

Already with thee! tender is the night,
 And haply the Queen-Moon is on her throne,
 Cluster'd around by all her starry Fays;
 But here there is no light,
 Save what from heaven is with the breezes blown,
 Through verdurous glooms and winding mossy ways.

v.

I cannot see what flowers are at my feet,
 Nor what soft incense hangs upon the boughs,
 But, in embalmed darkness, guess each sweet
 Wherewith the seasonable month endows
 The grass, the thicket, and the fruit-tree wild;
 White hawthorn, and the pastoral eglantine;
 Fast fading violets cover'd up in leaves;
 And mid-May's eldest child,
 The coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine,
 The murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves.

vi.

Darkling I listen; and, for many a time
 I have been half in love with easeful Death—
 Call'd him soft names in many a mused rhyme,
 To take into the air my quiet breath;
 Now more than ever seems it rich to die,
 To cease upon the midnight with no pain,
 While thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad
 In such an ecstasy!
 Still would'st thou sing, and I have ears in vain—
 To thy high requiem become a sod.

vii.

Thou wast not born for death, immortal bird!
 No hungry generations tread thee down;
 The voice I hear this passing night was heard
 In ancient days by emperor and clown;
 Perhaps the self-same song that found a path
 Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home,
 She stood in tears amid the alien corn—
 The same that oft-times hath
 Charmed magic casements, opening on the foam
 Or perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn.

viii.

Forlorn! the very word is like a bell
 To toll me back from thee to my sole self!
 Adieu! the fancy cannot cheat so well
 As she is fumed to do, deceiving elf.
 Adieu! adieu! thy plaintive anthem fades
 Past the near meadows, over the still stream,
 Up the hill-side; and now 'tis buried deep
 In the next valley-glades:
 Was it a vision, or a waking dream?
 Fled is that music:—Do I wake or sleep?

THE BATTLE OF AGINCOURT.

On Crispin's-day, in the year 1415, the battle of Agincourt was fought between the English, under king Henry Plantagenet V., and the French, under the constable d'Albret. The French had "a force," says Hume, "which, if prudently conducted, was sufficient to trample down the English in the open field." They had nearly a hundred thousand cavalry. The English force was only six thousand men at arms, and twenty four thousand foot, mostly archers. The constable of France had selected a strong position in the fields in front of the village of Agincourt. Each lord had planted his banner on the spot which he intended to occupy during the battle. The night was cold, dark and rainy, but numerous fires lighted the horizon; while bursts of laughter and merriment were repeatedly heard from the soldiery, who spent their time in revelling and debate around their banners, discussing the probable events of the next day, and fix-

ing the ransom of the English king and his barons. No one suspected the possibility of defeat, and yet no one could be ignorant that they lay in the vicinity of the field of Cressy. In that fatal field, and in the equally fatal field of Poitiers, the French had been the assailants; the French determined, therefore, on the present occasion, to leave that dangerous honour to the English. To the army of Henry, wasted with disease, broken with fatigue, and weakened by the privations of a march through a hostile country in the presence of a superior force; this was a night of hope and fear, of suspense and anxiety. They were men who had staked their lives on the event of the approaching battle, and spent the intervening moments in making their wills, and in attending the exercises of religion. Henry sent his officers to examine the ground by moon-light, arranged the operations of the next day, ordered bands of music to play in succession during the night, and before sun-rise summoned his troops to attend at matins and mass: from thence he led them to the field.

His archers, on whom rested his principal hope, he placed in front; beside his bow and arrows, his battle-axe or sword, each bore on his shoulder a long stake sharpened at both extremities, which he was instructed to fix obliquely before him in the ground, and thus oppose a rampart of pikes to the charge of the French cavalry. Many of these archers had stripped themselves naked; the others had bared their arms and breasts, that they might exercise their limbs with more ease and execution; their well-earned reputation in former battles, and their savage appearance this day struck terror into their enemies. Henry himself appeared on a grey palfrey in a helmet of polished steel, surmounted by a crown sparkling with jewels, and wearing a surcoat whereon were emblazoned in gold the arms of England and France. Followed by a train of led horses, ornamented with the most gorgeous trappings, he rode from banner to banner cheering and exhorting the men. The French were drawn up in the same order, but with this fearful disparity in point of number, that while the English files were but four, theirs were thirty deep. In their lines were military engines or cannon to cast stones into the midst of the English. The French force relatively to the English was as seven or six to one. When Henry gave the word, "Banners advance!" the men shouted and ran towards the enemy, until they were within twenty paces, and then repeated the shout; this was echoed by a detachment which, immediately issuing from its concealment in a meadow, assailed the left flank of the French, while the archers ran before their stakes, discharged their arrows, and then retired behind their rampart. To break this formidable body, a select battalion of eight hundred men at arms had been appointed by the constable; only seven score of these came into action; they were quickly slain, while the others, unable to face the incessant shower of arrows, turned their vizors aside, and lost the government of their horses, which, frantic with pain, plunged back in different directions into the close ranks. The archers, seizing the opportunity occasioned by this confusion, slung their bows behind them, and bursting into the mass of the enemy, with their sword and battle-axes, killed the constable and principal commanders, and routed the first division of the army. Henry formed the archers again, and charged the second division for two hours in a bloody and double contest, wherein Henry himself was brought on his knees by the mace of one of eighteen French knights, who had bound themselves to kill or take him prisoner; he was rescued by his guards, and this second division was ultimately destroyed. The third shared the same fate; and resistance having ceased, Henry traversed the field with his barons, while the heralds examined the arms, and numbered the bodies of the slain. Among them were eight thousand knights and esquires, more than a hundred bannerets, seven counts, the three dukes of Brabant, Bar and Alençon, and the constable and admiral of France. The loss of the conquerors amounted to no