The Maid of Orleans

Frederick Henning

Translated from German by

George P. Upton

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Preface

The life story of Joan of Arc, as told in this volume, closely follows the historical facts as well as the official records bearing upon her trial and burning for "heresy, relapse, apostasy, and idolatry." It naturally divides into two parts. First, the simple pastoral life of the shepherd maiden of Domremy, which is charmingly portrayed; the visions of her favorite saints; the heavenly voices which commissioned her to raise the English siege of Orleans and crown the Dauphin; her touching farewell to her home; and, secondly, the part she played as the Maid of Orleans in the stirring events of the field; the victories which she achieved over the English and their Burgundian allies; the raising of the siege; the coronation of the ungrateful Dauphin at Rheims; her fatal mistake in remaining in his service after her mission was accomplished; her capture at Compiègne; her infamous sale to the English by Burgundy; her more infamous trial by the corrupt and execrable Cauchon; and her cruel martyrdom at the stake. Another story, the abduction of Marie of Chafleur, her rescue by Jean Renault, and their final happiness, is closely interwoven with the movement of the main story, and serves to lighten up the closing chapters. This episode is pure romance of an exciting nature; but the life of the Maid of Orleans is a remarkably faithful historical picture, which is all the more vivid because the characters are real. In this respect it resembles nearly all the volumes in the numerous German "libraries for youth." They are stories of real lives, concisely, charmingly, and honestly told, and adhere so closely to fact that the reader forms something like an intimate personal acquaintance with the characters they introduce.

G. P. U.

Chicago, 1904.

Figure 1: *"Oh, were I only a man!" she sighed.*

Figure 2: *"Dear uncle, see these beautiful violets," she cried.*

The Bishop's eyes glistened. "And the security?" he said, stretching out his hand.

"My word, the word of a nobleman;" and they shook hands.

A pause ensued. Each of the men, in the stillness, seemed to be studying whether he might not find eventually that he had been overreached and had not received his proper share. The Bishop was the first to come to a decision, and asked, "When shall we begin our work, noble friend?"

"At once, if you are ready." Thereupon he rang a bell, and ordered the servant who answered it to call Mademoiselle de Chafleur.

It was not long before Marie came running into the room, full of joyous exultation. "Dear uncle, see these beautiful violets," she cried. "Oh, what delicious perfume!"

"Very beautiful indeed. They are messengers sent by Spring to the other flowers."

"It must be so. Oh, you cannot imagine how beautiful the park is already! Tell me quickly what I am to do, so that I can return soon."

"So you find it very pleasant in the park?"

"Oh, I could stay there always."

"I am all the more sorry, then, that you will have to leave it soon."

"What! Leave! Uncle, I do not understand you."

"Yes, child. The tumult of war approaches nearer and nearer."

"What of that? Is not the castle safe? Let the Englishmen come. We will send those long-nosed gentlemen home again. Yes, 'we,' I say, for you know I am a Chafleur."

"I have the highest respect for your courage, my little Amazon, but the English will not be greatly scared by it. No, child, I must find a safer place for you."

"And my aunts?"

"Oh, that is a different matter. My wife and sister must submit to the inevitable."

"And I can also."

"No, child. Your father sacredly intrusted you to me. I should not be keeping my word if I exposed you to the dangers of war."

"But I say again, uncle, and you have said yourself, that the castle is safe enough."

"Still it can be taken; but no enemy will dare to attack the sacred walls of a convent."

"A convent! What do you mean? Do you intend to make me a nun? Me! A nun! Ha! ha! ha! I shall die a-laughing."

"It is not always nuns who find shelter in a convent."

"Nevertheless, uncle, and once for all, I say I will have nothing to do with a convent."

"Then tell me what you will do, for you cannot stay here."

"Are you in earnest, uncle?"

"Absolutely so."

The tears came to the girl's eyes. Sobbing, and throwing her arms around his neck, she exclaimed: "Uncle, you cannot send me away from you."

"It is for your safety, my child."

"But I do not wish any special safety. Where my aunts can stay, I can stay."

"It is of no use. No use. My decision is final."

The girl stood erect. She wiped the tears from her eyes and looked at the knight with a strange and distressed expression. Gradually her look became colder and more fixed, and at last he realized her undaunted determination.

"My decision is made too, uncle. I will not go to a convent. I would rather fall into the hands of the English. But the situation is not so desperate as that. I will let my kinsman La Hire know. He will protect me. Let me have a messenger, uncle. In an hour I will have a letter ready." Thereupon she left the room.

"Well, what do you think now, noble knight?" began the Bishop.

"Pah!" he replied, "I will send her a messenger who will throw her letter into the first forest brook he comes to, and return without seeing La Hire."

On the morning of the fourteenth day after this scene, a heavy travelling carriage stood in the castle yard with an escort of six armed men. Marie lay sobbing in the arms of Madame de Luxemburg. Still sobbing, she at last followed the impatient lord of the castle to the carriage. Nothing had been heard from La Hire, and when, as John of Luxemburg had said, an attack upon the castle was likely to be made, he told Marie he would accompany her to her kinsman. At the first inn they met the Bishop of Beauvais, apparently by accident. As he was journeying in the same direction he accepted the knight's invitation to take a seat in the carriage.

Overcome with grief, and not expecting any trickery, Marie at first did not notice the road they were taking. After passing three or four inns, however, she saw that they were going west instead of south. Not even then did she suspect treachery. They easily satisfied her inquiries by pretending they must take a circuitous route to avoid

encountering the English. When, however, they kept on in the same direction the next day, her suspicions were fully aroused.

"Uncle," she said, "you cannot deceive me any longer; you are not taking me to Chinon. What are you going to do with me?"

"I will not deceive you, child," replied the knight, for pretense was useless any longer. "I cannot carry out my plan to take you to Chinon. The whole district of the Loire is in the hands of the English. I cannot even get back to Beaurevoir, so nothing remains but—"

"But what?" she piteously exclaimed.

"The convent."

She uttered a scream of terror.

"Be quiet," said the knight, harshly. "If you scream again I will silence you in a way that may not be agreeable."

They were in a forest where fugitive peasants might be in hiding. Even at a distance from it, he had been fearful lest the girl might attract some one's attention. He wished to reach his destination without being observed, and was particularly anxious no one should even suspect where he was or what he was doing.

Marie was not frightened by his threat, but a quick glance showed her they were in a forest where no help of any kind could be expected. In despair she sank back into a corner of the carriage. Anger, desperation, and scorn raged by turns in her breast, until at last, overcome by exhaustion, she buried her face in her hands and wept.

The vigorous "halt" of a manly voice aroused her from her wretched condition. In an instant she was at the carriage door.

Her first glance fell upon a handsome youth who was advancing courageously toward the carriage. The reader knows who he was.

"Help! help!" she involuntarily cried. "They are taking me to a convent."

Her guardian pulled her back, and silenced her cries by holding his handkerchief over her mouth. She tried desperately to release herself,—but what availed her weakness against the strength of a trained knight? In her anguish the image of the brave youth rose before her, and her anxiety about his fate made her forget her own. She listened intently to all that was going on outside. She trembled when it seemed impossible for her to escape, but at last she exulted when she knew that he was safe.

It was late at night when the carriage came to a stop. Marie knew by the call of a watchman that they were either before a city or a castle. The Bishop gave his name, and the creaking gate opened. The carriage passed through several dark streets, and stopped at last before a large, gloomy building. Here also the Bishop's name was an Open Sesame; the heavy bolts were pushed back, the carriage rolled over a paved yard, and with a hollow, fateful sound the gate was closed and locked.

Marie shook as in an ague fit. She realized that she was a prisoner, and perhaps was cut off from all the pleasures of life; but not a sound escaped her lips. Her mute sorrow alone reproached her persecutors. She did not know she was in the Ursuline Convent at Rouen, but she had no doubt it was some convent in the Bishop's diocese. Evidently they were ready to receive an exalted guest, whom they had expected, in a manner befitting her station. The abbess, a lady of middle age, who, judging by her speech and manners, might have been of high rank, was awaiting her in the parlor. After the Bishop had exchanged a few words with her, the

abbess turned to Marie and said: "May your entrance among us be blest, Mademoiselle de Chafleur. I hope these sacred walls will furnish you both the outward security which you need, and your heart that peace which the world cannot give."

There was something so cordial, and withal so winning, in the tone with which she spoke these words, that Marie pressed her extended hand to her lips with the utmost sincerity, and covered it with kisses. She longed to throw herself into the arms of this gracious lady, and weep away her sorrow as she would on a mother's breast. Her longing was so overpowering that she sank upon her knees and moistened the abbess's hand with her tears.

"Save me, gracious lady, save me," she implored. "I am the victim of a conspiracy. They have deceived me, brought me here by force, and torn me from all that is dear and sacred to me."

The astonished abbess cast an inquiring glance at the Bishop. "The novice," he said in reply to it, "is here because it is the wish of her guardian, a lord of Luxemburg, who alone has authority to act for her. Therefore it is idle to talk of force. To your—"

"I am not a novice," cried Marie, rising. "I am Marie of Chafleur. My guardian has control of my property, but he has no right arbitrarily to dispose of my person."

"I trust your ability," resumed the Bishop, "to remove these worldly ideas, which are unbecoming within these sacred walls, and to implant in this perverse soul the spirit of quiet resignation and Christian humility. I authorize you to employ all the means which are at your command to produce this result, and I have no doubt of their efficacy."

The last words were spoken with a peculiar intonation which was in the nature of a command to the abbess, but of the significance

of which the poor child had not the most remote idea. The abbess, who understood well enough what was expected from her, made a quiet sign of assent, and the two men took their leave, firmly convinced that their work was completed successfully.

Marie was assigned to the usual cell and left alone. She first went to the grated window. It looked out only upon the yard. With a pitiful sob she threw herself upon the hard couch. Her tears flowed, and she gave vent to her anguish in melancholy ejaculations. At last she knelt before the crucifix and poured out her aching heart in long and fervent prayer. Again she quietly sought her couch. She was now able to think calmly over recent events. As she was ignorant of what was in store for her, she was still buoyant with the hopefulness of youth. She thought of La Hire, whom she had known as an honorable knight. The image of the young man also mingled pleasantly in her thoughts of the future. She decided she would write again to La Hire. He could not have deserted her. Thus consoling herself, she sank into kindly slumber. Poor child! Little she knew that her letters could not find their way into the outside world without first being read by the superior.

One day two nuns, commissioned to acquaint her with the rules of the Ursuline order, visited her. Her declaration that she did not wish to know them made no impression upon the sisters. They performed their duty, and then withdrew to make their report. Shortly afterwards another sister entered, and summoned the novice to prepare herself by prayer and fasting for the vow which she was shortly to take.

"What means this farce?" said Marie. "I am not a novice. I will not join your order. I will not take a vow."

"Our wishes are useless within these walls," replied the sister. "We must do what the superior, the abbess, and the rules of the order command."

"What is that to me? I am not one of you."

"You will do well, sister, to submit to the inevitable."

"And what if I do not?"

"Then they will force you to submit."

"Force me, Marie of Chafleur! I should like to hear how they propose to do it."

"I can tell you, sister. They will lock you in your cell and let you go half starved."

"Well, I would rather wholly starve than take the vow."

"They will thrust you into a gloomy prison."

"Go on."

"They will come daily to your prison and punish you without mercy."

Marie shrieked aloud. She clenched her fists. Her lips quivered. "Woman," she at last exclaimed, "the devil has sent you to tempt me! Leave me. Go and report that I will suffer death rather than consent."

"I must first do what I have been ordered, sister." Thereupon the nun knelt before the crucifix and repeated aloud the prayers which were prescribed as a preparation for the vow. When she had finished she withdrew. What she had said came to pass. Marie first was locked in her cell and given only a scanty bit of bread. When

that proved of no avail she was put into the prison. It was her loud laments which Jean had heard while praying in the church of Saint Ursula, for the prison was only separated from the church by a single wall.

* * *

News of the siege of the City of Orleans by the English at last reached the village of Domremy. No one was more deeply affected by it than Joan, for she believed from what her confessor had told the villagers that with the fall of Orleans the King's cause would be lost, that there was no hope for the raising of the siege, and that the wretchedness of the fatherland would then be complete.

Scarcely had Joan heard the news before she left the village to meditate upon this new situation in some one of her favorite solitudes. She was at this time about seventeen years of age, blooming and beautiful in person, but unchanged in nature and habits. She longed to abandon herself to her thoughts and impressions in solitude as she used to do when tending her father's flocks. Deep down in her heart she felt the sorrows of others now as she did then, and was moved by the same irresistible desire to help them. She longed to prostrate herself before her saints, to look into the clouds with supernatural vision and see their figures and hear their voices as she used to do. Her communion with the spiritual world at this time had become so intimate that she could question her saints and hear their instant replies. The Fairy Tree, under which she fed the birds, the miraculous spring where the fawns frisked about her, and the chapel at the cross-road near the oak forest, in which she had most of her visions, were her favorite resorts. In this chapel she knelt before the image of Saint Catherine, unconscious of the outside world. The burden of her fervent prayer was the necessities of the country, the rescue of the City of Orleans, and the coronation of the King.

"O that I were a man! O that I were a commander!" she sighed. "I would rush to the rescue. Perhaps it is not impossible. Does not the wolf fly from me when my saints are near? Can I not hide my maiden's figure in the garb of the soldier? Are not these limbs strong enough to wear armor? What if the dear saints should commission me to rescue the fatherland!"

Absorbed in such thoughts and longings, she lost herself in communion with the celestial world, and in a vision she saw her favorite saints in the glowing clouds.

"Why do you tarry, Joan?" said the voices. "Cities and villages are being destroyed every day. Daily the blood of the people is being shed. Arise! Execute the decree of Heaven."

"But," said Joan, "how may I know it is Heaven which sends me?"

"The signs of your mission will not fail."

"And what is my mission?"

"To raise the siege of the city of Orleans, and conduct the King to his coronation at Rheims."

"How shall I begin?"

"Go to the King and offer yourself to him as commander of the army."

"To whom shall I apply so that I may reach the King?"

"Go to the knight, Robert of Baudricourt.[^16] He will help you."

Joan returned home, and remained several days deeply absorbed in contemplating the mission to which she had been assigned. She would often steal away to her little chamber and weep bitterly; for although she felt exalted by the heavenly decree, still, it seemed

impossible for her secretly to leave all the dear ones at home,—father, mother, brothers, and sister. And yet she must go secretly, for her father never would approve of her purpose or consent to her going, and no other way suggested itself. They had grown so accustomed to seeing her absorbed in silent and solitary meditations that they kept aloof from her at such times. It had been village gossip for years that she communicated with spirits and practised magic. In what other way indeed could her mastery of the wild beasts be explained? Her brother Pierre, however, who was devotedly attached to her, was an exception. He never pained her by suspicions. She had no secrets from him, and she came to him now in perfect confidence and wept upon his breast.

"It is not true, Pierre," she said, looking up at him with her beautiful tearful eyes, "that you mock at me as the others do?"

"How can you think such a thing of me, little sister?"

"Oh, I do not think it, my brother."

"And yet your question seems to imply that you do."

"Not at all, Pierre. I know very well that you love me, but you must tell me so over and over again. I know very well you do not mock me, but even that does not satisfy me. I must have the assurance from your own lips."

"I know very well, Joan, that you are a favorite with your saints, that they manifest themselves to you in the clouds, and that you talk with them as you talk with us."

"Yes; you believe me when I tell you these things. But when I tell the others—"

"Oh, my sister, they do not know you as I do. I know that you never speak an untruth."

"And yet my actions now must be deceitful. Alas! Pierre, that is what distresses me."

"But remember, little sister, that you are obeying the celestial ones, that it is the fatherland which calls you."

"And still it grieves me, my brother. I go about here just as usual. Father, mother, and all the others think that I shall always go on this way, and I let them think so, and purposely strengthen this belief while I am preparing to leave them secretly. Oh, Pierre, they will never forgive me."

"Why should you distress yourself with such thoughts, my sister? You know that you must undertake this mission. And it is right you should, for the will of Heaven is superior to the human will. When father and mother and the others hear what Heaven has accomplished through you, do you not think they will forgive you?"

"Your words have done me good, my brother," cried Joan, her clear, brilliant eyes shining with happiness. "Would that I could always have you by my side and hear your voice! If you were near I would fear no one whom I may encounter."

"I will go with you, my sister."

"No, Pierre, you cannot."

"And why not?"

"Is it not enough for me to bring sorrow to our parents? Would you add to that sorrow by secretly going away also?"

"You are right. I ought not to go. You are obeying the decree of Heaven, but I cannot offer that plea. But I know of some one who might go with you."

"Who?"

"Uncle Laxart. He also loves you, and he will not have to ask permission of any one."

"But will he go?"

"I will speak to him about it."

The next day (in the year 1429)—it was the day of the Three Holy Kings—Joan crossed the snow-covered valley to the Fairy Tree, sprinkled crumbs for the birds as usual, and listened to their grateful songs. Soon afterwards she was lost in deep reverie in the chapel at the cross-roads, and while in this state her enraptured eyes beheld her saints, Catherine and Margaret, in the clouds.

"The hour has come, Joan," she heard them say. "Arise! the Queen of Heaven will be with you."

"But I must go all alone," she replied. "They will call me an adventuress."

"Not so! Your protector is already at the door."

As Joan arose she saw a man approaching the chapel. With joyous surprise she recognized her uncle, Duram Laxart.

"I know all, Joan," he exclaimed. "I am ready to escort you as soon as you need my protection. I have already been to Vaucouleurs and have seen the knight Baudricourt. Start as soon as you can get ready. We will lodge with Wagner, whom you know."

Before the astonished maiden could reply her uncle was off in the direction of Vaucouleurs.

The time for departure had come at last. Deeply agitated, she stood at the door of the chapel, and looked once more with tearful eyes out over the valley. Once more her gaze lingered upon the mirac-

ulous spring, the Fairy Tree, and her home at Domremy, and her soul was filled with tender and sacred associations.

"Farewell, O Wonder Tree, where I have spent so many happy hours," she said between her sobs. "And you, little birds, farewell! Alas! Joan can never feed you again. In vain will you wait for her. Farewell, dear spring, whose music I have heard so often in my happy dreams. Tell the deer I cannot play with them again. Farewell, loved valleys and fields! How happy I was when I played here with the companions of my childhood! Alas! I shall never see you again! Farewell, my father! My beloved mother, farewell! And you, my Pierre, my good, dear brother. Oh, how hard it is to leave you! Alas! never again shall I look into your true eyes, never again hear words of love and sympathy from your lips. Farewell all, all farewell! Grieve not that I leave you. Be not angry. It cannot be otherwise. No! it must be so, for Heaven has decreed it, and the fatherland has called me. Away, Joan, away! The struggle is at hand."

No one could have seen the simple peasant maiden at that moment, her eyes shining as the tears glistened on their lashes, no one could have realized her strength of will in giving up all that had filled her soul with sorrow as she thought of leaving it, no one could have watched her passing down the valley like a soldier defiant of danger, without the conviction that it was an event fraught with the highest significance for France.

Joan found her uncle at Wagner's house in Vaucouleurs. He had already called upon Baudricourt, but was sent away with instructions to reprove his silly niece and take her back to her parents. Though not in the least discouraged, Joan spent the night in prayer, and in the morning went to see Baudricourt. She found him in the company of Jean de Nouillemport de Metz. Both laughed when they learned the nature of her errand, but she spoke with such

sincere conviction of her celestial visions that Baudricourt at last dismissed her with a promise to give the matter serious consideration. Subsequently, when Joan prayed in the church, and the people came in crowds to see "the saint," a priest approached her with a crucifix to see if she was possessed of the devil. Joan fell upon her knees and kissed the holy symbol, and the priest declared, "She may be mad but she is not possessed." On her way out of the church she met the knight Nouillemport de Metz, to whom she thus appealed: "Alas! No one will believe me, and yet France can be saved only by me." The words reminded him of the prophecy of Merlin. After observing her more closely, and recognizing her spiritual purity and her resolute determination of purpose, he expressed his willingness to take her to the Dauphin, and he had little difficulty in persuading Baudricourt to join him. A few days afterwards Joan was delighted to find herself on the way to Chinon with the knights and their men at arms. In her costume she looked like a slim, handsome page rather than a trooper. Chinon was more than one hundred and fifty leagues away, and for half that distance the country was occupied by the English. Hence they were obliged to make wide circuits, and frequently halt in the forests and ford rivers. After a fourteen days' march they reached the city of Gien[^17] on the Loire. The news spread like wildfire that the Maiden who, according to Merlin's prophecy, was to rescue France, had come, and all hastened to extend her an enthusiastic welcome.

After leaving Gien there was little danger, and at last they safely reached Chinon and put up at an inn. Here, as at Gien, the news of Joan's arrival spread rapidly, and attracted a great crowd. To satisfy the universal curiosity, she appeared on the balcony and was welcomed with enthusiastic shouts. Her knightly companions promptly waited upon the Dauphin; but they found him greatly discouraged and in a despondent mood because of the news that the Englishman, John Falstaff, had repulsed the French, who tried

to prevent him from taking supplies of herring to his countrymen before Orleans. The Dauphin's disappointment over the "herrings day" defeat, however, would have been short-lived had he not at the same time been overtaken by a calamity which seemed to him even worse, namely, his utter lack of money and the consequent emptiness of his kitchen and cellar. In such a mood Joan's companions found him. At first he listened to them with indifference and a contemptuous smile, but when they told him the people had recognized the Maiden as a saint, and welcomed her as the rescuer of France, it occurred to him she might be instrumental in relieving his necessitous condition. At last he ordered that she should be admitted. To test the prophetic gift ascribed to her, he received her standing among the nobles of his court, while another person sat on the throne.

Joan recognized him at once, however, and advancing to him, knelt, and greeted him with these words: "God grant you a long and happy life, Dauphin."[^18]

"You are mistaken," he replied. "Yonder is the King," pointing to the person on the throne.

"Noble prince," she answered, "you cannot deceive me. You are the Dauphin." A murmur of astonishment ran through the hall.

"Sire," she continued, "if we can be alone I will tell you something that will remove all doubt as to my mission."[^19]

The Dauphin conducted her to the adjacent oratory, and there, according to the tradition, she revealed things to him which he was certain none could know but God and himself. He was so sure of this that at the close of the interview he exclaimed: "I am convinced of your divine commission, but my councillors must also be convinced."

"Very well, sire," she replied. "Summon the three most learned and experienced to meet me in the morning, and I will give them a sign." Her wish was gratified. The three selected were the Archbishop of Rheims, Charles of Bourbon, and De la Tremouille, the King's minister. They first required her to give her history, and then they asked for the sign. Joan went back to the oratory. Then, according to tradition, the heavenly ones appeared, and with them an angel in long white raiment. The latter carried a brilliant crown and slowly advanced into the audience-room.

"Sire," said the angel, "trust this maiden whom Heaven sends to you. Give her at once as many soldiers as you can raise. As a sign that you shall be crowned at Rheims, Heaven sends you this token." Thereupon the angel handed the crown to the Archbishop, went out as he had entered, and disappeared through the ceiling of the oratory. So says the tradition.

The three councillors were not yet fully satisfied, however. They suggested that Joan should be examined by the learned theologians of the University of Poitiers.[^20] When they also asked her for a sign, she replied: "Give me soldiers and you shall have signs enough." They finally reported that she was trustworthy, and that the King ought to accept her service. The Dauphin's council promptly decided to raise as many troops as possible, place the Maiden in command of them, and send her with a convoy of supplies to Orleans. In these few days popular sentiment had changed rapidly, cheerful self-sacrifice and enthusiastic eagerness for action took the place of discouragement and dissension. Knights and their men at arms offered their services, and wealthy burghers sacrificed their treasures for the cause of the country. The Dauphin at last was also in a cheerful frame of mind, for his treasury was filling up and he could once more take some pleasure in living. He was also in a position now to be of service to the Maiden. He presented her

with a general's outfit,—a master of horse, two pages, two heralds, and a chaplain.

About this time the Duc d'Alençon[^21] returned from English captivity. He noticed with great delight that every one was eager to follow the Maiden into battle. He immediately mortgaged his property, purchased war equipment, and accepted the duty of preparing the convoy of supplies. Joan met with an affectionate welcome from his wife, who had come to Blois, where the preparations were going on.

The twenty-sixth of April, 1429, was fixed as the day of departure. Joan had previously sent her herald Guienne with a letter to the Duke of Bedford[^22], which she had dictated to her chaplain. It ran thus:

begin{quote} begin{center} textsc{normalsize Jesus, Maria} end{center}

"King of England, account to the Queen of Heaven for the blood you have shed. Surrender to the Maiden the keys of all the good towns you have captured. She offers you peace in the name of God if you make reparation and honestly return what you have taken. If you fail to do this she will everywhere attack your troops and drive them out of the country. And you, archers and soldiers before Orleans, go quietly back to your own country, or protect yourselves against the Maiden. France has not been given by Holy Mary's Son to you, but to the true heir, King Charles, who will enter Paris in good company. You shall see who has the better right, God or you, De la Pole, Count of Suffolk, Talbot and Thomas, who have taken the field for the Duke of Bedford, the so-called regent of the Kingdom of France for the King of England. If you do not leave the city of Orleans peacefully, Duke of Bedford, you will force the

French to achieve the most glorious exploit ever known in Christendom."

begin{center} "Written on Tuesday in Passion Week." end{center}
end{quote}

This letter, however, never was answered. The herald did not come back.

On the day appointed the expedition set out from Blois. At its head was a procession of priests singing hymns, Joan's chaplain leading them with his banner. Next followed the leaders, Duc d'Alençon, Marshal de Retz, Admiral de Coulent, De la Maison, Laval, Potou de Saintrailles, Count Dunois and La Hire, in whose retinue was Jean Renault. Then came two hundred horsemen, and a long train of wagons loaded with supplies brought up the rear. Joan in full armor, wearing a shining helmet which covered her closely cropped locks, and carrying a sword whose hilt and scabbard were ornamented with lilies, rode among the leaders. Upon one side of her banner, which was thickly sprinkled with lilies, was a picture of the Saviour with the orb in His hand and an angel on either side of Him; on the other, the inscription, "Jesus, Maria."[^23] Her demeanor was serious and dignified, serene confidence shone in her beaming eyes. Her only regrets were the profanity of the soldiers and La Hire's loud prayer every morning and evening: "Dear God! do for La Hire as he would do for Thee if he were the dear God and Thou wert La Hire."

On the third day they were before Orleans, but the city was on the other side of the Loire, and there was no bridge. They occupied a redoubt on their side of the river, which the English had abandoned because it was of no use to them. At this juncture the Bastard of Orleans,[^24] commander of the city, came in a barge to meet them. By his advice they went two leagues farther up the river and

made a halt near Castle Chécy, where they found a French garrison. Count Dunois agreed to send a fleet for the transportation of the supplies, but at three in the afternoon it had not come. The sky was overcast, thunder growled in the distance, and the waves of the Loire were lashed by fierce winds. The courage of the soldiers began to waver.

"When this storm subsides," said the Duc d'Alençon, "the English vessels will be here instead of ours, and then all will be lost."

"Ah, you forget," said the Maiden, "that I promised you in the name of God we should enter Orleans successfully."

"H'm! it does not look as if you could keep your promise," replied the Duke.

"Have a little patience," said Joan, as she closely scanned the sky. "Before a quarter of an hour passes the wind will change." She retired a little distance to pray, but hardly had she knelt before a favoring wind sprung up and the vessels which had been detained by the storm arrived.

"Now what do you think of that, Jean?" said La Hire, as they began loading the supplies.

"I think, noble sir," replied the youth, "that the Maiden in her pastoral life has had ample opportunity to observe the wind and weather, and is therefore able to predict changes like these."

"Oho! Then she is an impostor!"

"Why so, noble sir?"

"Do you not understand? Does she not make people believe that the winds change in answer to her prayers?"

"Oh no, certainly not. She does not pray on account of the wind. She prays because prayer is a necessity to her, because of the impelling forces of her nature, and because she feels happy in communing with Heaven. Her special prayer is for strength and help from on high for her great work, which is beginning this very hour."

"H'm! But she deceives the multitude by it, just the same."

"She does only what she must do. Does the sun lave itself every evening in the sea just because the people believe it does?"

"I am not criticising you, my young friend, but one minute you deny the supernatural in the manifestations of the Maiden, and in the next you extol her to the very skies."

"What are wonders anyway, noble sir? What the blind multitude regards as a wonder easily resolves itself into harmony with nature to the reflective person, and what the multitude passes by without observing at all is a wonder to the intelligent thinker."

"Explain yourself more clearly."

"As to the first point, the Maiden herself is a sufficient illustration. Do not these people recognize a wonder in this change of wind, while you see nothing at all extraordinary in it? As to the other point there are a thousand illustrations. The sky with its stars, the flowers of the field, the worm in the dust,—all these are wonders of creation which the multitude scarcely notices, but which are marvellous to the observant thinker."

"And this Maiden?"

"She is a wonder in both ways, and therein lies her extraordinary power. She is believed to be a prophetess who has direct communication with Heaven. The people regard her as an actually divine

wonder, because of her purity of heart, her celestial confidence, her unsullied patriotism, and her spiritual illumination. Indeed, noble sir, the Maiden is a wonderful gift of Heaven to stricken France."

"Then you also believe in her success apart from her divine commission?"

"I do not dispute her divine commission. She is executing it because the divine voice in her own heart has charged her with that duty. Do I believe in her success? Look at these people! How their eyes are fixed upon this Maiden! At her command of 'forward' they would plunge into the Loire and follow her, believing that its waters would bear them up. Will you not yourself, noble sir, although you do not believe in her divine commission, gladly draw your sword when the lily banner waves before you? If the spirit which Joan has roused in our little band is animating all France, how can we do otherwise than expect success?"

"You are right, my young friend," said La Hire, extending his hand. "I thank your gallant father in his grave for the training he gave you. Yes, yes, it must be so,—when religious or political enthusiasms fire a people, great results always follow. In this case it is a joint enthusiasm. The victory will be ours, and we shall thank the Maiden for it. I will not again grieve her with my prayers. When it is prayer time I will go so far off that she cannot hear me. But one thing more, Jean. Have you heard anything about Marie?"

"Alas! noble sir, I have not. As you well know, I have not ceased making inquiries, but as in your case, the turmoil of war has prevented me from obtaining personal information."

"Yes, yes, I know. I cannot tell you how that poor child's situation troubles me. I have waited from week to week for an opportunity to speak a few words to this lord of Luxemburg and his bishop"—and his grip of his sword indicated what kind of words he had

in mind. "But let us hope," he resumed, "that the Maiden whom we serve may open the way to Marie's release. First, we must send the English to the devil. After that nothing shall prevent me from finding Marie, and"—casting a significant glance at Jean—"I know who will stand by me."

"To the end of the world, noble sir," cried the youth, his flashing eyes showing that the words came from his heart.

"Good, good, I am sure of it; but it is time that we were off." He pointed to the last of the vessels, which was held for the troops. Soon they came to the line of the English intrenchments, which stretched around the city.

"Well," growled La Hire, "these English gentlemen do not like to show themselves, and yet it would be an easy matter to break these nutshells. I wonder if they have run away."

"They are there, and can see us," said Jean. "They are lying behind the walls, but they have no ordnance to use against us."

It turned out as Jean said. The English made no assault, and the little flotilla reached the city unharmed. There was unbounded enthusiasm when the Maiden appeared with her banner at the gates. The people would have carried her in their arms had not the commander of the city forestalled them by having a horse in readiness for her. She mounted and rode in triumph to the cathedral, where a *Te Deum* was sung, the first which had been heard for a long time within its walls. Then she was escorted to the house of Jacques Boucher, treasurer of the Duke of Orleans, where she was to lodge. Now for the first time she put off her armor, drank a cup of wine diluted with water, and then withdrew with the wife and daughters of her host to her chamber. There was lively commotion in the streets until far into the night. All anxiety disappeared on that

29th of April, 1429. An old chronicle relates that the people and the soldiers believed an angel had come down from heaven to them. To the same extent that their despair had vanished and given place to joyous enthusiasm, courage waned in the English camp. Most of those brave soldiers, particularly the spearsmen and archers, believed the Maiden was either a messenger from heaven or from hell, either a saint or a mighty magician. Their leaders inveighed bitterly against the Dauphin because he employed unknightly weapons, weapons of hell.

On the next day Joan urged an immediate attack, but at a council of the most experienced leaders it was decided to wait at least for the arrival of the next contingent of troops from Blois. They did not altogether believe in Joan's divine commission, but they thought it best to take advantage of the popular enthusiasm which she had aroused. Count Dunois returned to Blois to hasten reinforcements forward, and on the fourth day his banner was seen on the left bank of the Loire. His route led directly past the English encampment. Joan could no longer remain inactive. "We must go out and meet them and fetch them in," she cried, at the same time mounting her steed, seizing her little battle-axe and banner, and riding to the gate. The knights shook their heads. No one was eager to rush directly into the jaws of the lion, for it did not seem possible that any one would come back if the English came out and attacked them.

"Now," shouted La Hire, "no one shall say that La Hire has been outdone in courage by a woman. Forward," he commanded, galloping after the Maiden, and followed by his little band. Count Dunois had halted some distance away, evidently awaiting help from the city. As soon as he saw the banners of the Maiden and La Hire he moved forward along the first line of intrenchments. The two forces soon met and advanced towards the city along the very front of the English camp, but such was the Englishmen's fear of

the Maiden that not one of them ventured out. No one even hurled a missile. They looked on quietly, as the little band passed their lines and safely reached the city. As further reinforcements were on their way, it was decided on the following day to attack Fort Saint Loup.

Early in the morning, while Joan, wearied by her exertions on the day before, was still sleeping, some of the captains sallied out with their troops and made a furious assault upon the fort. The English, seeing only their customary assailants, fell upon them, and after a hard struggle beat them back. At that instant the Maiden, bearing her lily banner, rode to the Burgundian gate. "Halt!" she shouted to the fugitives. "Look you, the Maiden whom God sent to you is here. Follow me to victory." At once she plunged into the thick of battle. Her presence acted like magic on both sides. The French impetuously followed her, Daulon, Master of horse, La Hire, and two other knights, leading the first charge. The English wavered.

"Why do you hesitate?" cried Guerard, their leader. "Shame and confusion to any one who fears this country girl! Drive her back to her village and her father's cows."

His appeal was unheeded. The soldiers stood for a moment staring at the banner in the hand of "the witch," and then, as if at the word of command, rushed in a panic for the protecting walls of the fort. "On, my brave ones, forward to the battle and victory," cried Joan, as she furiously galloped after the fugitives.

"Now, soldiers of France!" said La Hire, "she is doing more than her share. On, my children! Shall we let this brave one do all the work alone?" He spurred his steed, but his heavy battle horse could not overtake the Maiden's light courser. The next instant a single knight of La Hire's troop flew after her, and in a few seconds his sword was waving at her side. It was Jean Renault. Enthusiasm such as he had never felt before had seized him. He was oblivious to

all sense of danger. Scarcely was the last Englishman through the fortress gate before the Maiden and Jean rushed through also. The astonished English soldiers saw the lily banner in their very midst. Before they had recovered from the deadly fear it inspired, it was flying on the wall. The French poured through the gate, and victory was soon complete. Those who resisted were cut down, and the rest were taken prisoners. Some of the fugitives had fled to the tower of the church within the walls, but these unfortunates were either killed upon the steps, or hurled themselves from the windows. A more fortunate remnant came out of the sacristy, where they had arrayed themselves in the robes of the priests. These were greeted with jibes and laughter as they begged of the Maiden to be made prisoners. Amid the peals of bells and the triumphal shouts of the people, the Maiden entered the city at the head of her soldiers.

Three days after this—a festival day intervening—the leaders decided to make a feint upon the right bank, covering an attack upon the left. As Orleans lies upon the right bank of the Loire, the commander of the city kept a large number of boats for crossing. In the midst of the stream, but somewhat nearer the left bank, is an island which the English had not occupied. The French landed upon this island, Joan and La Hire, with his troop, in the lead. The boats were fastened together and thus made a bridge to the left bank, over which they advanced for an attack upon the first fort, Le Blanc. It would have been easy for the English to stop the passage, but they did not attempt it. After setting Fort Le Blanc on fire they fell back upon Fort Saint Augustine.

Joan followed them, and planted her banner half an arrowshot's distance from the wall. Suddenly there was a shout, "The English are coming from Fort St. Rivi." The little band retreated to the Loire, all save fifteen, La Hire and Jean among the latter. These fell back a little distance, so as not to expose themselves needlessly to

the enemy's assault, seeing which the English plucked up courage and attacked them, shouting loudly.

"Follow me," cried Joan, waving her banner and advancing upon the English. The fifteen did not hesitate, rash as the undertaking seemed. They pressed forward, cutting their way through. When those who had retreated to the river saw this they came to their assistance, and in a few minutes the English were driven back into the fort. Joan rushed on until she reached the palisades, dashed through a breach which Daulon had made, and planted her banner on the wall. The French rapidly came up, captured the fort, and burned it. It may well be imagined this fresh victory was hailed with delight in the city. The bells again pealed as the soldiers entered, but their reception was a quiet one as compared with the enthusiastic homage which the Maiden received on her way to her lodgings.

Though Joan was wounded in the foot during the battle and passed a restless night, she was again on horseback early in the morning. She rode to the Burgundian Gate with a little band, and ordered it to be opened. The keeper would not obey, saying that the leaders had decided not to give battle that day, and had ordered the gate to be kept closed. When Joan insisted a tumult arose. The people demanded it should be opened, and at last opened it by force. With joyful acclamations the crowd followed their inspired leader to the river. The boats which had been used the day before were lying there, and served this time to carry her across. Joan held her horse by the bridle and let it swim after her, and thus the left bank was reached. A shout of joy from the French who had garrisoned the captured fort welcomed the lily banner. They came out to meet her, and Joan placed herself at their head. "Forward, my brave ones," she cried. "The victory to-day also will be ours." An enthusiastic shout was the reply as they impetuously rushed on to assault Fort Tournelles.

This fort, the strongest bulwark of the English, was close to the river, a drawbridge furnishing the only approach to it. On the land side it was surrounded by a high wall, which had to be passed before reaching the fort itself. Its garrison was the very flower of the English warriors, led by the experienced Glasdale. An assault by a mere handful of troops without ordnance or storming appliances seemed to the English the height of madness.

In the meantime the number of the assailants continually increased, for when the leaders in Orleans witnessed the courageous dash of the Maiden they realized that they must support her. One after another La Hire, Dunois the Bastard of Orleans, De Retz, Gaucourt, Gamache, Graville, Tintey, Villars, Chailly, Couraze, D'Illiers, Thermes, Gontaut, Eulant, Saintrailles, and others appeared upon the scene. By ten o'clock the assault was general. The French hurled long spears. The English brandished leaden maces and iron battle-axes and hurled beams, stones, boiling oil, and molten lead upon the heads of the assailants. After three hours of furious fighting the French fell back.

"Courage," cried Joan, whose banner was always in the front. "Courage in God's name. The victory is ours." She rushed to a ladder and ascended. "Surrender!" she shouted to the English, "or you will be massacred." The reply was an arrow, which pierced her shoulder so that it protruded five inches out of her back. She gave a cry of pain and came down to the trenches. The English rushed upon her furiously, but a hand was stretched out to her at once. A heavy battle-axe struck her protector down. It was the brave Gamache who had come to her rescue. In a trice other heroes were on the spot, and the English fell back. They bore the maiden tenderly away and took off her armor. She looked up with tearful eyes, but they were fixed upon heaven, as was her wont.

"How is it going, Count Dunois?" she asked.

"We have ordered a retreat," he replied, whereupon she partly sprang up, seized the arrow with both hands, and pulled it out. "Let there be no retreating," she urged. "Quick, my armor." In a few minutes she mounted her steed and galloped through the flying ranks. "Halt!" she pleaded. "Have courage, in God's name. In half an hour the English will be in our hands."

The effect of her heroic resolution was wonderful. The soldiers turned back with cheers. Daulon grasped the lily banner and carried it to the wall. Joan hastened forward and again led the assault. The terror of the English at the reappearance of the Maiden cannot be described. They had believed her dead. They were certain now that she was in league with Satan. They dropped their weapons and fled, and fear lent wings to their flight. Loud cries of horror from the water side completed the disasters of the day. An attack had been made upon the drawbridge. Glasdale had hastened there to protect the weak point. A shot fired by Daulon shattered the pier, and the bridge with all its defenders fell with a crash into the Loire. Glasdale, weighed down by his heavy armor, was drowned. It was this disaster which had caused the outcries. The day ended in a tragedy for the English. "Save yourselves as you can," was the signal for flight. The fort was taken.

In Orleans the bells rang welcome to the troops. They rang the whole night long in celebration of the victory. The churches were thronged, and from thousands of grateful hearts rose the *Te Deum laudamus* to heaven. The next morning dense smoke ascended from the English camp. Suffolk and Talbot had abandoned the siege, set fire to their camp, and retreated with the remnant of their army.

Thus in nine days Joan accomplished the first part of her mission.

* * *

[^16]: Robert of Baudricourt was the governor of Vaucouleurs.

[^17]: Gien is in the department of Loiret, and thirty-eight miles in a direct line from Orleans. Its principal industry is the manufacture of faience.

[^18]: Joan called him "Dauphin" because she did not consider him a king until he was crowned.

[^19]: The doubt which was thrown upon the King's legitimacy greatly weighed upon his spirits. This doubt Joan removed. Her words to him are thus reported: "On the part of my Lord, I tell thee thou art true heir of France and son of the King, and he sends me to lead thee to Rheims to the end thou may'st receive thy crown and thy coronation if thou wilt."

[^20]: Poitiers is the capital of the department of Vienne, and is famous not alone for its university, but for its cathedral and the Temple de St. Jean, the oldest Christian structure in France.

[^21]: The Duke d'Alençon was a relative of the King, and had been held prisoner by the English for three years. He was released upon the promise of a heavy ransom.

[^22]: The Duke of Bedford, an English general and statesman, was John Plantagenet, third son of Henry IV, and at this time regent of France. He was conspicuous in the prosecution of Joan of Arc.

[^23]: Joan of Arc, testifying at her trial, said: "I had a banner of which the field was sprinkled with lilies; the world was painted there, with an angel at each side; it was white, of the white cloth called bocasine; there was written above, I believe, 'textsc{Jesus, Maria}'; it was fringed with silk. Because the Voices had said to me, 'Take the standard in the name of the King of Heaven,' I had this figure of God and of two angels done. I did all by their command."

[^24]: Count Jean Dunois, called the "Bastard of Orleans," was born in 1402, and died in 1468. He was the natural son of Louis, Duke of Orleans, and Mariette d'Enghien, and at this time was in command at Orleans. On the left bank of the Loire, a few miles above Orleans, is the little city of Jargeau. At the time of which we write it was surrounded by massive walls, and was considered a strong fortress. After the raising of the siege of Orlweans the weakness of their position was so apparent that the Duke of Suffolk, with his brothers, Alexander and John de la Pole, fell back to Jargeau. Within a few weeks the Maid of Orleans, as Joan was now generally called, was before its walls with her principal commanders. Her only desire now was to conduct the King to Rheims for his coronation. Notwithstanding her wounds were not yet healed, she left Orleans with La Hire, Dunois, the Duc d'Alençon, and other officers, went to Tours, where the Dauphin was then stopping, and requested him to follow her at once to Rheims. He was not disposed, however, to grant her request. His kitchen, cellar, and money-chest were once more replenished, and as life was now very enjoyable, he decided that it would be rash to hazard such an undertaking until the way was cleared; for notwithstanding the deliverance of Orleans, the enemy was still holding the district. The leaders also declared that it would be in violation of all the rules of war. They must first open the way, and above all, Jargeau must be captured. Joan was obliged to submit to their decision, and join them.

On the 20th of June—the day was Friday—the army arrived before Jargeau. Learning that Falstaff was on his way from Paris with help for Suffolk, no time was wasted. Preparations for the assault were instantly begun, and on Saturday evening a breach had been made in the wall. Early on Sunday morning Joan, in full armor, entered the tent of d'Alençon, he being in chief command.

"Come, noble Duke," she cried, "let us make the attack."

"What," he replied, "to-day? On Sunday?"

"Why not, noble sir? Obedience is the best service to God."

"But, Joan, is the breach passable?"

"Undoubtedly. God has given the enemy into our hands."

"But, in the meantime—"

"There is no meantime, noble sir. What fear you? Have you forgotten that I promised to take you back safe to your wife?"

"Well, let the attack begin."

"Forward, attack!" cried Joan, as she left the tent, waving her banner. The troops advanced, but the apprehensions of the Duke proved to be well founded. The breach was too high. A ladder must be raised. In the meantime, among the daring ones who had rushed forward, was Jean. "Halt, boy," shouted La Hire, at the same time pulling him back. "I don't think your skull is tough enough to resist that fellow's club." He pointed to the breach. Jean looked up and saw a giant standing in the opening, wielding a massive club, and laughing with fiendish glee as he dashed everything about him to pieces. "Wait a bit," said La Hire. "I think your namesake, the gunner, can stop that fellow's laughing." He was right. The catapult hurled a rock through the air, the giant flung up his arms, and fell backward from the wall, a great shout accompanying his fall.

Joan rushed up the ladder shouting "Forward, forward, my brave ones," but a stone felled her to the earth.

"Hurrah!" shouted the English, "the witch is dead." Their joy was short-lived, however. Fear again seized them, as they not only

heard her assuring words to those about her, but saw her prepare to ascend the ladder again.

"All right now, boy," said La Hire, as Jean again rushed forward. "I am with you this time." They quickly climbed the ladder, but when Jean reached the top some of the English had been thrown down, and others were flying into the city. Among those who had been hurled down was Alexander de la Pole. When the Duke of Suffolk saw his brother fallen, and the French pouring in, he gave up the fight, and, like the others, turned toward the city.

"Halt! halt! surrender!" a strong voice shouted. Suffolk stopped and looked at his pursuer. He could have vanquished him with little effort, but he did not consider it chivalrous to take advantage of an enemy. "Who are you?" he asked.

"Jean Renault," was the answer.

"Nobleman?"

"Yes."

"Knight?"

"No."

"Kneel down."

Jean obeyed. The Duke raised his sword, and with the words, "In the name of God and Saint George I dub thee knight," he dealt him three blows upon the shoulder with the flat of the blade, and then offered him his sword.

Jean arose, pressed the Duke's hand to his lips, and took his sword, saying, "I do not deserve this honor, my Lord Duke, but I am very proud to receive the sword of the first of England's heroes."

"You are right," said a deep voice behind him; and, as if in benediction, La Hire laid his mailed hand upon his head. "You are right, say I. All the knighthood of France would begrudge you this sword. By Saint George, I am just as happy as if I had seen that sword in the hand of my own son."

"The noble La Hire's word," said the Duke, "is sufficient warrant that my sword will be worthily carried, Sir Jean Renault; there is no stain upon it, guard its purity." Jean's feelings overcame him, and he could make no reply.

After the capture of Jargeau, Joan rested for a time, meanwhile forwarding reinforcements to Orleans, for more victories must yet be achieved in the district of the Loire. While her fame attracted recruits every day to her banner, the fear of her very name was so overpowering that Meung, Beaugency, Guetin, and other cities surrendered without offering resistance. The English force which came from Paris under Talbot and Falstaff was defeated at Patay, and two of its generals were taken prisoners. The evacuation of Paris was the result of this battle.[^25]

Joan returned with the Duc d'Alençon to Orleans, and thence repaired to Gien to see the Dauphin. "Sire," she said, "the district of the Loire is now clear. Go with me to your coronation at Rheims."

The Dauphin still hesitated. "The way is even yet dangerous," he said. "Many castles and cities in Champagne are still in the hands of the enemy. How easy it would be for them to fall upon our rear from Normandy." His councillors in attendance decided that his fears were well grounded.

"Oh, you saints of heaven," cried the Maiden, her eyes shining with enthusiasm, "help me to inspire the noble Dauphin with a little of that courage you have given me!" Her prayer was answered at once. The King was moved by her soulful eyes, her steadfast faith, and

her lofty inspiration. "Yes, Joan, we will trust you," he exclaimed. "On to Rheims."

Orders were sent in all directions. The leaders and their troops quickly assembled, and the march began. Joan led the vanguard. At the mere announcement of her coming the cities of Auxerre, St. Florentin, Chalons, and Sept-Sceaux capitulated. Troyes did not surrender until preparations for assault were made. At Sept-Sceaux, four leagues from Rheims, they rested. Charles then sent three of his principal councillors to San Remy to fetch the holy oil which was kept there.[^26] They returned, escorted by a grand procession headed by the Abbot of San Remy, who walked under a canopy, carrying the phial.

From all the towers of Rheims the bells announced the memorable ceremony of July 17, 1429, which completed Joan's mission. The pealing organ and a majestic hymn of praise welcomed the long coronation procession as it entered the Cathedral of St. Denis. Joan accompanied the King to the vestibule, where the Archbishop of Rheims met him and conducted him to the high altar. The choir was occupied on each side by the commanders and leading dignitaries, knights and lords, squires and attendants, while a vast multitude of people crowded the cathedral to its utmost capacity. Joan stood next to the King, her eyes shining with sacred joy, holding her banner in her left hand and her sword in her right. [^27] It was a position which ordinarily only the first marshals of the kingdom were entitled to occupy; but no one questioned her right to it or envied her.

[^25]: It was after the victory at Patay that Joan of Arc declared that the English power in France would not recover from the blow in a thousand years.

[^26]: Tradition says that Clovis and all his successors for nine centuries were anointed with this oil.

[^27]: Joan's enemies subsequently reproached her for this, saying it was pride that moved her to take her banner to the ceremony. She only replied that it had shared the pain; it was right it should share the honor.

Figure 3: *The last act in the ceremony was Charles's coronation*

The sacred function began at nine o'clock in the morning and lasted until two o'clock in the afternoon. The opening ceremony was the administering of the oath by the Archbishop, during which Joan, following the old custom, held her sword over the King's

head. Then followed the knighting, for Charles had not yet received this honor, without which he could not ascend the throne. He knelt and the Duc d'Alençon knighted him. The third ceremony was the consecration and anointing with the holy oil, and was performed by the Archbishop. The last act was his coronation by the same prelate. As soon as the royal symbol glittered upon his head the cathedral resounded with the enthusiastic acclamations of the great multitude: "Hail, hail, King Charles the Seventh!" accompanied by a fanfare of trumpets, the roll of drums, and majestic chorales.

Joan was the first to proclaim allegiance to the Crown. She threw herself at the King's feet, and after kissing his knee, said: "Sire, the will of God is accomplished. You are now the true King of France. My mission is ended. Permit me to return to my home and resume the humble life of the shepherdess."

"No, Joan," replied the King, "I cannot spare you. All that I now am is due to you. You must accompany me on the return."

Joan rose sadly. She felt that in remaining longer she would be disobeying the divine voices which had commissioned her to perform only the two tasks now successfully accomplished. The King rewarded her by granting a patent of nobility to her whole family, whence it is that she is called "Jeanne d'Arc." Her coat of arms was a blue shield with two gold lilies and a silver sword bearing a golden crown on its point. These distinctions, however, were of little interest to Joan. She grew sadder and sadder, and ardently longed for her home fields and her loved Fairy Tree. This feeling became all the more intense when her brother Pierre arrived; but she rushed joyously into his arms and was somewhat consoled when the King appointed him her page, and she knew that he would never leave her. She took part in many more military operations; but although she entered many cities whose gates opened at the sound of her name, though she was everywhere greeted as a saint and welcomed

with enthusiastic acclamations and songs of praise, she no longer felt the early unquestioning faith and the sacred inspiration. An ill-starred movement against Paris, in which she was wounded afresh, confirmed her in the belief that she had exceeded her duty, and that she was no longer under the protection of her saints. She was haunted with gloomy presentiments of death. They pursued her in dreams, and at last she again implored the King to let her go.

"What do you fear, Joan?" said the King. "If you are wounded it shall be my care to heal you. If you are captured by the English I will release you, if it costs half my kingdom. You are the guardian angel of France. I cannot let you go." He placed her in command of his own corps and sent her once more into the tumult of battle.

On the 27th of May Joan appeared with her army before Compiègne,[^28] which was occupied by the French but was closely invested by the Duke of Burgundy, who was in alliance with the English. She successfully entered the city, and of course was received with the greatest enthusiasm. Early on the next day she made a sally at the head of six hundred troopers. She wore her usual armor, with a short silver-gilt cape over it, and carried her small battle-axe, sword, and banner.

Philip of Burgundy's army was composed of experienced troops, and its various divisions were led by Noyelles, John of Luxemburg, and John of Montgomery. Joan swept among them like a whirlwind, carrying everything before her, and for the time throwing them into utter confusion. A cry of terror—"The Maiden, the Maiden"—was raised in the camp, but when Philip of Burgundy appeared with reinforcements the English, recovering from their first surprise and confusion, began to hold their ground. Finding herself confronted by a tenfold increased force, she ordered a retreat. She was the last in the line, and was closely pressed by the enemy, but when the boldest of them came too close she turned

upon them and drove them back. In this manner she forced her way successfully to the gate. As there was much crowding and disorder there, she turned once more at the head of her rear guard against her pursuers, and beat them back, thus gaining time for her troopers to get into the city; but when she herself made a dash for the gate she found an English troop barring the way. She slashed right and left and hewed her way through; but, alas! the gate was shut. No one heard her call, no one opened the gate, for it was feared that the English might rush through. Joan turned her horse, hoping to reach open country or find another gate. The enemy, seeing that she rode alone, plucked up courage. She was quickly surrounded, and a desperate fight ensued. An archer stole under her horse, seized her by her velvet cape, and pulled her down. She gathered all her strength for a last effort, but, overcome by superior numbers, sank exhausted upon her knee, and still fought on with her little remaining strength. Longingly she watched the city, but no one came to her rescue. At last she surrendered her sword to Lionel, one of the leaders in the Duke of Luxemburg's corps.

"The Maiden is captured," shouted the soldiers. The news flew from place to place and from troop to troop. The English celebrated the event with as much enthusiasm as if they had won a pitched battle. Well might they rejoice, for Joan's prowess had cost them two-thirds of their French possessions.

The Duke of Bedford, the Earl of Warwick, and the Bishop of Winchester instructed Brother Martin, Vicar General of the Inquisition, to demand the delivery of "the witch" into the hands of the Church. Martin wrote to the Duke of Burgundy as follows:—

begin{quote} "By virtue of the regulations of our order and of the Holy Roman See which give us the authority, we entreat and command, under lawful penalties, that you deliver to us the prisoner, the Maiden Joan, who is suspected of heresy, that she

may be proceeded against in the Court of the Holy Inquisition." end{quote}

"Both of us know," said the Duke of Burgundy to John of Luxemburg, "that Joan is not a witch but a noble maiden, and that we are bound to deliver all noble prisoners to our English allies for a consideration of ten thousand pounds. But we also know that the Maiden is an exception, as it is altogether probable that Charles VII will ransom her, for he has promised to do so." John of Luxemburg was satisfied, as he hoped to get more from the King than from the English. In the meantime he sent Joan to his castle Beaurevoir, where she was affectionately greeted by his wife.

Month after month passed, but nothing was heard from Charles VII. In the luxurious life he was leading he had not time to think of his rescuer, whom he had promised to ransom even if it cost him half his kingdom. For this reason the English were anxious to expedite matters. They instructed Cauchon, Bishop of Beauvais, in whose diocese Joan had been captured, to request her delivery to him and to conduct her examination. They offered ten thousand pounds to the Duke of Luxemburg, the ransom price of a general, and an annuity of three hundred pounds to Duke Lionel. In the middle of September the Duke of Luxemburg sent word to his wife he could wait no longer, but by her earnest pleading and by her excuse that the Duke of Bedford had not yet sent the money, she secured a further respite for Joan.

Joan burst into tears as she now for the first time realized the actual character of the situation. "Oh, I knew it would be so!" she exclaimed. "They have sold me, but I would rather die than be given into the hands of the English."

One stormy November evening the castle guards heard a scream which was audible even above the howling of the gale. They rushed

to the spot and found Joan in the moat. She had thrown herself from her window, but she had failed in her purpose. She was not dead. The event made the avaricious master of the castle fearful that he might lose his reward entirely, for how could he give security that this desperate maiden, in spite of the utmost watchfulness, might not carry out her purpose yet?

A few weeks later the rabble of Rouen stood before an iron cage suspended from a tower. Derisive epithets and cruel insults passed from lip to lip and were greeted with indecent laughter. In a corner of the cage sat a cowering figure bound with fetters. Her face could not be seen, for her head was bowed in anguish. One of the mob thrust his lance toward her to make her look up. He was successful. She slowly raised her head, and the crowd looked upon eyes full of sorrow, eyes full of purity and beauty,—the eyes of Joan. The Duke of Luxemburg had completed his infamous bargain. He had delivered her to the English.

* * *

[^28]: Compiègne, a town in the department of Oise, forty-five miles northeast of Paris, and famous as a royal residence. Its palace was rebuilt by Louis XV., and fitted up sumptuously by Napoleon I. Jean Renault sat in a tavern at Chinon, abstractedly gazing out over the flowery fields which were visible from his windows. It was a day in May, 1431, and the time and the scene painfully reminded him this was the third spring since the incidents in the forest and the Ursuline church. He was not a dreamer, however, but a man of quick and resolute action. It was the thought that he had been prevented from accomplishing the purpose upon which his heart was set that made him gloomy and abstracted. A heavy step interrupted his reverie.

"Ha! the villain," exclaimed La Hire, as he entered, almost beside himself with rage. "The sordid, venal wretch! The dishonorable scoundrel, who would sell that noble one for contemptible gold! But just let him wait! I am searching for him and I am on his track!"

"Noble sir," interrupted Jean, "of whom speak you?"

"Of whom am I speaking? Of whom else than Luxemburg? That —"

"Ah! of him! I too was thinking of him."

"I can well believe it, my boy," for although Jean was now a knight, La Hire continued to call him "my boy." "I cannot sleep because of it. Shame and disgrace upon him."

"I wish we had been at Compiègne. Then we should have had a chance to meet him."

"Yes, yes, to meet him—but the poor Maiden!"

"Yes, the poor Maiden! I was also thinking of her."

"She languishes in a gloomy prison."

"Yes, in a gloomy prison."

"Her delicate limbs are loaded with fetters."

"Yes, loaded with fetters!"

"Condemned to bread and water, like a felon."

"Condemned to bread and water!"

"She, the rescuer of France!"

"Of whom speak you, noble sir?"

"Of whom do I speak? Saint George, of whom else than Joan?"

"Of Joan? I thought it was of—"

"Ah, you were thinking of Marie! The poor child! May God's vengeance overtake Luxemburg!"

"And what about Joan?"

"Do you not know? Why, of course you do not, for I have not told you. He has given her up, sold her to the English, the villain!"

"Who has?" cried the astonished Jean.

"The Duke of Luxemburg."

"God help her! And the King?"

"Pah! the King! He doesn't care."

"Oh, the shame!"

"Oh, the disgrace!"

"But by what legal authority have they put Joan in prison?"

"By what legal authority? Ask the priests who have condemned her."

"The priests!"

"The vengeful English have given her to the Holy Inquisition. The Bishop of Beauvais conducted the proceedings, and she has been sentenced to life imprisonment for heresy."

"To life imprisonment! But how could they convict her of heresy?"

"They did not convict her. That simple child refuted every charge made against her by her sensible and devout replies to the questions

they asked her. They condemned her upon the charge of having intercourse with evil spirits."

"Shameful, it is shameful!" cried Jean, springing up in a rage.

"Yes, horrible!"

"Farewell, noble sir."

"What? Whither go you?"

"To Rouen. You must let me go. I shall not ask the King."

"But what will you do in Rouen?"

"Summon help if it be possible. Rescue Joan even if it should cost my life."

"Would that I could go with you! But I could be of no service. You will not accomplish your purpose, my boy. They have not only selected a special tower for her prison, but they have securely bound her with chains fastened to a post that cannot be reached by you. And there are two guards constantly on the watch outside and three inside the prison."

"But even that, noble sir, does not discourage me. It only makes me the more eager to be off; and there is something else that urges me on to Rouen."

"Well, God go with you, my boy. But I warn you to be careful. I wish I could go also. I would ask you to wait until I can be there, but it would not be right. You have waited too long already."

On the next day Jean rode to Rouen in the disguise of a peasant. While going through the recovered districts he rode as fast as the strength of his horse would permit, following the same circuitous route which he took on his first journey. On the last stretch he made

a still wider detour, which brought him into his own neighborhood, where he met peasants of his acquaintance, as he had expected. He left his horse with them and pursued his way on foot to Rouen. That city, as well as its vicinity, was in the hands of the enemy, and was so strongly garrisoned that little but English was heard on the streets,—a fact which caused Jean much misgiving. His appearance, however, did not excite attention, for intercourse between city and country had gradually been restored, and the peasants were freely bringing in their products for the market.

Jean's first move was to the church of Saint Ursula. There, at the place by the wall which was so familiar to him, he fell upon his knees, but he could not pray. He could hear his heart beating as he listened; but when he found that he was listening in vain and that there was no sign of life on the other side of the wall, he became more composed, and prayed fervently to Heaven for help. Upon his return to his lodgings he passed himself off for one of the curious crowd which was pouring in from near and far to see "the witch."

"You have come here to little purpose, good friend," said his host, "and yet there are some sights which will repay you. You can see the cage in which the prisoner was fastened, and the tower in which she is still confined."

"Is no one allowed to enter the tower? I would be satisfied if I could see her even from a distance."

"Why, what are you thinking of? No one should be allowed to see her, for she has intercourse with evil spirits! How easy it would be for one of those spirits to assume the appearance of a peasant and join a crowd of curious people, just as if it were one of them! Now the prison door opens! Hush! the spirit gets in there! and ps-t—they are gone. Do you see? That is the way with witches."

"Is that so?"

"Oh, yes! My grandmother, blessed—"

At this instant the loquacious host was called out. When he returned he had forgotten his story in his eagerness to make an announcement to his guest.

"You are a very lucky man," he said, beaming with delight.

"How so?" replied Jean.

"Why, look you! I thought I was too when I heard the news. I am perfectly delighted that you did not lodge with that pitiful fellow, Loup. Between ourselves, I can't endure that man. He has recently —but I will tell you about that another time. What was I saying? Oh, yes! Look, there comes my cousin, the dear, good woman! You cannot imagine how pious she is. His reverence, the Bishop, could tell you. Why, he has even taken her confessions many a time himself!"

"Yes, but what does all this mean?"

"Why, it means good news. I have stolen away to tell you, for it is still a secret, and my cousin has promised his reverence not to breathe a word of it to any one, and she first told Charlotte—"

"But what is this secret?"

"Well, what do you think? The witch has actually had intercourse with evil spirits in the prison!"

"Ah! How do you know that?"

"How? My cousin could tell you exactly. Let me see, how was it? Oh, yes; I have it. The witch had promised to renounce all her hellish practices and wear women's clothes. So they were brought into the prison; but notwithstanding that she was found the next morning with men's clothes on again. There you have it."

"But why do you conclude from that that she has intercourse with evil spirits?"

"Why? Do you still doubt? Holy Ursula! his reverence says so. My cousin, the good woman, she could tell you all about it; but she has gone just now to mass."

"But you were going to tell me some good news."

"Oh, yes; I had nearly forgotten it. It is this. As the witch has resumed her intercourse with the evil spirits, she will have to be tried again."

"Well, of what interest is that to me?"

"Of what interest is it to you? Holy Ursula! Is it not of the greatest interest to you that you have not come here in vain? When they sentence the witch again, she will stand upon a high platform, as she did the first time, and you will see her just as easily as you see me now."

"So! That is nice. But when will it be?"

"I do not know, little friend. But, ps-t, my cousin will find out all about it from his reverence."

"Is the Bishop here?"

"Not yet; but if he does not come to-day, he will be here in the morning."

"Well, surely, I arrived here at just the right time."

"Did I not tell you so? I am so glad you are not stopping with that disagreeable Loup, for he could not have told you a word about this matter."

"Of course not. He has not such a pious cousin who confesses to his reverence himself. But can I go now and see the tower and the cage?"

"Certainly, little friend; but listen. If you should meet that Loup, do not greet him, do not even look at him, for they say he has an evil eye—he might bewitch you."

"I will keep it in mind."

To his great disappointment Jean found the tower so well guarded that he could not be of the slightest assistance to Joan. He decided to withdraw and await events before forming any plans, and in the meantime make inquiries about Marie. While on his way back he heard from passers-by that the Bishop was momentarily expected, and that he would pass that way. As he did not wish unnecessarily to expose himself to the prelate's gaze, he entered the Ursuline church. It was empty. He went to the usual spot, and scarcely had he placed his ear to the wall before he clearly heard a sob, which seemed to come through the stone. Trembling with excitement, he listened all the more intently, but in vain. All was silent. Had he or had he not been deceived? All at once it seemed to him as if it were the voice of the girl in the carriage which he met in the forest, and that she could be no other than Marie of Chafleur. He quickly made his plans. As he stood leaning against a door, near which he had been kneeling apparently engaged in devotion, he pressed a piece of wax against the lock, went at once to a locksmith's in an out of the way street, and said his master wished a key made from the impression.

The next evening, when all Rouen was out to see the young King Henry of England make his entrance, Jean again found the church empty. He tried his key and it opened the door. He emerged into a long, dark passage-way which skirted the wall. If he was right

in his calculations, he would find the prison between this passage and the church. He felt along the wall, for he could see nothing. He was right. There was a door near the corner. It must lead to the prison out of which had come the sound of sobbing. With trembling hand he took another impression, groped his way back, closed the door in the church wall, and departed. The next day he obtained the second key. He now forsook the church for a time and devoted his attention exclusively to the fate of Joan. The strangest reports were circulated about her; but they were so incredible and withal so dreadful, that he paid little attention to them. What pained him the most was the certainty that he could do nothing to help her.

Thus matters stood on that 30th of May of the memorable year 1431. The sun gayly shone that morning, and the birds sang joyously in the trees and among the flowers. The doors of Rouen stood wide open. From far and near the multitude gathered. There was a sea of heads on the sides of the great market-place, and in the streets leading to it, and windows and roof-tops were crowded. In the middle of the square were three high platforms. Two of them, which faced each other, were evidently set apart for those directly concerned in the proceedings. The general interest centred, however, in the third platform, of the use of which there could be no doubt. The flooring rested upon a pile of wood so arranged that the logs made steps, and from the centre of the platform rose a stake to a man's height. The base of the pile was surrounded with bundles of fagots smeared with resin and pitch.

"Come on, little friend," said the innkeeper to Jean, as he went up some stairs. "I have a nice place for seeing. I am so glad you did not stop with that miserable Loup—but, holy Ursula! are you ill? Your hand is as cold as ice."

"I am not feeling very well," replied Jean, "and I would rather go back again."

"What! You don't mean to leave just as the spectacle begins! I will get a little potion for you which my cousin, the good woman —but, holy Ursula! the drums are already rattling. The judges are mounting the great tribunal. Look, there is his reverence. He has the parchment in his hand which contains the sentence. Pay attention. He will read it soon."

Jean did not hear a word. His eyes were fixed upon a distant spot whence, accompanied by the roll of drums and the shouts of the multitude, a procession was slowly making its way through the crowd.

"Do you see the cart?" said the innkeeper. "Do you see the witch in it? She is sitting by the side of Father Martin. That holy man has been praying by her side all night that the evil spirit may forsake her. Holy Ursula! See how they have bound her! Her hands are fastened, and her feet are in iron rings with a chain between."

The cart soon reached the square. Joan was led up to the second platform by Father Martin. The Bishop of Beauvais read the sentence amid the profound silence of the multitude:

"In the name of God, Amen.

"We, the Bishop of Beauvais, Master and Vicar of the Inquisition, pronounce sentence. As Joan, commonly called 'the Maiden,' has relapsed into heresy and apostasy, she is excommunicated, and herewith given over to the secular power for the infliction of the punishment provided for the heretic."

Some would have applauded, but they found no encouragement, for Joan had fallen upon her knees and was praying, and when she raised her head her face was as the face of an angel. Many began to realize that she was not a criminal, and loud sobs, indicating the growing change of feeling, were heard here and there. Observing

this, the judges hastened their work. An attendant approached her and placed a pointed cap on her head with the words, "Heretic, relapser, apostate, idolatress," written upon it. He then hurried her down the steps and led her to the pile, at the foot of which the executioner was in waiting.

"Leave me not, Father Martin," she implored, as the executioner seized her and dragged her up to the platform. The father followed and remained with her as the executioner bound her to the stake and then turned to descend.

"Pray for me, all pray for me," she cried to the people.

The executioner seized a torch and lit the fagots at the foot of the pile. Swiftly rose the flames.

"For God's sake, my father," cried Joan, "take care! Quick, quick, hurry down, but hold the crucifix high before me until I die."

Martin did as she requested. The Bishop of Beauvais approached.

"Bishop, Bishop," said Joan, reproachfully, "you are the cause of my death," and then as she felt the heat, she exclaimed, "O Rouen, I fear you will have to suffer for my death."

The flames mounted higher. A dense cloud of smoke concealed her, but now and then the wind swept it aside, and the people saw, not a devil's witch, but a praying angel with marvellously beautiful eyes fixed upon heaven. Suddenly the flames seized her garments. Her last word was "Jesus"—then a piercing death cry, and all was ended.

Figure 4: *The flames mounted higher, and the people saw, not a devil's witch, but a praying angel with eyes fixed upon heaven.*

Thus perished the Maid of Orleans, rescuer of France. She died forgotten and forsaken by him for whom she had done all, betrayed through the greed of her own countrymen, accused from motives

of revenge by her enemies. She died the most cruel of deaths, and yet was as guileless and pure as when she sat under the Fairy Tree tending her lambs. Joan is a unique figure in the world's history. A simple peasant maiden, who could neither read nor write, and knew only the Lord's Prayer, the Credo, and the Ave Maria, she achieved such extraordinary results by her gift of inspiration that her contemporaries and posterity in their efforts to explain them have had to attribute so much of the miraculous to her deeds that some have doubted her very existence.

The old market-place of Rouen now presented another spectacle. "Alas! alas! we have burned a saint," many said. The crowd remained a long time, as if riveted to the spot, staring at the fire as it consumed the last vestiges of the victim.

The innkeeper himself was so overcome that he forgot all about his companion. When he turned to speak to him, Jean was gone.

* * *

Marie of Chafleur had borne her imprisonment with unshaken courage. She was resolved that she would not be forced to take the vow, and though she suffered greatly in her damp, gloomy prison, —she who could still take childish delight in every little flower,— she remained true to her resolution.

The Abbess, who had been so favorably impressed by her when they first met, was still more impressed by her firmness, and gave her permission to visit her. Upon one such occasion the abbess kindly said: "You grieve me, my daughter. Your obstinacy may compel me to adopt severe measures."

Marie made no reply. She was looking out of the open window at the garden, which was now in full bloom, and was so absorbed with the view that she did not hear the Abbess. Her face was all aglow

with excitement, her eyes sparkled, and she gleefully clapped her hands. "Oh, how beautiful, how beautiful!" she cried, approaching nearer to the window. "Oh, if I could but be among those flowers!"

"You are childish," said the Abbess, without manifesting displeasure, however. "Listen, and pay attention to what I say."

Marie wiped away her rising tears and looked into the Abbess's face. "It is not very long ago that you were as young as I," she said, "and, oh, how beautiful you must have been without that veil! Tell me, have you never enjoyed yourself in the flowery meadows? Have you never chased the pretty butterflies, never listened to the songs of the birds, never breathed the fragrance of the flowers? Oh, tell me."

"Why do you call up such recollections, child?"

"Oh, yes, I know you have, and so you can understand me when I tell you it is impossible for me to stay within these walls. I must go. Surely, noble lady, you will not keep me here any longer. Oh, open the doors and let me out. I will go on foot and travel through the country all alone until I find my uncle. And even should I not find him, and have to suffer hunger, thirst, cold, and heat, still I should be happy. So once more, noble lady, I implore you to let me go."

"Child, child, you are asking impossibilities of me."

"Why impossible?"

"You have no idea of the implicit obedience required of us."

"But, noble lady, your vows and your discipline only bind you in your relations to the convent life, not to the outer world."

"You are mistaken, my daughter. We owe unquestioning obedience in all things to our superiors. Whatever they demand of us is right. It is not for us to question or decide."

"How is that, noble lady? Having dedicated yourself to Heaven, can you blindly follow human dictation?"

"Child, the will of the Church, to which we bow, is the will of Heaven."

"I do not understand that."

"That is because you are not in the right spirit to understand it."

"That may be true, but I am sure of one thing."

"What is that?"

"That you would not poison me even if you were ordered to do so."

"Child," said the astonished Abbess, "what put such a dreadful thought as that in your mind?"

"Because, though unconsciously, you have really begun to do it."

"You shock me! What do you mean? That I would poison—"

"The poison of the prison atmosphere, noble lady, is just as surely killing me as if it were real poison. So again I implore you to let me go. Do not degrade yourself by becoming a party to the shameful conspiracy which has been planned against me."

The Abbess might have replied to Marie at more length, but she was too thoroughly convinced of the truth of her words and the injustice which had been practised toward her to do so; and besides this, Marie's sweetness of nature and childish ways won more and more not only her sympathy but her affection.

"I cannot give you your freedom, my daughter," she replied, "but I will do all I can for you. You may stay in the garden during the day, but when the Bishop is here you will have to go back to the prison.

Perhaps mildness may accomplish more than severity. It is because of this hope, bear in mind, that I make this concession. Now go. Here is the key to the garden."

Marie fervently kissed her hand and ran off. The Abbess went to the window and thoughtfully watched her. The joyful expression of her face showed that her heart approved what her reason and sense of duty half condemned.

Marie's life now grew more cheerful, for the Abbess kept her word. She not only allowed her to go daily to the garden, but she admitted her to her confidence. Of course she had not the slightest idea that this would induce her to join the order, but she reasoned that if their relations became intimate she would not suspect any such purpose.

John of Luxemburg all this time was administering affairs as if he were the lawful owner of Marie's property, and so far ignored all her rights that after deducting the comparatively small sum due to the Bishop, he put the rest of the receipts into his own pocket without further ceremony. It actually seemed as if the two men little by little might yet accomplish their purpose. Though Marie felt very happy when she first set foot in the convent garden and the Abbess treated her so affectionately, yet the roses on her cheeks began to fade, and when she was alone in her narrow prison during the Bishop's visits her sorrowful sighs showed she was not in her usual cheerful spirits. Even in the garden her joyousness would vanish whenever she came near the high wall which surrounded it. The consciousness that she was a prisoner embittered every joy, and at last even made the garden unenjoyable. In this sad frame of mind the scenes of her childhood seemed to her like bright spots in a lost paradise. As she recalled the happiness of that paradise, the more keenly she realized the injustice which had driven her out of it. During that day when all Rouen was witnessing the awful spectacle in the old market-place, she sat more sorrowful than usual in her

prison. Of course she did not know what was going on, for no news from the outer world ever found its way within the convent walls. Whatever the cause may have been, whether her confinement this time had been longer than usual, or whether she had painted the lost happiness of her childhood in too lively colors, she was more unhappy than usual.

"My God! My God!" she moaned, "hast Thou utterly forsaken me? What crime have I committed that calls for such a frightful expiation? If I am guiltless why should godless men triumph? And you, my uncle! Is it because you are dead that your help is so long delayed? Oh! you brave one, who all alone confronted those robbers in the forest! Why wait you so long? Have you been mistaken? Am I not the one for whom you dared so much? Oh, be quiet, foolish heart, lest I persuade myself I really am that one."

She gradually regained her composure, smiled through her tears, and lost herself in fancies of another kind. At last, scared by her own thoughts, she resumed: "O thou Blessed Virgin, protect him! Keep him far away from here. Those against whom he would contend single-handed are too strong for him. Protect him."

As she spoke the last words there was a slight noise at the door. "They are coming to let me out," she said to herself; "the Bishop has gone." She wiped away her tears and stepped forward. The door opened, but it was a man's figure that she saw in the dim light, not the sister keeper.

"Is it you, Marie of Chafleur?" the stranger whispered, for he could see nothing in the prison.

"My God! what is it? Who are you?" said the terrified girl in a low voice.

"Be quiet," whispered the stranger. "If you are Marie of Chafleur, take this bundle. It contains a page's dress. Hasten! I will watch outside."

The poor girl trembled like an aspen leaf, but she took the bundle. She stood for a few seconds as if dazed, but quickly made her decision and stepped back into the prison. It was some time before she could make the change of costume, for her trembling hands were not as deft as usual, but at last she went out into the passage in her disguise.

"Give me all your clothes," whispered the stranger, "for if they are left here they will betray you."

Marie fetched them to him, and after making a bundle of them exactly like the one he had brought, he took the trembling girl by the hand and led her to the church door. Then he listened. All was still. "Softly, softly," he murmured as they left the church.

Who can picture Marie's glad surprise as she looked by daylight into the face of her protector for whose safety she had just before invoked the Virgin? There was little time for sentiment, however, for scarcely had Jean closed the door when they heard voices and steps in the street. He drew Marie down quickly, and they knelt together as if engaged in their devotions, while he listened intently to every sound near the entrance; but the steps they had heard were those of passers-by. Jean whispered, "I believe we have succeeded. Let us thank the Holy Virgin and Saint Ursula." With tremulous voices they murmured their gratitude, and then Jean said in a low tone: "Do you feel strong enough, noble lady, to go on alone?"

"Oh, I will be as strong as a man when away, far away from here," she answered.

"I will take the lead," said Jean. "Follow me at some little distance, so no one shall suspect we are acquainted with each other. The whole city is in commotion and crowded with strangers on account of the execution. They will not pay much attention to us. Do not look around much, lest some one may recognize you. Keep your eyes downcast, and they will think you have been overcome by the dreadful spectacle. In this way we may pass through the gate like the other strangers on their way home, and after that the Holy Virgin will help us the rest of the way."

Jean arose and left the church, and Marie followed his instructions. Everything turned out as Jean had said. The two met many groups standing on the walks or passing along the streets, and at last safely got through the gate. Marie could scarcely restrain her exultation, but Jean went calmly on, hurrying to the forest as fast as she could follow him. Marie's joy increased as she felt sure that she was rescued, for she could not believe that a trace had been left which would reveal the manner of her escape. She looked around, and finding that no one was following them, she gave expression to her happiness.

"My noble rescuer," she said, "I cannot longer keep silence and conduct myself like a Capuchin. It is inconsistent with my costume, you know. I must exult; I must shout, or I shall die right here before you—"

"Not yet," said Jean, without turning round. "It is not the time for shouting, still less for dying. We are not safe yet, though the most difficult part of our undertaking has been accomplished. Your exultation would be noticed from the city, and then there would be much curiosity among the pages to find out who it was that was so greatly pleased over the horrible spectacle. During the next few days they will move heaven and earth to catch the fugitive. Then some one will be certain to remember the exulting page of to-day."

Jean's advice made such an impression upon Marie that she restrained herself; but when she found herself within the shelter of the forest and Jean waiting for her, she could no longer keep still. She flew rather than ran over the green carpet. Her feelings overcame her when for the first time she found herself in Nature's majestic temple and felt its subtle and mysterious magic. She fell upon her knees and poured out a very passion of gratitude to Heaven. She thanked the Virgin for the happiness of which she had been so long deprived, for her rescue, and especially for the protection which had been given to her rescuer. Then she turned to Jean, and her tearful eyes betrayed the emotions of her heart.

"I have no words with which to thank you, gallant knight," said she.

"Oh, my noble lady," replied Jean, "if you only knew how happy it has made me to have brought you thus far, you would think me recompensed even too richly. But let us first think of the joy this will bring to the noble La Hire."

"What!" exclaimed Marie, "are you taking me to La Hire?"

"Yes! But let us hurry on, so that we may get out of the English district before the news of your flight is spread abroad."

They went on again, and shortly met the peasants with whom Jean had left his horse. He bought another for Marie, and they rode off together. Once more he safely travelled the dangerous road, and on the next day they had passed the last city occupied by the English. They met with no difficulties during the rest of the journey, and after changing their costumes at the lodgings in Chinon, Jean took Marie to La Hire's apartment.

La Hire was not aware of their arrival at the inn. He was greatly excited, for he had just heard the news of Joan's death. Aroused to the highest pitch of fury, he had cursed her enemies, then flung

himself into a chair, and seriously debated whether he should not break his sword rather than serve such a King longer. He was of too noble a nature, however, to come to such a decision. There were enemies of the fatherland yet to fight, and he had some other duties to accomplish. He had just made his decision, when he heard a well-known voice behind him.

"Here, noble sir, is Marie of Chafleur."

The knight sprang up. Words cannot describe his joy. He stood like a statue, with his eyes fixed upon her.

"What!" he exclaimed at last, "is this charming girl the little Marie, my sister's child?" He opened wide his arms, and she flew to his embrace. He kissed her hair, and lovingly stroked her cheeks.

"My poor child," he gently said, "how you must have suffered!" Marie only answered with a sigh.

"You shall tell me all about it some other time. Be quiet now, my daughter. From now on no one shall harm a hair of your head. And this Luxemburg! By Saint George, he shall make reparation to me for every tear you have shed."

He resumed his seat, and then turned to Jean.

"Come to my heart, my son. I knew that you were as brave and determined and valiant as any one, but I did not believe you would bring this child back. I am anxious to know how you did it, but just now I am too full under my doublet to listen. I believe there are tears running down my beard. I don't know when that ever happened before. It must be because this is a real heart's joy you have given me, my boy. Yes, yes, you and poor Joan have both shown what resolute purpose can do when it is persisted in to the end. Children," he exclaimed to both of them, "you have made

me young again. The end will be fine. Just now I determined to fight the English still longer, and I know," with a look at Jean, "who will be with me. But that is not the end I mean. That is only the common duty. I know a finer end than that." He looked with joyous eyes from Jean to Marie, and from Marie to Jean. "Yes, a finer end than that, and by Saint George I will accomplish it."

The valiant knight did accomplish it. Just two years from that day he stood on the steps of a lordly castle, happier perhaps than he had ever been before in his life, and watched a carriage which was coming toward the castle amid the enthusiastic shouts of the peasants. In this carriage the lawful owner of the castle was making his entrance to take possession, for the English had been driven out of that whole region.

The master of the castle was Jean Renault, and by his side sat his happy spouse, Marie of Chafleur.

* * *

Appendix

It is impossible to compile a chronological statement of all the events in the life of Joan of Arc, as many of the dates are uncertain and some are unknown, but those given below are measurably accurate.

- 1411—Born at Domremy, France.
- 1422—Henry VI. of England proclaimed King of France.
- 1428—The Voices bid Joan to crown the Dauphin and raise the siege of Orleans.

- 1429—Joan goes to the Dauphin and recognizes him as the disguised king; is placed in command of the Army; enters Orleans, April 29, and forces the English to raise the siege, May 8; subsequently captures Jargeau, Beaugency, and other cities, and overwhelmingly defeats the English at Patay; leads the Dauphin to Rheims, and assists at his coronation; is ennobled, Dec. 29.
- 1430—Joan is taken prisoner at Compiègne, May 24.
- 1431—Joan is sold to the English and delivered by them to the Inquisition, Jan. 3; at her first trial is declared guilty of heresy and sorcery and sentenced to imprisonment for life; at her second trial upon charges of "heresy, relapse, apostasy, and idolatry" is sentenced to be burned at the stake; her death, May 30.
- 1456—Sentence revoked by the Pope.
- 1904—Preliminary steps toward canonization of Joan taken at Rome.

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