

**LA PUCELLE, THE MAID OF ORLEANS: AN
HEROIC-COMICAL POEM IN TWENTY-
ONE CANTOS; A NEW AND COMPLETE
TRANSLATION INTO ENGLISH VERSE; AND
THE ONE ATTRIBUTED TO LADY
CHARLEVILLE; IN TWO VOLUMES: VOL. II**

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La Pucelle, the Maid of Orleans: An Heroic-Comical Poem in Twenty-One Cantos; A New and Complete Translation into English Verse; And the One Attributed to Lady Charleville; In Two Volumes: Vol. II by Arouret de Voltaire & W. H. Ireland & Ernest Dowson

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AROURET DE VOLTAIRE & W. H. IRELAND & ERNEST DOWSON

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THE MAID OF ORLEANS

*Five hundred copies of this Edition
have been printed and the type
distributed*

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AND AUGMENTED FROM THE EARLIER
ENGLISH TRANSLATION OF W. H. IRELAND
AND THE ONE ATTRIBUTED TO LADY
CHARLEVILLE WITH THE VARIANTS NOW
FOR THE FIRST TIME TRANSLATED BY
ERNEST DOWSON: IN TWO VOLUMES:
VOLUME TWO

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CANTO XII

*Monrose slays the almoner — Charles discovers Agnes who
consoled herself with Monrose in Culendré's Castle.*

True, I had sworn to moralize no more,
To narrate brief, avoiding long discourse,
But garrulous the God-head I adore,
And who is proof against Don Cupid's force?
His inspiration fires my fevered brain,
And my pen scribbles on the unequal strain.
Young beauties, maidens, widows, wives enrolled
Upon his charming banners' ample fold;
Ye who alike receive his flames or darts,
Now tell me, when two glowing youthful hearts,
Equal in talents, merit and in grace,
When both would court you in the fond embrace,
Pressing alike, and fanning rapture's fire,
Awakening in the breast each keen desire;
Does not a strange embarrassment ensue?

Perhaps this simple tale is known to you ;
An ass, in school illustrious, who lay
Stabled between two equal loads of hay,
Alike in form, they drew him either way.
He pricked his ears and dubious long delayed,
By potent laws in *equilibrio* swayed,
Till loath to choose, unable to decide
From fatal doubt, the ass with hunger died.
Oh ! never follow such philosophy,
But rather honour intermittently,
Your rival swains, with all the joy you will ;
To risk your precious life is always ill.

Not far removed from this monastic pile,
Polluted, sad and stained with blood-shed vile,
Where nuns a score that mourn from sorrow's spell,
Our amazon had but avenged too well,
Hard by the Loire, there stood a castle old,
Which turrets, loop-holes and draw-bridge uphold,
A current level with its margin flowed,
Meandering round this turretted abode ;
While twice two hundred bow-shots served to mark
The broad enclosure of the spacious park.
A Baron old, Cutendre intitulate
Was Seigneur of this fortunate estate,

Each stranger there became a welcome guest,
The ancient lord, whose heart was of the best,
Made it a refuge for the country round ;
English and French a like reception found.
Stranger in coach, in boots, in gaiters 'rayed,
Prince, nun or monk, or Turk or priest by trade,
Were welcomed there with amity most true ;
But those that came, must enter two by two ;
For every lord his fantasy must feed,
And this same Baron firmly had decreed,
That even numbers only stayed with him,
Odd numbers never ; such his crazy whim.
When two and two assailed his mansion's gate
All things went well ; but woe betide the fate
Of him who single sounded at his port ;
He badly supped,—was fickle fortune's sport
Till some companions came to glad his view,
Making the perfect number—two is two.

The martial Joan, who had reta'en her arms,
Which loudly rattled on her sturdy charms,
With Agnes, bland and fair, at setting day
She here, confabulating, bent her way.
The Almoner who followed close behind,
The Almoner of ardour unconfined,