

Let the spot be forever marked with a cross of black stones.<sup>40</sup>

It is carried in, washed with wine and warm water, again examined. There are three principal wounds. A halberd, entering at the side of the head, has cloven it from above the ear to the teeth. Both thighs have been pierced by a spear. Another has been thrust into the bowels from below.

It is wrapped in fine linen and laid out upon a table. The head, covered with a cap of red satin, lies on a cushion of the same color and material. An altar is decked beside it. Waxen tapers are lighted. The room is hung with black.

Bid his brother, his captive nobles, his surviving servants, come, and see if this be indeed their prince. They assemble around, kneel and weep, take his hands, his feet, and press them to their lips and breasts. He was their sovereign, their "good lord," the chief of a glorious house, the last, the greatest, of his line.

Let René come — to see and to exult. Let him come in the guise of the paladins and *preux* on occasions of solemnity and pomp — in a long robe sweeping the ground, with a long beard inwoven with threads of gold!

So attired he enters, stands beside the dead, uncovers the face, takes between his warm hands that cold right hand, falls upon his knees and bursts into sobs. "Fair cousin," he says, — not accusingly, but self-excusingly, — "thou broughtest great calamities and

<sup>40</sup> This pavement is still restored assertions in local guide-books, has from time to time, and, despite the never been wholly obliterated.