

THE SHEFFIELD IRIS 1794-1796.

15. 'Death of a Common Soldier, *The Iris*, Issue 85, 12/02.1796

The friends of English literature will rejoice in the publication of Mr. Southey's new and beautiful Epic Poem, 'Joan of Arc'. If dignified and virtuous sentiments, adorned with elegant, but not puerile, versification, have not lost the power to charm, this poem will rise to high estimation. We hope that the following short extract will not be displeasing to our readers.

--Conrade with forceful grasp,
 Plucking the jav'lin forth, with mightier arm,
 Launch'd on his foe. With wary bend, the foe
 Shrank from the flying death; yet not in vain
 From that strong hand the fate-fraught weapon fled:
 Full on the corselet of a meaner man
 It fell, and pierced there where th' heaving lungs,
 With purer air distended, to the heart
 Roll back their purged tide: from the deep wound
 The red blood gush'd: prone on the steps he fell,
 And in the strong convulsive grasp of death
 Grasp'd his long pike. Of unrecorded name
 Died the mean man; yet did he leave behind
 One who did never say her daily prayers,
 Of him forgetful; who to every tale
 Of th' distant war, bending on eager ear,
 Grew pale and trembled. At her cottage door.
 The wretched one shall sit, and with dim eye
 Gaze o'er the plain, where on his parting steps
 Her last look hung. Nor ever shall she know
 Her husband dead, but tortur'd with vain hope,
 Gaze on- then heartsick turn to her poor babe,
 And weep it fatherless! -

Southey.

