

**HISTORY OF MODERN
PHILOSOPHY IN
FRANCE, PP.189-228**

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History of Modern Philosophy in France, pp.189-228 by Lucien Levy-Bruhl

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LUCIEN LEVY-BRUHL

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History of Modern Philosophy ..in France..

BY

LUCIEN LÉVY-BRUHL

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Therefore beside the youthful work of William Morris and Dante Gabriel Rossetti these compositions find due place. One of the two specimens of early prose shows conclusively that Mr. Swinburne was already in possession of a style bound to find its logical development in the collected

*Essays and Studies of a few years later
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stancaic staleness which so speedily would
burgeon forth in a golden book for all time
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FOR JULY :
A MINOR POET, AND LYRICS
By
AMY LEVY.

DEAD LOVE | BY | ALGERNON C. SWINBURNE | LONDON |
JOHN W. PARKER AND SON, WEST STRAND. | 1864.

Collation:—Crown octavo, pp. 15; consisting of Half-title (with blank reverse), pp. 1-2; Title-page, as above (with imprint—"London: | Savill and Edwards, Printers, Chandos Street, | Covent Garden."—in the centre of the reverse), pp. 3-4; and Text pp. 5-15. The headline is *Dead Love* throughout, on both sides of the page. The imprint is repeated at the foot of p. 15. Issued in brick-red coloured paper wrappers, with the title-page reproduced upon the front. There is a copy in the British Museum.

A little book of great rarity, and of extreme interest. The story (in prose) had previously appeared in *Once-a-Week*, vol. vii, *October* 1862, pp. 432-434, where it was accompanied by an illustration upon wood by M. J. Lawless, here reproduced in fac-simile. The story has never been reprinted, and in all probability never will be.

THOMAS J. WISE.

(*A Bibliographical List of the Scarcer Works
and Uncollected Writings of Algernon Charles
Swinburne, 1896.*)

DEAD LOVE.

ABOUT the time of the great troubles in France, that fell out between the parties of Armagnac and of Burgundy, there was slain in a fight in Paris a follower of the Duke John, who was a good knight called Messire Jacques d'Aspremont. This Jacques was a very fair and strong man, hardy of his hands, and before he was slain he did many things wonderful and of great courage, and forty of the folk of the other party he slew, and many of these were great captains, of whom the chief and the worthiest was Messire Olivier de Bois-Percé; but at last he was shot in the neck with an arrow, so that between the nape and the apple the flesh was cleanly cloven in twain. And when he was dead his men drew forth his body of the fierce battle, and covered it with a fair woven cloak. Then the people of Armagnac, taking good heart because of his death, fell the more heavily upon his followers, and slew very many of them. And a certain soldier, named Amaury de Jacquville, whom they called Courtebarbe, did best of all that party; for, crying out with a great noise, "Sus, sus!" he brought up the men after him, and threw them forward into the hot part of the

fighting, where there was a sharp clamour; and this Amaury, laughing and crying out as a man that took a great delight in such matters of war, made of himself more noise with smiting and with shouting than any ten, and they of Burgundy were astonished and beaten down. And when he was weary, and his men had got the upper hand of those of Burgundy, he left off slaying, and beheld where Messire d'Aspremont was covered up with his cloak; and he lay just across the door of Messire Olivier, whom the said Jacques had slain, who was also a cousin of Amaury's. Then said Amaury:

"Take up now the body of this dead fellow, and carry it into the house; for my cousin Madame Yolande shall have great delight to behold the face of the fellow dead by whom her husband has got his end, and it shall make the tiding sweeter to her."

So they took up this dead knight Messire Jacques, and carried him into a fair chamber lighted with broad windows, and herein sat the wife of Olivier, who was called Yolande de Craon, and she was akin far off to Pierre de Craon, who would have slain the Constable. And Amaury said to her: