,
You still are to be found on duty's path,
Where those must walk who would encounter
you.

ARCHB. Now let my Master call me when he will;
My heart is full, I can with joy depart,
Since that mine eyes have seen this day!

BURGUNDY *(to SOREL)*. 'Tis said
That of your precious stones you robb'd your-
self,

Therefrom to forge 'gainst me the tools of war?
Bear you a soul so martial? Were you then
So resolute to work my overthrow?

Well, now our strife is over; what was lost
Will in due season all be found again.

Even your jewels have return'd to you
Against me to make war they were design'd;
Receive them from me as a pledge of peace.

*[He receives a casket from one of the Attend-
ants, and presents it to her open. SOREL,
embarrassed, looks at the KING.*

CHAS. Receive this present: 'tis a twofold pledge
Of reconciliation, and of fairest love.

BURGUNDY *(placing a diamond rose in her hair)*.

Why, is it not the diadem of France?
With full as glad a spirit I would place
The golden circle on this lovely brow.

[Taking her hand significantly.

And count on me if, at some future time,
You should require a friend !

[AGNES SOREL *bursts into tears, and steps aside. The KING struggles with his feelings. The bystanders contemplate the two PRINCES with emotion.*

BURGUNDY (*after gazing round the circle, throws himself into the KING'S arms*).

O, my King !

[*At the same moment the three Burgundian Knights hasten to DUNOIS, LA HIRE, and the ARCHBISHOP. They embrace each other. The two PRINCES remain for a time speechless in each other's arms.*

I could renounce you ! I could bear your hate !

CHAS. Hush ! hush ! No further !

BURGUNDY. I this English King
Could crown ! Swear fealty to this foreigner !
And you, my Sovereign, into ruin plunge !

CHAS. Forget it ! Every thing's forgiven now.
This single moment doth obliterate all !
'Twas a malignant star ! A destiny !

BURGUNDY (*grasps his hand*).

Believe me, Sire, I'll make amends for all.
Your bitter sorrow I will compensate ;
You shall receive your kingdom back entire,
A solitary village shall not fail !

CHAS. We are united. Now I fear no foe.

BURG. Trust me, it was not with a joyous spirit
That I bore arms against you. Did you know—
O wherefore sent you not this messenger ?

[*Pointing to SOREL.*

I must have yielded to her gentle tears.

—Henceforth, since breast to breast we have
embraced,

No power of hell again shall sever us!

My erring course ends here. His Sovereign's
heart

Is the true resting-place for Burgundy.

ARCHBISHOP (*steps between them*).

Ye are united, Princes! France doth rise
A renovated phoenix from its ashes.

Th' auspicious future greets us with a smile.

The country's bleeding wounds will heal
again,

The villages, the desolated towns,

Rise in new splendor from their ruin'd heaps,

The fields array themselves in beauteous green—

But those who, victims of your quarrel, fell,

The dead, rise not again; the bitter tears,

Caused by your strife, remain for ever wept!

One generation hath been doom'd to woe,

On their descendants dawns a brighter day,

The gladness of the son wakes not the sire.

This the dire fruitage of your brother-strife!

Oh, Princes! learn from hence to pause with
dread,

Ere from its scabbard ye unsheath the sword,

The man of power lets loose the god of war,

But not, obedient, as from fields of air

Returns the falcon to the sportsman's hand,

Doth the wild deity obey the call

Of mortal voice; nor will the Saviour's hand

A second time forth issue from the clouds.

BURG. O Sire! an angel walketh by your side.

—Where is she? Why do I behold her not?

CHAS. Where is Johanna? Wherefore faileth she
To grace the festival we owe to her?

ARCHB. She loves not, Sire, the idless of the court,
And when the heavenly mandate calls her not
Forth to the world's observance, she retires,
And doth avoid the notice of the crowd!
Doubtless, unless the welfare of the realm
Claims her regard, she communes with her God.
For still a blessing on her steps attends.

SCENE IV.

The same.

JOHANNA *enters.* *She is clad in armor, and wears a
garland in her hair.*

CHAS. Thou comest as a priestess deck'd, Johanna,
To consecrate the union form'd by thee!

BURG. How dreadful was the Maiden in the fight!
How lovely circled by the beams of peace!
—My word, Johanna, have I now fulfill'd?
Are thou contented? Have I thine applause?

JOHAN. The greatest favor thou hast shown thyself.
Array'd in blessed light thou shinest now,
Who didst erewhile with bloody ominous ray,
Hang like a moon of terror in the heavens.

[Looking round.

Many brave knights I find assembled here,
And joy's glad radiance beams in every eye;
One mourner, one alone, I have encounter'd,
He must conceal himself, where all rejoice.

BURG. And who is conscious of such heavy guilt,
That of our favor he must needs despair?

JOHAN. May he approach? Oh, tell me that he may,—
 Complete thy merit. Void the reconciliation
 That frees not the whole heart. A drop of hate
 Remaining in the cup of joy, converts
 The blessed draught to poison.—Let there be
 No deed sustain'd with blood, that Burgundy
 Cannot forgive it on this day of joy!

BURG. Ha! now I understand!

JOHANNA. And thou'lt forgive?

Thou wilt indeed forgive?—Come in, Duchâtel!

[She opens the door and leads in DUCHATEL, who remains standing at a distance.

The Duke is reconciled to all his foes,

And he is so to thee.

[DUCHATEL approaches a few steps nearer, and tries to read the countenance of the DUKE.

BURGUNDY. What nakest thou

Of me, Johanna? Know'st thou what thou
 askest?

JOHAN. A gracious sovereign throws his portals wide,
 Admitting every guest, excluding none;
 As freely as the firmament the world,
 So mercy must encircle friend and foe.
 Impartially the sun pours forth his beams
 Through all the regions of infinity;
 The heaven's reviving dew falls everywhere,
 And brings refreshment to each thirsty plant,
 Whate'er is good, and cometh from on high,
 Is universal, and without reserve;
 But in the heart's recesses darkness dwells!

BURG. Oh, she can mould me to her wish; my heart
 Is in her forming hand like melted wax.

—Duchâtel, I forgive thee—come, embrace me !
 Shade of my sire ! oh, not with wrathful eye
 Behold me clasp the hand that shed thy
 blood.

Ye death-gods, reckon not to my account,
 That my dread oath of vengeance I abjure.
 With you, in you drear realm of endless night,
 There beats no human heart, and all remains
 Eternal, stedfast, and immoveable.
 Here in the light of day 'tis otherwise.
 Man, living, feeling man, is aye the sport
 Of the o'ermost'ring present.

CHARLES (*to JOHANNA*). Lofty maid !

What owe I not to thee ! How truly now
 Hast thou fulfill'd thy word,—how rapidly
 Reversed my destiny ! Thou hast appeased
 My friends, and in the dust o'erwhelm'd my
 foes ;

From foreign yoke redeem'd my cities.—Thou
 Hast all achieved.—Speak, how can I reward
 thee ?

JOHAN. Sire, in prosperity be still humane,

As in misfortune thou hast ever been ;
 —And on the height of greatness ne'er forget
 The value of a friend in times of need ;
 Thou hast approved it in adversity.
 Refuse not to the lowest of thy people
 The claims of justice and humanity,
 For thy deliv'rer from the fold was call'd.
 Beneath thy royal sceptre, thou shalt gather
 The realm entire of France. Thou shalt become
 The root and ancestor of mighty kings ;
 Succeeding monarchs, in their regal state,

Shall those outshine, who fill'd the throne before.

Thy stock, in majesty shall bloom so long
As it stands rooted in the people's love,
Pride only can achieve its overthrow,
And from the lowly station, whence to-day
God summon'd thy deliv'rer, ruin dire
Obscurely threatens thy crime-polluted sons!

BURG. Exalted maid! Possessed with sacred fire!
If thou canst look into the gulf of time,
Speak also of my race! Shall coming years
With ampler honors crown my princely line?

JOHAN. High as the throne, thou, Burgundy, hast built
Thy seat of power, and thy aspiring heart
Would raise still higher, even to the clouds,
The lofty edifice.—But from on high
A hand omnipotent shall check its rise.
Fear thou not hence the downfall of thy house!
Its glory in a maiden shall survive;
Upon her breast shall sceptre-bearing kings,
The people's shepherds, bloom. Their ample
sway

Shall o'er two realms extend, they shall ordain
Laws to control the known world, and the new,
Which God still veils behind the pathless waves.

CHAS. O, if the Spirit doth reveal it, speak;
Shall this alliance which we now renew
In distant ages still unite our sons?

JOHANNA (*after a pause*).

Sovereigns and kings! disunion shun with
dread!

Wake not contention from the murky cave,
Where he doth lie asleep, for once aroused

He cannot soon be quell'd! He doth beget
 An iron brood, a ruthless progeny;
 Wildly the sweeping conflagration spreads.
 —Be satisfied! Seek not to question further!
 In the glad present let your hearts rejoice,
 The future let me shroud!

SOREL.

Exalted maid!

Thou canst explore my heart, thou readest there
 If after worldly greatness it aspires,
 To me too give a joyous oracle.

JOHAN.

Of empires only I discern the doom;

In thine own bosom lies thy destiny!

DUNOIS.

What, holy maid, will be thy destiny?

Doubtless, for thee, who art belov'd of Heaven,

The fairest earthly happiness shall bloom,

For thou art pure and holy.

JOHANNA.

Happiness

Abideth yonder, with our God, in Heaven.

CHAS.

Thy fortune be henceforth thy Monarch's care!

For I will glorify thy name in France,

And the remotest age shall call thee blest.

Thus I fulfil my word.—Kneel down!

[He draws his sword and touches her with it.

And rise

A noble! I, thy Monarch, from the dust
 Of thy mean birth exalt thee.—In the grave

Thy fathers I ennoble—thou shalt bear

Upon thy shield the fleur-de-lis, and be

Of equal lineage with the best in France.

Only the royal blood of Valois shall

Be nobler than thine own! The highest peer

Shall feel himself exalted by thy hand;

To wed thee nobly, maid, shall be my care.

DUNOIS (*advancing*).

My heart made choice of her when she was
lowly :

The recent honor which encircles her,

Neither exalts her merit, nor my love.

Here in my sovereign's presence, and before

This holy bishop, maid, I tender thee

My hand, and take thee as my princely wife,

If thou esteem me worthy to be thine.

CHAS. Resistless maiden ! wonder thou dost add

To wonder ! Yes, I now believe that nought's

Impossible to thee. Thou hast subdued

This haughty heart, which still hath scoff'd till
now

At Love's omnipotence.

LA HIRE (*advancing*).

If I have read

A right Johanna's soul, her modest heart's

Her fairest jewel.—She deserveth well

The homage of the great, but her desires

Soar not so high.—She striveth not to reach

A giddy eminence ; an honest heart's

True love contents her, and the quiet lot

Which with this hand I humbly proffer her.

CHAS. Thou too, La Hire ! two brave competitors,—

Peers in heroic virtue and renown !

—Wilt thou, who hast appeased mine enemies,

My realms united, part my dearest friends ?

One only can possess her ; I esteem

Each to be justly worthy such a prize.

Speak, maid ! thy heart alone must here decide

SOREL. The noble maiden is surprised, her cheek

Is crimson'd over with a modest blush.

Let her have leisure to consult her heart,

And in confiding friendship to unseal
 Her long-closed bosom. Now the hour is come
 When, with a sister's love, I also may
 Approach the maid severe, and offer her
 This silent faithful breast.—Permit us women
 Alone to weigh this womanly affair ;
 Do you await the issue.

CHARLES (*about to retire*). Be it so !

JOHAN. No, Sire, not so ! the crimson on my cheek
 Is not the blush of bashful modesty.
 Naught have I for this noble lady's ear
 Which in this presence I may not proclaim.
 The choice of these brave knights much honors
 me,
 But I did not forsake my shepherd-walks,
 To chase vain worldly splendor, nor array
 My tender frame in panoply of war,
 To twine the bridal garland in my hair.
 Far other labor is assign'd to me,
 Which a pure maiden can alone achieve.
 I am the soldier of the Lord of Hosts,
 And to no mortal man can I be wife.

ARCHB. To be a fond companion unto man
 Is woman born—when nature she obeys,
 Most wisely she fulfils high Heaven's decree !
 When his behest who call'd thee to the field
 Shall be accomplish'd, thou'lt resign thine
 arms,
 And once again rejoin the softer sex,
 Whose gentle nature thou dost now forego,
 And which from war's stern duties is exempt.

JOHAN. Most reverend Sir ! as yet I cannot say
 What work the Spirit will enjoin on me,

But when the time comes round, his guiding
voice

Will not be mute, and it I will obey.

Now he commands me to complete my task,

My royal Master's brow is still uncrown'd,

Still unanointed is his sacred head ;

My Sovereign cannot yet be call'd a king.

CHAS. We are advancing on the way to Rheims.

JOHAN. Let us not linger, for the enemy

Is planning how to intercept thy course :

I will conduct thee through the midst of
them !

DUNOIS. And when thy holy mission is fulfill'd,

When we in triumph shall have enter'd Rheims,

Wilt thou not then permit me, sacred maid—

JOHAN. If Heaven ordain that, from the strife of death,

Crown'd with the wreath of conquest, I return,

My task will be accomplish'd—and the maid

Hath, thenceforth, in the palace nought to do.

CHARLES (*taking her hand*).

It is the Spirit's voice impels thee now ;

Love in thy bosom, Heaven-inspir'd, is mute ;

'Twill not be ever so ; believe me, maid !

Our weapons will repose, and victory

Will by the hand lead forward gentle peace.

Joy will return again to every breast,

And softer feelings wake in every heart,—

They will awaken also in thy breast,

And tears of gentle longing thou wilt weep,

Such as thine eye hath never shed before ;

—This heart, which Heaven now occupies
alone,

Will fondly open to an earthly friend—

Thousands thou hast till now redeem'd and
bless'd,

Thou wilt at length conclude by blessing one!

JOHAN. Art weary, Dauphin, of the heavenly vision,
That thou its vessel wouldst annihilate?
The holy maiden, sent to thee by God,
Degrade, reducing her to common dust?
Ye blind of heart! O ye of little faith!
God's glory shines around you; to your gaze
He doth reveal his wonders, and ye see
Nought but a woman in me. Dare a woman
In iron panoply array herself,
And boldly mingle in the strife of men?
Wo, wo is me! if e'er my hand should wield
The avenging sword of God, and my vain heart
Cherish affection to a mortal man!
'Twere better for me I had ne'er been born!
Henceforth no more of this, unless ye would
Provoke the Spirit's wrath who in me dwells!
The eye of man, regarding me with love,
To me is horror and profanity.

CHAS. Forbear! It is in vain to urge her further.

JOHAN. Command the trumpets of the war to sound!
This stillness doth perplex and harass me;
An inward impulse drives me from repose,
It still impels me to achieve my work,
And sternly beckons me to meet my doom.

SCENE V.

A Knight, entering hastily.

CHAS. What tidings? Speak!

KNIGHT. The foe has cross'd the Marne,
And marshalleth his army for the fight.

JOHANNA (*inspired*).

Battle and tumult ! Now my soul is free.

Arm, warriors, arm ! while I prepare the troops.

[*She goes out.*

CHAS. Follow, La Hire ! E'en at the gates of Rheims
They will compel us to dispute the crown !

DUNOIS. No genuine courage prompts them. This essay
Is the last effort of enraged despair.

CHAS. I do not urge you, Duke. To-day's the time
To compensate the errors of the past.

BURG. You shall be satisfied with me.

CHARLES.

Myself

Will march before you on the path of fame ;

Here, with my royal town of Rheims in view,

I'll fight, and gallantly achieve the crown.

Thy knight, my Agnes, bids thee now farewell !

AGNES (*embracing him*).

I do not weep, I do not tremble for thee ;

My faith, unshaken, cleaveth unto God !

Heaven, were we doom'd to failure, had not
given

So many gracious pledges of success !

My heart doth whisper me that, victory-crown'd,

In conquer'd Rheims, I shall embrace my King.

[*Trumpets sound with a spirited tone, and while the scene is changing, pass into a wild martial strain. When the scene opens, the orchestra joins in, accompanied by warlike instruments behind the scene.*

SCENE VI.

*The scene changes to an open country, skirted with trees.
During the music, Soldiers are seen retreating hastily
across the background.*

TALBOT, *leaning on* FASTOLFE, *and accompanied by
Soldier. Soon after,* LIONEL.

TALBOT. Here lay me down, beneath these trees, and
then

Betake you back, with speed, unto the fight ;
I need no aid to die.

FASTOLFE. Oh woful day ! [*LIONEL enters.*

Behold what sight awaits you, Lionel !

Here lies our General, wounded unto death.

LIONEL. Now, God forbid ! My noble Lord, arise !

No moment this to falter and to sink.

Yield not to death. By your all-powerful
will,

Command your ebbing spirit still to live.

TALBOT. In vain ! The day of destiny is come,
Which will o'erthrow the English power in
France.

In desperate combat I have vainly risk'd
The remnant of our force to ward it off.
Struck by the thunderbolt I prostrate lie,
Never to rise again.—Rheims now is lost,
Hasten to succor Paris !

LIONEL. Paris is with the Dauphin reconcil'd ;
A courier even now hath brought the news.

TALBOT (*tearing off his bandages*).

Then freely flow, ye currents of my blood,
For Talbot now is weary of the sun !

LIONEL. I may no longer tarry : Fastolfe, haste !
 Convey our leader to a place of safety.
 No longer now can we maintain this post ;
 Our flying troops disperse on every side,
 On, with resistless might, the Maiden comes.

TALBOT. Folly, thou conquerest, and I must yield !
 Against stupidity the very gods
 Themselves contend in vain. Exalted reason,
 Resplendent daughter of the head divine,
 Wise fondress of the system of the world,
 Guide of the stars, who art thou then, if thou,
 Bound to the tail of folly's uncurb'd steed,
 Must, vainly shrieking, with the drunken crowd,
 Eyes open, plunge down headlong in the abyss.
 Accurs'd, who striveth after noble ends,
 And with deliberate wisdom forms his plans !
 To the fool-king belongs the world—

LIONEL. My Lord,
 But for a few brief moments can you live—
 Think of your Maker !

TALBOT. Had we, like brave men,
 Been vanquished by the brave, we might, indeed,
 Console ourselves that 'twas the common lot ;
 For fickle fortune aye revolves her wheel.
 But to be baffled by such juggling arts !
 Deserv'd our earnest and laborious life
 Not a more earnest issue ?

LIONEL. (*extends his hand to him*). Fare you well !
 The debt of honest tears I will discharge
 After the battle—if I then survive.
 Now Fate doth call me hence, where on the field
 Her web she weaveth, and dispenseth doom.

We in another world shall meet again ;
 For our long friendship, this a brief farewell.

[*Exit.*]

TALBOT. Soon is the struggle past, and to the earth,
 To the eternal sun, I render back
 These atoms, join'd in me for pain and pleasure ;
 And of the mighty Talbot, who the world
 Fill'd with his martial glory, there remains
 Nought save a modicum of senseless dust.
 —Such is the end of man !—the only spoil
 We carry with us from life's battle-field,
 Is but an insight into nothingness,
 And utter scorn of all which once appear'd
 To us exalted and desirable.—

SCENE VII.

CHARLES, BURGUNDY, DUNOIS, DUCHATEL, and *Soldiers.*

BURG. The trench is storm'd !

DUNOIS. The victory is ours !

CHARLES (*perceiving* TALBOT).

Look ! Who is he, who yonder of the sun
 Taketh reluctant, sorrowful farewell ?
 His armor indicates no common man ;
 Go, succor him, if aid may yet avail.

[*Soldiers of the KING'S retinue step forward.*]

FASTOL. Back ! Stand apart ! Respect the mighty dead,
 Whom ye, in life, ne'er ventur'd to approach !

BURG. What do I see ? Lord Talbot in his blood !

[*He approaches him. TALBOT gazes fixedly
 at him, and dies.*]

FASTOL. Traitor, avaunt ! Let not the sight of thee
 Poison the dying hero's parting glance.

DUNOIS. Resistless hero ! Dread-inspiring Talbot !

Does such a narrow space suffice thee now,
 And this vast kingdom could not satisfy
 The large ambition of thy giant soul!
 —Now first I can salute you, Sire, as King:
 The diadem but totter'd on your brow,
 While yet a spirit tenanted this clay.

CHARLES (*after contemplating the body in silence*).

A higher power hath vanquish'd him, not we!
 He lies upon the soil of France, as lies
 The hero on the shield he would not quit.
 Well, peace be with his ashes! Bear him hence!
 [*Soldiers take up the body and carry it away.*]
 Here, in the heart of France, where his career
 Of conquest ended, let his reliques lie!
 So far no hostile sword attain'd before,
 A fitting tomb shall memorize his name;
 His epitaph the spot whereon he fell.

FASTOLFE (*yielding his sword*).

I am your prisoner, Sir.

CHARLES (*returning his sword*). Not so! Rude war

Respects each pious office; you are free
 To render the last honors to the dead.
 Go now, Duchâtel,—still my Agnes trembles—
 Hasten to snatch her from anxiety—
 Bring her the tidings of our victory,
 And usher her in triumph into Rheims!

[*Exit DUCHATEL.*]

SCENE VIII.

The same. LA HIRE.

DUNOIS. La Hire, where is the Maiden?

LA HIRE.

That I ask

Of you; I left her fighting by your side.

DUNOIS. I thought she was protected by your arm,
When I departed to assist the King.

BURG. Not long ago I saw her banner wave
Amid the thickest of the hostile ranks.

DUNOIS. Alas! where is she? Evil I forebode!
Come, let us haste to rescue her.—I fear
Her daring soul hath led her on too far;
Alone, she combats in the midst of foes,
And without succor yieldeth to the crowd.

CHAS. Haste to her rescue!

LA HIRE. Come!

BURGUNDY. We follow all! [*Exit.*
[*They retire in haste.*

*A deserted part of the battle-field. In the distance are
seen the towers of Rheims illumined by the sun.*

SCENE IX.

*A KNIGHT in black armor, with closed visor. JOHANNA
follows him to the front of the stage, where he stops
and awaits her.*

JOHAN. Deluder! now I see thy stratagem!
Thou hast deceitfully, through seeming flight,
Allur'd me from the battle, doom and death
Averting thus from many a British head.
Destruction now doth overtake thyself.

KNIGHT. Why dost thou follow after me and track
My steps with quenchless rage? I am not
doom'd
To perish by thy hand.

JOHANNA. Deep in my soul
I hate thee as the night, which is thy color.

To blot thee out from the fair light of day
An irresistible desire impels me.

Who art thou? Raise thy visor.—I had said
That thou wert Talbot, had I not myself
Seen warlike Talbot in the battle fall.

KNIGHT. Is the divining Spirit mute in thee?

JOHAN. His voice speaks loudly in my spirit's depths
The near approach of wo.

BLACK KNIGHT. Johanna D'Arc!
Borne on the wings of conquest, thou hast
reach'd

The gates of Rheims. Let thy achieved renown
Content thee. Fortune, like thy slave, till now
Hath follow'd thee; dismiss her, ere in wrath
She free herself; fidelity she hates;
She serveth none with constancy till death.

JOHAN. Why check me in the midst of my career?
Why bid me falter and forsake my work?
I will complete it, and fulfil my vow!

KNIGHT. Nothing can thee, thou mighty one, withstand,
In battle thou art aye invincible.
—But henceforth shun the fight; attend my
warning.

JOHAN. Not from my hand will I resign this sword
Till haughty England's prostrate in the dust.

KNIGHT. Behold! there Rheims ariseth with its towers,
The goal and end of thy career.—Thou seest
The lofty minster's sun-illumin'd dome;
Thou in triumphal pomp wouldst enter there,
Thy monarch crown, and ratify thy vow.
—Enter not there! Return! Attend my warn-
ing!

JOHAN. What art thou, double-tongue'd, deceitful being,

Who wouldst bewilder and appal me? Speak!
 By what authority dost thou presume
 To greet me with fallacious oracles?

[The BLACK KNIGHT is about to depart, she steps in his way.]

No, thou shalt speak, or perish by my hand!

[She endeavors to strike him.]

BLACK KNIGHT (*touches her with his hand she remains motionless.*)

Slay, what is mortal!

[Darkness, thunder and lightning. The KNIGHT sinks into the earth.]

JOHANNA (*stands at first in amazement, but soon recovers herself.*)

'Twas nothing living. 'Twas a base delusion,
 An instrument of Hell, a juggling fiend,
 Uprisen hither from the fiery pool
 To shake and terrify my stedfast heart.
 Wielding the sword of God, whom should I fear?
 I will triumphantly achieve my work.
 My courage should not waver, should not fail
 Were Hell itself to champion me to fight!

[She is about to depart.]

SCENE X.

LIONEL, JOHANNA.

LIONEL. Accursed one, prepare thee for the fight!
 —Not both of us shall quit this field alive.
 Thou hast destroy'd the bravest of our host:
 The noble Talbot hath his mighty soul
 Breathed forth upon my bosom.—I'll avenge
 The hero, or participate his doom.

And wouldst thou know who brings thee glory
now,

Whether he live or die,—I'm Lionel,
The sole survivor of the English chiefs,
And still unconquer'd is this valiant arm.

*[He rushes upon her ; after a short combat
she strikes the sword out of his hand.]*

Perfidious fortune !

*[He wrestles with her. JOHANNA seizes him
by the crest and tears open his helmet ; his
face is thus exposed ; at the same time she
draws her sword with her right hand.]*

JOHANNA. Suffer what thou soughtest !

The Virgin sacrifices thee through me !

*[At this moment she gazes in his face. His
aspect softens her, she remains motionless
and slowly lets her arm sink.]*

LIONEL. Why linger, why withhold the stroke of death ?

My glory thou hast taken—take my life !

I want no mercy, I am in thy power.

[She makes him a sign with her hand to fly.]

How ! shall I fly, and owe my life to thee ?

No, I would rather die !

JOHANNA *(with averted face)*. I will not know

That ever thou didst owe thy life to me.

LIONEL. I hate alike thee and thy proffer'd gift.

I want no mercy—kill thine enemy,

Who loathes and would have slain thee.

JOHANNA. Slay me then,

And fly !

LIONEL. Ha ! What is this ?

JOHANNA *(hiding her face)*. Wo's me !

LIONEL *(approaching her)*. 'Tis said

Thou killest all the English, whom thy sword
Subdues in battle—why spare me alone?

JOHANNA (*raises her sword with a rapid movement, as if
to strike him, but lets it fall quickly when she
gazes on his face*).

O Holy Virgin!

LIONEL. Wherefore namest thou
The Holy Virgin? she knows nought of thee;
Heaven hath no part in thee.

JOHANNA (*in the greatest anxiety*). What have I done!
Alas! I've broke my vow!

[*She wrings her hands in despair.*]

LIONEL (*looks at her with sympathy and approaches her.*)

Unhappy Maid!

I pity thee! Thy sorrow touches me;
Thou hast shown mercy unto me alone,
My hatred yielded unto sympathy!
—Who art thou, and whence comest thou?

JOHANNA. Away!

LIONEL. Thy youth, thy beauty, move my soul to
pity!

Thy look sinks in my heart. I fain would save
thee—

How may I do so? tell me. Come! oh come!
Renounce this fearful league—throw down these
arms!

JOHAN. I am unworthy now to carry them!

LIONEL. Then throw them from thee—quick! come
follow me!

JOHANNA (*with horror*).

How! follow thee!

LIONEL. Thou mayst be saved. Oh come!
I will deliver thee, but linger not.

Strange sorrow for thy sake doth seize my
heart,

Unspeakable desire to rescue thee—

[*He seizes her arm.*

JOHAN. The Bastard comes! 'Tis they! They seek
for me,

If they should find thee—

LIONEL. I'll defend thee, Maid!

JOHAN. I die if thou shouldst perish by their hands!

LIONEL. Am I then dear to thee?

JOHANNA. Ye heavenly Powers!

LIONEL. Shall I again behold thee—hear from thee?

JOHAN. No! never!

LIONEL. Thus this sword I seize, in pledge
That I again behold thee!

[*He snatches her sword.*

JOHANNA. Madman, hold!

Thou darest?

LIONEL. Now I yield to force—again

I'll see thee! [*He retires.*

SCENE XI.

JOHANNA, DUNOIS, LA HIRE.

LA HIRE. It is she! The Maiden lives!

DUNOIS. Fear not, Johanna! friends are at thy side.

HIRE. Is not that Lionel who yonder flies?

DUNOIS. Let him escape! Maiden, the righteous cause
Hath triumph'd now. Rheims opens wide its
gates;

The joyous crowds pour forth to meet their
King.—

HIRE. What ails the Maiden? She grows pale—she
sinks!

[JOHANNA *grows dizzy, and is about to fall.*

DUNOIS. She's wounded—rend her breastplate—'tis her
arm!

The wound is not severe.

LA HIRE. Her blood doth flow.

JOHAN. Oh that my life would stream forth with my
blood!

[*She lies senseless in LA HIRE'S arms.*

ACT IV.

*A hall adorned as for a festival; the columns are hung
with garlands; behind the scene flutes and hautboys.*

SCENE I.

JOHAN. Hushed is the din of arms, war's storms subside,
Glad song and dance succeed the bloody fray,
Through all the streets joy echoes far and wide,
Altar and church are deck'd in rich array,
Triumphal arches rise in vernal pride,
Wreaths round the columns wind their flowery
way,

Wide Rheims cannot contain the mighty
throng,

Which to the joyous pageant rolls along.

One thought alone doth every heart possess,
One rapt'rous feeling o'er each breast preside.
And those to-day are link'd in happiness
Whom bloody hatred did erewhile divide.

All who themselves of Gallie race confess
 The name of Frenchman own with conscious
 pride,
 France sees the splendor of her ancient crown,
 And to her Monarch's son bows humbly down.

Yet I, the author of this wide delight,
 The joy, myself created, cannot share ;
 My heart is chang'd, in sad and dreary plight
 It flies the festive pageant in despair ;
 Still to the British camp it taketh flight,
 Against my will my gaze still wanders there,
 And from the throng I steal, with grief op-
 press'd,
 To hide the guilt which weighs upon my breast.

What ! I permit a human form
 To haunt my bosom's sacred cell ?
 And there, where heavenly radiance shone,
 Doth earthly love presume to dwell ?
 The saviour of my country, I,
 The warrior of God most high,
 Burn for my country's foeman ? Dare I name
 Heaven's holy light, nor feel o'erwhelm'd with
 shame ?

*[The music behind the scene passes into a
 soft and moving melody.]*

Wo is me ! Those melting tones !
 They distract my 'wilder'd brain !
 Every note, his voice recalling,
 Conjures up his form again !

Would that spears were whizzing round !
 Would that battle's thunder roar'd !
 'Midst the wild tumultuous sound
 My former strength were then restored.

These sweet tones, these melting voices,
 With seductive power are fraught !
 They dissolve, in gentle longing,
 Every feeling, every thought,
 Waking tears of plaintive sadness !

[*After a pause, with more energy.*
 Should I have kill'd him ? Could I, when I
 gazed

Upon his face ? Kill'd him ? Oh, rather far
 Would I have turn'd my weapon 'gainst my-
 self !

And am I culpable because humane ?
 Is pity sinful ?—Pity ! Didst thou hear
 The voice of pity and humanity,
 When others fell the victims of thy sword ?
 Why was she silent when the gentle youth
 From Wales, entreated thee to spare his
 life ?

O, cunning heart ! Thou liest before high
 Heaven ;

It is not pity's voice impels thee now !
 —Why was I doom'd to look into his eyes !
 To mark his noble features ! With that glance,
 Thy crime, thy wo commenc'd. Unhappy
 one !

A sightless instrument thy God demands,
 Blindly thou must accomplish his behest t

When thou didst see, God's shield abandon'd thee,
 And the dire snares of Hell around thee press'd !
*[Flutes are again heard, and she subsides
 into a quiet melancholy.*

Harmless staff ! Oh, that I ne'er
 Had for the sword abandon'd thee !
 Had voices never reached mine ear,
 From thy branches, sacred tree !
 High Queen of Heaven ! Oh would that thou
 Hadst ne'er reveal'd thyself to me !
 Take back—I dare not claim it now—
 Take back thy crown, 'tis not for me !

I saw the heavens open wide,
 I gazed upon that face of love !
 Yet here on earth my hopes abide,
 They do not dwell in heaven above !
 Why, Holy One, on me impose
 This dread vocation ? Could I steel,
 And to each soft emotion close
 This heart, by nature form'd to feel ?

Wouldst thou proclaim thy high command,
 Make choice of those who, free from sin
 In thy eternal mansions stand ;
 Send forth thy flaming cherubim !
 Immortal ones, thy law they keep,
 They do not feel, they do not weep !
 Choose not a tender woman's aid,
 Not the frail soul of shepherd maid !

Was I concern'd with warlike things,
 With battles or the strife of kings?
 In innocence I led my sheep
 Adown the mountain's silent steep
 But thou didst send me into life,
 'Midst princely halls and scenes of strife,
 To lose my spirit's tender bloom :
 Alas, I did not seek my doom !

SCENE II.

AGNES SOREL, JOHANNA.

SOREL (*advances joyfully. When she perceives JOHANNA, she hastens to her and falls upon her neck; then suddenly recollecting herself, she relinquishes her hold, and falls down before her*).

No ! no ! not so ! Before thee in the dust—

JOHANNA (*trying to raise her*).

Arise ! Thou dost forget thyself and me.

SOREL. Forbid me not ! 'tis the excess of joy
 Which throws me at thy feet—I must pour
 forth

My o'ercharged heart in gratitude to God ;

I worship the Invisible in thee.

Thou art the angel, who hast led my Lord

To Rheims, to crown him with the royal
 crown.

What I ne'er dream'd to see, is realized !

The coronation-march will soon set forth ;

Array'd in festal pomp, the Monarch stands ,

Assembled are the nobles of the realm,

The mighty peers, to bear the insignia ;

To the cathedral rolls the billowy crowd ;

Glad songs resound, the bells unite their peal ;
Oh, this excess of joy I cannot bear !

[JOHANNA *gently raises her.* AGNES SOREL
*pauses a moment, and surveys the MAIDEN
more narrowly.*

Yet thou remainest ever grave and stern ;
Thou canst create delight, yet share it not,
Thy heart is cold, thou feelest not our joy,
Thou hast beheld the glories of the skies ;
No earthly interest moveth thy pure breast.

[JOHANNA *seizes her hand passionately, but
soon lets it fall again.*

Oh, couldst thou own a woman's feeling heart !
Put off this armor, war is over now,
Confess thy union with the softer sex !
My loving heart shrinks timidly from thee,
While thus thou wearest Pallas' brow severe,

JOHAN. What wouldst thou have me do ?

SOREL. Unarm thyself !

Put off this coat of mail ! The God of Love
Fears to approach a bosom clad in steel.

Oh, be a woman, thou wilt feel his power !

JOHAN. What, now unarm myself ? 'Midst battle's
roar

I'll bare my bosom to the stroke of death !

Not now !—Would that a sevenfold wall of
brass

Could hide me from your revels, from myself !

SOREL. Thou'rt loved by Count Dunois. His noble
heart,

Which virtue and renown alone inspire,

With pure and holy passion glows for thee.

Oh, it is sweet to know oneself belov'd

By such a hero—sweeter still to love him !

[JOHANNA *turns away with aversion.*

Thou hatest him?—no, no, thou only canst
Not love him :—how could hatred stir thy
breast !

Those who would tear us from the one we love,
We hate alone ; but none can claim thy love.
Thy heart is tranquil—if it could but feel—

JOHAN. Oh, pity me ! Lament my hapless fate !

SOREL. What can be wanting to complete thy joy ?

Thou hast fulfill'd thy promise, France is free,
To Rheims, in triumph, thou hast led the King,
Thy mighty deeds have gain'd thee high re-
nown,

A happy people praise and worship thee ;
Thy name, the honor'd theme of every tongue ;
Thou art the goddess of this festival ;
The Monarch, with his crown and regal state,
Shines not with greater majesty than thou !

JOHAN. Oh, could I hide me in the depths of earth !

SOREL. Why this emotion ? Whence this strange dis-
tress ?

Who may to-day look up without a fear,
If thou dost cast thine eyes upon the ground !
It is for me to blush, me, who near thee
Feel all my littleness ; I cannot reach
Thy lofty virtue, thy heroic strength !
For—all my weakness shall I own to thee ?
Not the renown of France, my Fatherland,
Not the new splendor of the Monarch's crown,
Not the triumphant gladness of the crowds,
Engage this woman's heart. One only form
Is in its depths enshrin'd ; it hath not room

For any feeling save for one alone :
 He is the idol, him the people bless,
 Him they extol, for him they strew these
 flowers,
 And he is mine, he is my own true love !

JOHAN. Oh, thou art happy ! thou art bless'd indeed !
 Thou lovest, where all love. Thou mayst, un-
 blamed
 Pour forth thy rapture, and thine inmost heart
 Fearless discover to the gaze of man !
 Thy country's triumph is thy lover's too,
 The vast, innumerable multitudes,
 Who, rolling onward, crowd within these walls,
 Participate thy joy, they hallow it ;
 Thee they salute, for thee they twine the
 wreath.
 Thou art a portion of the general joy ;
 Thou lovest the all-inspiring soul, the sun,
 And what thou seest is thy lover's glory !

SOREL (*falling on her neck*).

Thou dost delight me, thou canst read my
 heart !
 I did thee wrong, thou knowest what love is,
 Thou tell'st my feelings with a voice of power,
 My heart forgets its fear and its reserve,
 And seeks confidingly to blend with thine—

JOHANNA (*tearing herself from her with violence*).

Forsake me ! Turn away ! Do not pollute
 Thyself by longer intercourse with me !
 Be happy ! go— and in the deepest night
 Leave me to hide my infamy, my wo !

SOREL. Thou frighten'st me, I understand thee not,
 I ne'er have understood thee—for from me

Thy dark mysterious being still was veil'd.
 Who may divine what thus disturbs thy heart,
 Thus terrifies thy pure and sacred soul!

JOHAN. Thou art the pure, the holy one! Couldst thou
 Behold mine inmost heart, thou, shuddering,
 Wouldst fly the traitress, the enemy!

SCENE III.

DUNOIS, DUCHATEL, *and* LA HIRE, *with the Banner of*
 JOHANNA.

DUNOIS. Johanna, thee we seek. All is prepared;
 The King hath sent us, 'tis his royal will
 That thou before him shouldst thy banner
 bear;

The company of princes thou shalt join,
 And march immediately before the King:
 For he doth not deny it, and the world
 Shall witness, Maiden, that to thee alone
 He doth ascribe the honor of this day.

HIRE. Here is the banner. Take it, noble Maiden!
 Thou'rt stayed for by the princes and the
 people.

JOHAN. I march before him? I the banner bear?

DUNOIS. Whom else would it become? What other
 hand

Is pure enough to bear the sacred ensign!
 Amid the battle thou hast waved it oft;
 To grace our glad procession bear it now.

[LA HIRE *presents the banner to her, she*
draws back, shuddering.

JOHAN. Away! away!

LA HIRE. How! Art thou terrified

At thine own banner, Maiden?—Look at it!

[*He displays the banner.*]

It is the same, thou didst in conquest wave,

Imaged upon it is the Queen of Heaven,

Floating in glory o'er this earthly ball:

For so the Holy Mother show'd it thee.

[*JOHANNA, gazing upon it with horror.*]

'Tis she herself! so she appear'd to me.

See, how she looks at me and knits her brow,

And anger flashes from her threatening eye!

SOREL. Alas, she raveth! Maiden, be composed!

Collect thyself! Thou seest nothing real!

That is her pictured image: she herself

Wanders above, amid the angelic choir!

JOHAN. Thou comest, fearful one, to punish me?

Destroy, o'erwhelm, thine arrowy lightnings
hurl

And let them fall upon my guilty head.

Alas, my vow I've broken! I've profaned

And desecrated thy most holy name!

DUXOIS. Wo's us! What may this mean? What unblest
words?

LA HIRE (*in astonishment, to DUCHATEL*).

This strange emotion canst thou comprehend?

DUCHAT. That which I see, I see—I long have fear'd it.

DUXOIS. What sayest thou?

DUCHATEL. I dare not speak my thoughts,
I would to Heaven that the King were crown'd!

HIRE. How! hath the awe this banner doth inspire

Turn'd back upon thyself? before this sign

Let Britons tremble: to the foes of France

'Tis fearful, but to all true citizens

It is auspicious.

JOHANNA. Yes, thou sayest truly !
 To friends 'tis gracious ! but to enemies
 It causeth horror !

[The Coronation march is heard.]

DUNOIS. Take thy banner, then !

The march begins—no time is to be lost !

[They press the banner upon her ; she seizes it with evident emotion, and retires ; the others follow.]

[The scene changes to an open place before the Cathedral.]

SCENE IV.

Spectators occupy the background ; BERTRAND, CLAUDE MARIE and ETIENNE come forward ; then MARGOT and LOUSON. The Coronation march is heard in the distance.

BERT. Hark to the music ! They approach already !
 What had we better do ? Shall we mount up
 Upon the platform, or press through the crowd,
 That we may nothing lose of the procession ?

ETIEN. It is not to be thought of. All the streets
 Are throng'd with horsemen and with carriages.
 Beside these houses let us take our stand ;
 Here we without annoyance may behold
 The train as it goes by.

CLAUDE MARIE. Almost it seems
 As were the half of France assembled here ;
 So mighty is the flood, that it hath reached
 Even our distant Lotharingian land
 And borne us hither !

BERTRAND. Who would sit at home
 When great events are stirring in the land !
 It hath cost plenty, both of sweat and blood,
 Ere the crown rested on its rightful head !
 Nor shall our lawful King, to whom we give
 The crown, be worse accompanied than he
 Whom the Parisians in St. Denis crown'd !
 He is no loyal honest-minded man
 Who doth absent him from this festival,
 And joins not in the cry: "God save the
 King!"

SCENE V.

MARGOT *and* LOUISON *join them.*

LOUIS. We shall again behold our sister, Margot !
 How my heart beats !

MARGOT. In majesty and pomp
 We shall behold her, saying to ourselves :
 It is our sister, it is our Johanna !

LOUIS. Till I have seen her, I can scarce believe
 That she, whom men the Maid of Orleans name,
 The mighty warrior, is indeed Johanna,
 Our sister whom we lost !

[The music draws nearer.

MARGOT. Thou doubtest still !
 Thou wilt thyself behold her !

BERTRAND. See, they come !

SCENE VI.

[Musiciaus, with flutes and hautboys, open the procession. Children follow dressed in white, with branches in their hands ; behind them

two heralds. Then a procession of halberdiers, followed by magistrates in their robes. Then two marshals with their staves; the DUKE OF BURGUNDY, bearing the sword, DUNOIS with the sceptre, other nobles with the regalia; others with sacrificial offerings. Behind these, KNIGHTS with the ornaments of their order; choristers with incense; two BISHOPS with the ampulla, the ARCHBISHOP with the crucifix. JOHANNA follows, with her banner; she walks with downcast head and wavering steps; her sisters, on beholding her, express their astonishment and joy. Behind her comes the KING under a canopy, supported by four barons; courtiers follow, soldiers conclude the procession; as soon as it has entered the church the music ceases.

SCENE VII.

LOUISON, MARGOT, CLAUDE MARIE, ETIENNE, BERTRAND.

MARG. Saw you our sister?

CLAUDE MARIE.

She in golden armor,

Who with the banner walked before the King?

MARG. It was Johanna. It was she, our sister!

LOUIS. She recognized us not! She did not feel

That we, her sisters, were so near to her.

She look'd upon the ground, and seemed so pale,

And trembled so beneath her banner's weight—

When I beheld her, I could not rejoice.

MARG. So now, arrayed in splendor and in pomp,

I have beheld our sister—Who in dreams

Would ever have imagined or conceiv'd,

When on our native hills she drove the flock,
That we should see her in such majesty?

LOUIS. Our father's dream is realized, that we
In Rheims before our sister should bow down,
That is the church, which in his dream he saw,
And each particular is now fulfilled.

But images of wo he also saw!

Alas! I'm griev'd to see her raised so high!

BERT. Why stand we idly here? Let's to the church
To view the coronation!

MARGOT. Yes! Perchance
We there may meet our sister; let us go!

LOUIS. We have beheld her. Let us now return
Back to our village.

MARGOT. How? Ere we with her
Have interchanged a word?

LOUISON. She doth belong
To us no longer: she with princes stands
And monarchs.—Who are we, that we should
seek

With foolish vanity to near her state?

She was a stranger, while she dwelt with us!

MARG. Will she despise, and treat us with contempt?

BERT. The King himself is not ashamed of us,
He kindly greets the meanest of the crowd,
How high so ever she may be exalted,
The King is raised still higher!

*[Trumpets and kettle-drums are heard from
the church.]*

CLAUDE MARIE. Let's to the church!

*[They hasten to the background, where they
are lost among the crowd.]*

SCENE VIII.

THIBAUT *enters, clad in black.* RAIMOND *follows him, and tries to hold him back.*

RAIM. Stay, father Thibaut! Do not join the crowds!
Here, at this joyous festival you meet
None but the happy, whom your grief offends.
Come! Let us quit the town with hasty steps.

THIB. Hast thou beheld my child? My wretched
child?
Didst thou observe her?

RAIMOND. I entreat you, fly!

THIB. Didst mark her tottering and uncertain steps,
Her countenance, so pallid and disturb'd?
She feels her dreadful state; the hour is come
To save my child, and I will not neglect it.
[He is about to retire.]

RAIM. What would you do?

THIBAUT. Surprise her, hurl her down
From her vain happiness, and forcibly
Restore her to the God whom she denies.

RAIM. O do not work the ruin of your child!

THIB. If her soul lives, her mortal part may die.

[JOHANNA rushes out of the church, without her banner. The people press around her, worship her, and kiss her garments. She is detained in the background by the crowd.]

She comes! 'tis she! She rushes from the church!
Her troubled conscience drives her from the
fane!

'Tis visibly the judgment of her God!

RAIM. Farewell! Require not my attendance further!
 Hopeful I came, and sorrowful depart.
 Your daughter once again I have beheld,
 And feel again that she is lost to me!

(He goes out; THIBAUT retires on the opposite side.)

SCENE IX.

JOHANNA, *People. Afterwards her Sisters.*

JOHANNA *(she has freed herself from the crowd and comes forward)*.

Remain I cannot—spirits chase me forth!
 The organ's pealing tones like thunder sound,
 The dome's arch'd roof threatens to o'erwhelm
 me!

I must escape and seek Heaven's wide expanse!
 I left my banner in the sanctuary,
 Never, oh never, will I touch it more!
 It seem'd to me as if I had beheld
 My sisters pass before me like a dream.
 'Twas only a delusion!—They, alas!
 Are far, far distant—inaccessible—
 Even as my childhood, as mine innocence!

MARGOT *(stepping forward)*.

'Tis she! It is Johanna!

LOUISON *(hastening towards her)*. O my sister!

JOHAN. Then it was no delusion—you are here—
 Thee I embrace, Louison! Thee, my Margot!
 Here, in this strange and crowded solitude,
 I clasp once more my sisters' faithful breast!

MARG. She knows us still, she is our own kind sister.

JOHAN. Your love hath led you to me here so far!

So very far ! You are not wroth with her
Who left her home without one parting word ?

LOUIS. God's unseen providence conducted thee.

MARG. Thy great renown, which agitates the world,
Which makes thy name the theme of every
tongue,

Hath in our quiet village waken'd us,
And led us hither to this festival.

To witness all thy glory we are come ;
And we are not alone !

JOHANNA (*quickly*). Our father's here ?
Where is he ? Why doth he conceal himself ?

MARG. Our father is not with us.

JOHANNA. Not with you ?
He will not see me, then ! You do not bring
His blessing for his child ?

LOUISON. He knoweth not
That we are here.

JOHANNA. Not know it ! Wherefore not ?
You are embarrass'd, and you do not speak :
You look upon the ground ! Where is our
father ?

MARG. Since thou hast left—

LOUISON (*making a sign to MARGOT*).

Margot !

MARGOT. Our father hath
Become dejected.

JOHANNA. Ah !

LOUISON. Console thyself !
Our sire's foreboding spirit well thou know'st !
He will collect himself, and be composed,
When he shall learn from us that thou art
happy.

MARG. And thou art happy? Yes, it must be so,
For thou art great and honor'd!

JOHANNA. I am so,
Now I again behold you, once again
Your voices hear, whose fond familiar tones
Bring to my mind my dear paternal fields,
When on my native hills I drove my herd,
Then I was happy as in Paradise—
I ne'er can be so more, no, never more!

*[She hides her face on LOUISON'S bosom.
CLAUDE MARIE, ETIENNE, and BERTRAND
appear, and remain timidly standing in
the distance.]*

MARG. Come, Bertrand! Claude Marie! come Etienne!
Our sister is not proud; she is so gentle,
And speaks so kindly,—more so than of yore,
When in our village she abode with us.

*[They draw near, and hold out their hands:
JOHANNA gazes on them fixedly, and ap-
pears amazed.]*

JOHAN. Where am I? Tell me! Was it all a dream,
A long, long dream? And am I now awake?
Am I away from Domremi? Is't so?
I fell asleep beneath the Druid tree,
And I am now awake; and round me stand
The kind, familiar forms? I only dream'd
Of all these battles, kings, and deeds of war,—
They were but shadows which before me
pass'd;
For dreams are always vivid 'neath that
tree.
How did you come to Rheims? How came I
here?

No, I have never quitted Domremi!
Confess it to me, and rejoice my heart.

LOUIS. We are at Rheims. Thou hast not merely
dream'd
Of these great deeds—thou hast achieved them
all.

—Come to thyself, Johanna! Look around—
Thy splendid armor feel, of burnish'd gold!
[JOHANNA *lays her hand upon her breast,*
recollects herself, and shrinks back.

BERT. Out of my hand thou didst receive this helm.

MARIE. No wonder thou shouldst think it all a dream;
For nothing in a dream could come to pass
More wonderful than what thou hast achieved.

JOHANNA (*quickly*).

Come, let us fly! I will return with you
Back to our village, to our father's bosom.

LOUIS. Oh come! Return with us!

JOHANNA. The people here
Exalt me far above what I deserve!

You have beheld me weak and like a child;
You love me, but you do not worship me!

MARG. Thou wilt abandon this magnificence!

JOHAN. I will throw off the hated ornaments,
Which were a barrier 'twixt my heart and
yours,

And I will be a shepherdess again,
And, like a humble maiden, I will serve you,
And will with bitter penitence atone
That I above you vainly raised myself!

[*Trumpets sound.*

SCENE X.

The KING comes forth from the Church. He is in the coronation robes. AGNES SOREL, ARCHBISHOP, BURGUNDY, DUNOIS, LA HIRE, DUCHATEL, KNIGHTS, COURTIERS, and PEOPLE.

Many voices shout repeatedly, while the KING advances.

Long live the King! Long live King Charles the Seventh!

[The trumpets sound. Upon a signal from the KING, the HERALDS with their staves command silence.]

KING. Thanks, my good people! Thank you for your love!

The crown, which God hath placed upon our brow,

Hath with our valiant swords been hardly won;
With noble blood 'tis wetted; but henceforth
The peaceful olive branch shall round it twine.
Let those who fought for us receive our thanks;
Our pardon, those who join'd the hostile ranks,
For God hath shown us mercy in our need,
And our first royal word shall now be—Mercy!

PEOPLE. Long live the King! Long live King Charles the good!

KING. From God alone, the highest potentate,
The monarchs of the French receive the crown;
But visibly from his almighty hand
Have we received it. *[Turning to the MAIDEN.]*
Here stands the holy delegate of Heaven,

Who hath restored to you your rightful King,
 And rent the yoke of foreign tyranny !
 Her name shall equal that of holy Denis,
 The guardian and protector of this realm ;
 And to her fame an altar shall be rear'd !

PEOPLE. Hail to the Maiden, the deliverer ! [*Trumpets.*
 KING (*to JOHANNA*).

If thou art born of woman, like ourselves,
 Name aught that can augment thy happiness.
 But if thy Fatherland is there above,
 If in this virgin form thou dost conceal
 The radiant glory of a heavenly nature,
 From our deluded sense remove the veil,
 And let us see thee in thy form of light,
 As thou art seen in Heaven, that in the dust
 We may bow down before thee.

[*A general silence ; every eye is fixed upon
 the MAIDEN.*

JOHANNA (*with a sudden cry*). God ! my father !

SCENE XI.

THIBAUT *comes forth from the crowd and stands opposite
 to her.*

Many voices exclaim,

Her father !

THIBAUT. Yes, her miserable father,
 Who did beget her, and whom God impels
 Now to accuse his daughter.

BURGUNDY. Ha ! What's this ?

DUCHAT. Now will the fearful truth appear !

THIBAUT (*to the KING*). Thou think'st

That thou art rescued through the power of
God?

Deluded prince! Deluded multitude!

Ye have been rescued through the arts of Hell.

[All step back with horror.

DUNOIS. Is this man mad?

THIBAUT. Not I, but thou art mad,
And this wise bishop, and these noble lords,
Who think that through a weak and sinful
maid

The God of Heaven would reveal himself.

Come, let us see, if to her father's face

She will maintain the specious, juggling arts,

Wherewith she hath deluded King and people.

Now, in the name of the blest Trinity,

Belong'st thou to the pure and holy ones?

*[A general silence; all eyes are fixed upon
her; she remains motionless.*

SOREL. God! she is dumb!

THIBAUT. Before that awful name,
Which even in the depths of Hell is fear'd,
She must be silent!—She a holy one,
By God commission'd?—On a cursed spot
It was conceived,—beneath the Druid tree
Where evil spirits have from olden time
Their sabbath held.—There her immortal soul
She barter'd with the enemy of man
For transient worldly glory. Let her bare
Her arm, and ye will see impress'd thereon,
The fatal marks of Hell!

BURGUNDY. Most horrible!

Yet we must needs believe a father's words,

Who 'gainst his daughter gives his evidence!

DUNOIS. No, no! the madman cannot be believed,
Who in his child brings shame upon himself!

SOREL (*to JOHANNA*).

O, Maiden, speak! this fatal silence break!
We firmly trust thee! we believe in thee!
One syllable from thee, one single word,
Shall be sufficient—speak! annihilate
This horrid accusation!—But declare
Thine innocence, and we will all believe thee.

[*JOHANNA remains motionless; AGNES steps back with horror.*

HIRE. She's frighten'd. Horror and astonishment
Impede her utterance.—Before a charge
So horrible e'en innocence must tremble.

[*He approaches her.*

Collect thyself, Johanna! Innocence
Hath a triumphant look, whose lightning flash
Strikes slander to the earth! In noble wrath
Arise! look up, and punish this base doubt,
An insult to thy holy innocence.

[*JOHANNA remains motionless; LA HIRE steps back; the excitement increases.*

DUNOIS. Why do the people fear—the princes tremble?
I'll stake my honor on her innocence!
Here on the ground I throw my knightly gage—
Who now will venture to maintain her guilt?

[*A loud clap of thunder; all are horror-struck*

THIB. Answer, by Him whose thunders roll above!
Give me the lie. Proclaim thine innocence;
Say that the enemy hath not thy heart!

[*Another clap of thunder; louder than the first, the people fly on all sides.*

BURG. God guard and save us! What appalling signs!

DUCHATEL (*to the KING*).

Come, come, my King! forsake this fearful
place!

ARCHBISHOP (*to JOHANNA*).

I ask thee in God's name. Art thou thus silent
From consciousness of innocence or guilt?

If in thy favor the dread thunder speaks,
Touch with thy hand this cross and give a sign!

[*JOHANNA remains motionless. More violent
peals of thunder. The KING, AGNES
SOREL, the ARCHBISHOP, BURGUNDY, LA
HIRE, DUCHATEL, retire.*

SCENE XII.

DUNOIS, JOHANNA.

DUNOIS. Thou art my wife—I have believed in thee
From the first glance, and I am still unchanged.
In thee I have more faith than in these signs,
Than in the thunder's voice, which speaks
above.

In noble anger thou art silent thus;
Envelop'd in thy holy innocence,
Thou scornest to refute so base a charge,
—Still scorn it, Maiden, but confide in me;
I never doubted of thine innocence.
Speak not one word—only extend thy hand,
In pledge and token, that thou wilt confide
In my protection and thine own good cause.

[*He extends his hand to her; she turns from
him with a convulsive motion; he remains
transfixed with horror.*

SCENE XIII.

JOHANNA, DUCHATEL, DUNOIS, *afterwards* RAIMOND.

DUCHATEL (*returning*).

Johanna d'Arc! uninjured from the town
The King permits you to depart. The gates
Stand open to you. Fear no injury,—
You are protected by the royal word.
Come follow me, Dunois!—You cannot here
Longer abide with honor.—What an issue!

[He retires. DUNOIS recovers from his stupor, casts one look upon JOHANNA, and retires. She remains standing for a moment quite alone. At length RAIMOND appears; he regards her for a time with silent sorrow and then approaching takes her hand.]

RAIM. Embrace this opportunity. The streets
Are empty now.—Your hand! I will conduct
you.

[On perceiving him, she gives the first sign of consciousness. She gazes on him fixedly, and looks up to Heaven; then taking his hand, she retires.]

ACT V.

A wild wood : charcoal-burners' huts in the distance. It is quite dark ; violent thunder and lightning ; firing heard at intervals.

SCENE I.

CHARCOAL-BURNER *and his WIFE.*

CH. B. This is a fearful storm, the heavens seem
 As they would vent themselves in streams of fire
 So thick the darkness which usurps the day,
 That one might see the stars. The angry winds
 Bluster and howl like spirits loosed from Hell.
 The firm earth trembles, and the aged elms,
 Groaning, bow down their venerable tops,
 Yet this terrific tumult, o'er our heads,
 Which teacheth gentleness to savage beasts,
 So that they seek the shelter of their caves,
 Appeaseth not the bloody strife of men—
 Amidst the raging of the wind and storm,
 At intervals is heard the cannon's roar ;
 So near the hostile armaments approach,
 The wood alone doth part them ; any hour
 May see them mingle in the shock of battle.

WIFE. May God protect us then !— Our enemies,
 Not long ago, were vanquish'd and dispersed.
 How comes it, that they trouble us again ?

CH. B. Because they now no longer fear the King
 Since that the Maid turned out to be a witch
 At Rheims, the devil aideth us no longer,
 And things have gone against us.

WIFE. Who comes here ?

SCENE II.

RAIMOND *and* JOHANNA *enter.*

RAIM. See! here are cottages; in them at least
We may find shelter from the raging storm.
You are not able longer to endure it.
Three days already you have wander'd on,
Shunning the eye of man—wild herbs and roots
Your only nourishment. Come enter in.
These are kind-hearted cottagers.

*[The storm subsides; the air grows bright
and clear.]*

CHARCOAL-BURNER. You seem
To need refreshment and repose—you're wel-
come

To what our humble roof can offer you!

WIFE. What has a tender maid to do with arms?
Yet truly! these are rude and troublous times,
When even women don the coat of mail!
The Queen herself, proud Isabel, 'tis said,
Appears in armor in the hostile camp;
And a young maid, a shepherd's lowly daughter,
Has led the armies of our lord the King.

CH. B. What sayest thou? Enter the hut, and bring
A goblet of refreshment for the damsel.

[She enters the hut.]

RAIMOND *(to JOHANNA)*.

All men, you see, are not so cruel; here
E'en in the wilderness are gentle hearts.
Cheer up! the pelting storm hath spent its rage,
And, beaming peacefully, the sun declines.

CH. B. I fancy, as you travel thus in arms,

You seek the army of the King.—Take heed !
Not far remote the English are encamp'd,
Their troops are roaming idly through the wood.

RAIM. Alas for us ! how then can we escape ?

CH. B. Stay here till from the town my boy returns,
He shall conduct you safe by secret paths.

* You need not fear—we know each hidden way.

RAIMOND (*to JOHANNA*).

Put off your helmet and your coat-of-mail,
They will not now protect you, but betray.

[*JOHANNA shakes her head.*]

CH. B. The maid seems very sad—hush ! who comes
here ?

SCENE III.

CHARCOAL-BURNER'S WIFE *comes out of the hut with a bowl.* A BOY.

WIFE. It is our boy, whom we expected back.

[*To JOHANNA.*]

Drink, noble maiden ! may God bless it to you !

CHARCOAL BURNER (*to his son*).

Art come, Anet ? What news ?

[*The boy looks at JOHANNA, who is just raising the bowl to her lips ; he recognizes her, steps forward and snatches it from her.*]

BOY. O mother ! mother !

Whom do you entertain ? This is the witch
Of Orleans !

CHARCOAL-BURNER (*and his WIFE*).

God be gracious to our souls !

[*They cross themselves and fly.*]

SCENE IV.

RAIMOND, JOHANNA.

JOHANNA (*calmly and gently*).

Thou seest, I am followed by the curse,
And all fly from me. Do thou leave me too,
Seek safety for thyself.

RAIMOND. I leave thee ! now !

Alas, who then would bear thee company ?

JOHAN. I am not unaccompanied. Thou hast
Heard the loud thunder rolling o'er my head.
My destiny conducts me. Do not fear :
Without my seeking I shall reach the goal.

RAIM. And whither wouldst thou go ? Here stand
our foes,

Who have against thee bloody vengeance
sworn—

There stand our people, who have banish'd
thee—

JOHAN. Nought will befall me but what Heaven ordains.

RAIM. Who will provide thee food ? and who protect
thee

From savage beasts, and still more savage men ?
Who cherish thee in sickness and in grief ?

JOHAN. I know all roots and healing herbs ; my sheep
Taught me to know the poisonous from the
wholesome

I understand the movements of the stars,
And the clouds' flight ; I also hear the sound
Of hidden springs. Man hath not many wants,
And nature richly ministers to life.

RAIMOND (*seizing her hand*).

Wilt thou not look within? Oh wilt thou not
Repent thy sin, be reconciled to God,
And to the bosom of the Church return?

JOHAN. Thou hold'st me guilty of this heavy sin?

RAIM. Needs must I—thou didst silently confess—

JOHAN. Thou, who hast followed me in misery,
The only being who continued true,
Who clave to me when all the world forsook,
Thou also hold'st me for a reprobate,
Who hath renounced her God—

[RAIMOND *is silent*.

Oh this is hard!

RAIMOND (*in astonishment*).

And thou wert really then no sorceress?

JOHAN. A sorceress!

RAIMOND. And all these miracles
Thou hast accomplish'd through the power of
God
And of his holy saints?

JOHANNA. Through whom besides?

RAIM. And thou wert silent to that fearful charge?
Thou speakest now, and yet before the King,
When words would have avail'd thee, thou wert
dumb!

JOHAN. I silently submitted to the doom
Which God, my lord and master, o'er me hung.

RAIM. Thou couldst not to thy father aught reply?

JOHAN. Coming from him, methought it came from
God;

And fatherly the chastisement will prove.

RAIM. The heavens themselves bore witness to thy
guilt!

JOHAN. The heavens spoke, and therefore I was silent.

RAIM. Thou with one word couldst clear thyself, and
hast

In this unhappy error left the world ?

JOHAN. It was no error—'twas the will of Heaven.

RAIM. Thou innocently sufferedst this shame,
And no complaint proceeded from thy lips !
—I am amazed at thee, I stand o'erwhelm'd.

My heart is troubled in its inmost depths.

Most gladly I receive the word as truth,
For to believe thy guilt was hard indeed.

But could I ever dream a human heart
Would meet in silence such a fearful doom !

JOHAN. Should I deserve to be Heaven's messenger,
Unless the Master's will I blindly honor'd ?

And I am not so wretched as thou thinkest.

I feel privation—this in humble life

Is no misfortune ; I'm a fugitive,—

But in the waste I learn'd to know myself.

When honor's dazzling radiance round me
shone,

There was a painful struggle in my breast ;

I was most wretched, when to all I seem'd

Most worthy to be envied.—Now my mind

Is heal'd once more, and this fierce storm in
nature,

Which threaten'd your destruction, was my
friend ;

It purified alike the world and me !

I feel an inward peace—and, come what may,

Of no more weakness am I conscious now !

RAIM. Oh let us hasten ! come, let us proclaim

Thine innocence aloud to all the world !

JOHAN. He who sent this delusion will dispel it !
 The fruit of fate falls only when 'tis ripe !
 A day is coming that will clear my name,
 When those who now condemn and banish me,
 Will see their error and will weep my doom.

RAIM. And shall I wait in silence, until chance—

JOHANNA (*gently taking his hand*).

Thy sense is shrouded by an earthly veil,
 And dwelleth only on external things.
 Mine eye hath gazed on the invisible !
 —Without permission from our God no hair
 Falls from the head of man.—Seest thou the sun
 Declining in the west? So certainly
 As morn returneth in her radiant light,
 Infallibly the day of truth shall come !

SCENE V.

QUEEN ISABEL, *with soldiers, appears in the background.*

ISABEL (*behind the scene*).

This the way toward the English camp !

RAIM. Alas ! the foe !

[*The soldiers advance, and perceiving JOHANNA fall back in terror.*

ISABEL. What now obstructs the march ?

SOLD. May God protect us !

ISABEL. Do ye see a spirit ?

How ! Are ye soldiers ? Ye are cowards all !

[*She presses forward, but starts back on beholding the MAIDEN.*

What do I see !

[*She collects herself quickly and approaches her.*

Submit thyself ! Thou art

My prisoner !

JOHANNA.

I am.

[RAIMOND *flies in despair.*

ISABEL (*to the soldiers*).

Lay her in chains !

[*The soldiers timidly approach the MAIDEN ;
she extends her arms and is chained.*

Is this the mighty, the terrific one,
Who chased your warriors like a flock of lambs,
Who, powerless now, cannot protect herself?
Doth she work miracles with credulous fools,
And lose her influence when she meets a man?

[*To the MAIDEN.*

Why didst thou leave the army? Where's
Dunois,

Thy knight and thy protector?

JOHANNA.

I am banished.

[ISABEL, *stepping back astonished.*

ISABEL. What say'st thou? Thou art banished? By
the Dauphin?

JOHAN. Inquire no further! I am in thy power,
Decide my fate.

ISABEL.

Banish'd, because thou hast
Snatched him from ruin, placed upon his brow
The crown at Rheims, and made him king of
France?

Banish'd! Therein I recognize my son!
—Conduct her to the camp, and let the host
Behold the phantom before whom they
trembled!

She a magician? Her sole magic lies
In your delusion and your cowardice!
She is a fool who sacrificed herself

To save her king, and reapeth for her pains
 A king's reward—Bear her to Lionel.—
 The fortune of the French I send him bound ;
 I'll follow her anon.

JOHANNA. To Lionel?
 Slay me at once, ere send me unto him.

ISABEL (*to the soldiers*).
 Obey your orders, soldiers ! Bear her hence !
[*Exit.*]

SCENE VI.

JOHANNA, SOLDIERS.

JOHANNA (*to the soldiers*).
 Ye English, suffer not that I escape
 Alive out of your hands ! Revenge yourselves !
 Unsheath your weapons, plunge them in my
 heart,
 And drag me lifeless to your general's feet !
 Remember, it was I, who slew your heroes,
 Who never showed compassion, who poured
 forth
 Torrents of English blood, who, from your sons,
 Snatched the sweet pleasure of returning home !
 Take now a bloody vengeance ! Murder me !
 I now am in your power ; I may perchance
 Not always be so weak.

CONDUCTOR OF THE SOLDIERS. Obey the Queen !

JOHAN. Must I be yet more wretched than I was !
 Unpitied Virgin ! Heavy is thy hand !
 Hast thou completely thrust me from thy favor ?
 No God appears, no angel shows himself ;
 Closed are Heaven's portals, miracles have
 ceased.

[*She follows the SOLDIERS.*]

SCENE VII.

The French Camp.

DUNOIS, *between the* ARCHBISHOP *and* DUCHATEL.

ARCH. Conquer your sullen indignation, Prince!
Return with us! Come back unto your King!
In this emergency abandon not
The general cause, when we are sorely pressed,
And stand in need of your heroic arm.

DUNOIS. Why are ye sorely pressed? Why doth the
foe

Again exalt himself? all was achieved;—
France was triumphant—war was at an end;—
The saviour you have banished; you henceforth
May save yourselves; I'll not again behold
The camp wherein the Maid abideth not.

DUCHAT. Think better of it, Prince! Dismiss us not
With such an answer!

DUNOIS. Silence, Duchâtel!
You're hateful to me; I'll hear nought from
you;

You were the first who doubted of her truth.

ARCH. Who had not wavered on that fatal day,
And been bewildered, when so many signs
Bore evidence againt her! We were stunned,
Our hearts were crushed beneath the sudden
blow.

—Who in that hour of dread could weigh the
proofs?

Our calmer judgment now returns to us,
We see the Maid, as when she walked with us,
Nor have we any fault to charge her with.

We are perplexed :—we fear that we have done
A grievous wrong.—The King is penitent,
The Duke remorseful, comfortless La Hire,
And every heart doth shroud itself in wo.

DUNOIS. She a deluder? If celestial truth
Would clothe herself in a corporeal form,
She needs must choose the features of the
Maiden.

If purity of heart, faith, innocence,
Dwell anywhere on earth, upon her lips
And in her eyes' clear depths they find their
home!

ARCI. May the Almighty, through a miracle,
Shed light upon this awful mystery,
Which baffles human insight.—Howsoe'er
This sad perplexity may be resolved,
One of two grievous sins we have committed!
Either in fight we have availed ourselves
Of hellish arms, or banished hence a saint!
And both call down upon this wretched land
The vengeance and the punishment of Heaven!

SCENE VIII.

The same, a NOBLEMAN, afterwards RAIMOND.

NOBLE. A shepherd youth inquires after your Highness,
He urgently entreats an interview,
He says, he cometh from the Maiden—

DUNOIS. Haste!
Conduct him hither! He doth come from her!
[*The NOBLEMAN opens the door to RAIMOND,*
DUNOIS hastens to meet him.
Where is she? Where's the Maid?

RAIMOND. Hail! noble Prince!
 And blessed am I that I find with you
 This holy man, the shield of the oppressed,
 The father of the poor and destitute!

DUNOIS. Where is the Maiden?

ARCH. Speak, my son, inform us!

RAIM. She is not, sir, a wicked sorceress!
 To God and all his saints I make appeal.
 An error blinds the people. You've cast forth
 God's messenger, you've banished innocence!

DUNOIS. Where is she?

RAIMOND. I accompanied her flight
 Towards the wood of Ardennes; there she hath
 Revealed to me her spirit's inmost depths.
 In torture I'll expire, and will resign
 My hopes of everlasting happiness,
 If she's not guiltless, sir, of every sin!

DUNOIS. The sun in Heaven is not more pure than
 she!

Where is she? Speak!

RAIMOND. If God hath turned your hearts,
 Oh hasten, I entreat you—rescue her—
 She is a prisoner in the English camp.

DUNOIS. A prisoner, say you?

ARCHBISHOP. Poor unfortunate!

RAIM. There in the forest as we sought for shelter,
 We were encounter'd by Queen Isabel,
 Who seized and sent her to the English host.
 O from a cruel death deliver her
 Who hath full many a time deliver'd you!

DUNOIS. Sound an alarm! to arms! up! beat the drums.
 Forth to the field! Let France appear in arms!
 The crown and the palladium are at stake!

Our honor is in pledge ! risk blood and life !
 She must be rescued ere the day is done !

[*Erit.*

A watch tower—an opening above.

SCENE IX.

JOHANNA *and* LIONEL.

FASTOLFE (*entering hastily*).

The people can no longer be restrain'd,
 With fury they demand the Maiden's death.
 In vain your opposition. Let her die,
 And throw her head down from the battle-
 ments !

Her blood alone will satisfy the host.

ISABEL (*coming in*).

With ladders they begin to scale the walls,
 Appease the angry people ! Will you wait
 Till in blind fury they o'erthrow the tower,
 And we beneath its ruins are destroy'd ?
 Protect her here you cannot.—Give her up !

LIONEL. Let them storm on ! In fury let them rage !
 Firm is this castle, and beneath its ruins
 I will be buried ere I yield to them.
 —Johanna, answer me ! only be mine,
 And I will shield thee 'gainst a world in arms.

ISABEL. Are you a man ?

LIONEL. Thy friends have cast thee off.
 To thy ungrateful country thou dost owe
 Duty and faith no longer. The false cowards
 Who sought thy hand, forsake thee in thy need
 They for thy honor venture not the fight,
 But I, against my people and 'gainst thine,

Will be thy champion.—Once thou didst confess
My life was dear to thee : in combat then
I stood before thee as thine enemy,—
Thou hast not now a single friend but me !

JOHAN. Thou art my people's enemy and mine.
Between us there can be no fellowship.
Thee I can never love, but if thy heart
Cherish affection for me, let it bring
A blessing on my people.—Lead thy troops
Far from the borders of my Fatherland ;
Give up the keys of all the captured towns,
Restore the booty, set the captives free,
Send hostages the compact to confirm,
And peace I offer thee in my King's name.

ISABEL. Wilt thou, a captive, dictate laws to us ?

JOHAN. It must be done : 'tis useless to delay.
Never, oh never, will this land endure
The English yoke ; sooner will France become
A mighty sepulchre for England's hosts.
Fallen in battle are your bravest chiefs.
Think how you may achieve a safe retreat ;
Your fame is forfeited, your power is lost.

ISABEL. Can you endure her raving insolence ?

SCENE X.

A CAPTAIN *enters hastily.*

CAPT. Haste, general ! Prepare the host for battle !
The French with flying banners come this way,
Their shining weapons glitter in the vale.

JOHANNA (*with enthusiasm*).

My people come this way ! Proud England now,
Forth in the field ! now boldly must you fight !

FASTOL. Deluded woman, moderate your joy!
You will not see the issue of this day.

JOHAN. My friends will win the fight and I shall die!
The gallant heroes need my arm no more.

LIONEL. These dastard enemies I scorn! They have
In twenty battles fled before our arms,
Ere this heroic Maiden fought for them!
All the whole nation I despise, save one,
And this one they have banish'd.—Come, Fas-
tolfe,

We soon will give them such another day
As that of Poitiers, and of Agincourt.
Do you remain within the fortress, Queen,
And guard the Maiden till the fight is o'er.
I leave for your protection fifty knights.

FASTOL. How! general, shall we march against the
foe

And leave this raging fury in our rear?

JOHAN. What! can a fetter'd woman frighten thee?

LIONEL. Promise, Johanna, not to free thyself!

JOHAN. To free myself is now my only wish.

ISABEL. Bind her with triple chains! I pledge my
life

That she shall not escape.

[She is bound with heavy chains.]

LIONEL (to JOHANNA). Thou wilt'st it so!

Thou dost compel us! still it rests with thee!

Renounce the French, — the English banner
bear,

And thou art free, and these rude savage men
Who now desire thy blood shall do thy will!

FASTOLFE (*urgently*).

Away, away, my general!

- JOHANNA. Spare thy words!
The French are drawing near.—Defend thyself!
[*Trumpets sound, LIONEL hastens forth.*
- FASTOL. You know your duty, Queen! if Fate declares
Against us, should you see our people fly—
- ISABEL (*showing a dagger*).
Fear not! She shall not live to see our fall.
- FASTOLFE (*to JOHANNA*).
Thou knowest what awaits thee, now implore
A blessing on the weapons of thy people!
[*Exit.*

SCENE XI.

ISABEL, JOHANNA, SOLDIERS.

- JOHAN. Ay! that I will! no power can hinder me.
Hark to that sound, the war march of my people!
How its triumphant notes inspire my heart!
Ruin to England! victory to France!
Up, valiant countrymen! The Maid is near:
She cannot, as of yore, before you bear
Her banner—she is bound with heavy chains;
But freely from her prison soars her soul,
Upon the pinions of your battle song.
- ISABEL (*to a SOLDIER*).
Ascend the watch-tower which commands the
field.
And thence report the progress of the fight.
[*SOLDIER ascends.*
- JOHAN. Courage, my people! 'Tis the final struggle—
Another victory, and the foe lies low!
- ISABEL. What see'st thou?

- SOLDIER. They're already in close fight,
A furious warrior, on a Barbary steed,
In tiger's skin, leads forward the gens d'armes.
- JOHAN. That's Count Dunois! on, gallant warrior!
Conquest goes with thee.
- SOLDIER. The Burgundian duke
Attacks the bridge.
- ISABEL. Would that ten hostile spears
Might his perfidious heart transfix, the traitor!
- SOLD. Lord Fastolfe gallantly opposes him.
Now they dismount—they combat man to
man.
Our people and the troops of Burgundy.
- ISABEL. Behold'st thou not the Dauphin? See'st thou
not
The royal banner wave?
- SOLDIER. A cloud of dust
Shrouds everything. I can distinguish nought
- JOHAN. Had he my eyes, or stood I there aloft,
The smallest speck would not elude my gaze!
The wild fowl I can number on the wing,
And mark the falcon in his towering flight.
- SOLD. There is a fearful tumult near the trench;
The chiefs, it seems, the nobles, combat there.
- ISABEL. Still doth our banner wave?
- SOLDIER. It proudly floats.
- JOHAN. Could I look through the loopholes of the
wall,
I with my glance the battle would control!
- SOLD. Alas! What do I see! Our general's
Surrounded by the foe.
- ISABEL (*points the dagger at JOHANNA*). Die, wretch!
- SOLDIER (*quickly*). He's free!

The gallant Fastolfe in the rear attacks
The enemy—he breaks their serried ranks.

ISABEL (*withdrawing the dagger*).

There spoke thy angel!

SOLDIER.

Victory! They fly!

ISABEL. Who fly?

SOLDIER. The French and the Burgundians fly;

The field is cover'd o'er with fugitives.

JOHAN. My God! Thou wilt not thus abandon me!

SOLD. Yonder they lead a sorely wounded knight;

The people rush to aid him—he's a prince.

ISABEL. One of our country, or a son of France?

SOLD. They loose his helmet—it is Count Dunois.

JOHANNA (*seizes her fetters with convulsive violence*).

And I am nothing but a fetter'd woman!

SOLD. Look yonder! Who the azure mantle wears,

Border'd with gold?

JOHANNA.

That is my Lord, the King.

SOLD. His horse is restive, plunges, rears, and falls—

He struggles hard to extricate himself—

[JOHANNA *accompanies these words with
passionate movements.*

Our troops are pressing on in full career,

They near him, reach him—they surround him
now.

JOHAN. Oh, have the heavens above no angels more!

ISABEL (*laughing scornfully*).

Now is the time, Deliverer—now deliver!

JOHANNA (*throws herself upon her knees, and prays with
passionate violence*).

Hear me, O God, in my extremity!

In fervent supplication up to Thee,

Up to thy heaven above, I send my soul.

The fragile texture of a spider's web,
 As a ship's cable, thou canst render strong ;
 Easy it is to thine omnipotence
 To change these fetters into spiders' webs—
 Command it, and these massy chains shall fall,
 And these thick walls be rent. Thou, Lord, of
 old
 Didst strengthen Samson, when, enchain'd and
 blind,
 He bore the bitter scorn of his proud foes.
 Trusting in thee, he seized with mighty power
 The pillars of his prison, bow'd himself,
 And overthrew the structure.

SOLDIER.

Triumph !

ISABEL.

How ?

SOLD. The King is ta'en !

JOHANNA (*springing up*). Then God be gracious to me !

[She seizes her chains violently with both hands, and breaks them asunder. At the same moment rushing upon the nearest soldier, she seizes his sword and hurries out. All gaze after her, transfixed with astonishment.]

SCENE XII.

The same, without JOHANNA.

ISABEL (*after a long pause*).

How was it ? Did I dream ? Where is she gone ?
 How did she break these ponderous iron chains ?
 A world could not have made me credit it,
 If I had not beheld it with these eyes.

SOLDIER (*from the tower*).

How? Hath she wings? Hath the wind borne
her down?

ISABEL. Is she below?

SOLDIER.

She strides amidst the fight.

Her course outspeeds my sight—Now she is
here—

Now there—I see her everywhere at once!

—She separates the troops—all yield to her;

The scatter'd French collect—they form anew!

—Alas! what do I see! Our people cast

Their weapons to the ground, our banners sink—

ISABEL. What! Will she snatch from us the victory?

SOLD. She presses forward, right towards the King.

She reaches him—she bears him from the fight—

Lord Fastolfe falls—the general is ta'en!

ISABEL. I'll hear no more. Come down!

SOLD. Fly, Queen! you will be taken by surprise.

Arm'd soldiers are advancing tow'rd's the tower.

[*He comes down.*]

ISABEL (*drawing her sword*).

Then fight, ye cowards.

SCENE XIII.

LA HIRE, *with soldiers.* *At his entrance the people of
the QUEEN lay down their arms.*

LA HIRE (*approaching her respectfully*).

Queen, submit yourself—

Your knights have yielded—to resist is vain!

—Accept my proffer'd services. Command

Where you would be conducted.

ISABEL.

Every place
The same, where I encounter not the Dauphin.
[*She resigns her sword, and follows him with
the soldiers.*

The Scue changes to the battle-field.

SCENE XIV.

Soldiers with flying banners occupy the background. Before them the KING and the DUKE OF BURGUNDY appear, bearing JOHANNA in their arms; she is mortally wounded, and apparently lifeless. They advance slowly to the front of the stage. AGNES SOREL rushes in.

SOREL (*throwing herself on the bosom of the KING*).

You're free—you live—I have you back again!

KING. Yes, I am free—I am so at this price!

[*Pointing to JOHANNA.*

SOREL. Johanna!—God! she's dying!

BURGUNDY. She is gone!

An angel passeth hence! See, how she lies,

Easy and tranquil, like a sleepin' child!

The peace of Heaven around her features plays

The breath of life no longer heaves her breast,

But vital warmth still lingers in her hand.

KING. She's gone!—She never will awaken more,

Her eye will gaze no more on earthly things,

She soars on high, a spirit glorified,

She seeth not our grief, our penitence.

SOREL. Her eyes unclose—she lives!

BURGUNDY (*in astonishment*). Can she return

Back from the grave, triumphant e'en o'er
death?

She riseth up! She standeth!

JOHANNA (*standing up, and looking round*). Where am I?

BURG. With thine own people, Maiden—with thy friends!

KING. Supported by thy friend, and by thy King.

JOHANNA (*after looking at him fixedly for some time*)
No! I am not a sorceress! Indeed
I am not one.

KING. Thou'rt holy, as an angel;
A cloud of error dimm'd our mental sight.

JOHANNA (*gazing round her with a joyful smile*).
And am I really, then, among my friends,
And am no more rejected and despised?
They curse me not—kindly they look on me!
—Yes, all around me now seems clear again!
That is my King!—the banners these of France!
My banner I behold not—where is it?
Without my banner I dare not appear;
To me it was confided by my Lord,
And I before his throne must lay it down;
I there may show it, for I bore it truly.

KING (*averting his face*).

Give her the banner!

[*It is given to her. She stands quite unsupported, the banner in her hand. The heaven is illumined by a rosy light.*]

JOHAN. See you the rainbow yonder in the air?
Its golden portals Heaven doth wide unfold,
Amid the angel choir she radiant stands,
The eternal Son she claspeth to her breast,
Her arms she stretcheth forth to me in love.
How is it with me? Light clouds bear me up—
My ponderous mail becomes a winged robe;

I mount—I fly—back rolls the dwindling earth—
Brief is the sorrow—endless is the joy!

[Her banner falls, and she sinks lifeless on the ground. All remain for some time in speechless sorrow. Upon a signal from the KING, all the banners are gently placed over her, so that she is entirely concealed by them.]

Pocket Literal Translations of the Classics

Cloth Binding. Each, 75 Cents

These translations have been prepared with great care. They follow the original text literally, thus forming a valuable help to the student in his efforts to master the difficulties which beset him. Pleasing sketches of the authors appear in the form of an introduction to each of the volumes.

The books are in a convenient form, being exceptionally handy for the pocket. They are printed from clear type, and are attractively and durably bound.

Cæsar's Commentaries—Eight Books.

Cicero's Defence of Roscius.
Cicero on Old Age and Friendship.

Cicero on Oratory.

Cicero's Select Orations.

Cicero's Select Letters.

Cornelius Nepos, complete.

Horace, complete.

Juvenal's Satires, complete.

Livy.—Books 1 and 2.

Livy.—Books 21 and 22.

Ovid's Metamorphoses.—
Books 1-7.

Ovid's Metamorphoses.—
Books 8-15.

Plautus' Captivi and Mostellaria.

Sallust's Catiline and The Jugurthine War.

Tacitus' Annals.—The First Six Books.

Tacitus' Germany and Agricola.

Terence' Andria, Adelphi, and Phormio.

Virgil's Aeneid.—Six Books.

Virgil's Eclogues and Georgics.

Viri Romæ.

Aeschylus' Prometheus Bound and Seven Against Thebes.

Aristophanes' Clouds, Birds, and Frogs.—In one Vol.

Demosthenes' On the Crown.
Demosthenes' Olynthiacs and Philippics.

Euripides' Alcestis and Electra.

Euripides' Medea.

Herodotus.—Books 6 and 7.

Homer's Iliad.—Nine Books.

Homer's Odyssey.—13 Books.

Lysias' Select Orations.

Plato's Apology, Crito and Phædo.

Plato's Gorgias.

Sophocles' Oedipus Tyrannus, Electra, and Antigone.

Xenophon's Anabasis.—Five Books.

Xenophon's Memorabilia, complete.

Goethe's Egmont.

Goethe's Faust.

Goethe's Hermann and Dorothea.

Goethe's Iphigenia In Tauris.

Lessing's Minna von Barnhelm.

Lessing's Nathan the Wise.

Schiller's Maid of Orleans.

Schiller's Maria Stuart.

Schiller's William Tell.

All the above books may be obtained, post free, at prices named

DAVID McKAY COMPANY, Philadelphia

The Hamilton, Locke, and Clark SERIES OF Interlinear Translations

Have long been the Standard and are now the *Best Translated* and *Most Complete* Series of Interlinears published

Cloth Binding, each, \$2.00

LATIN INTERLINEAR TRANSLATIONS:

VIRGIL—By HART AND OSBORNE.

CÆSAR—By HAMILTON AND CLARK.

HORACE—By STIRLING, NUTTALL AND CLARK.

CICERO—By HAMILTON AND CLARK.

SALLUST—By HAMILTON AND CLARK.

OVID—By GEORGE W. HEILIG.

JUVENAL—By HAMILTON AND CLARK.

LIVY—By HAMILTON AND CLARK.

CORNELIUS NEPOS—By HAMILTON AND UNDERWOOD

GREEK INTERLINEAR TRANSLATIONS

HOMER'S ILIAD—By THOMAS CLARK.

XENOPHON'S ANABASIS—By HAMILTON AND CLARK.

S. Austin Allbone, the distinguished author, writes:

"There is a growing disapprobation, both in America and Great Britain, of the disproportionate length of time devoted by the youthful student to the acquisition of the dead languages; and therefore nothing will tend so effectually to the preservation of the Greek and Latin grammars as their judicious union (the fruit of an intelligent compromise) with the Interlinear Classics."

All the above books may be obtained post free at prices named.

DAVID McKAY COMPANY, Philadelphia

PT Schiller, Johann Christoph
2473 Friedrich von
J7S9 Maid of Orleans

**PLEASE DO NOT REMOVE
SLIPS FROM THIS POCKET**

**UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO
LIBRARY**

