THE MAID OF ORLEANS.

BY

Monſieur de VOLTAIRE.

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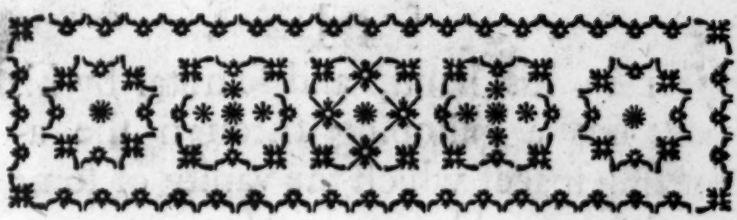

THE

MAID of ORLEANS.

The THIRTEENTH BOOK.

Saint George *the Patron of* England, *fights Saint* Denis *the Patron of* France.

BUT ſaint George not ſeeing Denis his brother-ſaint within the precincts of paradiſe, began to ſuſpect that he had ſtole away to aſſiſt his countrymen; and therefore having made an anxious reſearch in every nook and corner of the celeſtial palace, without more ado, he calls for his fine horſe, ſo often mentioned in pious legends.

The horſe came as ſoon as called for, and George the well-mounted with a

ſpear in his hand, and ſcimitar by his ſide, ſets a galloping through the amazing ſpace, which the vanity of ſome mortals would fain meaſure, to wit, the different heavens, the luminous globes, that the romantic dreamer, Des Cartes, makes to turn in a heap of ſubtile matter, fine imaginary vortexes which cannot be proved.

But Newton, the more rational dreamer of the two, makes them turn round in the midſt of an empty ſpace, without the direction of a compaſs, or guidance whatſoever. Saint George, goaded on by pride and reſentment glides rapidly through the vaſt extent, and in the twinkling of an eye lights on the banks of the Loire, where ſaint Denis, thought he might inſure victory to his party.

Thus in the profound ſilence of the night, a comet trailing on in his long carrier, ſhines with a frightful glare to mortal eyes. His tail alarms the ignorant people. Nay, infallibility, God's vicegerent on earth, the pope has often trembled at ſuch appearances. The general apprehenſion on ſuch ominous

oc-

occaſions is, that the vineyard of that year will fail.

From the firſt diſtant view that George got of Denis, his blood boiled to be at him. Whereupon ſhaking his homicide lance, he thus ſpoke, in the very taſte and manner of Homer's heroes.

" Sneaking Denis, weak and trou-
" bleſome rival, daſtardly ſupport of a
" wretched party, thou haſt privately
" ſtolen hither to cut the throats of my
" Engliſh heroes. Couldſt thou then
" think that ſuch a wretch as thou art
" ſhould be able to counteract the de-
" crees of deſtiny by the means of thy
" aſs and virago wench?"

" What! wert thou not apprehenſive
" that my juſt vengeance ſhould over-
" take and puniſh thee, thy adopted
" daughter, and France? Remember,
" that ſcurvy head of thine, which
" uſed to ſhake over a wry neck, has
" been ſevered from thy body. I
" have a mind this moment in ſight
" of the gallic church, to knock off
" thy bald pate which has been ſo bad-
" ly ſet on again; and then ſend thee
" back to the walls of Paris, of whoſe

" (badauts) ninnies thou art the fit pa-
" tron; that there in the ſuburb called
" after thy name, where thy annual
" feaſt is celebrated, thou mayeſt hold
" and kiſs thy head anew.

The gentle Denis raiſing his hands to heaven, thus ſpoke in mild and pious terms to the impetuous dragon-ſlayer. " O, mighty George: O my power-
" ful brother in ſainthood, will you for
" ever looſe the bridle of your paſ-
" ſion, and never ſtrive to curb it? ſince
" our being in heaven I have conſtantly
" remarked a rancorous leaven in your
" othewiſe devout heart.

" Is it fit that beings happy in hea-
" ven, enſhrined upon earth, and ſo
" reverenced by mortals as we are,
" ſhould diſparage ourſelves by unbe-
" coming and ſhameful diſputes; we
" eſpecially who ought to give an ex-
" ample of chriſtian concord to our
" two nations, now in war with each
" other?

" Sure brother George you do not
" mean to trouble the abode of hi-
" therto eternal quiet with the horrors
" of war. In the name of the holy
" ſpirit

" ſpirit of peace how long do the ſaints
" of your country purpoſe to be ſo
" troubleſome in paradiſe?

" Remember my words, haughty
" Engliſhmen, whoſe nature is inflex-
" ible and always fond of daring, hea-
" ven at laſt irritated by your turbulent
" proceedings will pronounce an irrevo-
" cable negative againſt, and receive
" no more devotion-mongers from
" England.

" Therefore I ſay to thee thou
" wicked ſaint, thou pious ſplenetic,
" thou curſed patron of a blood-thirſty
" people, learn to behave thyſelf bet-
" ter, to become more tractable—and
" pray now for heaven's ſake, let me
" ſave France and aſſiſt her ſove-
" reign."

George whoſe characteriſtic is never to be reaſoned out of his paſſion, was ſo highly provoked at ſuch gallic inſolence, that he was all fired with rage. He looked with contempt on the patron of the pariſian nicompoops whom he had always charged with cowardice. Therefore an affront from ſuch but the more

provoked his valour, and gave ſpurs to his courage.

George runs at Denis as a keen faulcon darts from high on a trembling pidgeon. Denis falls back and preſently calls with a loud voice for his faithful, his flying aſs, his chief ſuccour, his only comfort, " haſte, haſte cries he, " come and protect your own " holy Denis againſt that wicked " Engliſh ſaint who would fain deſtroy " me."

It luckily happened that in the very moment he was called for, the aſs was on his return from Italy. I ſhall hereafter in a ſuccinct manner (which I am fond of) tell what was the cauſe of the aſſes return, that happened ſo opportunely for his good friend Denis, then in jeopardy.

The aſs kindly preſenting his back and ſaddle to ſaint Denis, he mounts him anon, and being ſeated on his orthodox bucephalus, felt a new glow of courage diffuſe itſelf within him. He had moreover (unperceived by his adverſary,)

ſary,) ſlily taken up the bloody ſword of a deceaſed Engliſhman.

Denis brandiſhing in air the fatal ſcimitar drove furiouſly at George, follows, and cloſes him. George's boiling indignation retorts three violent blows at his antagoniſts head; which the French ſaint dexterouſly parries, and diſcharges a volley of blows on the Britiſh champion and his horſe. Fire flaſhes from their elaſtic blades which are now joined to each other; and now their dudgeoned maſters animate the fight, ſeeking where to wound with cut and thruſt, on the head, in the neck, and not ſparing even the place where reſides the kind reliever of female deſires.

It appearing uncertain to the ſpectators above, on which ſide victory would declare, ſaint Paul laid a wager with ſaint Vincent on Denis's head againſt George; Vincent took him up. This way of reaſoning is kept up with great zeal by their pious deſcendants at Arthurs, who perhaps till now have been

ignorant that they could plead ſo edifying a precedent.

But the divine attention was immediately diſtracted by the horrible and diſcordant braying of the aſs, attuning his frightful pipe. Heaven trembled at the dire noiſe, and affrighted eccho repeats it with reluctance. George being appalled by the tremendous ſound, nimble wriſted Denis throws out a faint, and by a bleſſed back-ſtroke cuts off the noſe of Albion's holy patron, which drops all bloody on his Saddle bow.

George, without a noſe, but not without courage, revenges immediately the diſhonourable amputation committed on his face; and ſwearing unmercifully (as is the cuſtom of his nation) with his ſcimitar well directed, cuts off from Denis's head a like part to that which Peter ſevered from Malchus's, on the Thurſday of a certain celebrated week.

The heavenly ſpectators were all alarmed by the bloody ſight as well as by the high ſtrained and terrible braying of the holy aſs. The brilliant portal of the

the ſtarry rooff being opened, down from the heavenly arch deſcends the archangel Gabriel, and poiſed on his reſplendent wings, ſlides ſmoothly through the ætherial ſpace, having in his right hand the very wand, which, not far from the river Nile, was formerly uſed by the wizard Moſes, when in the red ſea, ſtopt by his command, the Egyptian monarch and his people were ſwallowed up.

He thunders againſt the combatants in a rebuking tone, " what a ſight is " here? two ſaints, the patrons of " kingdoms, children of light, and " ſworn for ever of the deity's privy " counſel, to be thus at blows like vile " mortals.

" Let unbridled rage, and the mu- " tual deſtruction of each other by fire " and ſword be the unenvied lot of " the ridiculous deſcendants of Eve, " the vile covering of whoſe worthleſs " ſouls made of dirt is formed to " be death's harveſt.

" But how comes it to paſs, that " you who are purified from the dregs " of mortality, and nurtured with the

" choiceſt

" choiceſt ambroſia which immortals
" feaſt on, ſhould thus forget your-
" ſelves. Are you already tired of be-
" ing happy? you muſt certainly be
" mad. Good heaven what do I ſee!
" here a noſe! and there an ear. A
" pretty pair of apoſtles indeed! Is this
" your method of preaching forgiveneſs,
" charity, and univerſal benevolence?

" How could you be ſuch precipi-
" tate dupes (as like ſilly mortals) to
" thus mammock yourſelves in the
" quarrel of two wrong headed kings.
" Either pay inſtant obedience to my
" command, or renounce for ever all
" hopes of returning to heaven. But I
" hope brotherly love will re-enter your
" hearts.

" Firſt, you, ſurly George, take up
" that ear there—take it up I ſay,
" come; quick: none of your frowns,
" or ſulky looks at me. And you cour-
" teous monſieur Denis, be pleaſed
" to take up that amputated tip of a
" noſe with your ſanctified fingers. Now
" gentlemen ſee that each part be re-
" ſtored to it's proper place."

Obe-

Obedient Denis with a reſpectful hand takes up and replaces it's frontiſpiece on the noſe which he had diſmantled. George not to be behind hand (in ſhew of civility, at leaſt) preſents Denis with the ear which he had deprived him of; and while they both muttered a complimentary oremus to Gabriel, the late ſeparated parts are readjoined and grown together. The cartilages, blood, fibres, fleſh following their proper direction, the chaſms were concilidated, and not a Trace remained in the two ſaints militant either of the mutilated noſe, or ear cut off, ſo ſound, plump and ready to be healed are canonized bodies.

After the wonderful operation, Gabriel ſpoke to them with an air of authority; "come now, kiſs and be "friends likegood ſaints." As ſoon as he had ſaid the words, mild Denis free from gall or rancour, ran up to and kiſſed his adverſary. But ſtubborn George could not help ſwearing to himſelf while they embraced, that he would be revenged on Denis notwithſtanding.

The

The bright archangel pleaſed with this reconciling embrace of the two ſaints, graciouſly places one on his right, the other on his left, then ſoars with them to the ſuperior regions, where on their ſafe arrival they are welcomed with bumpers of nectar.

Few readers perhaps will believe this bloody battle to have happened; yet moſt of them have learned that under the walls near which Scamander flowed, (Troy's famed city, I mean) armed Gods apparently deſcended from olympus in order to fight in either army. In the ſublime work of Milton do not legions of winged angels embrue the celeſtial plains with blood? do they not pelt numberleſs mountains in each others divine mazards, and what is ſtill more ſurprizing, do they not make uſe of powder and cannon?

Sure then no candid critic will object to our fiction which under the name of George and Denis paints the natives of France and England in war with each other, and determined on their mutual ruin.

Though

Though peace reigned among the celeſtials, diſcord and war triumphed in this unhappy part of the world. The inoffenſive king Charles diſconſolate for the loſs of his dear Agnes, weeps bitterly, and ſcouts every where in queſt of her; while the terror-ſpreading Joan is diſpatching the bold Wharton with her invincible and blood reeking ſword.

She wounds the brave Engliſhman in the ſwinging part by whoſe protuberance and exertion he had polluted the convent. Wharton reels, and his keen edged ſword drops from his hand nummed by death. He falls, and as he expires renounces all the ſaints.

The pious troop of old nuns having aſſembled themſelves to take a curious review of this late valiant knight, now wallowing in blood, and fallen at the feet of their victorious Amazon, made the ſign of the croſs on their foreheads, hurried over an Ave, and leering ſideways towards the place where Wharton had been wounded, ſaid, " it was juſt " indeed that the wicked ſhould be pu-

" niſhed

" niſhed in the part by which they had
" moſt offended."

But ſiſter Rebondi, who had undergone Wharton's vigorous compreſſion in the veſtry, could not help ſhedding tears for her cruel conqueror, though at the very time ſhe offered up her thankſgiving to heaven, for the juſtice of his puniſhment.

Having taken a farewel view of his offenſive faculty, ſhe thus expreſſed her ſelf in a kind of forgiving tone, " it
" muſt be owned that nobody could
" be more guilty than Wharton; his
" cruel delight was to ſtorm, and
" widen the breach of chaſtity."

The

The FOURTEENTH BOOK.

Deſcription of the Caſtle of Cutendre.

THOUGH I had reſolved to ſteer clear of morality, in order not to encumber my narrative with digreſſive reflections, yet ſo powerful an influence over me hath the God of love, fond of pratling, that my heated imagination, cannot help uttering, though ſcrawled in a ſtyle inferior to the matter, whatever flows from his flippant tongue.

Youthful belles, virgins, married women, or widows, who are enrolled in his ſervice, and unite under his delicious banner; you that excite and are kindled by his flames, declare now ſincerely when two young lovers equal in charms, in merit, and talents ſollicit and preſs upon you with equal ardour, to concur in the raptures of love, your blood warmed by well urged arguments,

ments, do you not feel your ſelves in a ſtrange taking.

Be now inſtructed how to act on ſuch occaſions by the trite hiſtory of the aſs, ſo often read by young maſters at ſchool. Two equal quantities of Food, exactly of the ſame form, and at an equal diſtance, were placed before him to feaſt upon.

The poor aſs finding himſelf equally tempted on both ſides by two ſimilar forms, containing a like quantity, and ſo equidiſtant, that conformable to the laws of undetermined equilibrium, he was unable to make a choice, and died of hunger.

Let not any of the fair imitate ſuch erroneous philoſophy, but rather than idly run the riſk of loſing their lives, let them at the ſame time confer favours on both lovers.

Not far from this pleaſantly ſituated convent, now ſo contaminated, ſo ſorrowful and ſo ſtained with human blood, (where that morning the affliction of twenty nuns, was more than revenged by the maiden amazon) ſtood

on

on the banks of the Loire an old caſtle with a draw-bridge.

The lord of this happy reſidence was ſurnamed Cutendre, where every ſtranger might ſafely repair. The old baron who was a good natured man had made it famous throughout the country for the hoſpitality practiced there.

French or Engliſh were received by him as friends, and travellers in general whether in coaches, on horſeback, or a-foot. He made no diſtinction between a prince, a monk, or a prieſt, a nun or a Turk; all were received with equal politeneſs.

The condition for reception was that two ſhould always preſent themſelves, for men like the baron have their oddities, and his invariable reſolution, or rather caprice, was, that even numbers only ſhould have admittance to his palace, the odd were all excluded.

When two or four knocked at his gate, it flew open, and a gracious welcome attended them, but unfortunate was the ſolitary he who repaired thither. Maigre was his fare, for he was under an indiſpenſible neceſſity of wait-

ing

ing till a companion ſhould make his number even.

The valiant joan having put on her armour, which, as ſhe moved, clanked over her robuſt charms; conducted thither in the cool of the evening the gentle and beauteous Agnes talking to her as they went.

But the wicked chaplain who was in cloſe purſuit of Agnes, reaches ſoon after their arrival, the entrance of the hoſpitable Aſylum. As when a wolf finds his tooth longing to tear the tender ſkin of a young bleating lamb, he attempts to force the entrance of the ſheep-fold, that there he may put his theory in practice. So ſpurred on by luſtful deſires, which glared in his eyes, the chaplain who had never thought it a ſin to raviſh a pretty girl, purſued Agnes for the completion of that joy which had been interrupted, when the fair one was in his power.

He rings the bell, calls aloud for ſomebody to come to him. But the ſervants obſerving him to be alone, he received no anſwer; and immediately ſaw the two pieces of timber, whoſe moving

powers

powers ſet in play the joiſts of the draw-bridge, riſe up, and ſoon after them the draw-bridge.

At this unexpected ſight (purſuant to the maſter of the caſtles orders) who fell a ſwearing? who ſhould but the impious prieſt. He follows with a wiſhful eye the aſcending pile; vainly extends his hands as if to pull it down: and attempts to ſpeak, but his voice fails him.

As a cat is often ſeen to ſteal down from a gutter on the houſe-top to a cage, and thruſt in his claws thro' the bars which defend the birds from him; looking with a wiſhful eye at them while they induſtriouſly keep out of his reach.

So the foiled eccleſiaſtic was in perplexing confuſion when he diſcovered not far from him walking in the midſt of lofty elms a beautiful young man, whoſe hair played in wanton treſſes richly ornamented. He had an inviting and firm countenance; brows of a jetty black were nicely arched over his eyes which ſparkled love. The firſt down of youth was on his chin. His

florid

florid complexion was adorned by the graces. Thus emblazoned with all the vivid colours of blooming youth, there was no taking him for any other than for the handſome page, or Cupid.

The truth of the matter is, it was Monroſe. He had ſought all day the object of his growing paſſion. When received into the convent by the young nuns, he appeared to thoſe virgins as if he were an angel come down from heaven to ſay an ave with them.

The tender hearted ſiſters on ſeeing the beautiful Monroſe felt a ſudden bluſh riſing in their faces, and all ſaid to themſelves, 'O eternal father why 'was not this handſome youth here at 'the raviſhing of our nunnery?'

They formed a circle round him, talking inceſſantly; but as ſoon as they had learned that this modern Adonis was going in purſuit of Agnes, they ordered for him their fleeteſt horſe and a guide to ſhew him the way.

Monroſe diſcovering the barbarous chaplain as he ſtood (ruminating how he ſhould gain admittance) near the high way, and not far from the bridge. Ha! 'art

'art thou there prieſt of Belzebub, I
'now ſwear by Chandos, by my hope
'of ſalvation, and the fair maids eyes I
'am enamoured with, thou ſhalt quickly
'be puniſhed for all thy evil doings.'

The incenſed chaplain without making any reply draws out (his hand trembling with rage) a pocket piſtol, which he cocks, pulls the trigger, and lets fly. The whizzing ball goes wide of the mark, and makes a random ſhot; for the churchman's unſteady hand had not taken a right aim.

But the page a good markſman levels his piece well, and drives a ball through the caitiff's hard and horrible forehead on which the wickedneſs of his ſoul was pourtrayed. The chaplain falls on the ground, and the victor-page feeling in his generous heart ſome movements of compaſſion for the expiring monſter, thus exhorts him.

"Alas, ſince thy hour is come, die
"as becomes a chriſtian; ſay Te De-
"um: thou knoweſt the abominable
"life thou haſt led. Aſk heaven's
"forgiveneſs for thy riots and de-
"bauchery;

" bauchery. Say at leaſt one amen;
" recommend thy ſoul to God."

No, replied the tortured miſcreant,
" I am damned already; going poſt
" to the devil, ſo farewel!" His mortal life is now no more, and his libertine ſoul is a new recruit among the infernal legions.

The

The FIFTEENTH BOOK.

King CHARLES *finds out* Agnes *who was solacing herself with* Monrose *in the Castle of* Cutendre.

AS this unrepenting wretch departed a new prey for the insatiate fire of hell, the good king whelmed under grief, was on the hunt after his charming Sorel, and in order to give vent to his affliction, walked along the banks of the Loire with his confessor.

Here courteous reader give me leave to explain to you in a few words, the necessary qualifications for such a spiritual comforter, made choice of by a young amorous monarch, for the sole direction of his conscience.

A man to fill such a place long, must be endowed with great indulgence towards the failings of others; be one that can with great goodness make the deceitful scale of good or evil preponderate, according as it may seem most expedient; can point out a flowery road to heaven; and on occasion palliate the

ſins of his maſter with even plauſible motives of conſcience.

He muſt be a thorough maſter in the art of ſuiting the tone of his voice, his looks, and geſtures to every circumſtance: he muſt let no opportunity of paying his court eſcape, and be ſure to flatter in their turns, with the greateſt dexterity, the monarch, his miſtreſs, and favourites; ever obliging, always on the tiptoe of complaiſance.

Father Bonifoux of ſaint Dominick's order, was then confeſſor to king Charles, a well meaning man who had made himſelf agreeable to all perſons and exigencies. He ſtrove to ſooth the king's anguiſh in mild and devout terms.

" How much is your majeſty to be pitied that the animal part of you ſhould thus prevail over your ſpiritual? it is a fatality! nor can it be denied that your love for Agnes is ſinful. It is indeed a ſin of human frailty to be claſſed among the pardonable ones, and was formerly very much in faſhion amongſt the great, the good, and the pious."

" For we read in the hiſtory of the Hebrew people that Abraham (tho' the

ſire

ſire of all true believers) not ſtrictly obſerving the decalogue, deviated from its precept in the arms of his handmaid Agar; whoſe rival charms drew on her the jealouſy and reſentment of Sarah, Abraham's wife."

"The juſt Jacob married two ſiſters. None of the patriarchs diſliked variety in love. Even old Booz after harveſt work received the orderly and prudent Ruth into his bed."

"Without dwelling on the particular adventure with Batſheba, it is well known that David the man after God's own heart, gave a looſe to enjoyment in his amply furniſhed ſeraglio. His valiant ſon ſo famous for his fine head of hair, one morning by a ſpecial grace, behaved with ſuch unexampled gallantry to them all, that not a lady of the whole number had reaſon to complain of her being neglected."

"Every body knows Solomon's hiſtory. Tho' he was univerſally learned, knew every thing, and that he was liſtened to as an oracle, yet I ſay tho' the wiſeſt of men he turned out the moſt lecherous of kings."

"Alas (replied Charles ſhaking his head) what you have ſaid father is fine and fair; but oh, how great is the difference between me and Solomon! The remembrance of his exceſſive happineſs aggravates my diſtreſs. For his tender ſkirmiſhes he had ſeven hundred miſtreſſes to ſucceſſively encounter with. Poor I had but one, and, ah me, that one I have loſt."

A ſudden guſh of tears ſtreaming down his royal noſe interrupted his complaints; his attention being at the ſame time drawn to the ſide from whence he heard a noiſe.

The king was agreeably ſurprized ſee advancing towards him in a hard trot, his faithful Bonneau mounted on a jolting packhorſe, with a red cloak on, and his belly as big as ever.

Whoever has had the happineſs of being in love, muſt readily conclude that next to the pleaſure of ſeeing the object we admire, is that of an interview with her faithful confident, to whom ſhe is ſuppoſed to unboſom all her ſecrets.

His

His majeſty almoſt out of breath thro' eagerneſs to ſpeak, cries to Bonneau, "what wind has blown you this way? where is my dear Agnes? tell; whence come you? What place is ſo happy as to be poſſeſſed of the ineſtimable treaſure of her bright eyes; that I may fly thither and worſhip them. Tell, ſpeak, anſwer me quickly."

To the king's ſeveral and hurried queſtions the ingenuous Bonneau anſwered methodically; told how he came to be in that deſhabille, and made to ſerve in quality of cook: how partly by miracle, and partly by clandeſtine craft he had eſcaped from Chandos in the heat of a ſkirmiſh; and how they were all abroad in queſt of the beautiful Sorel who was alſo gone.

Without omitting the leaſt trifling circumſtance, the exact Bonneau related circumſtantially all he knew, which was of no great import; he not knowing any article of conſequence: for he was totally ignorant of the ſad diſaſter cauſed by the brutal luſt of the Engliſh prieſt. Nor did he know a tittle of the pages warm and reſpectful love for Agnes, or of

the convents having been violated: which was ſo much the better for his majeſty's quiet, becauſe a mortifying information of ſuch violent tranſactions muſt diſquiet him extremely.

Thus when modern Lewis having loſt himſelf at a hunt, in the underwood of Fontainbleau's ſpacious foreſt, teazes his Bonneau (there is always one of the family in the French court) with a thouſand ſimilar queſtions relative to his miſtreſs; and anxious to trace all her proceedings (as they return home) commands him not to omit any incident however inconſequential it may appear to him, and on the whole learns nothing of her but what is fair and honourable.

Having both conned over ſeveral times their different cauſes of complaint, curſt their lot, and the cruel Engliſh, their ſorrow inſtead of being abated increaſed, and for very good reaſon, it was night, and the great bear of the ſky was in the midſt of his courſe.

The Dominican concerned as a good ſubject for the king, and for himſelf as a friar, thus humbly remonſtrated to his majeſty quite abſorpt in meditation.

" My

"My liege it is very late! be pleaſed to remember, it is proper that every mortal, king or monk, ſhould at this hour ſeek out ſome decent retreat, in order to ſup, and paſs the night there."

The afflicted monarch without making any reply, ſuffered himſelf to be led along by the friar, ruminating all the way on his hard fate with dejected countenance, while his palfrey gallopped ſpontaneouſly over the plain. But in a little time the goodly Trio, king, pimp, and prieſt got to the foſſé of Cutendre's caſtle.

The handſome page Montroſe was near the foſſé into which he had juſt thrown the execrable corps of his damned rival. Not unmindful of the fair object of his journey, he railed at his tormenting ſituation, to be ſo ſeparated from his lovely Agnes by the bridges refuſal of admittance to odd numbers.

But as ſoon as he had diſcovered by the light of the moon three perſons coming up, his heart was cheared with a dawn of joy. He accoſted them with

an uncommon eaſe and gracefulneſs, artfully concealing his name and the paſſion that had brought him thither.

His deportment in general was ſo pleaſing as to intereſt all he applied to in his behalf. The king was greatly taken with him. The placid monk careſſed the boy with an hypocritic affection, kindly leering at him with his devout eyes, and ſtroking the ſmooth palm of his lilly white hand.

Their lucky number now being four, the moveable bridge fell invitingly for their reception. Their palfreys made it's timber ſhake as they galloped over.

As ſoon as they alit at the caſtle, the corpulent Bonneau, though out of wind bore away directly to the kitchen, to enquire about their ſupper; and the good friar did not think it an unworthy place for the offering up of his pious thankſgiving to providence that had ſo timely ſtept in to their relief.

The king taking on him the name of a private gentleman, runs to pay his reſpects to Cutendre before he ſhould be gone to bed. The baron returned the king's

king's compliment moſt politely, and then conducted him to his allotted apartment.

Charles was deſirous of ſolitude to enjoy his anxiety alone. He pours out a flood of tears for his loſt Agnes, not harbouring the leaſt ſuſpicion of her being ſo near. But Monroſe who was a knowing one, had his eyes every where about him, and got information in what chamber Agnes was lodged.

As when Grimalkim with a greedy eye watches the appearance of a timid mouſe, he treads ſo lightly that the earth ſcarce feels the impreſſion of his feet; but the moment it pops forth, he darts upon his prey.

So Monroſe as he advances towards the bed of his beloved, ſtretches out an arm, and cautiouſly gropes his way: now turns his ear to liſten; now proceeds on his tip-toes. Thrice happy Agnes, the youth you adore is now in your chamber.

Straw does not ſo quickly feel the attraction of amber, nor is iron ſo briſkly whirled to the load-ſtone's em-

brace, as Monrose is to sorel. Such is the power of sympathy.

The handsome page drops immediately on his knees by the bedside, wherein Sorel had extended her charms between clean sheets in order to taste the sweets of rest. The time was too precious to be mis-spent in idle words. In the twinkling of an eye they were both in a blaze.

With mouths half closed the signal kiss is given, their souls meeting on their rosy lips. Love's lambent fire flashes from their eyes. To give a new zest to their billing, the tongue of each fondly seeks and darts at the others, the most expressive eloquence of hearts mutually enamoured.

How significant is such a silent intercourse, how energically are the warmest desires thus intimated; delicious preludes! sweet forerunners of bliss. It was however found necessary to suspend a moment, so sweet a concert, so tender a Duo.

In the short interval the belle assisted impatient Monrose to trip the incumbrances of dress, by which disguise nature

nature ſuffers ſo much. It was unknown among mortals of the golden age, and is now abhorred by Cupid who delights in going naked.

Gods what charming objects do I ſee! is yon loving pair of ſuch exquiſite beauty Zephyrus and Flora? or is it Pſyche that careſſes Cupid? or is it rather the ſon of Cyniras in the arms of Venus, in a diſtant and choſen retreat impervious to the light of day, while her deſerted Mars is a prey to jealouſy and grief.

Charles the Mars of France, lamenting with his friend Bonneau the loſs of Sorel in a remote part of the palace, had ſcarce any appetite for his ſupper, and little ſatisfaction in what he drank, which proved ineffectual to diſſipate his ſadneſs.

It happened that an old valet of the caſtle, a profeſſed prattler, without being aſked any queſtions, officiouſly informed the king, that two ladies, the one ſtrong built, and haughty; the other more delicately formed, with blue eyes, and a charming complexion were lodged there that night.

The

The gladly ſurprized monarch concluding immediately that the latter muſt be the fair one whom he ſought by the deſcription given of her; in order to ſooth his paſſion made the very communicative valet (who indeed deſired no better) tell over, and over, how brilliant her eyes were, how her mouth was ſhaped, the colour of her hair, the pleaſing accents of her voice, and modeſt deportment of her perſon, in ſhort he made him often repeat all the good qualifications of his dear.

Enraptured by the pleaſing repetition, the king cries aloud, " O it is ſhe, the divine Sorel, I am ſure of it," and riſing from his ſupper ſays, " a good ſtomach to you Bonneau, I am for a richer feaſt in the arms of Agnes."

Off he goes, and being priviledged as a king, did not mind what noiſe he made in running towards the chamber he was told ſhe lay in. Unable to reſtrain his joy, he ſo loudly called on her all the way thither that ſhe ſoon overheard him.

This unexpected alarm of the king's coming threw the happy couple into the greateſt

greateſt perplexity. They ſhook with fear. How to extricate themſelves from this dilemma was the queſtion. Thus the inventive page went to work for their common ſafety.

In the room there happened to be contrived an oratory with a little altar in it, where occaſionally maſs was ſaid. Over it was a kind of vaulted niche deſigned for the reception of ſome ſaint; and was at that time veiled by curtains: up thither climbs Monroſe, and whimſically niches himſelf a ſaint.

He there ſtood hid by the curtain, having on him neither doublet nor cloak, &c. The king comes buſtling in, and from the very entrance of the room bounds to the arms of his adored Agnes; then ſhedding tears of joy inſiſts on being made immediately happy: kings are not to be refuſed.

The concealed ſaint fretted at what he ſaw was going to paſs, makes a noiſe and ſtirs the curtain. The king roſe to ſee what was the matter there, and ſtretching out his hand feels a body, but quickly withdraws roaring, "love! ſatan!

ſatan! ſaint Germain! ſaint Francis! &c."

Partly through the fright and partly through jealouſy he gave a violent pull to the curtain which falling with great noiſe upon the altar diſcovered the amiable figure that had been concealed by it. Monroſe having turned his back through a ſenſe of modeſty, diſplayed that part, which the mighty Cæſar was wont in the bloom of his youth to proſtitute to Nicomedes. That part which the Grecian hero ſo admired in his beloved Hepheſtion; and to which Adrian allotted a place in the Pantheon. Nor have ſome celebrated modern heroes been leſs fond of it. Heroes have great weakneſſes.

If our readers carry along with them the thread of our hiſtory, they muſt remember, that in paſſing through the Engliſh camp, the chaſte fingers of doughty Joan (conducted by the obliging ſaint Denis,) drew with dexterity three Flour-de-luces on the back-ſide of a profane one.

Aſtoniſhed Charles could not tell what to make of the eſcutcheon, and ſaintly poſteriours; but ſoon apprehending

ing that it might be a device of Belzebub the prince of darkneſs, fell a praying. The beautiful Agnes catching from her royal maſter repentance and grief, and being overcome by fear, fainted away. New affliction to the good natured king. He takes hold of her hands, and deſpotically roars, " haſte, haſte, let every one come hither, for the devil I believe is in the chamber where my Agnes is lodged."

Alarmed by the king's cries Bonneau riſes from table, not without a ſenſible regret on account of his unfiniſhed ſupper, and runs to Agnes's apartment quite out of breath. Joan awakened by the uproar ſeizes her victorious ſword in order to proceed to the place from whence the noiſe was come. But the lord of the caſtle honeſt baron Cutendre was in ſo profound a ſleep that the noiſe and buſtle did not in the leaſt affect him.

The

The SIXTEENTH BOOK.

The Arrival of Dunois, *and of* Dorothea, *at the Castle of* Cutendre. *They all depart from the said Castle.*

AS the undaunted Joan rushed along in quest of danger she chanced to descry in the park of the castle through a dormer window, an hundred palfreys, on whom were mounted a band of gallant knights, each having a lady behind him.

They were accompanied by their attendant squires, carrying in their hands the cruel apparatus of war, to wit, an hundred bucklers from which the moon's trembling rays were reflected; and as many helmets made of gold with nodding plumes. They had long poles armed with sharp iron-points. A richly wrought variety of ribbands hanging from their lances sported in the wind.

Joan struck with so hostile an appearance believed that the English had sur-

ſurprized the caſtle of Cutendre. It was however a groſs miſtake of hers; but it may be pleaded in her excuſe that miſtakes are often committed in the art of war.

For example, Ajax the profeſſed bully of the Grecian hoſt, and a certain modern general who was a duke, a bel eſprit, miniſter, and marſhal, the former on the banks of Scamander, the latter on thoſe of the Rhine, miſtook a flock of ſheep for a body of the enemy. And yet this error of judgment has not left the leaſt ſtain on their reputations.

So thoſe diſcovered by Joan ſoon proved not to be Engliſh folks who had taken the caſtle by ſurprize, but on the contrary a poſſe of friends, headed by the valiant Dunois, (juſt returned from Milan) and well known to Joan. He was now bringing back the beautiful Dorothea.

The belle was tranſported with love and joy, (and very juſtly ſo) on beholding her dearly beloved near her; the darling favourite of hers the tender hearted la Trimonille, for whoſe

ſweet

ſweet ſake her eyes were often bathed in tears; he having ſought in a hundred battles, found her at laſt, and was determined to ſtick by her.

This magnificently dreſſed and brilliant cavalcade entered the caſtle at night in equal numbers, Joan flew to meet them. Charles who ſaw her ſet out, imagined ſhe was going to engage with an enemy, and therefore followed to ſecond her. The king's error of judgment by withdrawing his warlike preſence from lovely Agnes, left a clear coaſt for the page.

O happy page, a thouſand times happier than monarch Charles, altho' the moſt debauched, and moſt chriſtian king. There is no doubt to be made, but that you poured out fervent thanks to the good ſaint, whoſe nich you had occupied, for operating this miracle in your behalf.

There was not much time to be loſt in praying. To dreſs quickly, and eſcape was the moſt preſſing buſineſs.

Thou quickly dreweſt on over the ſatin of thy plump and ſnowy buttocks their neat wrought covering. Agnes aſ-

ſiſting

ſiſting thee with a timorous hand committed ſome pleaſing miſtakes. Monroſe gave her numberleſs kiſſes. His cloaths were no ſooner on than ſhe wiſhed them off again for a renewal of their pleaſure.

Monroſe went to the park without ſpeaking a word; and the pious confeſſor could not help ſighing, and feeling a carnal diſtraction at ſight of the handſome youth paſs by him.

The gentle Agnes ſet about compoſing her eyes, her air, her deportment, and what ſhe ſhould ſay on the occaſion. Confeſſor Boniſoux repaired to comfort his majeſty, by aſſuring him, that what he had ſeen in the nich was a meſſenger diſpatched from above with news that the Engliſh power which had proved ſo long fatal in France was drawing near it's end, and ſhould ere long be no more; for that it was decreed in heaven, king Charles ſhould ſoon gain a compleat victory over the enemy.

The monarch believed the monk without any difficulty, being of a believing diſpoſition; and warlike Joan thus

thus backed the friar; "Let us my liege make advantage of this favourable ſuccour from heaven. Come on great prince, let us return to your army, that muſt be in the greateſt conſternation for their monarch's abſence."

Without heſitating, La Trimonille and Dunois were of Joan's opinion, which they loudly declared. The charming Dorothea was preſented by her hero to the king, who gave her a moſt gracious reception. Nay Agnes embraced her, and the united ſquadrons marched from the caſtle of Cutendre.

The celeſtials who are often pleaſed to laugh at the follies of ſublunary beings, behold this cavalcade of heroes, heroines and lovers ſhape their romantic way thro' the fields.

The king of France kept near his fair Agnes, who (with female art) affecting the greateſt fidelity to him, preſented her humble hand to receive his royal one, which ſhe kindly preſſed, and ſaid a world of fond things, now and then interrupted by a truely amorous ſide glance, when ſhe perceived Monroſe ogling her.

The

The confeſſor followed ſinging part of a pſalm, and ſaying the prayer for travellers, from which devout work he was ſometimes taken off on ſeeing around him ſuch a blaze of charms, that in the pious diſtraction his eyes wandered from the king to the page, from the page to Agnes, and from Agnes to his breviary.

La Trimonille the ornament of the French court, ſhining in gold and with a heart full of love, wheeled round and pranced his horſe near the charming Dorothea; who intoxicated with joy, and fired with paſſion, called him her deliverer, her only beloved, the idol of her heart.

Near them marched Joan, France's ſupport, in the trim of an amazon, having on her head a little green hat laced with gold, and adorned with an elegant plume. While ſhe was thus parading on her aſs (proud of the honour to carry her) ſhe took care to diſplay the charms of her large features, now ſpeaking to his majeſty, now driving hard, now walking ſlowly. When ſhe affected to bridle herſelf up in airs of conſequence, ſhe could not help letting

ting ſome gentle ſighs eſcape for Dunois the companion of her deeds in arms; for her heart always bounded at the pleaſing remembrance of having ſeen him and his apurtenances naked.

Bonneau whoſe chin was ſhaded with a patriarchal beard cloſed the rear, all in a ſweat and puffing hard. Never had monarch a more valuable ſervant than Bonneau, for he had provided all neceſſaries; having then under his care two large mules laden with an excellent old wine, delicious paſtry work, large ſauſages, hams, and chickens dreſſed, or ready to be ſo.

The SEVENTEENTH BOOK.

The Battle of John Chandos, *and* Joan D'Arc, *and the extraordinary Law ſhe was ſubject to in ſaid Battle.*

AS they continued their way, the French pageantry were met at the corner of a wood by John Chandos, his ſword in hand, then ſeeking after Agnes and his page. He was followed by a not leſs ſhowy retinue of bold Britons, and not inferior in number to that eſcorting the monarch of France. But in this it differed, that it had neither bubbies nor bewitching eyes to boaſt of.

Chandos cries out to them with a threatning voice, " O, ho, French gallants, the juſt objects of my reſentment, have I met you at laſt. It muſt not be ſaid that while you have three ſuch fine wenches with you, John Chandos ſhall not have one. Forbid it courage—therefore we muſt fight; and let fortune determine who of us knoweth beſt how to handle the lance, and pleaſe a fair maid's eyes. I challange the boldeſt among you to enter

enter the lists with me, and the conqueror shall have one of the three."

The king piqued at so insulting a proposition, brandished his spear, and advances in order to chastise the arrogance of Chandos. But Dunois stopt him, saying, " O permit me dread sovereign to take vengeance on this boaster for my prince, and these ladies of honour." Which as he was going to execute, La Trimonille stops him; all being envious of fighting on so glorious an occasion.

But the friendly Bonneau who loved to accommodate all disputes, advised them to let chance decide who should be the happy hero. This custom had been practised by combatants in the most heroic times of antiquity. And what was deemed a stronger argument to recommend it was, the apostle Matthias having obtained the place of Judas by throwing of dice.

Even in our times it is well known that in certain republicks, many lucrative employments and honourable places are won by dice, and affairs are not managed

managed there, a whit the worſe. The obliging Bonneau holding the box, ſighs leſt the chance ſhould fall upon royal Charles, rattles the dice, and throws them on the table to decide whoſe the lot ſhall be.

Denis looking down from the high ramparts of heaven ſaw what was going on here below, and contemplating with pleaſure Joan and the aſs, he by his ſaintly influence cogg'd the dice, and made the deſired lot fall on the virgin amazon, in order to efface from her memory the odious game the luſty cordelier played, who had heretofore ruffled her charms.

Joan runs immediately to the king, calls for her arms, then modeſtly retires behind a buſh to unlace herſelf, takes off her petticoats, and puts on the ſuit of ſacred armour which an attendant ſquire held in readineſs for her.

Soon as accoutred ſhe mounts full of martial fire, brandiſhes her lance by way of defiance to the foe, and makes the aſs feel the ſtro..g impreſſion of her knees. She invoked the

eleven thouſand maids that in a moſt heroic manner expired martyrs of virginity. On the other ſide John Chandos was ſo unworthy a chriſtian, that going to battle he never addreſſed any ſaint, or was heard to mention even the name of God.

French Joan and Engliſh John, advance furiouſly againſt each other. Their valour was equal on both ſides, their barbed palfreys having their heads armed, at the prick of the ſpur ſet forward like lightning, but driving their heads one againſt the other, fire flaſhes from their broken and ſhivered head-pieces, and the iron ſplinters as they fly appear red with blood.

Eccho rebounds to the horrid ſhock. The poor beaſts are repulſed trembling in every limb, and their diſmounted riders fall on their bums not a little amzed. Thus may be often ſeen two ivory balls ſuſpended by cords of equal length, ſtart at the ſame inſtant in a curve, accelerate their courſe, and be mutually flatted in the ſhock againſt each other; by whoſe forceful energy they recover and ſpring back from the repel-

ling

ling force, multiplying their velocity by their weight.

Either party thought both the palfreys killed, and were in great uneasiness about the combatants. The illustrious heroine of France, whose flesh was not of so firm a texture, and whose bones were not so thick, or members so throughly muscled as were those of John Chandos, having in the conflict lost her equilibrium, having already swerved from the line of direction and the fixed point, the ass threw her on the field. There Joan lay stunned on her back; the way all girls ought to fall.

Chandos not being hurt, and now risen on his legs, imagined it was either Dunois or the king he saw discomfited, and advances in order to view his conquest. Chandos as he takes off the helmet, sees a head in which roll about in a sickly manner a pair of large black eyes.

As he unties her cuirasse, he discovers (O all ye saints) with pleasure and amazement, two bubbies of equal figure, bewitching demi-globes, smooth to the

 touch,

touch, and not too near, each crowned with a nipple of the red-rose hue.

It is reported that Chandos then crossed himself for the first time, and with a loud voice of triumph cried, "have I then at last got the maid of France. I now will glut my vengeance. I have, thank heaven, doubly merited to humble this haughty Joan. Though saint Denis were to be a spectator of what I mean to do to her, his saintship must excuse me. I plead my right through mars and love."

Then turning to his squire, he said to him, "I see she is in a swoon, and as I have two arms to attack and conquer antagonists; I have a third for special occasions, which I will now apply to the curing of Joan."

The squire's answer was, "push forward my lord, and you will firmly establish the English throne in France; in vain have been the endeavours of Lourdis to discourage you. In vain also does he swear that Joan's consecrated maidenhead is to the French what the famous Palladium was to the

the Trojans, and the ſacred buckler to the inhabitants of Latium. To hear lourdis talk, it is the enemy's pledge of victory, the oriflamme or great ſtandard of France. Therefore my lord, for your own ſatisfaction and the intereſt of your country, make ſure of it." Chandos replied "I will, and in ſo doing have a double meaſure of the greateſt advantages life affords, glory and pleaſure."

Joan recovering from her ſwoon, heard their diſcourſe with horror, making a thouſand vows to ſaint Denis, the only thing the poor girl could then do. The valorous Dunois was ſtrongly inclined to prevent this brutal triumph over chaſtity. But that cannot be, becauſe according to the rules of chivalry the ſtipulated conditions of every combat muſt be fulfilled.

The miraculous aſs, the iron defence being knocked off his head which he held down in a dejected manner, his ears having been much bruiſed in the ſhock, looked on the proceedings of Chandos, with ſmothered confuſion, having a long time enter-

tained in his heart a discreet affection for the maid, and sentiments of so noble and delicate a turn, as are quite unknown among the numerous asses fashioned upon earth. The formidable appearance of Chandos's third offensive member made him fetch a deep sigh.

The French king's confessor trembles in every fibre, as he hears and sees the lewd discourse and intent of Chandos. He fears lest his royal penitent, in order to support the glory of France, so impudently run down on that occasion, should be tempted to do as much with Agnes; which he was convinced would be imitated by La Trimonille and Dorothea; and that perhaps from such cogent examples, a general spirit of lust would be diffused among all beholders.

The holy father Bonifoux retires to the foot of an aged oak, where he kneels to pray; and after enters into a silent meditation on the nature, cause and effects of that agreeable sin which few deem to be of luxury's train.

The

The EIGHTEENTH BOOK.

A Vision. Joan's *Honour is saved by a Miracle.*

THE good friar's profound meditation was succeeded by a vision, not unlike that prophetic dream of him who prospered by a lie, the cunning shaver Jacob, whose interested soul disposed of his lentils like a jew, that is, to the best advantage. From hence it appears my brethren, what ample matter for admiration is to be found in the sublime mysteries of holy writ.

The prophet one night near the banks of the Euphrates perceived a thousand rutting rams, tupping the ewes that kindly let them do as they pleased. But the monk saw, or imagined he did, far more entertaining objects, and such as saint before him had never seen.

He saw the heroes and demi-gods of future generations impatient to act the same joys the rams had, humbly kneeling to

their nymphs. He obſerved with a pious glee the different attractive artifices practiced by the courted belles, and their wonderful addreſs to make the conquerors of the world dance attendance after them.

Soon after, each ſupinely happy, correſponded to the movements of her incumbent hero. They ſet out together ſuiting their diſcourſe to the occaſion. Every couple went at the rate they liked beſt; ſome in a hard trot: others in a reaching gallop; the impetuous riders ſpurring eagerly for the goal of bliſs. In fine the wrigling monk ſaw the game of two backs played in the laſt perfection, and in a provoking variety of attitudes.

Thus at the return of Zephyrus and Flora, in the ſpring's genial ſeaſon, the feathered ſongſters painted with all the variety of colours, agitate the leaves of trees by their amorous conflicts. The butterflies then enjoy their loves on the tender velvet of flowers. The rampant lions run to the ſhade in queſt of their females, who receive them

kindly

kindly, forgetful of their natural ſavageneſs.

Among others the monk deſcried gallant Francis the firſt, that valiant king, and truſty knight, joyouſly forgetting in the arms of the beautiful Etampe, the thraldom he had undergone at Paris.

He next ſaw Charles the fifth form wreaths of laurel and myrtle twined together, having at the ſame time a Flemiſh and a Mooriſh miſtreſs. What a pair of kings of chriſtian example were they! The latter by riding got the gout, and the former ſomething worſe; the pox, of which he died.

Around Henry the ſecond's beloved Diana, young Cupids frolick, and ſmile at her laſcivious manage, while with her lean and faded arms ſhe claſps eagerly the monarch intoxicated with love, ſhe ſeeming to faint away at the ſame time. By a long experience and conſummate ſkill in the art of debauchery Diana knew how to ſupply the want of youth and beauty.

The inconſtant ſucceſſor of Charles the ninth, quits his Chloris in a laugh-

ing

ing mood to make love to a page regardless of the troubles of Paris.

No assaults equalled those the dominican saw made by Borgia, pope Alexander the sixth. He is painted in many places without his tiara tucking up his short cassock, and presenting his back to act the woman's part with Vanosi. In others his holiness quenches his immoderate concupiscence in his own family by enjoying his daughter Lucretia.

O Leo the tenth! O illustrious Paul the third! sublime Julius the second! and O thou merry grig Monti! What monarchs can pretend to cope with your supremacy in the various arts of debaucery? none save one, and he surpasses you, to wit, [the vigorous prince of Bearne, Henry the fourth of France, who reduced the famous Ligue made against him. This hero is known a thousand times more by the raptures he communicated to his fair Gabrielle d'Etrees, than by twenty years heroic exploits.

The dominican beheld with surprize the Doges of Venice, and those grand dukes, Pisas haughty oppressors sharing the

the pleaſure of the he-goat. But ſhame to all ſuch apoſtates from the fair ſex. Let us turn from them and their ſtinking deſires, in order to take a review of more pleaſing objects, in that happy age, that age of miracles, when in the ſuperb court of Lewis the great, all the arts were faſhioned by love. It was Love erected the gorgeous palace of Verſailles. It was Love that in the eyes of a dazzled people, ſoftened the throne of Lewis in to a bed of flowers, in deſpite of all the alarms from the menacing god of war.

It was Love that conducted to the court of this monarch, the moſt comely of men a crowd of rival beauties; kindled them with paſſion: and made them by the ſtudied exhibition and diſplay of their charms win his royal affection.

The foremoſt on this happy liſt was cardinal Mazarin's niece, famous for her bewitching eyes. Then follow the generous and tender Valiere; and the impaſſioned and haughty Monteſpan. The one thought on nothing but the minute

nute of enjoyment; the other ſtudied to ſpin out pleaſure.

But alas what a ſudden metamorphoſis appears? love has thrown aſide his crown of roſes; and his infantine features on which the ſmiles uſed to ſport are now overcaſt with fooliſh ſcruples, and cold decency. His little head is drowned in a large ſquare cup.

Hymen follows ſlowly with a myſterious air. Two flambeaus burn with the ſame fire; dull fires which emit no chearful light, but rather darkneſs viſible; and diffuſe a ſudden melancholy to all who come within their glare.

By the niggard light of thoſe diſmal flambeaus appeared the great lewis crowned with poppies. Preceded by a black caſſocked demon, and two procurers following. He was married to his old bawd.

The dominican was not a little ſurprized to ſee the flower of the Bourbon line enamour'd of two flabby dugs, and put ſpurs to the old mare on a ſopha. Diſconſolate Cupid and his faithful retinue frolickſome ſports, and pleaſing ſmiles fled away to Paphos, from the ſight of ſuch an hideous object.

The

The gay city of Paris, and the brilliant court became equally a prey to devotees. A groſs and taſteleſs luxury prevailing, confined all happineſs to brutal ſenſuality. Under the maſk of hypocriſy, a cynic effrontery thruſt the elegant epicurus out of his throne, to place thereon the uncivilized Diogenes. The courtier ſeeks for liberty in exceſſive drunkenneſs.

Hercules hid in a monk's habit, and Priapus veiled under a caſſock, deal obſcenity throughout the palace. They meet no reſiſtance, and the prophane couple celebrated for their brutality, do what they pleaſe with pretty women.

All delicacy in love was like to be for ever expelled from France it's favourite reſidence, when by the intervention of fortune, (that had kindly decreed it) the bigot monarch was ſummoned to retire among his anceſtors, quietly interred in the village of ſaint Denis, in a convent of Benedictins not far from Paris.

The monk ſaw in the order of deſtiny, the regency ſucceed to this bigot reign; happy Æra, then liberty revived, then

then Folly ringing her bell, threw a varniſh of innocence over all tranſactions; and in conſequence the hippocrite was miſconſtrued a ſimpleton.

Fond Argenton! wanton Parabere, it is to you that the little deity, and the queen of Paphos are indebted for the revival of their power, and their neglected altars being rehonoured with burnt incenſe in the palace of Orleans.

The deity of taſte, the only worthy rival to that of love, applied himſelf to bring about an union between eminent talents and the graces. Faunus, Priapus, and brutal Hercules, were obliged to withdraw from the then poliſhed court, and retire to the gloom of convents, never more daring to ſhew themſelves in France.

The bountiful regent erects on his palace the ſtandard of voluptuouſneſs, and the young dutcheſs of Berry, blooming in youthful charms, the bright ſtar of the court, joyouſly anſwers to the ſignal, and is conducted to the couch of bliſs by Bacchus and all the feſtive deities; Cupid in waiting.

Near

Near Paris under the purple of Rome. But ſtop—ſuch a picture might bring its painter into trouble. More than one Bonneau might be reckoned among the ſhort robed gentry. In theſe latter times the office of pimp is taken up by ſome of Mars's chieftains.

But as I am naturally timorous, and hate a fray, ſhall ſay no more; nor will yield to the temptation of uttering ſcandal, tho' my reader ſhould be diſpleaſed thereat.

O Rambouillet, witneſs to many miſterious tranſactions! O Meuden! O Choiſi! delightful retreats, which love with his attendant ſmiles and ſports hath often preferred to Cithere. I will paſs over in a reſpectful ſilence, the ſeveral acts of gallantry you have known.

To treat of the preſent time would prove as dangerous as it was formerly to touch the divine ark, which ſtruck with immediate lethargy the hand guilty of ſuch daring. I will therefore hold my tongue.

I am notwithſtanding tempted at all events to ſay ſomething of the moſt charming of the fair ſex, O delicious mo-

morſel, enchanting La Tournelle, though plump yet delicate, though majeſtic yet condeſcending, and attractive of all affections.

If I could dare to offer between your well fleſhed thighs the grains of incenſe, which are Venus's due; or if I could dare to ſing your high promotion, which the brown beauty Flavaucourt ſecretly wiſhes to enjoy.

If I could dare I would celebrate this kind connection which (though againſt the ſtrict rules of chriſtianity) was encouraged and approved of, nay bleſſed by the old cardinal, but ſince broke, and curſt by a bigotted biſhop. The divorce however was but of ſhort duration, for the French monarch ſoon after his recovery, renewed the tender intercourſe, notwithſtanding all the exhortations and ſermons of the ſaid fooliſh prelate to the contrary.

If I could dare to diſplay your amorous ſkirmiſhes with his majeſty—but no—I will not ſay a word more; fearing leſt that in my too weak deſcription, I ſhould fall ignominouſly ſhort of your powerful charms.

In

In his extetic viſion the pied monk contemplated with an eager and reſpectful eye what I ſhould be afraid to look on; to wit, the curious ſucceſſion of European princes in flagrant. Among whom ſhone conſpicuous the ſecond Charles of England with his fair Portſmouth; G— of the ſame number with his luſcious Y—: and that ſingularly devout king of Portugal, who ſaid his prayers while in the arms of his miſtreſs, nor did Victor Amadeus, eſcape his view, victor alternately the dupe of his pride, his ſon, and his love.

To cloſe this illuſtrious groupe. he ſaw panting between Iris and his page, the kingly author ſoon act the eager non conformiſt. This hard-hearted and capricious monarch is admired in the North, and called a Solomon, as the Germans call their emperors the king of the Romans.

The monk could not refrain from exclaiming, " if the ſovereigns of the earth are ſo fond of this game of two backs, and that it is a paſſion impreſſed on us all, why ſhould I grieve if John Chandos throws his robuſt thighs

between

between my gentle maids. For my part then let the will of heaven be fulfilled." Amen, amen, to that ſweet powers, ſays he; and diſſolves into a pleaſing ſwoon, as if in actual enjoyment of what he only ſaw in a viſion.

But the vigilant ſaint Denis was of quite another mind, and could by no means conſent that John Chandos ſhould by raviſhing the maidenhead of Joan d'Arc ruin France.

My readers no doubt, have heard that men have been rendered occaſionally impotent by magic charms, a damnable expedient, and which no ſaint ſhould ever uſe, but when there is no other remedy to be had.

When thus bewitched, the poor lover, his fire being chilled, though alive and in health, yet palſied in the eſſential part, fatigues himſelf to no purpoſe, on the brink of pleaſure which he cannot taſte of.

So a flower dried up by the ſcorching heat of the day, with head and ſtalk reclined, calls in vain for the genial moiſture from which it is to re-

ceive

ceive new life, and have all it's vivid tints restored.

To such a situation was the haughty English hero reduced by saint Denis in the critical minute of enjoying his conquest. Chandos not reconciled to his disappointment, and unwilling to forego so favourable an opportunity, continued teazing the gentle maid.

His sweating and puffing was all to no purpose, unable to sound with any thing else, he tries with his finger if Joan has her maidenhead, a curious enquiry forsooth, "damn the eyeless needle," quoth he in a rage.

The harrassed maid disengaging herself, springs from her conqueror, who in the greatest confusion, was endeavouring to vibrate his mortal part into life, (while though to him invisible) saint Denis laughed at his affliction.

As Chandos was cursing his fate, the nymph having recovered her breath, thus spoke to the disappointed hero, and in a menacing tone, "be now convinced wicked Englishman, that thou art not invincible; tremble at the thought of heaven's having abandoned

thee

thee in the greateſt of combats. What thou haſt proudly mounted thy hopes of conqueſt on, is ſhamefully fallen. As thy attempt on me is now glorioufly defeated, ſo ſhall I another day, have ample vengeance on thee, and thy ferocious countrymen for the manifold injuries done to France. This my patron ſaint Denis has promiſed, therefore I challenge to meet thee and them near the walls of Orleans."

Diſcomfited Chandos, his eyes ſcouling on the ground, growled out this reply, " inſolent wench be thou a maid or not, I'll meet thee there, I ſhall have our patron George, and he that commands all ſaints for me. And there ſhall reap ample amends on thee for my preſent diſappointment."

The

The NINETEENTH BOOK.

CORISANDRA.

EACH gentle reader muſt have known by experience, that the genial deity whoſe figure and amuſements are thoſe of a child, has two different quivers. In the one are contained thoſe whoſe pricking is without pain. Their points make wounds from which derive neither pain nor danger, but become a ſource of pleaſing anxiety, which overflows the heart and diffuſes itſelf through all the ſtreams of life.

The arrows in the other quiver, are of a fiery quality that ſpread a deſolating flame wherever their deſtructive points are ſtruck. The inſtant they make a wound, the five ſenſes are diſordered and reaſon is dethroned.

Their face is all in a blaze. The ſo infected think themſelves changed into other beings, and their feveriſh bodies ſeem unnaturally heated by another blood than that they had been uſed to.

Fre-

Frequent flashes of fire disturb their sight, They do not hear distinctly. Neither their gestures nor their actions are guided by any reflection.

Water intensely boiling and with noise when it bounds over the sides of the containing vessel, springs up in air, and flits away, and that is but a weak image of the violent agitations of those who are a prey to the extreme violence of love. This truth all my readers certainly know.

But the little wicked deity, the tyrant of human hearts, the froward cupid was now delighted to play some of his most extraordinary pranks, and of which, that I am going to relate, is a very singular and surprizing instance.

Between Blois and Cutendre lived a young beauty, whose charms, had she but a tender heart, would have by far surpassed those of Agnes; but without that kind consenting requisite, all beauty is nothing. Corisandra was the name of this young and handsome Ideot.

Cupid

Cupid forſooth in one of his malicious moods againſt the human race, had decreed, that whoever beheld this fair ſimpleton, whether a military man, one of the robe, or even the king, ſhould inſtantly run ſtark mad; but all Plebeian men, ſuch as attending valets, or thoſe of the Canaille were exempted from the rigorous law, which extended only from the king to the gentleman. Folly's limited patent reached no farther.

The worſt of this malady was, that it was out of the reach of the eſculapian art to cure it. Hellebor ſo powerful in every other madneſs, could be of no ſervice in this particular ſpecies of frenzy, in which the brain was to become every day more and more delirious, till ſuch time as this beautiful fool ſhould feel the embraces of a lover, by which ſhe was to receive the gift of underſtanding, and thoſe who had ſuffered in beholding her reſtored to their former ſound ſtate of mind.

Many a youth born on the banks of the river Loire, had loſt both reaſon and memory, by looking on the fatal

Coriſan-

Coriſandra. One fancying himſelf to be a dear, ran a browzing in the foreſt. Another imagining that his poſteriours were glaſs, cried out if any body joſtled him that his brittle bum was broke.

Goyon believes himſelf a woman, puts on petticoats, and is in the laſt affliction that nobody offers the leaſt impertinence to him. Valori (who not altogether wrong) brays like an aſs, and wiſhes to be loaded as ſuch. Poor Sablé thinks himſelf transformed into a pot, and acts as ſuch; alas, what man is without his folly in one manner or other, in proſe or verſe, ſuppoſing he had never ſeen Coriſandra?

The beautiful Ideot had a grandmother, whoſe unſocial temper was at firſt pleaſed at ſeeing the many fools Coriſandra made; but from the multitudes of misfortunes her grand-daughter was the occaſion of, at laſt began to relent, and therefore locked up this cauſe of maſculine madneſs, appointing at the ſame time, two bold looking champions to defend the entrance of the caſtle, againſt

all

all who at the hazard of losing their reason should attempt it.

The fair ideot thus imprisoned, stitched, spun, and sang, thoughtless, careless, quite indifferent about what might happen, and not in the least anxious about taking any trouble to cure her lovers; which the hard-hearted, or rather unthinking creature might have done at any time, by saying; ay.

Proud Chandos not yet recovered from the rage he had been thrown into by the shameful baulk with his haughty antagonist maiden Joan, returned to join his countrymen, murmuring at his hard fate all the way.

Thus a dog whose eager jaws had made a snatch at a hare that has escaped, turns backwards and forwards yelping for his loss, then comes creepingly to his master, with ears and tail hanging down in a penitential manner to express his anguish for the hare's escape.

Chandos cursed a thousand times the treacherous Machine that had disappointed him in a duel wherein his ho-

 nour

nour was ſo nicely concerned. But in order to preſs his return, the Engliſh general diſpatched a brave young Iriſh colonel, named Paul Tirconnel, conſpicuous for a loſty countenance, brawny breaſt, ſtrong back, and ſtout limbs, this youth bore written in his forehead, and daring brows; that he had never undergone ſuch a diſgrace as that which then covered Chandos with confuſion.

Theſe two warriors with their eſcorte having reached the gates of Coriſandra, in a commanding tone called for admittance; but were anſwered by one of the ſtationed porters, "ſtop whoever you be, nor dare attempt to force into the caſtle of Coriſandra; the loſs of your ſenſes will be the forfeit."

Chandos looking upon ſuch inſolent jargon as an affront, puſhed forward, and made ſo violent a ſtroke at the porter, that he ſtaggered a dozen paces backward, fell, and rolled in the dirt all bruiſed, and his arm diſlocated.

Paul

Paul Tirconnel, not a whit milder than Chandos, ſets ſpurs to his horſe; that ruſhing like a tempeſt, drives over the other porter, who raiſing his head with ſurprize at what had happened, is ſaluted by a kick on the ſide of the face, which tumbles him a companion in dirt, and bruiſes, with his ſprawling brother.

Thus in provincial towns, a young ſhewy officer, a buck, a blood, runs to figure at the play houſe, and if the door-keeper refuſe him admittance, becauſe he has not paid, the young hector trims the poor man with his ſtick, forces his way into a box, and there ſitting in bold defiance to decency and good manners, diſturbs the audience by hiſſing the performers.

The Engliſh attendants follow their maſters into the ſquare of the caſtle. The old lady runs down quite diſconſolate at the thoughts of the miſhaps that were to befall ſuch bold adventurers. Coriſandra ſcared by the noiſe ſhe had heard, puts on a petticoat in a hurry,

and runs out of the chamber to ſee what was the cauſe.

Chandos having made a ſhort compliment to the old gentlewoman and others of the caſtle, according to the Laconic faſhion of his country, where they are very niggard of ſpeech, was ſmitten with Coriſandra's innocent beauty, and lovely complexion, whereon the lillies and roſes rivalled each other, as well as with her ivory arms, and budding breaſts, that nature took delight in forming.

"Zounds," (ſwore Chandos) "what a happy adventure I ſhall have here," as Coriſandra caſt her unmeaning eyes upon him, which he vainly conſtrued into a liking of his perſon. Tirconnel a profeſſed woman's man, ſaid to Coriſandra and her grandmother, all the fine things practiced on ſuch occurrences, accompanied with tender oglings. But what was the conſequence? they both ran mad.

Chandos in his phrenzy, imagining himſelf a jockey, and native of Normandy, takes the young lady for a horſe, wants

wants to put on a ſaddle, bridle, and to ride, gives a flap on her plump poſteriors, and ſprings up as if to mount on horſe-back. Scared Coriſandra roars for her help, and drops under Chandos on her knees.

Tirconnel ſeized with another kind of madneſs, fancies himſelf a vintner, and takes the frighted girl as ſhe was ſquatted on her knees, for a wine-caſk, which he thought proper to tap, in order to draw off the liquor to bottle it.

Chandos making all the movements of a man on horſeback, cries to Tirconnel "by G—d you are mad; ſome devil I believe has diſordered your brain. How the plague comes it into your head to take my horſe with ſo fine a mane for a caſk?—It is you are the fool replies Triconnel, to take my caſk for a horſe; S' blood here I will ſhew you the bung that belong to it.—Nonſenſe I ſay it is my horſe—Why I tell you fool, it is my caſk."

They were both equally right in their aſſertions. Each ſupported his ridicu-

diculous opinion, with as much warmth as a cholerick monk disputes in behalf of his scapulary; D'oivet in the cause of Cicero: and all translators for the excellence of their originals.

They gave each other the lie over and over, and made use of such words as modesty forbids me to indite. From words they proceeded to menaces, and flourishing their sabres at each other, threatened mutually instant destruction one to the other, if he would not desist from his absurd pretensions.

As at first a springing gale of wind but weakly murmurs, then swells to a tremendous roaring, and makes the chafed billows toss ships about like sportive balls, spreading horror all around; so the two English heroes, who at first but joked, proceeded thence to anger, and in their full delirium meant each other's death.

They both put themselves in guard, in a posture of defence, and in a like attitude, with arms extended in a right line, head erect, and body in profile. They begin with feeling for each other's

heroic

heroic ſkins in cart and tierce, but impatient of obſerving the art of ſchools, they drive furiouſly without any order, and make horrid gaſhes, where they ſtrike their keen-edged blades.

The one-eyed companions of the grim-viſaged ſooty cuckold, who preſides over the burning furnace of mount Ætna, do not make fire ſo frequently ſparkle from under the accelerated blows of their ponderous hammers, when they are preparing his artillery for the thundering jove, whoſe empty rumbling mortals laugh at, as do the ſwords of Chandos and Tirconnel, wielded about with lightning-ſwiftneſs.

The blood ſtreams on both ſides from the many wounds in their arms, neck, and head; yet not a groan is extorted from either. The old gentlewoman bewails the miſchief ſhe is ſpectatreſs of, and would, if ſhe durſt attempt it, take off their armour.

All that ſhe can for them both, ſhe does, offers up a Pater, and calls for a confeſſor. In the mean miſs Coriſandra, in a ſtate of fooliſh languor,

unaffected by the ſcene of blood before her, is ſolely employed in ſettling her cap which they had towzled, and holding out her breaſts, as young miſſes are taught to do at boarding-ſchools.

The two Engliſh heroes all over blood and wounds, quite ſpent with the fatigue of fighting, were fallen on the ground, and there lay ſtretched. In the very moment the king of France arrives, attended by a numerous and brillant eſcorte of lance-bearing heroes, each carrying his belle behind him; they could equally form a court worthy of Venus or of Mars.

The handſome ideot advances to receive them, makes a very low curtſey in a very awkward manner, coldly bids them good day, and looks on the grand retinue with the greateſt air of indifference. She was ſo far a philoſopher as not to be moved by any thing.

Is it not a matter of ſurprize, that ſuch a dangerous poiſon ſhould be contained in the ſpiritleſs unmeaning eyes of Coriſandra, as that the heads of the gallant

French ſhould be diſordered thereby, ſhe ſcarcely deigning to favour them with a look even of indifference.

The various gifts of heaven, ſo copiouſly ſhowered upon mortals, have different effects, according to the places where they fall; and receive a particular warping from the diverſity of characters. Grace for example does not operate alike in all.

The ſame radical moiſture with which the earth nouriſhes and dilates the ſeeds of plants, puſhes forth pinks, thiſtles, and roſes. D'Argens ſighs for the ſame cauſe that makes D'Arget ſmile; Maupertius publiſhes his nugatory ſyſtems, from the ſame motives that Newton communicated to the world his learned hypotheſes. A certain monarch in Europe, makes his ſoldiers ſerve him in a double capacity, as catamites at home, and combatants in the field of battle.

There is no fixed ſtandard for any thing. An Engliſh brain thinks in quite another manner from a French one. Mens thoughts in general are tinctured

with

with the manners of their respective countries. Among the English, whose minds are of stubborn and melancholy cast, their follies are splenetic and gloomy; but among the shuttlecock dancing French, folly is all alive and merry.

According to this national character, the French taking each other by the hand, danced around, singing catches in full chorus. Clumsy Bonneau capered as well as he could; out of breath, as out of time. The reverend Bonifoux with his breviary in hand, danced with the crowd of fools, but in somewhat more solemn steps, and keeping close to the page. From the smiles, tender expressions, languishing looks, gestures, and tone of voice, the father might be suspected to have retained some glimpse of reason, at least more than any of his company.

The epidemic madness which had fascinated the eyes of this royal and dancing mob, made them take the area before the castle for a garden, with a large bason of water in it; and unanimously

nimouſly reſolving to bathe therein, they ſtrip, throw themſelves on their bellies, hold up their heads, ſtrike out their hands, and puſh forward as if ſwimming in water. The courteous reader is to obſerve, that in this imaginary ſwimming, the monk was always near the handſome page, as if drawn after him by attraction.

The three chaſte heroines, Dorothea, Agnes, and Joan, at the ſight of ſuch a crowd of mad-heads, ſtrange objects, and ſo many naked things, turned for awhile their modeſt eyes another way. But ſoon inſtigated by female curioſity, they could not help ſtealing a ſide look, for which they ſtrait corrected themſelves, raiſing their eyes, hearts and hands to heaven, imploring that the poor lunaticks might be reſtored to their former ſanity of mind.

Intrepid Joan, more deeply affected by this cataſtrophe than the other two, thus expreſſed herſelf on the melancholy occaſion, " is it for this that I have had the aſſiſtance of ſaint Denis and my

aſs,

aſs? Is it for this that I have defeated the profane Engliſh who aſſaulted me? Is it for this ſhameful period, that I have revenged my prince's honour, reſcued convents from the hands of raviſhers, and have marched towards the walls of Orleans? Alas my labours are all fruſtrated, ſince by a decree of adverſe deſtiny our heroes are all run mad.'

While Joan thus vented her grief a part, mild Agnes, and gentle Dorothea remained near the graſs-ſwimmers, at one time lamenting their diſaſter, and at another tittering at what they ſaw exhibited by the frantic band of heroes, with the gallic monarch at their head.

The three poor ladies did not know what to reſolve on; how to get away their company from thence; or, in ſhort, what party to take. They began to regret the caſtle of Cutendre, when a ſervant maid informed them of the only remedy to cure thoſe ſtruck with madneſs by ſeeing Coriſandra. The purport of her information was, that

by

by a decree of providence, whoever should lose their senses by entering that castle, should never recover them, until Corisandra had previously undergone the pressure of Love.

This useful intimation was not lost, for by good luck it was overheard by the mule-driver, whose inextinguishable lust for Joan d'Arc, and jealousy of the ass, had made him discreetly and unobservedly follow her thither.

He resolved to distinguish himself on that critical exigence, and render a signal service to his country, and his prince. He quickly discovered Corisandra retired in a corner commodious for the mystic doctrine he meant to insinuate into her.

He ran up to the silly wench full of vigour, and fired with zeal for his prince. Those who saw him run to Corisandra thought him mad, but he was the only wise man there. O happy mule-driver, how largely has nature overpaid you in your pleasurable appendages, for the low station of life you have been condemned to drudge in. He

lays

lays Corisandra on her back; and without delay applies the battering ram which no virgin barriers can oppose. All maiden impediments crack and give way as he impells, and in the sore stretched cavity he soon plunges to the hilt his monstrous longitude.

The attack was so sudden, that Corisandra could not offer the least defence, and if she had, it would have been to no purpose. In a kind of convulsed state, her fists clenched close, her teeth drawn tight together, and her feet as if violently cramped, she underwent the vigorous and resistless compression; unable to speak, see, or hear, she offered up mental ejaculations to all the saints, hoping that her ravisher would burst his kidneys in this act of violation.

O miracle, no sooner was the deed done, than Corisandra from an Ideot was become notable. She had scarce felt the blissful infusion, when the gloom of ignorance which had so obscured her youth was quite dispelled. The fascination of all the strangers immediately

mediately ceased. Every brain was set to rights; but with some little alteration.

To king Charles was transferred the slow understanding of old Bonneau, who had obtained that of the monk. Nay a general truck of intellects was made among the gallant knights. There was not any considerable loss or gain by the changes. For human reason, that present from above, after all, is no such mighty matter. It is commonly poured down upon the general mass of mankind, and each individual is satisfied with his dose.

However this alteration produced no change in the lovers towards their mistresses; each man adhered to his former passion, and the reason is plain: of what use is common sense in love?

Corisandra was the greatest gainer of any. She having acquired a knowledge of the world, of good, and of evil, besides a becoming assurance, and a relish for all the arts of pleasing, which varied happiness she was ignorant of during her dull days.

of

of innocence. And to the mule-driver was folely obliged for her happy transformation.

Thus the companion of old father Adam, insipidly saunterd away her time in Eden's bowers, till she had been rubbed close by lucifer, from which friendly intercourse she became beautiful, enlightened, and endowed with all the cunning arts since derived from her to the female sex. But the ladies of our days are so early knowing in all articles, that there is no need of the devil's coming to instruct them.

The

The TWENTIETH BOOK.

The wicked Attempt of John Chandos, *an the devout* Dorothea. De la Trimouille *and* Chandos *fight.*

HAIL ſacred pleaſure; genial parent of nature, bliſsful Venus, the ſole divinity invoked by Grecian Epicurus to inſpire him for his noble works. It was by thy powerful energy that light and order diſſipated the obſcure confuſion of chaos. Exiſtence, Fecundity, ſentiment, and happineſs, all flow from thee. It is thy prolific voice calls into life the ſucceeding generations.

Thunder-darting Jove throws aſide his bolts, and Mars his ſpear, in order to pay homage to thy beauties, often preferring the circle of thy arms to their immortal thrones.

No tempeſts ravage thoſe happy climates on which you ſmile. When you appear, the angry billows ſubſide into a

ſmooth

ſmooth and glaſſy ſurface. Where you walk, flowers inſtantly ſpring up. The attendant pleaſures accompany your graceful ſteps.

Fountain of all tenderneſs, O joy-diffuſing Venus, protect the gallic monarch while he defends his country; at the ſame time ward from all danger his beloved Agnes. Near him let her be preſerved in ſafety. For thoſe two lovers this ardent prayer is offered.

This invocation is not made to thee in behalf of Joan d'Arc on any account; for ſhe is no ſubject to thy empire. She moreover hath her maidenhead, and is under the guidance of ſaint Denis, therefore let his ſaintſhip take care of her.

But, O goddeſs! who can decline offering up a ſhort prayer to you, in behalf of La Trimonille, and Dorothea, whom bleſs with your choiceſt favours. May their fond hearts enjoy a peaceful union; may no blind ſtroke of fortune ſeparate them; nevermore let her be expoſed to the horrors of ſuch a perſecution as that ſhe ſuffered at Milan.

Who

Who can relate thy wonders? enchanting Venus! by the witchery of love thou haſt made a mule-driver the inſtrument to new form to tenderneſs, the formerly rude and ſavage heart of Coriſandra. From that vigorous encounter ſhe dates her happineſs; for ever ſince ſhe is become gentle, intelligent, and attractive. No belle is readier to offer ſacrifices on thy altar. She is now a compleat miſtreſs in the art of pleaſing, enjoying, and forming agreeable attachments, which are ſo productive of mutual delight. Thus by the rough hand of a hard working artiſt are poliſhed, gold, and all precious ſtones, with which knights are ſo proud to adorn their habiliments.

In conſequence of the happy change wrought by the mule-driver, the enlightened miſs Coriſandra does all the honours of the caſtle, firſt to the brilliant French, whoſe warlike bands have been always remarkable for heroiſm and gallantry. She began with the new poſſeſſor of Bonneau's late underſtanding, the king. Her next

care

care was to negotiate a pacifick agreement between his majesty, and Chandos the snarling heroe of England.

She with great address made both parties consent to march different ways from the castle, in order to avoid all reproachful language, or cause of quarrel whatever. One was to file off on the right; the other on the left, having the river Loire between them.

This article being agreed on, the obliging Corisandra set about entertaining the two parties, according to the particular taste of their nations. For the English she had prepared large pieces of roast-beef swimming in butter, several lusty plumb-puddings, and a considerable quantity of Bordeaux wine.

The dishes prepared for the French contained viands of a more exquisite taste, heightend by an enlivening sauce that twitches the tongue and palate in a pleasing manner. A number of scarlet legged patridges were served which were a feast for his majesty, as well as

to

to all the nobles and belles that composed his itinerant court.

As soon as Chandos had drunk his bottle, he decamped, and marched at the head of his followers along the banks of Loire, swearing from time to time, he would make good his claim on the maid of Orleans the first time he should meet her. In default of which for the present, his page was obliged to supply.

About this time Joan returned with reanimated courage, and ranked herself near Dunois. The French king environed by his blue guards, sailed up the river, Agnes before, his confessor behind him. But they had scarce made a league through a most delicious country when they reached an old wooden bridge built upon boats, by means whereof a communication was kept up between the inhabitants on both sides of the river.

It happened to be Sunday. And from a little chapel built at one end of the bridge, the loud sacerdotal voice of a sandal-wearing hermit was heard saying

mass,

maſs, a child anſwering him. King Charles and his attendants had taken care to hear maſs early in the morning before they departed from the caſtle of Cutendre.

But Dorothea in grateful return to providence for having delivered her innocence from the imminent danger ſhe was expoſed to, by the interpoſition of the valiant Dunois, through which miraculous means her love was preſerved inviolate, ever after heard at leaſt two maſſes.

She gets out of the boat in devout haſte, tucks up her gown that it may not be dirtied; croſſes and ſprinkles her face with holy water; drops on her delicate knees; joins her lilly white hands, and bows down her ſnowy neck. The hermit in turning about from the altar, was ſo ſtruck with the unexpected ſight, that quite dazzled, and beſide himſelf, inſtead of ſaying Fratres, oremus, (brethren let us pray) He cried out, his eyes rolling in a pious phrenzy—Fratres qu'elle eſt belle! "ah my brethren what a pretty wench!"

Who

Who in the name of mischief should come into this little chapel but Chandos, not through any motive of devotion, but to lunge away time, and make game. He walks backwards and forwards with an air of erect impudence, whistling as he goes, and salutes in a careless manner Trimonille's Dorothea. He at last kneels down behind her, but not with any intention of saying either a Pater, or Ave!

The pretty devotee was pouring out her tender heart in repeated acts of contrition, and by a sudden impulse of grace prostrated herself. In which attitude of humiliation her forehead touching the ground, her postern parts were raised.

It happened unluckily that her short petticoat having been tucked too high, Chandos had a full view of two most beautiful limbs; such as Cupid has supplied Pompadour with, and will one day be represented in ivory as a present to some convent. Acteon did not see more beautiful when he discovered those of Diana.

Chandos

Chandos who at that time thought of nothing less than of praying, was instigated by a most profane desire; and losing all respect for the holy place, he was in, slips his insolent hand under her white sattin petticoat.

Far be it from me to offend the modesty of my readers, by painting with an indelicate pencil, the great Chandos's impudent attempt on a devout young lady, and in so sacred a place.

In the mean time La Trimouille having missed the dear object of his love, conjectured that she was gone to the chapel, whither he repaired immediately; and entered it as the priest was turning about, and Chandos taking brutal freedoms with the handsomest back and——. Poor Dorothea scared out of her wits, shrieked in a most lamentable manner.

I should be glad to see represented in a piece by one of our famous painters, the differently surprized countenances of those four so differently affected personages. La Trimouille speaks to Chandos in a rebuking stile.

" Shame

"Shame betide thee discourteous knight. How couldst thou dare be guilty of such atrocious behaviour in such a place? but English brutality knows no bounds. Impious profaner, to dare proceed to acts of turpitude in the sanctum sanctorum!"

Chandos having got up and made towards the door, replies in a most gibing and insulting manner. "What is that to thee fellow, art thou the vestry-keeper?—I am more than vestry-keeper, answered La Trimouille, I am not only the lover of, but mutually beloved by this fair lady. Whose nice honour (which has been too often attacked) it is my duty to defend, and revenge all insults offered thereto.

The English heroe rejoins with a plegmatic sneer, "in attempting to defend her honour on this occasion, you will very likely endanger your own. We know what each of us can do; and though John Chandos hath a hawks eye for a fine back, he will never shew his own, I tell you that."

The courteous Frenchman, and the ſcoffing Briton, order their war-horſes to be made ready for immediate action. Each having received from the hands of their attendant ſquires a long ſpear, and round buckler, they mount their armed ſteeds. The cries of Dorothea have no power to ſtop the combatants in full career. La Trimouille however, ſays theſe comforting words to her, " ſweet ſoul, it is to revenge your injuries that I have armed, and entered the liſts; and for which I ſhall have ample vengeance, or periſh in the attempt.

He was miſtaken however, for his courage and ſpear ſhone to no purpoſe that day, either in the behalf of France or of his miſtreſs. Although he had ſhattered John Chandos's breaſt plate, and was juſt on the point to enſure victory, his horſe fell, and rolling upon him, daſhed his helmet with a kick, and wounded him deeply in the forehead. His blood ſtreaming out on the graſs, the hermit runs to, and think-

ing

ing him a dying man, cries out, "in manus tuas domine commendo ſpiritum meum, &c. into thy hands O Lord I commend my ſpirit, and was about to hear his confeſſion, in order to ſend him clean out of this ſinful world.

No grief can equal that of Dorothea's, ſhe dropt down by her lover, and to all appearance lay dead for awhile. But as ſhe recovered, and as ſoon as able to ſpeak, thus ſhe uttered the anguiſh of her mind. "My dear La Trimouille, 'tis Dorothea kills you; it is your not being able to bear her abſence a moment brings you to your end. Ah wretched me! why did I go from you? This fatal chapel is the cauſe of your death and my ruin. Learn from me ye lovely fair ones, the danger of hearing two maſſes in one day, for thereby I have at once betrayed La Trimouille and love."

While afflicted Dorothea poured out tender complaints for her bleeding lover, Chandos enjoyed the whole with a laugh of triumph. "Well my gal-

lant French hero, the flower of knighthood, and thou pretty devotee, as already united in love, ſo ſhall you jointly be my priſoners. Such is the revered law of combating. With me you muſt go; and yon conquered hero, who is by right my captive, ſhall by me ere night be dubbed a cuckold.

The

The Twenty First BOOK.

Dunois *undertakes the Defence of* La Trimouille, *fights* Chandos, *and kills him.*

THOUGH to inconſiderate mortals, heaven may ſometimes appear tardigaited in it's vengeance, yet it puniſhes at laſt all criminal exceſſes. The manifold crimes of John Chandos cried aloud for chaſtiſement. The ſeveral violations committed by him on girls and boys. His impieties, blaſphemies, impenitence; in fine, the whole catalogue of ſins being put into the the ſcale with him, he was weighed by the angel of death.

Dunois from the other ſide of the river had beheld the combat and the miſhap of La Trimouille. He ſaw the diſconſolate Dorothea hold him in her arms, quite languiſhing and faint by loſs of blood. The hermit muttering (prayers perhaps for the diſtreſſed) ſtood

near them in a devout attitude, while John Chandos insultingly paraded.

At sight of such interesting objects, Dunois put spurs to his palfrey, and gallops to them in full speed. It being the custom in Albion, to call every thing by it's name; as soon as Dunois was come up, and within reach of the conqueror, he was complimented by him with a box on the ear, and the civil appellation of "you son of a whore."

"I am so; replied the brave Dunois, so were Alcides, and the divine Bacchus, happy Perseus, and mighty Romulus, who delivered the world of all powerful robbers that then infested it. In glorious imitation of them I propose to act this day. Remember, unmannered English dog, that thy country has been conquered by a bastard of Normandy. His victorious arm reduced England to bondage; then tremble at the name. But thou illustrious bastard of the thunderer, be propitious to me now; guide my lance, direct my blows. Honour demands it of thee, that this haughty

haughty Engliſhman may be puniſhed for the joint inſult offered to us in the name of baſtard."

This prayer was ſomewhat out of place. It proved indeed that Dunois was deep read in profane hiſtory. The ſacred one had never any charms for him.

He applies his ſpurs to the ſides of his noble palfrey, and bears upon the foe. With the firſt blow he drives his well pointed lance through Chandos's armour, and breaks off a part of the neck's defence, juſt where the helmet and corſlet are joined together.

Chandos in immediate return, lets fly at him a moſt furious blow, which ſtriking on the vaulted part of Dunois's impenetrable buckler, ſlips aſide, whereupon, as the two heroes were paſſing by, they ſnatch at, and grapple each other. Their courſers ſhoot from under them, and run wildly over the fields, having left their heroic incumbrances behind them, glittering on the ground.

As in dreadful earthquakes, large rocky fragments detached and ſhook off from a lofty mountains top, making a hideous roar, tumble upon each other into the affrighted valley. Such was the fall of theſe two combatants, whoſe encreaſing anger ſupplies new force to their athletic exertions. They hold each other faſt, and by their ſtruggles bruiſe the earth they are fallen upon.

Eccho returns their noiſe, and is ſcared at the very repetition of it. The air is in a moſt violent agitation. The groans of the rural nymphs are heard all around. Thus, when the God of war armed with fury, covered with blood, and attended by terror, deſcended from heaven to defend his favourites, who lived along the banks of Scamander; and Pallas brought againſt him an hundred confederated kings, into whom ſhe infuſed her ſpirit; earth ſhook to it's foundation in the horrid conflict. The waters of Acheron felt a dire confuſion; and ſtartled Pluto, gloomy ſovereign of the infernal regions began to fear for his empire.

The

The two heroes at laſt diſengage themſelves and ſpring up on the ground, looking at each other with eyes that flaſh reſentment. They draw their ſwords, and hurl them ſo tempeſtuouſly, that the ſteel covering of both the champions was ſoon cut through.

Blood guſhes from their many wounds, and crimſon ſtreams tinged with a blackiſh iron hue flow on every ſide. The anxious ſpectators form a circle round them, and are ſo intent, that they can move neither head, nor eye, nor tongue, nay can ſcarcely draw their breath.

A crowd of beholders is an uſeful incentive to courage. The eye of the public is the ſureſt ſpur to glorious atchievements. So it happened here, for what theſe two chieftains had hitherto done, was only a ſkirmiſhing prelude to this famous combat, which will for ever flouriſh in the archives of fame.

Achilles, Hector, all the demi-Gods, nay modern grenadiers, far more terrible than they, and enraged lions ſtill more formidable than thoſe we have

mentioned, are nothing to the baſtard and Chandos, for rage, fury, and determined deſtruction.

After all the deeds of proweſs that could be performed, Dunois makes a lucky effort, joining art to his ſtrength: (for Chandois having made a blow that ſtruck ſomewhat wide) by a back-handed ſtroke, on the inſtant, he makes the ſword fly out of his hand, then Dunois darting his leg before that of Chandos, tripped him up, and felled him on the ground drenched with their blood.

Chandos in falling took care to drag his antagoniſt down with him, they tumble about all covered with blood and dirt, Dunois uppermoſt. His gentle nature deteſting to triumph in a brutiſh manner over a fallen enemy, having preſſed Chandos with his knee, ſays to him, "yield Chandos," not I by G—d quoth he, "or if I do it ſhall be thus," ſtrait pulls out (his laſt reſource) a Stiletto, and taking aim with his ſtrong arm, plies it home at the neck of his gentle conqueror, but the

death

death dealing point was luckily broke by an interposing mail.

Dunois, justly incensed at such ingratitude, rebukes Chandos, "since thou wilt provoke thy fate, have at thee monster," and without more ado, near to the collar bone plunges his sword up to the hilt in him.

Chandos, in the most violent agonies of death, cries "you son of a whore."—His blood-thirsty ferocious, and inhuman heart does not relent in his last moments. A gloomy horror settling on his fore-head and dying eyes, he with unavailing gestures still threatens his conqueror. His inflexible, impious, and implacable soul plunges into hell, there to bid Lucifer defiance. Thus died as he lived, the cruel Chandos, slain by the sword of Dunois.

The generous conqueror disdains to take his spoil, a custom shamefully practiced by the Greeks more famous than they deserve to be. Dunois's thoughts are all employed on friendship and La Trimouille, now rescued through his bravery. And this is the

second

ſecond time he proves fair Dorothea's deliverer.

She kindly ſupports her lover as he drags his tottering ſteps along, who receives new vigour from the fond ſqueezes of her hand, and almoſt forgets that he had been wounded by any other force than that of her bright eyes, the twin ſtars of his adoration. The more he gazes on them, the more he feels new vigour ſpringing within him.

Afflicted Dorothea, who had hitherto been immerſed in grief, felt her boſom gladdened with a return of joy, on ſeeing La Trimouille recover. Her eyes clear up, and ſmiles of ſatisfaction beam on her countenance, lately over-caſt with grief. Thus the ſun's penetrating rays dart along in pleaſing ſtreaks on an interpoſing cloud that had for ſome time veiled his glory from our eyes.

The French king, his charming miſtreſs, Joan d'Arc, &c. embrace one after the other, the happy Dunois, whoſe victorious arm had revenged the honour of love and of his country. They all admired the modeſty of his deportment,

deportment, and anſwers on ſo flattering an occaſion. Though it may be eaſily done, it is very pleaſing to all to ſee the great behave with modeſty.

Joan could not help being ſomewhat jealous, (which ſhe concealed) that the miſcreant Chandos ſhould have fallen by any other ſword than hers; not unmindful of the double affront he put on her in the caſtle of Cutendre, by firſt knocking her down; and then—doing nothing!

The

The Twenty Second BOOK.

The Entertainment at the Town-House of Orleans. Charles *Attacks the* English. *The Adventure of* Agnes, *&c.*

I WOULD that in this history, which ought to be written in golden characters in the temple of memory, nothing were exhibited but glorious atchievements, such as the crowning the king in Orleans by Joan d'Arc, by love, and by glory.

I repent having mispent so much time in relating what happened in the castle of Cutendre, the arch tricks of the page, the lustful rage of friar Grisbourdon, and the mule-driver, with several other intervening articles which have quite broke the thread of my narrative.

But I plead precedents for what I have done. And should this reply not prove sufficient to allay the severity of criticism; stern objectors may skip over one half of this book, which deals so largely in enchanted story. But let them

them however respect the true parts of it.

O sacred truth, when will your power be sufficiently established. Since all certain instruction derives from you alone, why have you chosen to fix your palace in the bottom of a well? when do you mean to be drawn up in a bucket from thence?

O, say fair goddess, when shall our learned men, free from gall, from sect or party madness, give us a faithful chronicle of the lives and exploits of the great heroes then engaged at the siege of Orleans?

How commendable is Ariosto, for having quoted archbishop Turpin! So admirable a voucher for his divine work, could not then, nor can it now fail of insuring to it the belief of all rational readers.

But to leave off prefacing, and come to the point. The French monarch Charles, greatly agitated by his situation, was on his road to Orleans, environed by a brilliant band, whose arms and habi-

habiliments were of the greateſt magnificence.

The king condeſcended to aſk Dunois' counſel about what would be the beſt plan to follow in the then criſis of affairs. Kings in misfortunes are docile and tractable, but quite the reverſe when otherwiſe.

Charles fancied that Agnes and Bonifoux were following at ſome diſtance; and ſoothed with the flattering hope, the enamoured prince often ſtops and looks back to ſee his Agnes. When Dunois laying ſchemes for ſucceeding, mentions Orleans to his prince, the prince calls on Agnes.

Dunois whoſe active prudence was ſolely occupied by whatever might contribute to the advantage of France, diſcovered in the evening a little fort which had been neglected by Bedford. This fort lay contiguous to the beſieged city.

Dunois takes it; the king fortifies himſelf therein. It was the magazine of the beſiegers. The bloody God of war, and the jolly God of mirth, had

diſputed

disputed with each other the honour of filling this place most; the one with artillery, the other with good stout wine.

In the narrow precincts of this fort were found all the dreadful apparatus of war, and all the articles of good living. How happy were Dunois and Bonneau made by this discovery, each finding wherewithal to indulge his favourite passion.

The city of Orleans having received the news of this little fort being taken, and of the useful magazines found therein, offer up most solemn thanks to the Almighty. A Te Deum was sung in great ceremony before those who composed the body of the city.

After which they repaired to the copious entertainment of a splendid dinner prepared for them on this occasion. The mayor of the city, the bishops, the canons, and officers were all invited. Where all, their glasses in their hands, drank the king's health on their knees.

An

An artificial firework was played off on the water, by which the air was illumined all around. The acclamations of the people joined to the reiterated roarings of the canon, proclaimed to the world that king Charles restored to his people, would speedily recover whatever he had lost.

But the songs of triumph, and the shouts of joy were soon interrupted by the wailings of distress. All ears are stunned on a sudden by the name of Bedford. The universal cry is, "alert, alert, haste to the city-walls," defend the breach, for that way the enemy and slaughter approach."

The English prudently made choice of that time to attack the French, when the burghers of Orleans having emptied their bottles, and being free from all care, were singing songs in praise of their prince, and dancing to the tunes.

Under the gate a saucisson was laid, whose combustible contents upon the application of fire make an explosive burst, that breaks through all opposition, filling

ing the air with whirled up earth! Horrible, death dealing, and infernal machine! that in its womb contained a latent fire which had been baked by Lucifer. The match that had been laid with ſkill having burnt to it; the fiery convulſion ſprings up and throws a thouſand paces diſtant, all broken to fritters, the timber, hinges, and all other iron works of the gate.

The valiant Talbot immediately ruſhes through, ſtimulated by rage, ſucceſs, glory, and love. For he had been a long time ſecretly enamoured of preſident Louvets dear half. This handſome Engliſhman, a kind ſon of Mars, leads on his bold Britons, whom he thus encourages.

"Victorious companions, come follow me with fire and ſword. Let us ſpread havoc wherever we go. Let us drink the good wine of thoſe cowardly burghers of Orleans. Let us ſtrip them of their gold, and kiſs all their wives."

Never did Julius Cæſar, whoſe vaunted eloquence uſed to inſpire his troops

troops with courage and a love of fame, ſpeak more to the purpoſe than Talbot did.

On the ſpot, which the city gates all in flames as it was blown up, covered with a thick ſmoak, ſtood a rampart of ſtone and earth, that had been there erected by the order of La Hire and Poton. The parapet (which had been well ſupplied with artillery, in order to repel the firſt attacks of formidable Bedford) vomits terror and death all around.

There Poton and La Hire command, a whole people follows them, the cannon roars, and in it's intervals of ſilence, the tremendous word, kill, kill, is ecchoed every where. Crowds of the enemy preſs upward on the ſcaling ladders fixed againſt the wall, one puſhing on the other.

In the midſt of ſo urgent a danger Poton and La Hire diſplayed that preſence of mind for which they had been always famous. As they had prudently foreſeen whatever might happen in the viciſſitudes of an attack, ſo had they come

come fully provided for all exigencies.

Boiling oil, and burning pitch, a foreſt of javelins with barbed points, large ſcythes not unlike that of death, and muſkets that diſcharge leaden vollies through the air; in ſhort all that art and neceſſity, diſtreſs, and intrepidity, or that fear can ſuggeſt, were employed in this day of ſlaughter.

How many Engliſhmen were boiled, pierced like ſieves, and cut to pieces. The air is filled with the groans of the dying, and the earth is covered with heaps of ſlain, whole ranks being cut down one after the other. Thus ripened corn is ſoon levelled on the field by a croud of active reapers.

The attack is obſtinately ſupported by the Engliſh, for no ſooner is a rank of theirs mowed down, than another ſucceeds to it. The menacing heads of the frightful Hydra, which as faſt as cut off, others ſpringing up inſtantly in chairs, ſtruck terror into the ſon of mighty Jove.

In

In ſuch a manner did the Engliſh behave, tremendous even when overpowered by numbers, ſtill menacing their enemy as they expired. It was then that you brave Richemond, worthy ſupport of Orleans, advanced towards this rampart drenched with human blood. Five hundred burghers choſen for their courage followed you, with not over-ſteady ſteps, occaſioned by the quantity of wine they had drunk at the late rejoicing, and whoſe juice ſtill fermenting in their ſtomachs, inlumined their faces with crimſon hue.

Richemond thunders in their ears: "Alas, my poor burghers of Orleans, you have now no gate to your city; but you have me: that is enough, let us on to the enemy!" Having ſpoke, he marches haſtily towards the Engliſh.

Already Talbot had made himſelf a paſſage on the top of the wall; already, his terrible arm guided by the dictates of his rage had committed havock. He orders his ſoldiers to advance; and makes a lodgement in your laſt aſylum, O unfortunate Orleans!

Unhappy

Unhappy Charles retired within the fort, which being unluckily ſurrounded by Engliſh, could not march to ſuccour the attacked city. By his ſpeech appeared the diſtracted ſtate of his mind. " O cruel ſituation to be in an impoſſibility of ſuccouring thoſe faithful ſubjects whom I ſee ſlaughtered before my eyes! With loyal ſongs they celebrated the return of their rightful ſovereign, and I was juſt on the point of entering the city, to mingle in the fight, and perhaps reſcue them from the Engliſh yoak. But in vain are my warlike diſpoſitions in their behalf, while adverſe fortune confines me in this Fort."

" No my liege, (replied Joan D'Arc) you ſhall no longer remain confined here. This is the very time to ſally forth. Come, lead us on, and by a ſignal ſtroke of generalſhip, put the haughty Engliſh between Orleans and us. Do you only march out my prince, you will ſave the city. For tho' we be but few in number, your preſence is equal to a thouſand combatants."

How-

"How now, (ſays the monarch) I ſee Joan you underſtand the art of flattery. Although I have no mighty opinion of myſelf, yet will I ſally forth, in order to merit the joint eſteem of you, of France, and even of my enemies."

Having made this noble declaration, and worthy of a king, he ſets ſpurs to his horſe, and advances towards the Engliſh forces, the oriflame carried before him. Joan and Dunois ride beſide him. His retinue follow, and nothing is heard all around but repeated ſhouts of—the king, Montjoi, and ſaint Denis for ever.

Charles, Dunois, and the brave championeſs charge the Engliſh in the rear. Thus from thoſe high mountains whoſe bowels are the vaſt reſervoirs of the Danube and the Rhine, the imperial eagle with out-ſtretched wings, piercing eyes, and pointed talons darts down upon a falcon faſtened on a herons neck.

The ſurprized Engliſh fancying that they ſaw an army approach, deſcend from the alarmed city; whoſe inhabitants encouraged by the ſudden flight of the enemy

enemy deſcend after them. A little farther on, Charles ſpreading carnage all around, forces his way into the enemy's camp.

Now the late beſiegers are in their turn beſieged, they are attacked and butchered both in front and rear, and the ſlaughtered crowds fill up their own trenches. The dead bodies and their arms were ſo heaped together as to form a new rampart.

In the midſt of this horrible and bloody fray, the king ſays to Dunois, " Thou miracle of baſtardy, tell me for heaven's ſake, whither the dear creature is gone." Who? cries Dunois—The king replies, " Don't you know what is become of her?"—Of whom? aſks Dunois. The king rejoins, " Alas ſhe diſappeared laſt night, before our good fortune conducted us to the caſtle of Bedford. For therein we entered without her.

Joan d'Arc ſaid, " We ſhall find her yet--Grant kind heaven (prays the king) that ſhe continue faithful; O preſerve her for me."—Though he talked thus ro-

 mantically,

mantically, he continued fighting, and drove the enemy before him.

Would that I were bleſt with poetic power ſufficient to celebrate in ſounding verſe, the many heroic deeds of that important day. But Homer alone is privileged to enter into a detail of all manner of exploits and adventures; to ſpin them out as much as he pleaſes; and to repeat them as often as he liſts.

He may without incurring cenſure, make a computation of the number of blows given in an action, and of the wounds received. In relating the combat of Hector, he can interlard his narrative with many more. By ſuch multitudinous ſtories, he has found the ſecret of pleaſing.

Although I ſhall ſay no more now of what happened in the field of battle; I cannot help informing my readers of other dangers, with which Agnes Sorel's cruel deſtiny had environed her: while her royal lover was making ſuch gigantic ſtrides to glory.

As

As ſhe journeyed on along the banks of the river Loire, and entered into familiar converſation with father Boniſoux; who diſcreet in his conduct, inſinuating and mild in his addreſs, told her ſome entertaining ſtories of the evil ſpirit that tempts frail humanity to ſin. He avoided making any rigorous reflections thereon, in order to convey inſtruction under the maſk of pleaſure.

Not far from them La Trimouille and his lady Dorothea entertained each other with diſcourſing on their mutual paſſion, fidelity, and firm reſolution to paſs their lives together in his caſtle, dedicating every hour to Love.

Their road ſeemed to have been ſpread by nature's kind hand, with a green tapis and ſmooth as velvet. It was not unlike that famous meadow in which the ſwift-footed Atalanta uſed to exerciſe herſelf. Agnes draws near to, and travels with them on the downy ſpringing verdure. The confeſſor devoutly follows his lady errant.

Thus they four beguiled the pleaſing road in talking of piety, of war, and of love: then of the Engliſh; and next of the devil. In continuing their talk they gradually loſt ſight of each other. Down thro' this enchanted earth each perſon and horſe ſunk gently, the feet firſt, the body next, and laſt the head.

Thus in the palace of him who had formerly been an author cardinal, in a certain opera ſeveral heroes are ſeen to ſink through traps from the ſuppoſed ſurface of the earth, down to the infernal regions.

From the oppoſite ſide of the river Monroſe who ſaw his beloved Agnes, felt a ſudden temptation to pay his reſpectful devoirs to her. He ſcarce paſſed the bridge, when he was ſtruck motionleſs, blind, and ſtiffened into a cold marble ſtatue.

Paul Tirconnel having from afar obſerved this diſaſter, galloped up to give him ſuccour. But when he came up to the fatal ſpot, he ſunk down, as the others had done. They all fell into a large ſubterraneous ſpace, which conducted

ducted them to the gates of a garden which is infinitely beyond that made by the command of Lewis the fourteenth, great-grand-father of the present French king, who is beloved by some, and dedespised by others.

The garden led to a magnificent palace, and worthy of it in every sense. This was the palace (I tremble at it's very name) of Conculix, who there maintained his sovereign state. Alas poor Dorothea, Agnes, Bonifoux, what will become of you? what will now be your destiny?

The Twenty Third BOOK.

How Joan D'Arc *fell into a ſtrange Temptation.*

WHAT a barbarous, mercileſs, and fatal paſſion to human ſociety is revenge. It is an inborn torture; it is being poſſeſſed by an evil ſpirit: in fine, it is Lucifer's chief attribute.

The damned Griſborndon, terrible even at the bottom of his boiling cauldron, in the midſt of the blaſphemies he conſtantly poured out, ruminated on an occaſion to be revenged on haughty Joan, who with the well-aimed blow of a back ſword had ſevered his ſhorn head from his impious trunk.

Thus howled the monſter, "O Belzebub! O my father! cannot you contrive by ſome means or other to make this impudent Joan be guilty of ſome heavy ſin. For my part I think your honour is concerned ſo to do."

There

There needeth not much eloquence to perſuade the primitive tempter of our race to follow his own trade. The curſt artificer of all miſchief ran up immediately to Orleans, to obſerve what his dearly beloved couſins of England were doing there; and to know at the ſame time, in what plight of body and mind Joan was.

After the late violent conflict, Charles, Dunois, and the vigorous amazon, overpowered by the fatigues of war, were returned to their ſort, there to wait for a reinforcement.

The breach which had been made by the beſiegers being ſtopped up, they could make no progreſs that way, wherefore they retired. The citizens of Orleans, king Charles, and Bedford, took a light ſupper each at their reſpective abodes and went to bed.

Muſe whom I invoke to inſpire me, tremble at the ſtrange adventure I am going to relate, and which I mean to tranſmit to poſterity. And you my courteous reader, on whom nature hath beſtowed a true reliſh for pure

love, thank the good ſaint Denis, who by his timely intervention prevented the commiſſion of a heinous ſin.

You may alſo remember that I promiſed to relate to you one day the true hiſtory of the winged aſs. Mortals at that time did not as yet know, what could have been the deſign of this flying quadruped when he bore away Dunois to Milan.

The truth of the matter is, this animal, all aſs as he was, was notwithſtanding jealous of the brave Dunois. For oft times as he carried Joan on his back, he felt in the bottom of his heart a viviſying ſpark of the tender paſſion.

All hail to thee O genial love, the ſpirit, ſoul, and actuating principle of this world, who in the air, on the earth, and in the watry element, engendereſt and giveſt life to every being. O ſacred fire of which as yet ſome ſtraggling rays remain, in this almoſt exhauſted world; you were purloined from heaven by Pandora.

But

But alas the resplendent flambeau which she brought down upon earth, is now almost extinct. All things have degenerated; the passions of man are faded, and enfeebled nature is now capable of only imperfect love. But if there yet be any bright remains of the original flame emaned from Venus, they must not be sought for among the votaries of Urania, nor even among the dwindled race of man; no, you must seek them among the ass-kind.

Ye pretty fellows, whose mistresses have bound ye with flowery wreathes. Ye who also have carried tender hearts under a cuirass or a cassock; and O all ye bishops, abbes, colonels, lawyers, men of fashion, and even ye more lascivious than all the forementioned, ye reverend cordeliers, what are ye all put in comparison with an ass for love-skirmishes? therefore look on all jack-asses hereafter with a jealous eye.

The golden ass so famous among the Latins for his metamorphosis, was nothing to the ass we speak of. For the former was but a man—, what mighty

matter? but this turned out quite another thing!

The robuſt Joan's ruddy complexion being refreſhed by ſleep, ſhe indulged waking between the ſheets and paſſed in review the high deſtiny of her life. The number of great exploits ſhe had done, began to fill her with vanity, and make her attribute the merit thereof ſolely to herſelf; totally excluding her faithful guardian from any ſhare of the glory.

Denis offended by ſuch ingratitude, as, tho' a ſaint, it was very natural he ſhould be, to puniſh the apoſtate, withdraws his protection from her, and leaves her for ſome moments expoſed to the attacks of ſenſuality.

Denis through his exceſſive regard for Joan, was reſolved that ſhe ſhould by her own experience know, how weak mortals are, when abandoned to themſelves; and that particularly woman is always in want of a guide to make her keep the right way. The poor unthinking girl was ready to fall into a ſnare laid for her by the devil.

The

The ſtrait road once quitted, women run faſt aſtray.

The evil ſpirit that is always on the watch to do mankind harm, and hovering round us continually, ſeized on the proper moment for executing his deſigns; he being every where. What ſhould he do, but inſinuate himſelf into the aſs's carcaſe.

He communicated ſome of his own genius, which taught the animal's tongue to articulate, and made his poliſhed voice retain nothing of his former braying; nay ſupplied him with all the delicate addreſs, and prevailing arguments ſuch as made to the fair miſtreſſes of an Ovid, or an Abelard.

The enlightened jack-aſs being above all ſhame, runs up nimbly from the ſtable to the foot of Joan's bed, where ſtretched in pleaſing indolence ſhe lay ruminating on her glorious tranſactions.

The new wooer couching himſelf gently by her bedſide, declared that as ſhe ſurpaſſed her own ſex in beauty, ſo ſhe did all the heroes for valour, and was invincible. Thus at the in-

fancy

ſancy of time, the ſly ſerpent, being reſolved to work the fall of our mother Eve, began his attack by paying her civil compliments and intereſting himſelf in behalf of her ſuperiority. Here, reader, you may obſerve that the art of pleaſing took its riſe from the talents of praiſing, that is flattery.

Joan d'Arc juſtly aſtoniſhed at ſuch a compliment, and from ſuch an original, cries out, "O heaven, where am I? whom have I heard ſpeak?" by ſaint Luke, by ſaint Mark, it is my aſs I believe! it is, it is, O wonder! O prodigy! who could ever have imagined it? my aſs ſpeaks, ay and ſpeaks prettily too!"

The new ſpeeched quadruped being on his knees, and having compoſed his countenance ſuitable to the occaſion, thus addreſſed the attentive maid. "O Joan d'Arc what you ſee is not the work of faſcination. In ſeeing me you ſee the aſs of Canaan. I was bred by old Balaam, amongſt the pagans. Balaam was a prieſt, I a jew: and but for me, my kind maſter would have

pro-

pronounced maledictions against the chosen people, which must have been productive of some great evil."

"Adonai rewarded my zeal, by giving me as a present to old Adam who was to enjoy immortal life; and so was I. For it had been ordered that the scissars of destiny should respect the thread of my days. In consequence of said decree, I enjoyed a perpetual spring in the garden of the first parents of humanity. Whenever Adam took an airing he rode me by preference to all other quadrupeds assigned to his subjection."

"There indulgent nature lavished her favours in our behalf. The master of the garden permitted me to do what I should please therein, and in return for such generous proceeding only exacted from me, that I should live chastely; which is a terrible drawback from the happiness of a jack-ass."

"Blooming in youth, and free from all restraint, I was at liberty to do whatever I liked, except making love to a female. Though hard the injunction, I fulfilled it better than the first man did his,

his, who loſt all for the ſake of eating an apple."

"I got the better of my temperament. The fleſh was ſubdued, I knew none of love's weakneſs. In fine I lived a virgin life; and gueſs why, becauſe there were no female aſſes in the garden. Thus free from temptation, and ſatisfied with my ſtate, I enjoyed the calm ſweets of celibacy for above one thouſand years."

"At which time the thunderer who had called out heaven and earth from the confuſed heap of Chaos, thought it expedient, that in order to redeem the ſimple race of mortals, the deity ſhould dwindle into a man, and what is ſtill more degrading, into a jew."

"Mary the virgin-wife of Joſeph, by the influencing ſpirit of the holy ghoſt, brought forth the man God, who tho' born in wedlock, was not in the vulgar ſenſe its lawful iſſue. At his firſt ſetting out (as is uſual with heavenly miſſionaries) he was followed by the populace, by women, children, Matthew, James, and others. For the

deity

deity in order to punish pride, the bane of silly mortals, equally conceals himself from the self-dubbed wise and haughty grandees of this world."

"While the humble in heart piously followed the man of Nazareth, those who ruled the state turned him into ridicule. The court of Herod, and all the people of high life, made the common butt of their jokes this extraordinary being, which in their wanton mirth they called an incarnate and illegitimate deity. Pontius Pilate paid but very little respect to the flesh of this sacred personage."

"A few days before the cruel sentence of scourging him was passed, and a pole stuck in the ground for that purpose, he had resolved to make his public entry among the chosen people. It was a point of religious necessity on that occasion, that he should enter Sion mounted on an ass. His being mounted on that beast was absolutely necessary for the completion of the law, because foretold by Ezekiel, Baruch,

and

and Jeremiah; and I dear Joan am that identical aſs."

"An order having been diſpatched from above to the mighty archangel, who was the inexorable Switz of the the fine garden to let me out, I ſhaped my courſe by divine inſtinct, in order to carry the human deity."

"The oracles were ſtruck dumb by our preſence. Every ſtep we made was marked by a new miracle. Coughs, fevers, leproſies, in fine, all diſeaſes ceaſed at our approach. Songs of thankſgiving were ſung, wherever we went, the people ſhouting Hoſanna. The reſt of the hiſtory you and every good chriſtian knows. The ungrateful Jews having crucified the man-deity that was come purpoſely down from heaven to ſave them and all mankind; he ſoon after roſe up ſecretly from the dead."

"Conſtant in my attachment to the holy family, I remained with his mother, though but badly accoutred, and poorly fed. Mary indeed on the day of her aſſumption left me a penſion for my

my ſupport. I continued a quiet inhabitant of her houſe for ten centuries, until it's piety offended by the wickedneſs of the place it was then ſituated on, ſet a jogging, and travelled over ſeas to that happy ſhore enriched with the famous treaſure of Loretto. There I ſerved young maiden ladies devoted to heaven. They loved me, ſweet creatures, and I in fact was more a virgin than they."

"But after a ſeries of years, when the bully ſaint of England, George, an irreconcilable enemy to the French, from his natural fondneſs of being well mounted, inſiſted on his having an Engliſh courſer; at the ſame time Martin of France, renowned for his cloak, had intereſt enough to have a good ſhewy horſe: and Denis, who figured above among the celeſtials, reſolved not to go on foot, while the other two ſaints were ſo well mounted."

"He therefore made choice of me to carry his ſaintſhip, came down, called me to him, and dreſſed me with a golden curry-comb. By ſpecial grace for

for my paſt ſervices, I was in an inſtant decorated with a pair of brilliant wings; with whoſe aſſiſtance while the angels of the air ſet my late dwelling houſe a navigating on the ſea, I flew up to the heavenly manſions."

"I there met John's eagle, and Matthew's ox, who received me very kindly. The emblem of innocence deigned to nip ſome of the celeſtial paſture with me. I took care on all occaſions to pull down the pride of the inſolent horſe, that by an order of deſtiny is to carry Luther and Calvin alternately."

"Although I was every hour regaled with nectar and ambroſia, yet believe lovely Joan, what I am going to declare, that however happy the life I then led may appear to you, it was nothing to the happineſs I now feel, in contemplating your powerful charms."

"The eagle, the ox, the horſe, &c. are inferior to you in beauteous excellence. Of all the employments to which the favourable ſtars have raiſed me, what is the moſt agreeable to my taſte, and what I think myſelf the moſt worthy

worthy of, is that of ſerving your ladyſhip."

"Although I have quitted the empyrean ſpaces and heavenly regions, by deſcending upon earth, I think I have raiſed my fortune. What has my fooliſh tongue uttered? I have not quitted heaven; I am there ſtill, for your bright eyes make a heaven wherever they ſhine."

The aſs having made ſo elegant a declaration of his paſſion; he ſeconded his flattering arguments, by a moſt energic and inimitable geſture, ſuch as had never been produced by Baron, Bourdaloue, or Maſſillon.

The intereſting narrative, the miraculous detail, and the ingenious manner with which this courteous jack-aſs told the hiſtory of his life and actions, but above all, his inimitable geſtures and motions, made ſo ſudden and lively an impreſſion upon Joan, that ſhe had never known a like effect from all the attacks of Dunois.

During the jack-aſs's impudent harangue, the gallant Dunois who was lodged in the next room, had lent an attentive ear, and was quite amazed at the

hiſtory

hiſtory he had heard, and the impudent propoſal made to Joan.

Curioſity egged him on to know who this cogent ſpeaker was, and what new Rival love had raiſed againſt him. He entered the room, and ſees an object ſtill more aſtoniſhing than all he had heard. He ſaw the long-eared figure of a braying animal, tho' he doubted, his eyes deceived him not. The formidable lance which was placed near Joan's bolſter, Dunois inſtantly ſeized.

The power of ſatan fails before this heavenly inſtrument. The intrepid Dunois was going to cleave the wicked monſter; but ſcared Belzebub makes his eſcape through the window, carrying off with him his aſs-encloſure, which he hurries through the air down to that caſtle ſo fatal to innocence; where Conculix then had in his power the beautiful Agnes, with ſeveral French and Engliſh heroes, who having fallen into his wicked ſnare, were detained priſoners by him.

This wicked Conculix ever ſince the day that Dunois and Joan d'Arc had affronted him, and forced their way

from

from his palace, would give no more ſuccour to any unfortunate knights that fell within his clutches. On the contrary he gave them very rough treatment. He confined them in a dungeon. Whither repaired his long-robed chancellor, to communicate to the diſconſolate company the arbitrary will of Conculix.

"Ladies and gentlemen, you are to faſt, to drink water, and be whipped once a week, until ſome one male or female of you undertake a not very eaſy taſk, but by which the remaining five will be ſaved. It is to be enamoured of Conculix. His paſſion is to be beloved; which in my ſenſe I think he deſerves. If none of you can bring yourſelves to have a paſſion for him, you know your ſentence. Such is his pleaſure."

The chancellor having made known his maſter's will, retires. The priſoners hold a conference on their afflicting ſituation, and the diſagreeable propoſition. The eſſential point was to find out the one that would devote him or herſelf for the deliverance of the reſt.

Agnes

Agnes declared, " that ſhe could not in conſcience be ſuſceptible of any new impulſe from the arrows of Cupid, for that to love does not depend ſolely on ourſelves, and that for her part ſhe would continue faithful to her royal lover."

As ſhe concluded; her eyes beautiful through tears could not help ſtraying towards, and ogling the too lovely Monroſe; who on his ſide proteſted " that he was in love with a fair maid, to whom he would not violate his vows of conſtancy for the immortal gods: that a thouſand Conculixes could have no charms for him, and that he would very reſignedly bear being whipped for the ſake of her he loved."

" And I," ſighs Dorothea, " could every day with pleaſure be whipped for my dear lover's ſake. Love can take away the pain attendant on every torture. How can an enamoured pair, when together, feel any puniſhment?" La Trimouille, quite enraptured by this fond declaration of Dorothea, falls on his knees to worſhip his dear goddeſs, and the rays of joy that ſhe beamed on

his

his ſoul diſſipated the heavy affliction he was plunged in.

The confeſſor Bonifoux having hemmed three or four times, thus gravely explained himſelf, " Ladies and gentlemen, I have been formerly young, but alas, that time is no more! age you ſee has wrinkled my forehead. Alas! what can I do to ſerve you? By my function I am a Dominican friar, and the king's confeſſor. It is then impoſſible for me to work your deliverance."

Paul Tirconnel's impetuous courage, tired of their ſeveral frivolous excuſes, roſe up, and ſaid; " Well, well, I'll be the man to ſave you all." This laconic declaration gave new ſpirits to the priſoners, and made them feel the dawn of hope.

The next morning, to Conculix, then in the female ſtate, Paul Tirconnel wrote a very tender love-letter, which he gave to the jailor's wife to deliver to the chancellor. And to give the greater zeſt to his letter, he ſent with it an original, and very pretty madrigal.

The

The Twenty Fourth BOOK.

President Louvet's *Lady falls in Love with* Talbot; *and* Joan d'Arc *with* Saint Denis's *Ass.*

I Should now proceed to relate the terrible consequences of the infamous life Conculix led; what effect Tirconnel's effrontery produced; and also the strange yet salutary succour which was through the reverend friar procured for Dorothea, and handsome Sorel, to extricate them from the difficulties they laboured under.

I should also relate the passion, the exploits by which the ass carried off Joan d'Arc from Dunois; and how God punished the iniquitous ass through whom maiden Joan was deflowered by satan.

But let us not however lose sight of the siege of Orleans, the theatre of war, where so many valiant heroes were the actors, for that is the chief point we have in view.

O power-

O powerful god of love! O human weakneſs! how near by thy fatal means was the enemy to deprive France of its only rampart, at a time too when the Engliſh forces gave up all hopes of ſucceeding in any ſuch attempt; when even Bedford with all his experience, and Talbot with all his bravery, looked upon ſuch an enterprize as impracticable!

Remember, readers, (and tremble,) how the fatal flame of love conſumes your boſoms with a deſtructive fire; and what is ſtill worſe, makes you hazard the ſalvation of your ſouls.—Thou malicious urchin Cupid, thou art the cauſe of our greateſt ſufferings, and then makeſt thy diverſion of them.

As maſter Cupid had been not long ſince frolicking in this deſolated country, where an hundred heroes fought the quarrel of two kings, he wounded the mighty Talbot's breaſt with one of his golden arrows, in the time alas of a too ſhort truce, but prior to the preſent ſiege.

President Louvet, (there being a ceſſation of hoſtilities) invited Talbot to his houſe to confer with, and kept him to ſupper. His fooliſh vanity made him take the imprudent ſtep of introducing his wife to ſup in company.

Madam Louvet was moſt affectedly reſerved. It is Cupid's favourite pleaſure to bring down all prudiſh dames that elevate themſelves in the ſtilts of falſe virtue. He diſconcerted her ſtudied gravity by piercing her breaſt with one of his arrows productive of folly. The conſequence was, ſhe loſt her reaſon, and won Talbot.

You remember, reader, the fatal eſcalade, the bloody aſſault, the tremendous cannonading, the ſeveral bold efforts and combats on the tops of the walls as well as within and without them when Talbot at the head of his animated troops had forced his way through all impediments of the rampart and the gates, while from the tops of the houſes, iron, fire, and death was ſhowered down upon them.

Impe-

Impetuous Talbot ſhaped his way over dying multitudes into the heart of the city, bearing down all before him, and calling aloud to his followers: "Now, my brave Engliſh, make yourſelves maſters of Orleans; and you, burghers of the city, lay down your arms."

As he acted and ſpoke he appeared like the terrible god of war; when eſcorted by Diſcord, Bellona, and Deſtiny, he makes the earth tremble under him, determined to immolate hecatombs to death's lank deity.

Lady Louvet, who contemplated all the horrors of war through a hole in an old building near her apartment, viewed her lover with pleaſure. Her eyes were feaſted in beholding his golden helmet, his nodding plume, his armour; but above all the martial fire that flaſhed from his commanding eyes. To her raviſhed ſoul he appeared a demi-god in his air, and deportment.

Thus formerly in the latticed boxes of our theatres, tender-hearted dames uſed to ogle with laſcivious, and as it

were devouring eyes the figure of that celebrated actor Baron. They were so struck with his noble carriage, his gesture, and magnificent dress, that they could not help repeating the words, and imitating his accents as he spoke; love invading their ladyships through every sense.

Dame Louvet fired by the sight of her lover, was quite beside herself, gave a loose to her passion, and unable to contain herself any longer, thus broke her feverish mind to her confident.

" Fly, Susan, fly, haste, seek the hero whom I adore; tell him now is the time, bid him come instantly, and carry me off. If you should not get access to him yourself, employ somebody to beseech him to have compassion on the tortures I endure through my love for him; and to inform the hero, that as he prizes the honour of being deemed a true and honourable knight, I mean to sup with him in his quarters to night.

The confident dispatches a young page her own brother, who soon delivered his message. In answer to it, ten

bold

bold fellows are ſent to Louvet's houſe, which they break open, and on entering find a lady maſked with all the tokens and ſmugged up airs of quality. Her forehead was decked with natural or artificial locks of hair. She is carried off through the by-ways, of all which and others Talbot was then maſter. This valiant hero having that day cauſed and undergone many alarms, was reſolved to ſolace himſelf that night in the embraces of love for all his military fatigues. Moſt heroes, the conquerors, or conquered, chuſe to ſup with their miſtreſſes, if practicable. Therefore valiant Talbot, who had been ſucceſsful, waits the coming of his beloved Louvet.

All preparatives were made for a delicious ſupper. Big bellied flaſks whereon flowers were carved had cooled in pounded ice, the ſparkling juice, the liquid rubies of Bacchus carefully preſerved in the holy cellars of the convent of Citeaux.

At the other end of his richly decorated tent was placed a ſopha of moſt elegant taſte; low, large, ſoft: and

neatly ornamented with every requiſite to form the couch of love, it having ſufficient room for a friendly pair to indulge their fondneſs. Talbot loved after the French faſhion.

Having ſent for the lady whoſe affections he had gained; he ſpeaks of her to every perſon he ſees, aſking if they knew any thing of her being come; but as the ſix fellows return, and their prize being unmaſked, a ſhrivelled grey-headed monſter dreſſed up in childiſh trinkets appears. Her ſtature was three feet high, including the high heels of her ſhoes. Her eyes were edged with red, and from thence continually oozed a yellow moiſture. Her large crooked noſe was bent down as a penthouſe over her long and forked chin.

Scared Talbot, thinking it was the devil's miſtreſs he ſaw, roared ſo loud that the table ſhook. The ſcoundrels had made a miſtake. For inſtead of Louvet's wife, his ſiſter was carried off by them, whoſe heart was filled with joy at the pleaſing thought of being run

away

away with; an honour ſhe had never dreamt of.

Poor dame Louvet, a prey to grief, was quite diſconſolate at the cruel diſappointment. The afflicted lady's brain was turned; and to aggravate matters, reſtleſs jealouſy figured in, ſuggeſting ſuch a multitude of ſuſpicions to the bilked lady, that ſhe became more fooliſh than ever.

There let us leave Louvet bewailing her hard fate, and take a view of the enamoured aſs, who, become more impaſſioned for Joan, had renewed his ſollicitations to her.

The heroic maid with ſome emotion, her eyes on fire, and not altogether diſpleaſed with his addreſſes, let eſcape from her in the flurry ſhe was in, "Anſwer me then, I conjure you, moſt noble aſs, if it be true, that you love me?"

"If I love you?" gently replies the aſs, "can you doubt it? I more than love; you are the idol of my heart! Heaven can witneſs for me, how ex-

tremely jealous I was of the cordelier; and the intenſe pleaſure with which I ſerved the truſty ſquire, who reſcued your chaſtity from the obſcene attacks of the monk."

"But alas! I afterwards became a thouſand times more jealous of that impetuous ſon of illegitimacy the brutal Dunois. Wherefore intoxicated with love for you, and raging with jealouſy againſt him, I ran away with the warrior to Italy."

"And what has that availed me? Nothing alas.—He has ſince returned, and made love to you. His figure is more beautiful than mine, I confeſs—But does his heart feel ſuch a tender paſſion for you as mine?"

"O noble Joan, great ornament of the age thou liveſt in; ſay, is Dunois to be the happy man? is he to triumph over thy maidenhead, which is celebrated throughout the world? I ſwear it ſhall not be. That glorious taſk be mine."

"Conſider, that heaven having hitherto debarred me from the company of

of female aſſes, it meant thereby that all my tender careſſes ſhould be reſerved for thee alone, ſweet ſovereign of my wiſhes."

"Ah conſider with what delicacy, diſcretion and tenderneſs I have until this day preſerved my paſſion a ſecret. If my deſires may hope to be favoured by you; if penetrated by the moſt violent love, I have preferred being with you upon earth to my native reſidence in heaven; if you have been ſo long and ſo often carried on my back, ſure it cannot appear unreaſonable that I ſhould deſire to be carried in my turn."

Joan was at firſt ſurprized and ſomewhat angered by ſo bare-faced a declaration; of which on reflection ſhe abated: her ſelf-love conſtruing it as a proof of the power of her charms, from having ſuch an effect on the groſs ſenſes of ſo ſtupid an animal.

She ſtretches out (without thinking) to her long-eared love, her hand; which ſhe inſtantly draws back. In one moment ſhe bluſhes, in another is affrighted,

in a third recovers, and makes this far from rebuking reply:

"Comely aſs, what a chimerical hope haſt thou conceived? have more reſpect for my glory as a heroine, and for my duty as a chriſtian. The difference of ſpecies is a bar againſt our coming together. Therefore I can no longer approve of your amorous ſolicitations, and pray you will inſtantly deſiſt and by no means attempt to overpower me."

The aſs (who would have thought it) moſt learnedly replies, "dear Joan, Love equals all. Remember the ſwan Leda received into her arms. She did not thereby forfeit her character of being an honeſt woman.

A lady of your polite education muſt no doubt have read or heard of Paſiphae, the daughter of Minos, who being enamoured of a bull, ſlighted all the princes and heroes who had courted her, in order to go and lie with her lowing quadruped.

Ganimedes was run away with by an eagle; and gentle Phillira granted

favours

favours to Neptune diſguiſed in the form of a horſe." He continued his fine quotations; for Satan, the firſt author of fabulous hiſtory, ſupplied him with a multitude of ſhining examples, in order to incite Joan to ſin; which fabulous parade might rank his aſs-ſhip among the literati.

Such is the power of eloquence, that Joan could not help liſtening to him, and we all know that the ear is the high road to the heart. Her aſtoniſhment at all ſhe had heard, is followed by a profound ſilence.

Her virtue begins to ſtagger; ſhe is wonder-ſtruck: now deeply ruminates immerſed in a Cogitabundity of Cogitation.—" How? is it right? to be enamoured of an aſs, and let him deflower me? Can I truckle to ſuch diſhonour after having ſo long preſerved my maidenhead from all the mule-drivers and bullies in France? after having by a ſpecial grace from heaven, been able to foil Chandos?—No—

" But then again, this is not a common one, this is a celeſtial aſs. In either

ther army there is not a hero ſo ſprightly and brilliant as he. Not one of them has ſo tender a heart, or the half of his learning and wit!"

"Moreover he has formerly had the honour of carrying the ſon of Mary. He is deſcended from heaven, he has the air and wings of a ſeraphim. To have to do with him cannot be deemed beſtiality. No, it is rather approaching to the divinity."

Theſe tumultuous thoughts raiſed a tempeſt in the heart of Joan, and twirled her brain about. Thus on the high ſea two haughty tyrants of the waves, one from the ſouth, the other blowing from the north, drive to and fro a veſſel whoſe courſe is toward Sumatra, Bengal, or Ceilan.

She is at one time hurled mountain-high, at another thrown among rocks. This moment an abyſs ſeems to open to ſwallow her; the next ſhe ſeems as if vomited up from Pluto's realm.

Not leſs agitated is doughty Joan. The aſs becomes more preſſing and co-

gent

gent in his arguments, with whose energy she is so enflamed, that she cannot disguise the emotions he has caused in her. In fine, being no longer able to steer in such a chafed sea, she abandons the helm of her reason, and yields to the driving storm.

As the love-fit grows on her, a keen lightening flashes from her eyes. Her big heart beats against her ribs, and all her senses are in a quandary. A deadly pale one moment spreads over her face, and is in the next succeeded by an almost blood-starting blush.

But the formidable gesture with which the eloquent ass finished his harangue, was the rock on which her maidenhead split. She is no longer mistress of her actions. Her eyes swim in a languor-giving moisture. She bends her head down on the bed, by which means her beautiful eyes conceal their shame.

Buxome Joan however looked downwards as she displayed her lusty charms; having made her knees the supporters of

of love, her mountainous tanned buttocks were raiſed in a poſture of defiance.

Thus Thibouville and Villars, in imitation of the firſt Cæſar, when devoured by the fire of unnatural luſt, with heads declined, ſigh for the loved inſertion of their Nicomedeſes, and dextrouſly ſecond the home efforts of their vigorous lacqueys.

The wicked urchin deity, who has ſubjected to his empire all human race, as well aſſes and gods, as was then flitting in the air, an arrow in his hand. He deſcried the gently ſmiling Joan working her thighs and wriggling her brown bum; her body being in a hot fever, and impatient to be devirginated.

The active quadruped forms a paraſol over her—She has been—but is alas no more—a maid! The vigorous defeat is repeated three or four times. From the ſtrenuous and forced inſtallation, Joan thinks ſhe contains a mine of combuſtion within her, from which ſhe fancies ſhe ſees millions of fiery ſparks eſcape.

But

But in the very heat of action, a voice is heard, " O Joan, where art thou? Haſte; now is the time to ſignalize thyſelf by ſome glorious exploit. Ariſe from thy couch, this is no time for reſt or indolence. Dunois is already in arms. Our troops are in full march to fight the enemy. Even now our gendarms begin to move, the king at their head. Accoutre thyſelf immediately, heroic maid. This is no time to ſleep.

It was the young and beautiful Dorothea that ſpoke thus; and from a movement of good nature hurried to awaken Joan whom ſhe had imagined to be faſt aſleep. But on not receiving any anſwer from her, (then entranced with pleaſure,) ſhe opened the door, they having forgot to lock it withinſide.

Heaven, what was Dorothea's amazement, to ſee the Duo working in furious concert? As a good chriſtian, ſhe made the ſign of the croſs on her forehead three or four times. Venus was

not

not more confounded in days of yore; when in the brazen nets fabricated by Vulcan ſhe was exhibited under Mars before the aſſembled deities, by her jealous-pated cuckoldy huſband.

Joan on perceiving Dorothea there, a witneſs of what had paſſed, was ſtruck motionleſs for a time. But ſoon recovering from her ſurprize ſhe ſprang up to ſettle and adjuſt herſelf on the bed. Then ſpoke to Dorothea in a bold and unembarraſſed manner.

"You have now ſeen, my dear, a great myſtery, in conſequence of a vow which I had made for our good king's proſperity. If appearances make againſt me, I am ſorry for it But you I hope are diſcreet."

"On my ſide I know the duty of friendſhip; and therefore Dorothea if any ſuch ſtrange adventure ſhould ever befal you, and I chance to come to a knowledge of it, you may rely upon my ſilence. Above all things I pray you will keep this affair a ſecret from Dunois, as you regard the welfare of France."

Having

Having ſpoke in a cavalier manner, ſhe jumped from the bed and made a copious ablution with lavender-water. Then ſhifted herſelf, put on her breeches firſt, and after her military accoutrements.

Dorothea, ſurprized at the unconcerned air with which Joan treated her act of beſtiality, ſpoke her mind freely to her. " Why truly, Mrs. Joan, I cannot comprehend the meaning of ſuch an adventure. I promiſe you ſecrecy; for I have been wounded by the arrows of Cupid, and from my own misfortune have learned to pity the weakneſs of others.

" I never quarrel with people for their different taſte in love affairs among their own ſpecies. But really your proceeding, madam, is beyond the reach of my weak comprehenſion. Is it not amazing that you, who might claſp the handſome Dunois in your arms, ſhould debaſe yourſelf ſo low as to underſtrap to an hideous aſs?

O mon-

O monſtrous! what a falling off was there!

" In the name of proportion and female delicacy, were you not terrified at ſight of the huge and formidable apparatus. How could you reſolve to undergo ſuch an unnatural operation? Did you not dread being rent aſunder by ſuch an abominable wedge, whoſe protruſive rigidity, length, and thickneſs are ſo diſproportioned every way?"

" Ah me! what a dire laceration muſt have been the conſequence, as it impelled to its utmoſt ſtretch! And yet that you were pleaſed in this conflict, is true; for I ſaw pleaſure dance in your eyes as I came into the room."

" Felt you no remorſe of conſcience? no diſtaſte? How could you ſo entirely loſe all reſpect for yourſelf as to ſubmit to the profane brutality of this odious animal; and to prefer a deteſtable aſs to the amiable Dunois?"

" My gentle nature, which always ſympathiſes with the feeling of others, ſhudders at ſuppoſing myſelf in your ſituation.

ſituation. Good heaven! what woman but Joan could chuſe for her gallant this horrid aſs!"

"Dear Dorothea, replied Joan with a ſigh, my anſwer to all your objections is, "that I moſt violently loved him."

End of the SECOND VOLUME.

NOTES

ON THE

MAID of ORLEANS.

VOL. I.

PAGE 2.—*Great church of Rheims* There the Kings of *France* are crowned.

Ibid.— " *Without invoking thee, O Chapelain !*"—*Chapelain*, a contemptible *French* poet, author of an epick poem in ſober ſadneſs, called, *the Maid of Orleans* ; as much deſpiſed by the connoiſſeurs of *France*, as *Blackmore*'s *Prince Arthur* is by the *Engliſh*.

Page

Page 3.—*De la Motte Houdart.*—A *French* writer of ſome merit in verſe, but of more in proſe, remarkable for a quaintneſs and affectation.

Page 11.—The mentioning *Alain* a bad poet, the doctors of *Sorbonne*, &c. is to ſhew how the *French* king paſſed his time.

Page 13.—*Bernardine Monks.*—An order of friars more celebrated for their good living, and drinking of choice wines, than for learning or piety.

Page 38.—The Hippogriph, Aſtolphus, &c. See *Arioſto.*

Page 40.—The beautiful epiſodic Hiſtory of *Niſus* and *Eurialus* is to be ſeen in *Virgil's Æneis.*

Page 42.—In *France*, culprits for certain crimes are branded on the back with *Fleur de Luces.*

Page 50.—*The Oriflamme*, the great ſtandard of *France.*

Page 53.—*In the Battle of Pultawa*, after the victory there gained by *Peter* the great, czar of *Muſcovy*, over *Charles* the twelfth, the laurels of the *Swediſh* monarch withered.

Page

Page 55.—" *Not one of those whose profound learning.*" The *Benedictine* monks are looked upon as the most learned order of the *Romish* church; and have obliged the world with correct editions of several *Greek* fathers, and very instructive comments thereon.

Page 58.—*Law*, a native of *Scotland*, had long been a chevalier of industry in *London*; he knew the best of all games, and was at all times ready to lend his hand to any wicked deed, so any emolument were from thence to accrue to himself.

He hired himself as bravo to a lady to murder for his indiscretion an unfortunate beau, whom she had granted favours to. He received a considerable sum of money for the assassination, by which he was enabled to fly from our laws to *France*.

Being of a scheming head, he soon got himself introduced to the duke of *Orleans*, then regent of *France*, and proposed to him an iniquitous scheme, the execution of which ruined numbers of families.

Law

Law was the man who put the *French* Eaſt-India company on a good footing, and laid the plan of its preſent aggrandiſement.

While his ſcheme was carried on by the regent's authority, (then that of the young king's,) *Law* lived in *France* with great magnificence, and had a pretty general ſway in moſt affairs; but was obliged at laſt to fly away from the people's reſentment.

He retired to *Venice*, and there died in very poor circumſtances, though he had been the ruin of ſo many thouſands in *France*.

Page 59.—*Eſcobar* and *Molina*, two jeſuits who publiſhed treatiſes of what the *Janſeniſts* call relaxed morality.

Page 60.—*Scamander* a river that flowed near Troy, on whoſe banks were daily ſkirmiſhings between the *Greeks* and *Trojans*. It was often tinged with the blood of both parties.

Ibid. The *Janſeniſts* are a ſubdiviſion of *Romaniſts*, who though they believe in tranſubſtantiation, are a kind of predeſtinarians; which is underſtood by

by their *efficacious grace* as the free gift of heaven, and without which vain are all efforts to obtain eternal ſalvation. They claim St. *Auſtin* as one of the chieftains of their doctrine.

Page 60.—" *A large tomb, unornamented by art, cloſe to the church of St. Medard*; wherein one Abbé *Paris*, an ignorant enthuſiaſt of the *Janſeniſt* party, was buried, and by them ſainted. To ſupport the honour of this ſaint againſt all diſbelievers, they had poor people inſtructed to affect diſeaſes, and afterwards declare their being cured by repairing to ſaid tomb; which cauſing animoſities, diſputes, and frequent ſkirmiſhes between the adherents to holy *Paris*, and their antagoniſts ſpirited on by the Jeſuits, an edict was at laſt paſſed to ſhut up ſaid tomb from all approach of the populace, who daily repaired thither to play their pious farces which frequently terminated in moſt uncharitable frays on both ſides.

Page 63—Marſhal *Galigai*'s lady was condemned to the flames by vile church inſinuations of her having dealt with the

the devil to maintain the power ſhe had over the queen's mind.

Her noble anſwer to the queſtion put to her, " By what power ſhe ſwayed the queen.—Was--" by that which great minds have over weak ones!"

Page 63.—The hiſtory of father *Girard* and mademoiſelle *la Cadiere*, having been already treated of in ſo many books, pamphlets, *&c.* we ſhall ſay nothing of it here; and which to give but a very imperfect account of, would take up too much room.

Page 64.—The *Dominicans* and *Carmelites* are two orders of Romiſh monks, ſtigmatized for their ignorance and debauchery.

Page 65.—*At Fontevrault* a convent of nuns in *France*, where the abbeſs hath the extraordinary privilege of giving the benediction even to men. This is the fartheſt ſtep the fair ſex hath been able to obtain of eccleſiaſtical functions; all their attempts to celebrate maſs, and hear confeſſions of their own ſex only, have hitherto been defeated.

Page 75.—A celebrated convent of nuns in *France*. What is laid to their charge here is too obvious to need any comment.

Page 82.—*Quenel*, a priest of the society called Oratorians, equally remarkable in France for their learning and adherence to the doctrine of *Jansenius*. They are the irreconcileable and formidable enemies of the *Jesuits*.

Quenel was one of the greatest champions in the cause of *Jansenism*; and published a famous work called, An hundred and five propositions, the abridgement of his party's doctrine, which has caused much ecclesiastic strife, and is condemned as heretical by the court of Rome.

Page 112. "*An impostor from the other side of the Alps.*" The famous pilgrim Peter, whose enthusiastic frenzy first prevailed on christian princes to form the quixotical expeditions called Crusadas, for the recovery of the Holy Land from the *Saracens*.

Page 113.——*Quinze-vingts*, fifteen twentys, *being* the number of poor blind

blind men supported in the hospital so called.

Page 114.——"*Directors of pretty ladies.*" In Romish countries the directors are clergymen, who direct the moral conduct and exterior behaviour of the ladies, and are frequently of their parties. They are commonly chosen for their knowledge of the polite and fashionable world, as the confessors are for their piety and retired lives.

Page 115.—"*In his own city.*" *Geneva.*

Page 149.——*Alguasil*, an officer of justice.

Page 169.—*Busiris* an Egyptian monarch remarkable for his barbarity.

Page 192.—*Grace efficacious.* According to the *Jansenists*, a kind of predestinarians, a man at his birth receives or is deprived of heaven's grace efficacious, thro' whose energy alone he is to be saved, and is not acquirable by any efforts or good works.

Page 192.—"*Ignatius*'s tribe." The Jesuits in opposition to the said partial dealing of heaven advance, that all

men indiſcriminately, receive from the Almighty *grace ſufficient*, which by their own good works they are to make efficacious of their ſalvation.

VOL. II.

P. 6. *BAdauts*, a term by which the natives of *Paris* are ſtigmatized, as thoſe of London are by that of *Cockneys*.

Ibid.—According to a ridiculous legend of ſome miracle-making monk, when St. *Denis*'s head was ſtruck off, he is ſaid to have taken it up again and kiſſed it—but with what could he kiſs it, is an article the contriver of this abſurd lie did not attend to.

Page 10.—" *Arthurs*," the great academy where our young nobility are formed by its veteran worthies.

Page 29.—*His valiant ſon ſo famous*," *Abſalon*.

Page 30.—*Relative to his miſtreſs*," the celebrated Madame *de Pompadour*, who

who at present is much talked of in Europe, she being said to direct the politics of the grand monarch.

Page 50.—" *Eleven thousand maids that in a most heroic manner expired martyrs of virginity.*" According to the report of monkish legends, eleven thousand virgins, natives of England, fled from persecution in their own country to the continent, where they all suffered martyrdom.

This mistake arose from an English young lady's suffering martyrdom whose name was *Undecemilla*, which the ignorant lovers of the marvellous altered to *undecem-millia*. So by a stroke of a pen, multiplied a single young lady to eleven thousand.

Page 57.—*Etampe*, the name of one of Francis the First's mistresses.

Page 58.——*Gabrielle D'Etrees* (of whose family the present marshal of that name is) was one of the most famous of *Harry* the Fourth of *France*'s mistresses. Their amours are painted in a most beautiful manner in *Voltaire*'s epic poem *La Henriade*.

Page 59.——"*Cardinal* Mazarine's *niece*." This young lady was so violently beloved by *Lewis* the Fourteenth in his younger years, that he would fain have married her, but the political uncle dreading the consequence from the French nation and princes of the blood's resentment, contrived to have her removed from the eyes of her royal lover.

Page 59.—*Valiere*, another mistress of the same monarch, as famous for her sincere love of him, as her exemplary repentance for having led a libertine life.

Ibid.—*Montespan*, the most celebrated of Lewis the Great's mistresses. It was in her service Madame *de Maintenon* became acquainted with the said libidinous monarch, whom she frightened into matrimony and repentance, by frequently talking to him of the heinousness of sin, and the fire of hell, which is alluded to, page 60.

Page 61.—"*Saint Denis*," a village famous for the burial-place of the French kings,

kings, is about two ſhort leagues diſtant from Paris.

Page 62.—Fond *Argenton!* Wanton *Parabere*—Miſtreſſes of the late regent of France, duke of *Orleans*.

Page 63.—*In theſe latter times the office of pimp is taken up by ſome of Mars's chieftains*—The author is ſuppoſed to allude here to marſhal R-hl-u, who is ſaid to have procured madam Pompadour for his maſter, and to be the ſuperintendant of all his private pleaſures.

Page 63.— "*O Rambouillet!*" "*O Meudon!*" *O Choiſi!*" Royal pleaſant ſeats near *Paris*, where ſelect parties of pleaſure are appointed.

Page 64.—"*La Tournelle* was the immediate predeceſſor to madam de Pompadour, as *Lewis* the Fifteenth's miſtreſs. During his ſickneſs at *Mentz*, ſhe was baniſhed from him by the means of the clergy.

But the king after his recovery, and return to Paris, being prevailed on by ſome of his courtiers to ſee her, ſhe went too warm into a cold bath to pre-

pare herſelf for receiving him; but ſhe thereby got the ſickneſs of which ſhe ſoon after died.

Page 65.—"*This kingly author, this hard-hearted and capricious monarch, &c.*"—This ſatyrical ſtroke at P——as Fred—ck, is ſuppoſed to have been written by Voltaire before his late reconciliation with that illuſtrious monarch.

Page 81.—"*D'Argens,*" the celebrated author of the jewiſh letters, &c.

Ibid.—"*Maupertuis*" A famous philoſopher, by whoſe means the *Newtonian* ſyſtem triumphed in France over all the bigotted adherents of the ſyſtem of Deſcartes. This gentleman is now preſident of the academy of ſciences at Berlin.

Ibid.—"*A certain monarch in Europe*, &c." another baſe reflection on the great monarch heretofore illiberally ſquinted at.

Page 124.--"*Cardinal Richelieu,*" who had the firſt operas perform'd in his then palace, now that of the duke of *Orleans,*

Orleans; and there they have continued to be performed to this day.

Page 137.—" *Martin of France renowned for his cloak.*" Martin, a patron ſaint of France, on meeting a poor man naked, cut off one half of his cloak to give it to him.

Page 139.—" *Baron*" A famous actor on the French ſtage, and in that degree of eminence which our late laureat has repreſented *Betterton* to have formerly been on the Engliſh theatre.

Ibid.—" *Bourdaloue*," a jeſuit, the moſt celebrated of the French preachers.

Ibid.—" *Maſſillon*," famous for his funeral orations.

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