Saints and Heroes of Christ the King

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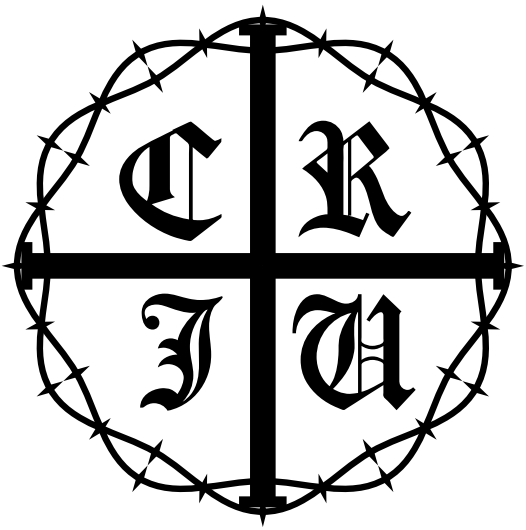

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The Life of St. Louis, King of France

Preface

One of the greatest privileges of the historian is to paint the actions of great men and transmit them to posterity. What price does not this noble prerogative acquire, when he offers to the admiration of ages, a prince, in whom is found the rare assemblage of those warlike virtues which constitute heroes, those estimable qualities which make good kings, and those perfections of the soul, which belong only to the true Christian?

Saint Louis is as much above the most illustrious personages of our history, as the tableau of his life presents advantages rarely found in that of heroes. The latter placed in extraordinary situations can be offered as models only to a small number of persons; but the actions of Saint Louis have this peculiarity: that each one of them presents a sublime lesson, lasting, applicable to all, and from which each can draw a useful lesson. Such is the effect of true piety: the least things are ennobled by it; it places, if we may be allowed the expression, heroism at the door of holy and ordinary souls.

Louis IX was a prince destined to be in all things the model of men. His piety, which was that of an anchorite, took from him no kingly virtue; a wise economy deprived him not of his liberality; he knew how to join profound policy with exact justice. Prudent and firm in council; intrepid in war without being rash; compassionate as though he had always been unfortunate; it is scarcely in the power of man to carry virtue to a greater extent.

It is not given us to imitate the grand qualities of the monarch, but all the virtues of the Christian are ours. If the greatest prince of his age has become a saint, cannot we have the same aspirations? As King, he is the model of kings; as a Christian, he is the model of all men.

He reigned for his people; he benefitted them to the extent of his ability without seeking the blessings of those whom he rendered happy.

His benefits have been and will be felt, and glory will redound to him as the price.

He combatted for his subjects and for his God. As conqueror, he has pardoned; as the vanquished, he has endured captivity without resistance. His life was passed in innocence and in penance; he breathed his last sigh on ashes. The hero and the Father of France, the model of kings and of men, the lily of the Bourbons, protects

from on high our princes and our country.

This just eulogy can give some idea of the prince whose life we are about to write; but this is done above all by the actions which he performed, and we will relate simply what he was, and what he did, persuaded that this is the best means to perpetuate his memory.

Youth and Regency

Philippe Auguſte was about to triumph over Bouvines by a formidable coalition, and the throne, ſtrengthened againſt foreign attacks, already commenced to enjoy the fruits of this celebrated period, when the holy king, whoſe hiſtory we write, was born at Poiſſy (25th April 1215). He was the ſon of Louis, prince royal of France, and Blanche of Caſtille. This virtuous princeſs, daughter of Alphonſe IX, king of Caſtille, joined to rare beauty a prudence ſtill more rare. In her was admired an exemplary piety, which manifeſted itſelf in unremitting zeal for the intereſts of religion, and a capacity uncommon to her ſex, in all that concerned politics and ſtate government.

Blanche did not wiſh to confide to another the duty of nurſing her ſon: ſhe ſubmitted with joy to this natural duty, taking every precaution to ſtrengthen the phyſical conſtitution of the royal infant, expecting that time would develop the faculties of his mind.

After a glorious reign of forty-three years, Philippe Auguſte died, leaving the kingdom more flouriſhing and the crown more reſpected than it had ever been ſince the time of Charlemagne. His ſon, Louis VIII, who ſucceeded him, had already given ſuch proofs of courage as to cauſe him to be ſurnamed the Lion. Called to the throne of England by the wiſhes of the Lords and the people, diſguſted by the cruelties of John Lackland, this prince had reigned a ſhort time in Great Britain, having ſoon been compelled to yield the place to the ſon of his competitor, who was the lawful ſovereign.

Having become king of France, Louis VIII applied himſelf to purſue the courſe of his father, and ſhowed no leſs activity in the execution of his deſigns. During the ſhort period of a reign of three years, he triumphed over the pretenſions of ſome great vaſſals, who ſaw with chagrin that he limited the too great independence which they had enjoyed under moſt of the preceding kings; conquered the Engliſh, whoſe poſſeſſions in France embraced ſeveral vaſt provinces; repulſed the Gaſcons; and ſubdued the Albigenſes. It was on his return from this laſt war that he died at the chateau of Montpenſier in Auvergne, regretted by the people, to whom he was endeared by his brilliant qualities (1226).

When this melancholy news was communicated to the Queen, ſhe, at firſt, indulged in the moſt poignant ſorrow: but regaining ſoon the firmneſs natural

to a great character, she thought of the interests of her eldest son, scarcely twelve years of age, and lost no time in causing him to be crowned. It is he who is now about to reign under the name of Louis IX.

The late king, by the arrangement of his affairs, had left the regency to the Queen; the latter feared not to undertake a burden so painful under the circumstances in which she was placed. All the nobles of the kingdom were commanded by her to assist at the coronation of the young king, but the greater part excused themselves under different pretexts. The Count of Boulogne, uncle of the monarch, the Duke of Bourgoyne, the Counts of Dreux, of Bar, of Blois, and the three brothers of Coucy, alone attended. The Countesses of Flanders and of Champagne were present also, and each on account of the absence of her husband claimed the honorable prerogative of bearing the sword on that occasion. To put an end to this singular contest, it was necessary to yield this right, which belonged to the most ancient nobles of the kingdom, to the Count of Boulogne. From this moment they were enabled to form an idea of what they might expect from a prince whom God had gifted with such ardent piety. The idea of pronouncing a solemn oath, of which, notwithstanding his youth, he felt the importance, inspired him with fear. At the moment of his coronation, he exclaimed, like the holy king David: My God, I have raised my soul to You, and in You I have put my trust.

In the meantime, Thibaut, Count of Champagne, was returning to assist at the ceremony of the coronation, but on account of some grievous charges which preceded him, they forbade him to continue his journey. The Barons represented to him that if he attempted to raise new fortifications in his palace, the kingdom would rise against him. Thibaut, irritated by this affront, thought only of revenge, and from that time entered into a stricter alliance than ever with the Counts of Bretagne and of Manche; spirits as haughty as himself, and who, since the reign of Louis VIII, had formed a league against both present and future generations.

These three Lords, so powerful in themselves, drew to them a crowd of followers, who for slight causes indulged in discontent against the court, and endeavored to increase the disorders so as to profit by them. This dissension was excited by the King of England, who was anxious to regain Normandy and some other provinces that Philippe Auguste had added to the crown. As for the other factionists, they had, apparently, no determined end in view; at least they had disclosed none. The only pretext which they alleged for their rebellion was the refusal of the regent

to restore the lands that had been seized or confiscated during the two preceding reigns. On this refusal they took up arms and openly commenced hostilities.

The number and strength of this multitudinous army could not daunt the soul of the regent. This princess, endowed with a great and penetrating mind and an indefatigable activity, expected by this startling revolt to gain followers and make friends for the King her son. The Count of Boulogne, the uncle of Louis, was of great assistance to the cause which he embraced; several concessions were made him which reflected but little credit to the crown, and by this means, the leaders of the so-called factions were baffled. The Count of Flanders, a vassal no less powerful, had been a prisoner since the battle at Bouvines; the regent, to render him an auxillary, restored him liberty on the most lenient terms. After having made all necessary arrangements with the promptitude that the case required, this princess placed herself with her son at the head of a powerful army and took the route to Champagne. The Cardinal of Saint-Ange, Legate of the Pope, the Counts of Boulogne and Dreux accompanied the king. The inclemency of the season, it being winter, rendered an enterprise of this nature doubtful: the count of Champagne, stunned at so unexpected an attack, hastened to the King, cast himself at his feet, and implored his clemency. Louis, either from a natural nobleness of spirit, or through the counsel of his mother, received him favorably, and pardoned him with a grace that heightened the favor bestowed. Thibaut, touched by his generosity, arose and swore eternal fidelity at all hazards. Thus terminated, without effusion of blood, a campaign the result of which might have periled the monarch on his throne, if time had been allowed to strengthen the rebellion.

The success of this expedition determined the Queen to hasten towards Loire, to engage in a combat against the Britons. The Counts of Bretagne and of Marche at first acted on the defensive and refused to submit to other judgment. The royal army having advanced as far as Loudun, these two Counts did not think it their duty to contest arms, and presented themselves to the Monarch, who granted them peace on conditions by no means rigorous.

The Duke of Guyenne remained with his English troops and with the famous Savari de Mauleon, who had caused many of the nobles of Poitou to flock to his standard. The King sent against them his troops, who defeated them and compelled them to retire to their own dominions. Shortly after, by agreement, they entered into a truce of one year's duration; peace appeared now to be re-established

in every portion of the kingdom. The spirit of faction, however, pervaded France, and soon manifested itself; in order to quell it, it was necessary to have recourse to other and more severe measures.

The young King, on his return to Paris, left soon after with a few of his followers for Orleans. The malcontents whose designs had been frustrated thought the occasion favorable, and scrupled not to use perfidious means to accomplish their designs. The plans for the seizure of the Monarch were so well formed that the success of their dialoyal enterprise appeared to admit of no doubt; but God, who watched over this exemplary King, permitted not the accomplishment of their dark designs. Information was given to Louis sufficiently early for him to seek an asylum, from whence he demanded assistance.

On hearing of the danger with which the King was menaced, the Parisians armed themselves and flocked in crowds to defend him; the nobility and burgeois swelled the number of his faithful partisans. In a few hours the road which separated the Capital from the place in which the King had taken refuge was crowded, and so great was the number of armed men, that Louis passed among them as he would have done through the files of his guard. Joyous acclamations rent the air and he was loaded by the people with benedictions. The clergy and those prevented by age or the stern necessities of life petitioned God to grant their young prince life and prosperity, and shield him from his enemies.

Whilst the nation thus loudly manifested its devotion to its king, the rebels, mortified by the disastrous termination of their enterprise, withdrew to their different provinces, there to shelter themselves from pursuit, which they had every reason to expect; but this once the clemency of the Monarch left their audacity unpunished, without, however, being able to overcome their ill will.

The tranquility which followed this event gave to the Queen leisure to occupy herself almust exclusively with the education of her son. Her first care was that he should be surrounded by those men of the kingdom whose science and virtue alike recommended them. The progress of Louis was worthy of such tender solicitude. His natural disposition, joined to constant application and above all an admirable docility, lessened the principal difficulties of study. The respect which he entertained for his mother caused him to experience pleasure whilst adorning his mind with virtue and ascending the hill of science; her approbation formed his chief delight. Pouring over historic pages was his favorite amusement. It is this

that forms kings, that teaches them to distinguish the language of truth from that of base flattery, and enables them to avoid the numerous quicksands by which they are surrounded. He studied Latin with success sufficient to explain the writings of the Holy Fathers; these were found at that time only in the hands of the learned. A Latin letter of his is now extant, written to the Queen his Mother during his voyage to Palestine.

Whilst skillful masters labored diligently to enrich the mind of the young King with useful knowledge, his virtuous Mother endeavored to instill into his heart the principles of religion which seemed to have had already birth. Of what value are not the precepts of a Mother when accompanied by such constant example! The Queen, his Mother, often remarked to him: "My son, God knows how dear you are to me, but rather than see your soul stained by one mortal sin, I would prefer to see you fall dead at my feet." Never was this beautiful lesson effaced from the memory of the saintly King, and none could doubt but that he owed to these sentiments of purest piety all those virtues which elevated him, not only above all Kings, but also above all men.

It was in this manner, that the pious Queen showed herself worthy of the confidence with which her august spouse had invested her. The enemies of Blanche, jealous that a stranger should exercise supreme authority, sought to blacken her character by the most atrocious calumnies. Unfortunately, tney succeeded in gaining to their party the Count of Boulogne, son of Phillippe Auguste and uncle of the present king, who would have had an incontestable right to the regency if Blanche had not been appointed by Louis VIII. The regret that he experienced in not being able to wield the sceptre determined him to listen to the suggestions of the conspirators. Without entering, at first, into their project of aggression, he contented himself with strengthening his fortresses, and particularly that of Calais, which from a small village became, by its situation, a commodious port and important city.

In a Council held at Corbeil, the chief of the conspirators agreed that the Count of Bretagne should first raise the standard of revolt; that the King at this news would rally all around him; that they should all flock to him, not to defend the place, but to enable the troops of Bretagne more readily to secure his person. No sooner had this fact been communicated to the Count of Champagne, who assisted at this Council, than he revealed all to the King, and with three hundred

chevaliers hastened to his assistance. The treason by this means was baffled, and the Count of Bretagne, surprised at the moment when he least expected it, was compelled to throw himself on the clemency of the King, who deigned to pardon him.

This unexpected termination of an enterprise whose success appeared certain exasperated the conspirators against Thibaut, who had twice frustrated their project by his defection. They at first resolved to avenge themselves; but hoping to regain him as an auxillary, they had recourse to another stratagem to detach him from the service of the King, whose retainers were but limited. Thibaut, still young, was a widower, blessed with an only daughter. The Count of Bretange proposed an alliance between his daughter and Thibaut, thinking by this means to attach him more firmly to his league. The offer was accepted; the wedding day appointed; Thibaut departed for the Abbey of Val-Secret, where an interview was to take place; but scarcely had he commenced his journey than the following letter from the King, his sire, reached him:

> Count Thibaut of Champagne, I have heard that you contemplated an alliance with the house of Bretagne; nevertheless, write saying that though dear the daughter of Bretagne, the interests of France forbids such an alliance. With the reasons you are acquainted; in the Count, France finds her greatest enemy.

Obedient to this order, Thibaut returned; revoked his promise; excused himself to the Count of Bretagne; then visited Chateau-Thierry, where a short time after he espoused Margurette de Bourbon.

The rage of the conspirators on hearing this cannot be expressed. All had assembled at Val-Secret under the pretext of assisting at the nuptials; their real design was open rebellion. The only thought was to punish him who had violated his word. Their first act was to make the Queen of Cyprus his enemy, who might be considered as the rightful heir to the province of Champagne. The Count of Boulogne, who until this time had taken no part in the dispute, loudly declaimed against Thibaut, accusing him of having poisoned the late King. Historians regard this as an odious imputation without the least foundation. Be this as it may, the Count of Boulogne, idolized by the nation, increased the number of the malcontents by his influence over the nobles who until then had been faithful to

the King.

As soon as they had united their troops, they fell with impetuosity on Champagne, burning and laying waste this unfortunate country. The hatred which animated the chiefs communicated itself to the subalterns, and left the latter full liberty to indulge in the most frightful excesses. It is impossible to relate the cruelties practised during this expedition. Thibaut could not resist his numerous enemies, and was compelled to raze to the ground several fortresses in order to retrench their supplies.

The King could not remain a tranquil spectator of the ruin of one of his vassals, especially when the real cause of so much blood-shed was the fidelity which he showed to his sovereign; consequently, he commanded the malcontents to throw down their arms, and foreseeing their refusal, he marched at the head of his troops to see that they obeyed his commands. Thibaut joined him with all the troops he could raise, and the Duke of Lorraine hastened to enlist under the royal standard. The regent reiterated the order, already announced to the rebels, to evacuate Champagne. They insolently replied that ***they*** would see justice done, and not leave it to a woman whose authority had been acquired by the murder of her husband. The royal army now advanced against them; the moment was decisive. The united Princes hesitated in the course which they had intended to pursue; afterwards, to reconcile their vengeance with the respect which they entertained for their arms, they said to the King that they would engage in the combat between the Duke of Lorraine and the Count of Champagne, though their troops numbered some 300 less.

Louis, then displaying that noble pride which is so becoming to a King of France, replied that he could not witness a combat between his subjects, and that the rebels must either engage in the battle offered them or immediately quit the domains of the Count. So much firmness in one so young astonished the nobles; they deputed new messengers to the King to say that they would prevail upon the Queen of Cyprus to relinquish her claims. The young monarch coldly replied that he would dispense with their services. To no proposal of peace will I listen, added he, neither will I suffer Thibaut to listen to any, even if by so doing Champagne should be delivered from the troops who are now laying it waste. The confederates, no longer hoping to change his magnanimous resolution, and commencing to dread the consequences which might arise from this revolt, retreated to a short

distance. The King pursued them, driving them before him, until they reached the Earldom of Nevers, at which place they dispersed.

Having delivered his vassal from an unjust oppression, the young King, guided by the counsels of his mother, thought of terminating the difference between Thibaut and the Queen of Cyprus. The latter supported her claims by right of birth, being the daughter of the last Count of Champagne; Thibaut was only nephew, but the throne had been bequeathed to him. After much negotiating, it was agreed that the Queen should renounce all pretensions, receiving a considerable pecuniary indemnity. The Count being unable to pay the sum agreed on, the King undertook it, and Thibaut ceded to the crown the Earldoms of Blois, Chatres, Sancerre, and Chateaudun with their dependencies.

The King had scarcely returned to the Capitol when a rebellion broke out among the students of the University. Nearly all were engaged in it, and their arrogance was increased by the numerous privileges granted by the Kings to this flourishing establishment. A private quarrel had given rise to this revolt. Two years and the intervention of great authority were necessary to cause the obstinate to return to their duty. Their high opinion of their own talents had, no doubt, inspired them with exaggerated ideas of independence.

They were engaged in settling this disgraceful affair when they were compelled to march against Mauclere, Count of Bretagne, who, in concert with Guyenne, had invaded the territories of the French, everywhere spreading terror and desolation. The Queen assembled the nobility and the bourgeois; whilst Parliament proceeded to act juridically against the rebel prince, the King advanced at the head of his army, though in the midst of an inclement season.

The first operation was the siege of Bellesme, a place considered impregnable and in which the Count of Bretagne had placed the elite of his troops. The royal army suffered much from cold; already had several soldiers perished for want of fuel, when the Queen, who supported the fatigues of this war with admirable constancy, caused proclamation to be made that large rewards would be given to those bringing wood to the quarters of the besieged. So great was the quantity brought, that the army having only to struggle against an enemy that it equalled in courage, succeeded in overthrowing by means of machines those fortresses considered impregnable, and the garrison, reduced to extremity, was obliged to capitulate. Soon after, the Duke of Guyenne, who was confident of victory, retired

with his troops, complaining that the Count of Bretagne had deceived him by his reports. The latter, abandoned by his English allies, submitted again to the King; took new oaths which the monarch feigned to believe, not being sufficiently sure of the assistance of other Barons to push matters further.

The happy success of an expedition conducted by the King in person served to encourage those who had remained faithful and to warn the enemies of the King to put a limit to their undertakings. This first victory was followed by another more brilliant and the effects of which proved more advantageous to the crown. The last two reigns had been troubled by the war of the Albigenses. The conquest of Louis VIII in Languedoc seemed to have terminated it, but the death of that prince and the broils in the kingdom during the minority of his successor enabled the heretics to repair a portion of their losses. Raymond, Count of Toulouse, who commanded them, attacked the troops that the late King had left in the Southern Provinces. They fought on both sides with a ferocity equal to that exhibited in a civil war; but in several engagements important advantages were gained by the soldiers of Raymond.

At this time, a crusade against the heretics was contemplated; but the wisdom of the King and regent obtained by negotiation what twenty years of war had not been able to effect: the entire submission of the Counts of Toulouse and of Foix, the re-establishment of peace, and the triumph of religion in the provinces. By the marriage of Jeanne, daughter of Raymond, with Alphonse, brother of the young King, the party of the Count of Toulouse was more nearly allied with the royal house, and consequently the domain of the crown was increased.

All admired the skill of the Queen, and attached themselves more firmly to a prince who had so well profited by her instructions. The Count of Bretagne still remained obstinate, notwithstanding the small success of his treasons. Abandoned by the French Barons, he once more had recourse to Henry, King of England, to whom he rendered homage as to his sovereign and obtained from him magnificent promises. Louis was at Saumur when he received an insolent letter from the Count which decided him to march immediately against this rebel. The royal army had already taken Angers and several other places when the vassals of the crown, who according to the law of tenure were only compelled to serve forty days, declared that their term had expired and that the King must consent for them to return to their homes. The Counts of Flanders and Champagne alone

evinced loyal dispositions; but fearing an attack on their own domains they begged leave of absence. The disbanded troops, instead of retiring peaceably, attacked and pillaged Champagne.

Soon they learned that the English monarch was about to embark for Bretagne with a considerable army. At this news, Louis again assembled his nobility and prepared to seize Ancenis, Oudon, and Chantauceaux. During this time, Henry, who appeared to have visited France only to assist at a Grand Fete, gave himself up to unbounded hilarity. Balls, festivals, and plays succeeded each other during the day. The English troops, following his example, indulged themselves in the most shameful debauches. Such disorders were sufficient to destroy an army whose number would have enabled it to conquer a kingdom. Louis judged that as the enemy seemed desirous of ruining themselves, he would allow them to do so without shedding blood uselessly. Consequently he left on the frontiers of Bretagne troops sufficient to contend with the English, if combat should become necessary. He returned with his court to Compiegne, where he occupied himself in settling the differences between the principal nobles of the kingdom, and succeeded in effecting a general reconciliation.

After so many civil wars, France revived. Louis, to whom his Mother had abandoned a portion of her authority, though he was still a minor, devoted himself entirely to the promotion of happiness among his people. This young monarch, occupied in so paternal a duty, deprived himself even of those amusements which were allowed him.

In order to insure tranquility to his kingdom, he fortified those places most exposed to the incursions of the enemy, and renewed the ancient alliances with the emperor. Then he turned his attention to the Jews, who at that time overran France. These extortioners of the State, alternately banished and recalled, accumulated much of the wealth of the nation. The King, to put an end to these extortions, forbade the Jews to loan money for a longer period than three years, and declared those debts that should not be attended to during this period to be null. At the same time, this holy monarch caused all the Barons to take an oath to lend no assistance to those who should violate this decree.

Whilst Louis delivered his people from the scourge which for so long a time had devoured their substance, he consecrated a portion of his time and immense wealth to works of piety. He furnished the Abbey of Saint Denis with means to

rebuild its church, and founded himself the celebrated Abbey of Royaumont in Beauvoisis. It is said that on this last he worked in his leisure moments, and that he even assisted in carrying stones and cultivating the garden. However this may be, it was for him a peaceful retreat, where he went to adore God in silence, serve the poor, and recreate himself after his fatiguing exertions in governing.

Under the management of the regent all things prospered, and already she reaped the fruits of her care. Louis, wise, pious, and courageous, was now of an age when the interests of France required that he should seek an alliance with some noble house. Blanch regarded favorably Marguerite, daughter of Raymond Beranger, Count of Provence. This young Princess was endowed with extraordinary charms, a brilliant mind, goodness, wisdom, and modesty, which endeared her to the provincials. The troubadours sang unceasingly of the virtues of Marguerite. The Count received with respect and gratitude the proposals made to him in the name of the King, and soon a young Queen, worthy of the affection of her spouse, added a new charm to the court (1233).

Scarcely had the fetes occasioned by this marriage terminated before war was again announced. The truce concluded three years before with England and the Count of Bretagne was nearly terminated. The latter had already made some incursions on the lands of the allies of the King. They thought seriously of punishing his temerity. After a short delay, Louis entered Bretagne at the head of a powerful army, and such was the rapidity of his march that the Count, to whom the English were but of little assistance, was compelled to submit to conditions which henceforth deprived him of nearly all power of attempting another revolt.

This submission was one of the last events of any importance that characterized the regency. The King was no longer a minor, though for several years he was guided by his Mother in the management of his affairs. The latter during her life reigned under the name of her son, and in concert with him. The good of the kingdom was the only object of both; thus harmony prevailed.

Early Reign

After his majority, Louis was compelled to treat harshly one who had formerly served him faithfully. Thibaut, Count of Champagne, had inherited the throne of Navarre; and either because of this new title he thought himself dispensed from those obligations which as a vassal he owed his King, or his rebellious dispositions having returned because [he was] more wealthy and powerful than ever, he violated the treaty; allied his daughter to the eldest son of the Count of Bretagne, whose fidelity was suspected by the Barons. This affair was conducted so secretly that the King was in ignorance of it until the marriage had taken place. It would have been much to his interest to have prevented this union. Not being able to remedy it, Louis required Thibaut to give up three of his towns, in case he had been the first to propose this alliance which had been formed without the knowledge of the King. The haughty vassal, instead of replying to this summons, prepared for war, and fortified his principal cities. But soon he was constrained to yield to royal power, and to purchase peace by renouncing the tenures of Montereau-faut-Toune and Bray-sur-Seine. The King moreover obliged him to undertake a voyage to Palestine, and forbade him to appear in France for seven years.

Shortly after, the holy King was exposed to a danger from which he was manifestly delivered by the hand of God. A vague report had spread in the east of a pretended expedition headed by this prince. At that time there existed in the mountains of Persia, and in those of Syria, a sect of fanatics who, under the title of Islamites, professed a species of Mahometism, and lived in a state of continual hostilities with all nations. They were called assassins, from the Arabic word hasisin, which signifies slayer, because they thought themselves obliged to kill all those who had the misfortune to displease their Chief. The latter reigned so despotically over his subjects that if so disposed he could deprive them both of property and life. He often made use of this prerogative to rid himself of those neighboring princes whose views conflicted with his own. As soon as he manifested a desire to destroy one of them, he found docile instruments ready to execute his orders. They set out disguised to the residence of their victim and awaited a favorable occasion to assassinate him; but had they failed, they would have still been unembarrassed. If they perished in the struggle, they were replaced by others, animated with like

ferocity and a similar contempt for life.

The Chief of these assassins, hearing that the King contemplated an attack, dispatched two of his subjects to deliver him from an enemy whose reputation had reached the interior of the east. The assassins had no sooner departed than the Chief, animated by a humane sentiment, sent deputies to the King to warn him of the peril with which he was menaced. Louis loaded the envoys with presents; redoubled his fervor and piety, referring to God alone his miraculous escape.

An occasion soon offered itself for displaying his piety. Necessity compelled the Emperors of Constantinople to deliver to the Venetians the holy crown of thorns of our Lord, in payment of a large sum which they owed. The Emperor Baudouin, before delivering up this precious relic, offered it to the King, who hastened to obtain it by paying the sum due the Venetians. It was conveyed to Paris and received with much pomp. Within the enclosure of his palace, the King caused to be erected the Holy Chapel, in which the holy crown was exposed in a magnificent case (1238).

At the same time, Louis directed his attention to the alliances contracted by the nobles. He knew the influence that marriages contracted with foreigners would exert on Lords already so powerful. He opposed with firmness the marriage of Jeanne of Ponthien with the King of England, and that of the widow of the Count of Boulogne with the Count of Leycester; however, he rewarded these two princesses by alliances no less honorable, but more conformable to the interests of the kingdom. His attention was then directed to the affairs of his two brothers, Robert and Alphonse. The former, invested with the title of Cont d'Artois, espoused Matilda, sister of the Duke of Brabant; the latter was united to the daughter of the Count of Toulouse, to whom he had been affianced since his ninth year. On this occasion the King displayed royal magnificence, but was soon surpassed by the pomp and splendor of the fetes which took place when the order of Knight-hood was conferred on his brothers. They were, says Joinville, fetes without parallel. These festivals consisted principally of tilts, jousts, and tournaments.

The year following, new troubles in Languedoc made the King's presence necessary. He repaired thither at the head of an army and easily succeeded in restoring peace. That which mostly contributed to maintain it was the resolution that many of the nobles had taken to attempt the conquest of Palestine. The

moment was favorable; the Saracens had not sufficient troops to defend themselves from the frightful multitude of Tartars that menaced the whole of the East. On this occasion was seen Thibaut, King of Navarre and Count of Champagne; Peter Mauclere; John of Dreux, his brother; Hugh, Duke of Bourgoyne; Henry, Count of Bar; Robert of Courtenai; Gauthier of Brienne; [and] Amauri of Montfort, high constable of France, who represented the King. Louis beheld with pleasure the departure of the greater number of these barons, who had caused so many dissensions. Unembarrassed by the disquietude which their ambition still caused him, he devoted himself entirely to promote the welfare of his subjects. This was the only fruit of this expedition. The disunion which prevailed among the crusaders prevented them from gaining any lasting advantage. Owing to the mismanagement of this enterprise, the greater number lost their lives and liberty; the remainder returned to France in a deplorable condition.

The new empire of Constantinople, founded by the Count of Flanders, was in a state of defense against the attacks of the Greeks, Turks, and Bulgarians. Baudouin II, who then reigned under the tutelage of the brave John of Brienne, came to France to solicit aid, and was welcomed by the King with the courtesy due an unfortunate prince. The greater number of the Lords, forgetful of the unfortunate termination of the first crusade, hastened to raise the holy cross as the standard. In a short space of time, Baudouin was placed at the head of a considerable army. Obstructions placed in his way by the Emperor Frederick II diminished, it is true, the number of Crusaders; but those that remained were sufficient to establish the young King on his throne, at least for the present.

Whilst the East was the theatre of continual war, the western empire was far from enjoying tranquility. The dissensions of the Guelphs and Ghibellines desolated Italy and Germany. Each of the two parties had endeavored to attach the King to its interests; but the wisdom of the latter enabled him to avoid such shipwreck, and he remained neutral.

Soon after the King withdrew to Saumur to hold a plenary-court; an assembly which was held by the great in former times. These assemblies differed from those that were generally held in March or May. The object of the latter was to investigate the state of public affairs, whilst the former, in reality, were only brilliant fetes, where the Kings repaired, adorned with all the pomp of majesty. The Prince de Joinville, who, in his *Life of St. Louis*, has given a description of this

assembly, assures us that it was the most brilliant that had taken place in his time. The accustomed ceremonies being over, the King, who did not wish uselessly to prolong the expenses of those who accompanied him, took leave of all with the exception of his household officers, with whom he went to Poitiers to reinstate his brother, Prince Alphonse. All the vassals of the new Count surrounded him to render him homage.

Among them was Hugh, Count of Marche. This Lord, who had formerly taken part in the rebellion of the nobles, came to Poitiers with the intention of creating a sensation by refusing the homage due Alphonse. The pride inspired by the position of his ancestry, that numbered the Kings of Cyprus and Jerusalem (he was chief of the oldest house of Lousignan), and still more the evil counsel of the wicked Countess Isabelle, his wife, widow of John Lackland, caused him to consider as an insupportable humiliation the ceremony in which, as vassal, he was compelled to take part. The presence of his sovereign laid some restraint on this restless and turbulent spirit. He submitted like the rest; though he had scarcely taken the oath of fidelity than he hastened to assemble his friends and vassals, then encamped at six leagues distance from Poitiers. The King saw himself without any other army than his household and that of his brother. In the embarrassment in which this unexpected revolt placed him, Louis for some time was uncertain as to the course which he should pursue. He sought the Count and Countess of Marche, spoke to them as their master, intimidated them so much by the boldness of his countenance that they dared attempt nothing against his person; concluded a treaty, after which the King returned to Paris.

He had scarcely reached that place when he received information of a new rebellion, raised by the Count of Marche. This proud vassal, profiting by the absence of the King, had sought to excite the nobles of Poitou. The young Count of Poitiers, who had remained in his dominions to observe the conduct of Lusignan, summoned Hugh to come and renew his allegiance at the feast of Christmas. The latter, according to command, repaired to Poitiers, but only for the purpose of declaring to the Count that he neither recognized him as his Lord, or the King as his sovereign. After this insult, he left the palace, set fire to the house that he had occupied, and returned home without any person daring to arrest him.

Louis, informed of all that had passed at Poitiers, assembled his Barons, who, unanimously declared that the vassal, as a rebel to his King, had forfeited his

tenures. Consequently, in concert with the King, they decided that one who had so often abused the royal clemency should be punished.

The Count of Marche acted on the defensive; renewed his alliance with the Kings of England and Aragon, as well as with the Count of Toulouse. The first of these monarchs, son of the Countess of Marche, thought himself obliged to sustain the interests of his grandfather, and moreover hoped to regain these fine provinces that Philippe Auguste had ceded to the English; notwithstanding the opposition of his parliament and the refusal of the nobility to assist him in his enterprise, he set out for Poitiers with a small number of chevaliers, but with a considerable sum of money.

Louis, after having provided for the safety of his states, departed for Chinou, which had been appointed as the rendezvous. There he found 4,000 chevaliers with their followers, 20,000 cavalry, and a considerable number of foot soldiers. The King entered the dominions of the Count of Marche at the head of these troops, and in a short time gained several strongholds. The rebels, unprepared for so impetuous an attack, were unable to defend the country. Compelled to fly at the approach of the royal army, they themselves laid waste the province, burning the provisions and poisoning the springs in hopes of soon arresting the march of the enemy. The Countess Isabella, a haughty and vindictive woman, who influenced the mind of her husband and emboldened him in crime, saw no other means of arresting the fall of her house than that of shortening the days of the King. A poison, prepared by her own hands, was given to those rogues, who had been accustomed to perform these execrable missions. They introduced themselves in the kitchens where the dishes for the King's table were prepared; but their strange countenances exciting suspicion, they were arrested, convicted of their atrocious design, and condemned to death.

Delivered from this peril by a manifest interposition of Divine Providence, Louis thought of instantly attacking an enemy so undeserving of regard. The seige was raised before Fontenoy, whose inhabitants protected one of the sons of the Count of Marche. This fortress, being the principal hope of the rebels, was defended by the best of their warriors; the combat was long and obstinate. The son of the Count of Marche commanded, and showed himself determined to be buried beneath its ruins rather than surrender. The King then resolved to give battle. All the troops, sharing the ardor of their master, advanced with impetuosity

on the ramparts of the enemy; in a few moments the royal standard floated on the breeze.

The army, in the first transport of a victory so long disputed, demanded the death of the prisoners, among whom was the son of the Count. The King, as generous after success as terrible in combat, opposed this rigorous act. "These are," said he to his soldiers, "a son and vassals, who have fulfiled the commands of a father and sovereign. They have combatted as brave men, and do not merit such cruel treatment." He contented himself with retaining them as prisoners.

After this exploit, Louis had only to present himself before the other places situated on this side of the Charente to gain the submission of the inhabitants. Taillebourg, situated on the border of this river, opened its gates, though the English army was encamped on the other side. The Charente, a small stream but exceedingly deep in this place, separated the two armies, that could not meet without crossing a small stone bridge where but four men could pass abreast. The extremity of the bridge was defended by towers, and the English imagined themselves secure. Nevertheless, it was there the King decided to commence the attack meditated against the English army.

The first troops that attempted the passage were successful, and succeeded in driving the enemy from their intrenchments; but soon compelled in their turn to fall back, they returned spreading terror and confusion in the army. Louis, abandoning himself to Divine protection, dismounted, threw himself in the midst of the crowd, and proceeded almost alone to the extremity of the bridge, slaying all those that dared oppose his progress. Some few faithful followers, attending him, ranged themselves at his side; "but," says Joinville, "for every man that he had when he crossed, the English had more than a hundred." Intrepid, but calm in so great peril, the holy King repulsed the numerous enemies that surrounded him, astonished them by his courage, and thus allowed his troops sufficient time to join him. Soon he gained the ascendancy; the English, driven back in their turn, in vain endeavored to defend themselves; terror reigned among them, and already had many sought safety in flight. Richard, brother of the King of England, then advanced towards the French alone, and with only a stick in his hand, he asked to speak with the King, and solicited of him a suspension of arms until the next day. Louis, who by report had learned the merit of this prince, and had heard of his exploits in the East, loaded him with caresses, and granted him the delay which

would have been sufficient to have saved the English army, had not the Monarch fled, and his warriors followed his example. They only stopped on their arrival at Saintes, thinking that the French still pursued them.

While the King of England and the Count of Marche, who had joined each other in the city, mutually reproached each other for the result of this battle, Louis, with the remainder of his army, had passed the bridge of Taillebourg and encamped in the same place the English had left. The next day, he sent a foraging party as far as the walls of Saintes. At this sight, Hugh, beside himself with anger, marched out with three of his sons and a considerable number of Gascons and English; the French detachment, though greatly inferior in number, defended itself valiantly until the arrival of the Count of Bourgoyne, who came to their assistance with the vanguard.

The two Kings having been informed that this simple skirmish had become a serious engagement, advanced at the head of their troops.

The carnage became dreadful between the conquerors of yesterday, who had to sustain a recently acquired glory, and the vanquished who wished to repair their defeat. The advantage was for a long time disputed, but the French Monarch was at length victorious. He overthrew the army of the enemy and placed them in the most frightful disorder. King Henry, rendered desperate by so great a misfortune, placed his safety in flight and hastened to shut himself up in the fortress of Blaye. The troops, seized with terror, fled like their sovereign. As they were crowded on the route, the infantry threw down their arms and abandoned their baggage.

In the meantime Louis took possession of Saintes: he was warmly welcomed by the clergy, nobility, and people. The principal Lords of the environs hastened to render their homage to him. Among them was the brave Berthold, Lord of Mirebeau, who having no hope of receiving assistance in the place he had defended, would not consent to surrender until his sovereign had freed him from his oath of fidelity.

Abandoned by his allies and his own vassals, the Count of Marche had no other alternative than that of having recourse to the clemency of the King of France, which he had so many times abused. The eldest of his sons came to solicit the pardon of his family: he obtained it, but on conditions so rigorous as to take from the rebels all desire of forming new plots. By this treaty, Hugh of Lusignan; Isabelle, his wife; Hugh Le Brun; Guy and Geoffroy of Lusignan, his

son, submitted without restriction to the wishes of the King. They ceded to the Count of Poitiers all the places conquered in this campaign; moreover, the country of Aunis and several other fiefs. They renounced the annual payment of five hundred livres, paid them by the King in virtue of the treaty of Vendome, the Count of Marche acknowledged himself as liege-man of the King of France, and swore fidelity and assistance.

The happy termination of this war permitted the King to attend to the Count of Toulouse, who had formed a powerful league in the south of France to sustain the cause of Lusignan. By a coincidence worthy of remark, it was the Count of Marche and the Count of Bretagne that Louis had sent with a part of his army to punish the rebel vassal. These two Lords fulfilled their mission with so much zeal, as to compel Raymond to submit.

By this means, the King of England, who had expected a general revolt in his favor, saw himself entirely abandoned by those Frenchmen upon whose assistance he had relied. He also desired to make some levies in Guyenne, which still belonged to him. The Gascons received the money offered, but would furnish no troops. Henry was compelled to ask for a truce, and offered five thousand livres sterling for the expenses of the war. This offer might have been refused and the English driven from their French possessions, but the royal army was itself in a dreadful condition; hunger, thirst, and contagious disease had already killed more than twenty thousand men of all classes; the King was attacked by the disease which destroyed so many of his troops, and his life was even despaired of; prudence therefore, caused him to accept the proposals made by the English Monarch. The truce was granted and all the English nobility, reduced to the last extremity by the expenses of this campaign, hastened to quit the places that had witnessed their overthrow. The Count of Bretagne, feigning to be ignorant of the truce, lined the harbor with his vessels; the English nobles solicited and obtained passports to proceed to Calais, from which place they were to embark.

In this passage they often served as a butt to the railleries or the people: some courtiers wishing to introduce Henry in their pleasantries, the King reprimanded them in a severe tone. "It will not do," said he, "to furnish the King, my brother, with a pretext for hating me; his dignity, too, requires that he should be spoken of with respect. We must hope that the good which he has done will free him from this unpleasant situation, in which he has been placed by the impudent counsels

of these villains." The generosity of Louis was without limits: it was through his care that the King of England was enabled to cross the sea and return to his own dominions, where, instead of displaying laurels, he presented a sad spectacle of misery.

It was thus that the holy King, almost alone in the midst of his enemies, succeeded by his intrepidity and the wisdom of his measures in triumphing over a league formed by the most powerful vassals of his state, ostensibly sustained by the Kings of England and Navarre, fomented secretly by those of Castile and Aragon, counseled by the Emperor Frederic, who was under many obligations to the King against whom he conspired. To heighten the public joy, excited by so great success, heaven deigned to grant a son to this pious Monarch, so visibly protected by Divine Providence. Public joy was also augmented by the return of the King to the Capital.

Peace being re-established, this Prince attended only to the reformation of morals and the correction of abuses. But a disease similar to that which he had the preceding year in Poitou nearly deprived him of life. From the first he understood the extent of the danger with which his life was menaced. Without waiting to be informed of his day, he prepared himself to appear before the Supreme Judge.

Having received in the most edifying manner the Holy Sacrament of the Church, this great Monarch turned his attention to the principal affairs of his kingdom; he then summoned his domestics, thanked them for their past services, and counseled them to serve his successor with the same zeal, but above all to remain faithful to the law of God, who was their first master.

Fatigue, inseperable from such important duties, exhausted the strength of the King; he suddenly lost all consciousness and fell back in profound lethargy. It was then we would have been enabled to judge of the love of the French, for a Prince so worthy to govern. Whilst the great men of the kingdom and the principal of the clergy hastened in crowds to the Monarch, who was at Poutoise, the inhabitants of the cities and country ceased not to supplicate Heaven to preserve a life so precious. Consternation reigned in the palace, when after violent convulsions the body of the Monarch became cold. All thought he had ceased to exist. Their tears and lamentations were succeeded by a kind of stupor. The two Queens were borne fainting from the apartment.

God, touched, no doubt, by the affliction of the people, manifested His

goodness and infinite power; the dying King opened his eye-lids, extended his arms, and distinctly pronounced these words: "The light of the East extends from the height of Heaven to me by the grace of God, and has recalled me from among the dead."

He then summoned the Bishop of Paris, and asked for the cross by which to make a vow to go to the relief of the Holy Land. The prelate did not conceal from him the difficulties of such an engagement; but Louis insisted in a tone that would not allow him to deter the accomplishment of his desire. The cross was given him which he kissed with respect assuring those around him that he was healed. From this instant his malady daily decreased and a month had scarcely passed, than he felt stronger and better than he had done for several years. Their joy on his recovery was as lively as their sorrow had been; and the transports of which he was the object, were sufficient recompense for all that he had done for the public happiness.

His First Crusade: To Damietta

In the midst of the general excitement, the King forgot not the sacred engagement that he had entered into. Important affairs delayed its execution; but he remained unchanged in his resolution. When Louis commenced preparations for this voyage beyond the sea, he had to struggle against the representations of several of his counsellors, and, above all, against those of a mother, whom he tenderly cherished, and who seemed to have a presentment that she would never see him more. They insisted that it was easy for him to release himself from a vow taken at a moment when he was not entirely conscious. "If you believe this," replied he to the Bishop of Paris, "behold my cross, I give it to you; but if I have any influence over you, and you bear me any friendship, you will restore it to me. You cannot doubt but at that time I was sufficiently conscious to contract an engagement. I declare unto you that I will take no nourishment, until I am adorned with this precious mark of the troops of God." On seeing his resolution, none dared reply, and each one, persuaded that such a design could only proceed from God, thought only of seconding the execution.

A prelate, sent to preach the crusade, traversed the kingdom; many, acquainted with the vow of the King, followed his example, and some disposed of and mortgaged their property to contribute more efficaciously to this holy enterprise. Among the illustrious persons who assumed the cross were the three brothers of the King, the princes Robert, Alphonse, and Charles; Count Peter of Bretagne and John his son; Hugh, Duke of Bourgoyne; William of Dampierre, Count of Flanders; the Count of Saint Pol and Gauthier of Chatillon, his nephew; the Count of Marche and Hugh le Brun, his son; the Counts of Dieux, of Bar, of Soissons, of Rethel, Montfort, and of Vendome; the High-Constable Imbert of Beaujeu; John of Beaumont, Grand Chamberlain; Philip of Courtenay; Archambaud of Bourbon; Raoul of Coucy; John Desbalres; Gaubert of Apremont and his brothers; Gilles of Maily; Robert of Bethume; Hugh of Noailles and John, Sire of Joinville, who has written a history of this crusade.

It was agreed in a general assembly of barons and prelates that all private wars should cease for five years; that the Crusaders should be, for three years, exempt from all debts, and that ecclesiastic goods should be taxed a tenth of their revenue. All that regarded the interest of the kingdom had been attended to: the King

thought only of his approaching departure. A new city had arisen in the place of the small village Aigues Mortes; the port was to serve as a rendezvous for the vessels of the expedition; magazines of corn and wine were established in the island of Cyprus, where Henry of Lusignan reigned. All the cities of Italy and Sicily bestowed on the Crusaders the necessary supplies.

After having arranged all for the success of this enterprise, Louis convoked a parliament in which he caused the barons to swear fidelity to his children, in case he should not return from the Holy Land; then he examined carefully if he had wronged any one, or if he had unjustly detained the property of others.

The period for departure approached, and Louis prepared himself for it by the exercise of all kinds of good works. On the 12th of June, 1248, he set out with Charles and Robert, his brothers, to Saint Denis to make his devotions. He there took the royal standard of France, the shepherds' scrip, and the other marks of his pilgrimage. He heard Mass at Notre Dame, after which be mounted his horse and left Paris in the midst of the lamentations of his people.

The two Queens were to meet him at Corbeil. In this city Louis had bestowed the regency on his Mother, who was every way capable of undertaking it. Notwithstanding her eminent piety, she could not restrain her tears on bidding her son adieu. Queen Margaret protested that she would follow her spouse even to the end of the earth. Louis, finding all things prepared for departure, set sail on August 25.

The passage was pleasant as far as the island of Cyprus, which had been appointed as the general rendezvous for the fleet. Here were found provisions in abundance. The intention of Louis was to proceed immediately to Egypt, but, owing to the persuasion of the Barons, he concluded to pass the winter at Cyprus. But the change of air, bad water, luxurious living, and perhaps debauch, introduced in the army a pestilence that in a short time carried off two hundred and fifty chevaliers and a number of soldiers. In this calamity we obtain an insight of the character of this saintly King. He visited and consoled the sick, giving them money or remedies; exhorted them to offer to God their sufferings and beg him to bless this holy enterprise.

His attention was without bounds. The arrival of Latin Lords in an island peopled almost entirely by Greek schismatics occasioned great dissensions. The King not only appeased them but had the happiness to persuade many of them to abjure their errors. He proved himself not only a wise King but also a mediator, a

zealous missionary and a valiant warrior.

But the impiety of the Crusaders caused him the most pain. These Lords, naturally proud, knowing that the war was undertaken almost solely at their own expense, obeyed only when inclined. All Louis' skill was necessary to cause them, not by force but by persuasion, to attend to their religious duties. Without forgetting that he was the sovereign, he showed himself the best and most affectionate friend of his subjects.

When they had determined on proceeding to Egypt, the King, who was a strict observer of the rules of chivalry, sent information to the Sultan who resided at Grand Cairo. The latter boldly replied that the number of assailants did not intimidate him, and that the first day of the battle would be the last for the Christians. The Prince who thus expressed his sentiments was Malech-sala, who was at that time dangerously ill. This circumstance determined their departure from Cyprus. The fleet was composed of one hundred and twenty large vessels, and more than fifteen hundred small ones. Scarcely had they commenced the voyage than the wind suddenly changed, the waves of the sea became agitated, and the vessels soon dispersed. Some were cast on foreign shores, but the greater number set sail for Cape Limisso.

They soon came in sight of Damietta, which was then considered as the stronghold of Egypt. The place was defended by a belt of walls and large and deep ditches. As soon as the enemy's walls could be seen the King assembled the principal men on deck. His noble bearing, his height, and the animation of his countenance, inspired even the most timid with courage and confidence. As soon as the Barons were assembled round him, he addressed them in the following words: "My friends, it is not without design that God has led us in sight of the enemy, even at a time when we thought ourselves distant from them: it is his power that we see here. Do not regard me as a prince in whom the safety of Church and State resides: in me you see only a man whose life like that of all others is but a breath that the Eternal can dissipate in a moment. Let us go to this combat with confidence. If we are victorious, the Christian name will acquire a glory that will end only with the universe: if we fall, we will obtain the immortal crown of martyrs. But why doubt of success? Is it not the cause of God that we sustain? Yes, without doubt. It is for us and by us that God wishes to triumph over these barbarians: let us commence by rendering glory to His holy name, and preparing ourselves

to become His instruments." Inflamed by these words, the Barons hastened to communicate to the soldiers the ardor that animated them, and prepared to land, notwithstanding the enemy that opposed them.

The Sultan had united his best troops and a number of galleys to oppose the landing of the Christians. On one side the sea was covered with vessels, whose pavilions, though of different colors, presented the venerated sign of faith. On the other, the fleet of the enemy, ranged in one of the harbors of the Nile, opposed all action. A multitude of Saracens commanded by Faccardin, the best of their generals, collected on the shore, and filled the air with the sound of their martial instruments.

The Crusaders threw themselves in the chalousses that were to convey them to the shore. The King advanced in one of these barges accompanied by the legate of the Pope, who elevated the cross so as to encourage the combatants by its sight. The first who landed were assailed by six thousand Saracens, but having taken the precaution to place their shields as well as lances around them, with their points turned towards the enemy, they formed a kind of rampart that the Saracens could not break. The latter, seeing the resolution of their adversaries, fled notwithstanding the superiority of their number. The barque that contained the royal standard of France had, in the mean time, landed. As soon as the King was informed of this, he cast himself armed as he was in the sea. His example was followed by the remainder of the chevaliers, and soon nearly the whole army was in the presence of the enemy. Each side performed prodigies of valor, but victory at length decided in favor of the Christians, and the standard of Jesus Christ was elevated before the infidel multitude.

The Saracens sent dispatches to the Sultan, but from some cause they received no answer, and seized with terror they abandoned Damietta, after having set fire to the magazines but without destroying the bridge behind them. Louis, informed of this sudden flight, hastened to render thanks to God for so unexpected an event. A body of troops was sent to extinguish the fire and take possession of the gates of the city. Those precautions being taken the Christians walked in procession, barefooted and bareheaded, to the grand mosque, which had been consecrated to the true God by John of Brienne. The *Te Deum* was intoned by the legate, and Mass solemnly celebrated in the midst of tears of joy shed by the assistants, who could not sufficiently thank Heaven for so great a miracle.

Disaster in Egypt

After the Crusaders had shared the booty found in Damietta, they thought of the course they should pursue. The King thought of marching immediately to Alexandria, but as several objections were brought forward by the army he concluded to pass the summer at Damietta. By this delay the enemy were enabled to recover from their shock, and to call to their assistance the barbarians on the coast of Africa. Plays and debauches were freely indulged in by the Crusaders, and their effect was soon visible. Louis in vain endeavored to rekindle their ardor; but all was useless.

The dying Sultan gave orders to the Arabs and Bedouins to harrass the enemy, and moreover offered them a piece of money for every Christian's head that they brought him. Favored by darkness, these bandits introduced themselves in the camp, and rarely failed in their design. The Christians found it necessary to increase the guard and preserve the strictest vigilance. The summer passed in skirmishes but without any material advantage. The Count of Poitiers soon arrived with a considerable reinforcement. The most experienced wished to march on directly to Alexandria, but the soldiers insisted on laying siege to the capital of Egypt. The latter plan was agreed on, and the campaign commenced on November 20. A large body of troops remained at Damietta to defend the place.

The Sultan, seeing the storm with which he was menaced, had recourse to a stratagem. Five hundred cavalry went by his orders among the Crusaders, and succeeded in gaining sufficient confidence to march with the troops. They profited by this and suddenly attacked the Templars who marched before. Notwithstanding the surprise, the chevaliers fought with so much fury as either to kill or drown all the Saracens, and not one escaped to be the bearer of the news of the defeat.

The Crusaders performed so many prodigies of valor that the Sultan was disposed to purchase peace at any terms. But these propositions were all rejected, however. Malech-sala shortly after died, leaving his crown to his son, Almoadin, whom he had banished to Mesopotamia. During the absence of this Prince, Faccardin, a man of courage and prudence, had charge of the kingdom.

The next object that occupied the attention of the army was the fording of the Thanis. The Egyptians with their principal forces had assembled at this place, thinking that the passage could be more easily disputed, as this part of the river

was wide and deep. The King found it necessary to erect a causeway here, but as this would occupy much time he surrounded his troops by fortifications, which sheltered them from the enemy. As soon as the Saracens perceived the design of the Crusaders, they endeavored to inconvenience them as much as possible, and often mined their works. They employed machines for throwing arrows and so many were thrown that the heavens were literally obscured. But that which caused the greatest terror was the Grecian fire which consumed all that it reached, and could not be extinguished by water. Whenever the King saw this fire he prostrated himself and exclaimed: "My God, preserve me and my troops."

In despair the King assembled his followers to show them the impossibility of crossing the river, and to propose returning to Damietta. But the high constable Imbert informed him that an Arab Bedouin had offered for a reward of five hundred pieces of money to inform him where the cavalry could ford. The money was paid, the Arab and Louis drew off the plan in which his troops were to march. Count d'Artois asked to command the vanguard; but Louis knowing his impetuous disposition would not consent. He swore however that he would undertake nothing until the army had passed; and that he would await orders to proceed. Reanimated by this oath, the King permitted him to march immediately after the Templars, relying on the experience of the latter to restrain within due bounds his heroic but inconsiderate valor. The passage was gained without difficulty; three hundred Saracen cavalry, posted on the opposite shore, fled when they saw the Christians conquering their territory. Count d'Artois, forgetful of prudence and his oath, pursued them. The Templars remonstrated, but an old chevalier, named Foucault de Melle, urged them on. He was deaf and consequently ignorant of the orders of the King and the remonstrancos of the Templars. Seeing the enemy flying, he exclaimed, with energy; "Now to the attack! Now to the attack!" and at the same instant the Prince fell on the Saracens. The Templars hastened to his assistance, not thinking it honorable to allow him to advance alone.

Faccardin, Chief of the Mussulmans, was at this time in his bath, but on the news of the attack, he leaped, half-clothed, on one of his horses, and with a few of his followers, hastened to oppose the assailants. In the midst of the combat, he was struck by a lance and fell lifeless, while his troops, seized with terror, sought safety in flight. Everything seemed to concur to render this bold enterprise of the Count d'Artois successful. No obstacle could prevent the capital of Egypt from

falling into his hands, provided he would only be prudent until the arrival of the royal army. Unfortunately his success only increased his rashness and, fearful of losing some of the glory of the day, he continued to pursue the Saracens, who took refuge in Massoure.

This city, which was situated at a short distance from the camp, had offered some resistance, and the Templars were therefore opposed to an attack. Exhausted by fatigue, they represented to the prince how imprudent this course would be; but he would listen to nothing. All followed him, though they murmured loudly at his rashness. The barbarians, not being able to stand so terrible a shock, shut themselves up in Massoure; the Crusaders, however, entered with them and continued the pursuit. Count d'Artois and the most daring of his numbers were on the route to Cairo, but seeing the impossibility of gaining any advantage, they returned to Massoure. Prudence would have dictated the closing of the gates, but instead of taking these wise precautions, those who entered last, commenced pillaging the city, as though the enemy had been entirely subdued.

Those who had fled, seeing that they had but a handful of men to contend with, gained courage. Bondocdar, an intrepid soldier, placed himself at the head of the Egyptians and attacked the bold adventurers. The Saracens, barricaded in their houses, reanimated by this assistance, threw on the enemy all that came to hand. The Crusaders, overcome by number, soon fell under this furious attack. Many of the most illustrious personages were wounded. Count d'Artois defended himself with the courage of a lion, but exhausted by fatigue and covered with wounds, he expired in the midst of a crowd of enemies all slain by his own hand. Three hundred chevaliers perished in this fatal encounter.

In the meantime Louis, ignorant of all that had passed at Massoure, had forded the Thanis and ranged his troops in battle. They penetrated into the camp of the infidels, and Joinville killed, with his own hands, one of the chiefs; but on his return he and his chevaliers were assailed by a body of six thousand cavalry. Unable to resist this superior force, the troops, already disabled by wounds, retreated in a ruined house, and there defended themselves valiantly, until the King at the head of his army advanced with trumpets and clarions.

The combat was undertaken, with vigor, on both sides. Disdaining to make use of arrows or bowman, the combatants joined and fought only with swords. Louis, impatient to take part in the glory of his companions, wished to cast himself

in their midſt, but a wise chevalier, Jean de Falery, counseled him to approach the river, so as to enable him to receive assiſtance from the duke of Burgoyne, who guarded the camp, and to procure refreshments for the men and horses.

This counsel was approved by the barons, and was about to be executed when the High Conſtable, Jubert of Beanjen, came to inform the King, that the Count d'Artois was in imminent danger at Massoure and in need of assiſtance. "Conſtable," said the King, "proceed, and I will follow." Imbert immediately set out, accompanied by Joinville with four hundred armed men; scarcely had they departed, when they were separated by a body of Saracens from the royal army.

Renouncing then this firſt design, the two chevaliers seized a bridge over a ſtream, by which the infidels would have been able to have taken the King in the rear, whilſt the remainder of the army would have pressed him so closely he would have been compelled to retire towards the river. Several of his men were drowned in endeavoring to cross by swimming. Conſternation reigned among the Crusaders, and numbers of them had already fled. Louis attacked, alone, a body of Egyptians. Six Mussulmen seized the reins of his horse and prepared to make him dismount. At this critical moment his courage and ſtrength increased; he ſtruck such blows around him that in a few inſtants his enemies were proſtrated, and he found himself rescued without any aid but that of God and his own arm.

During this time the conſtable and Joinville, who had not abandoned their poſts, brought to the King Count Peter of Bretagne, who had escaped from Massoure with a portion of his troops. As they were closely pursued it was judged better to defend the bridge; otherwise the Saracens would take it and the King be attacked in the front and rear. It was agreed that Soissons and Peter of Noville should remain to defend this place. The Turks attempted to force a passage, but it was so well defended they were compelled to give up the design.

Towards evening the High Conſtable returned with the archers of the King, but the enemy on seeing this reinforcement fled without attacking. Joinville rejoined the King, who had conquered the barbarians by whom he had been assailed. The prior of the hospital of Ronnay greeted the King, and asked him if he had heard lately from his brother, Count d'Artois. "Yes," said the holy monarch, "I know that he is in Paradise." "Ah Sire," replied the prior, "be comforted, for if no great advantage has yet arrived to the King of France, he will be victorious today." The King interrupted the orator by saying that God is to be praised in all

things; but in speaking, tears coursed down his cheeks, which sight afflicted those around him much.

In his sorrow for the loss of a brother he did not forget the necessary precautions to prevent a surprise. The camp was placed in a state of defense, and as they had anticipated they were attacked by the Saracens on the following day; who were, however, repulsed with much slaughter. Eight of the infidels retired behind a breast work, and from thence threw on the Crusaders a shower of arrows, which killed and wounded many.

They awaited the night with impatience, as they wished to destroy this intrenchment. The Almoner, sometime after, departed, clothed with his cuirass and "chapel de fer" on his head and sword in hand. He marched directly to the Saracens, who seeing him attired in this manner, took him for one of their number, but as soon as he entered the gate, he fell on them sword in hand with so much fury that not one of the eight dared defend himself. All retreated towards a body of cavalry which had been placed near them to render assistance.

They soon attacked the intrepid almoner; but Joinville sent fifty armed men to aid him in destroying the entrenchments and removing the stones. From this day, the instigator of this exploit, whose name was John of Vaisy, was only known in the army as the brave priest of the Sire of Joinville. Nothing more was done on this day, which was Ash-Wednesday; the next day the King surrounded the camp by a barrier to defend it from all danger.

Meanwhile Bondocdar, who had been elected chief of the Mamluks and general of the whole army, reported that the King of France had been slain in battle. To give more credit to this report, he everywhere showed the head of the unfortunate Count d'Artois, his rich armour and coat of arms embroidered with fleur de lys. "The French have no chief," said Bandocdar: "their forces are subdued. Let us march against them: we will have no trouble in conquering them."

The King, informed by his spies of all that passed among the enemy, disposed all for a vigorous defense. He divided his army into several divisions, and to the Templars gave charge of the numerous machines taken from the Saracens. Day had scarcely dawned when the Saracen general appeared with an innumerable army. He had time to make his arrangements after having acquainted himself with those of the Crusaders. The action commenced at noon. The Grecian fire, which was scattered about by means of long copper tubes, committed sad havoc. The

battallion of the Count of Anjou was the first exposed to this deluge of fire and was soon routed. This prince, fallen under his horse, was exposed to the greatest danger; but the King, riding in the midst of the darts, came to the assistance of his brother and enabled him to remount.

During this time, Malvoisin, the valiant Chatillon, and the Lords of Palestine sustained the efforts of the enemy with so much bravery that the enemy could gain no advantage over them. This was not the case with the Templars; the warriors, considerably weakened by the preceding combat, were almost all cut to pieces. The machines, which would have aided them, had been destroyed in the commencement by the Grecian fire. The Count of Flanders, more successful, did not content himself with repulsing the enemy, but pursued them for some time, and returned laden with booty. The Saracens, not daring to attack him again, threw themselves with fury on the battallion of Count de Poitiers, which being composed entirely of infantry, was incapable of sustaining so rude a shock.

They were completely routed, and the Count himself taken prisoner. The valets, and even the women, animated with a supernatural courage at the sight of so good a prince led captive by the enemy, converted into arms every thing that fell within their reach, threw themselves on the Mussulmen, and soon deprived them of their prize. Thus, the brother of Saint Louis owed his life in this bloody combat to the love which his mildness and beneficence had inspired in his vassals. Delivered from this peril, the Prince rallied his soldiers, and had no difficulty, with their assistance, in vanquishing an enemy who had not been able to resist women.

The last corps, under the command of Brancou, was completely successful and repulsed the infidels; but this brave chevalier, covered with wounds, expired the same day in the arms of his son. Great advantages were gained by the Crusaders, and it was only necessary to profit by the victory. The Saracens appeared unable to undertake another enterprise; but unfortunately the army of the King was diminished by half, owing to the combats that had so rapidly succeeded each other.

The return to Damietta appeared the part most conformable to prudence. This course would have been adopted if this retrograde march had not appeared like flight. A false kind of honor caused this proposition to be rejected, and, by the counsel of the King, it was decided that they should remain encamped on the field of battle. This delay gave time to the new sovereign to reach Massoure with

a numerous suite. His presence reanimated the courage of his troops, and drew around him an innumerable crowd or warriors who did not doubt of the defeat of the French.

A few days after this last battle, the corpses of those who had perished in the combat appeared on the surface of the water. Being in a state of putrefaction, the sun's heat rendered them still more offensive, and filled the air with pestilential vapors. The King thought that the evil might be remedied, by throwing the water off and casting on the opposite side of the bridge the corpses of the Saracens, and by making large ditches to inter honorably those Christians whom he considered martyrs of the faith. Those employed in this work were attacked with contagious diseases.

The intensity of this scourge increased daily owing to the heat, the want of good water and nourishment, which consisted almost entirely of a kind of fish called Bourbottes, that attached themselves to the corpses and contracted the most fatal qualities. To add to the Crusaders' misfortune the enemy found means to destroy the vessels in which the Queen, who remained at Damietta, had sent provisions to the camp of the King. This unforeseen movement cut off all communication, and hunger added its horrors to all the misery with which the Crusaders were almost overwhelmed.

In this frightful extremity, Louis did not contradict his holy character for an instant. He visited the sick, gave them money, remedies, and above all consolation. In vain the Barons represented to him the danger to which he was exposed. "I can do no less," said he, "for those who have so often exposed themselves for me." But the holy King was soon attacked and in a short time reduced to great weakness. It was decided that the army should pass in the camp of the Duke of Bourgoyne, so as to reach Damietta more easily. The passage was gained without much difficulty.

The King had given express orders to cut the beams of the bridge as soon as the army should have passed; but, by an inconceivable fatality, this was not done, which occasioned the greatest misfortunes.

Captivity and Escape

Before commencing their journey, the Council attempted a negotiation with the Sultan. It was agreed that the Saracens should give up Jerusalem, and that Damietta should be delivered to them; that the sick Christians should be placed in Damietta, until they could be transported to some secure place; that all the machines of war, and salt provisions, should remain at this place until the king should send for them. This treaty concluded, they hesitated only with regard to the hostage. On the part of the French the Counts of Anjou, and Poitiers, both brothers of the King, were offered, but the Sultan declared that they would receive no other hostage but the King in person. The negotiators rejected this proposition with a noble pride, while one of their brave chevaliers, Geoffroy de Sargines, exclaimed that they ought to know that the French would prefer being taken prisoners, or dying, before giving their King as pledge.

The negotiations being broken, the King embarked on the vessels that remained to him, taking as many of the sick as he could. Several companies of archers came to escort him to Damietta. The legate and the bishop were in one of the vessels, and the army begged the King to take command of the other. Though he could scarcely sustain himself, owing to his illness, he protested that he could not consent to abandon so many brave people who had so generously exposed their lives in the service of God and their King, and that he would remain or die a prisoner with them. After having made known his resolution, he placed himself in the rear guard, which was always commanded by the brave Chatillon. Geoffroy of Sargines marched near him; all the other chiefs went before by the express order of the King.

The languid state of Louis would not permit him to wear the heavy arms then in use: he was mounted on a charger of easy gait, he had neither cuirass nor helmet, and retained no weapon of defense save his sword. Scarcely had the army commenced their march, when the Saracens passed the river in great numbers in barques, and by means of the bridge which they had neglected to destroy. They recommenced hostilities, in which the French, though languid and dejected, performed prodigies of valor.

While Chatillon and his soldiers sustained themselves against the efforts of the enemy, Sargines, attentive to the danger of the King, seemed like a lion defending

its young. Each time that he saw the Saracens approach the monarch he seized his long sword, placed it on his shoulder, and charged with so much intrepidity, that the enemy dared not approach him. The holy King, from that moment, always eulogised the brave lord, and he was pleased to say that he had never seen, in the same day, so many and so valiant exploits performed by a single chevalier. The rear guard arrived at the little village of Casel, or Charmasach. The dying King could go no farther, and considering his weak state, no one expected to see him alive the next morning. The infidels, continuing their pursuit, found at the entrance of the village Chatillon defending alone the entrance to a narrow street that led to the house where the King was.

The warrior, more terrible than ever, fell like lightning on the first who presented themselves, cast them to the ground, and attacked those who by flight hoped to avoid his blows; then returned to his post to extract from his armor and body the arrows with which he was pierced. In vain, in a voice of thunder, did he raise his war cry; no reply was made.

The attacks were multiplied, but each time the hero made some of his enemies bite the dust; at last, overcome by numbers, pierced by a thousand arrows thrown by those who dare not confront his terrible arm, Chatillon fell lifeless, but covered with immortal glory as he died for the defense of his King and the honor of his religion.

At the same moment the remainder of the rear guard arrived conducted by Philippe de Montfort. This Lord having recognized, among the Saracens who pursued him, the Emir with whom they had concluded a treaty some days before, hastened to inform the King and to ask permission to call some meeting.

Louis had sufficient strength to declare that he consented to all that the Sultan had already exacted, and to which the barons were so strongly opposed. Montfort, having gained his consent, returned to the Saracens and caused them to present him to the Chief. The latter being imperfectly acquainted with the distress of the French and fearing them when grown desperate, accepted with joy the propositions that he knew to be agreeable to the King. But at the moment when every thing was arranged, a traitor named Marcel exclaimed, "French chevaliers, surrender! The King commands you through me; if you disobey your life will be the forfeit."

At these words the defenders were seized with terror: Fearing to expose the life of the King by longer resistance, they surrendered their arms; thus treach-

ery heightened the disaster of the army, for the Emir (who had been promptly informed of all that had passed) broke all negotiations, declaring that it was no longer necessary to treat with persons already his prisoners.

The Mussulmen penetrating in the city found the King surrounded by his followers, who thinking that he would soon breathe his last, had assembled his brothers, the Counts of Anjou and Poitiers, and all the Christians that they could find. The sick and wounded were inhumanly massacred, excepting those of great distinction whose followers could offer a considerable ransom. The remainder of the army soon fell into the ferocious hands of the enemy. Some reascended the river in galleys, hoping to escape: but two or three large vessels overcame the difficulties by which they were surrounded; the remainder were captured and burned.

The Seneschal Joinville, sick and wounded, would have perished with the others but for a precaution suggested by one of the sailors to call himself cousin of the King, and thus saved his life. They contented themselves with making horrible menaces. Then they conducted him to Massoure, where he was confined with the other barons. It was to this city they conducted the King; it was here they made him experience all the horrors of a rigorous prison, but sustained by his unalterable piety, he there appeared greater than in the most glorious circumstances of his life.

His first care, on arriving at his place of destination, was to take his breviary from the hands of his Chaplain and to recite his office, with as much calmness as if in his own palace. Thotgh so weak that they were obliged to assist him when he wished to change his position, this great prince showed a constancy so heroic that the barbarians could not conceal their admiration.

He was deprived of the most needful articles of comfort, and his covering during the night consisted of an old cloak that was loaned him by a prisoner. Of all his officers and domestics, only two Chaplains remained, from whom he refused all personal service; and Isambert, who had the title of Grand Queux of France, that is inspector of kitchens and all that concerned his table. The latter had the happiness of showing his master the most touching marks of fidelity.

All that were imprisoned were allowed to choose between two evils; that of giving up life, or renouncing their religion. Those who had the weakness to consent were placed one side; numbers suffered decapitation, and their bodies were thrown into the Nile. They were truly martyrs, happy in being found worthy

to die for their religion.

It would be impossible to give an idea of the frightful situation of Queen Margaret, on hearing this sad news. The captivity of her Spouse; his death which seemed inevitable; the impossibility of being of any assistance; the little hope they had of defending Damietta, served to increase the sorrow of this unfortunate Princess.

During the day she wept, and each night, tormented by terrible dreams, she imagined she saw the iron raised over the head of the King, and numbers of Saracens surrounding him. She uttered alarming cries and agitated herself in a convulsive manner. They were compelled to make an old chevalier watch near her bed and hold her hands. Each time that the Queen was convulsed, he exclaimed, "Lady fear not, for I am here."

One day, having caused all in her chamber to retire with the exception of this brave old man, she cast herself an her knees, and made the chevalier swear to grant her request. "Well," said she, "I beg by the faith you have given me, that should the Saracens take the city, you will cut off my head before they seize me." The old man replied, "Be certain, Madame, that I will act as you desire."

The Princess soon gave birth to a son named John, who on account of the sad events that marked his birth was surnamed Tristan.

The Queen was soon informed that the guard, as well as the Pisans and the Genoese, wished to flee and abandon the King to his misfortune: she caused the principal among them to enter her chamber, and presenting them with the young Prince, said, "Can you abandon a place which is the only resource of the King, and of so many brave men, prisoners with him? If you wish to withdraw, at least have pity on a Queen who has no hope but in you, and who only asks a week or two of delay."

Notwithstanding her tears and supplications she was refused, and these insensible men prepared for embarkation when the Queen thought she might retain them with gold. This effected what honor and compassion were unable to do, and order was soon restored. The Saracens, seeing themselves repulsed with loss, had recourse to negotiation to recover a city which they dispaired of taking by force. They endeavored to treat separately with the barons, but they replied by Pierre de Dreux, old Count of Bretagne, that they had no power to do this. They then menaced them with death, and brought to them an old Saracen accompanied by

a troop of warriors, armed with swords. The old man asked the captives, if they believed in one, only God, born of a Virgin, crucified for them, and risen the third day. "Yes," replied they firmly. "Console yourself then," said the old man, "since He died for you, and has risen, He will deliver you when he sees fit."

The Sultan Almoadan, finding the French lords so firm, had recourse to the King. He required from him the strongholds of Palestine which were commanded by the Emperor Frederick, the Templars, and the Knights of St. Jean of Jerusalem. Louis replied, like his barons, that he had not the right and could not promise it. Then Almoadan, abandoned to rage, menaced his prisoner with torture. Louis, always great, always equal to himself, replied in a calm tone, "I am a prisoner of the Sultan, and he can do with me as he wills."

Losing then all hope of intimidating the holy King, Almoadan asked him, "How much he would give for his ransom, besides the surrender of Damietta?" "The Sultan can fix a reasonable sum," replied the King, "and I will ask it of the Queen." The Infidels evinced astonishment at this deference shown a woman. "Know," said the King, "she is my wife." Shortly after he was informed that Almoadan required with Damietta a million pieces of gold (about five hundred thousand livres.) "But will you swear to me," said Louis to the envoy, "that if the Queen consents to pay this money, the Sultan will free me and my troops?" The Saracens left to learn the orders of their Prince, and then returned to take the oath. "Now go, and tell him," replied Louis with a noble pride, "that the King of France does not wish to ransom himself by money. I will restore the city for my own person, and will pay the gold for the deliverance of my troops."

The Sultan, astonished by the liberality of the French Monarch, exclaimed that he would give one hundred thousand livres to aid in his ransom. A treaty was agreed on, and as soon as the articles were signed, Almoadan led the King to a palace that he had constructed on the border of the Nile. These two Princes met for the first time, and conferred together upon the ratification of the treaty. The following Saturday was the day appointed for the surrender of Damietta, but in the interval a horrible sedition arose in the Saracen camp, and changed the appearance of things.

Almoadan, annoyed by the increasing power of the Mamluks, had gradually taken the employment from the principal Chiefs of this formidable body, and treated haughtily on the least pretext the old Serviteurs of his house. Some excited

by vengeance, others by the fear or becoming victims of a disgraceful policy, leagued in secret against him. The conspiracy was conducted with so much prudence that it was not suspected until the moment for its execution.

The blow was to be struck during a repast given by the Sultan to the principal officers of the army. At a signal all fell on the unfortunate Almoadan, who succeeded in escaping to one of the towers of his palace; the assassins pursued him, and set fire to the tower.

The Sultan escaped and cast himself into the Nile, but pierced by a thousand arrows, he soon expired. One of the number who had procured his heart entered the tent of the King: "What wilt thou give me," said he: "for having delivered thee from an enemy who would have killed thee, had he lived?" Louis regarded him with horror, and disdained to reply. "Chose," said the barbarian, placing the point of his sword on his breast, "chose either to die by my hand, or bestow on me this moment the order of chevalier." "Become a Christian," replied the intrepid Monarch, "and I will make thee a chevalier." The Mussulman, surprised at such firmness, retired without replying.

At this moment a band of these infuriated barbarians threw themselves into the galley in which the principal prisoners had embarked. When they understood that their days were numbered, they all threw themselves at the feet of a religious to confess.

Another band of Mamluks also entered the tent of the King, and by the most terrible gestures seemed to menace him with a cruel death; but the calmness of Louis inspired these villains with such sentiments of respect and admiration that they prostrated themselves before him, told him that he had nothing to fear, and only demanded the execution of the treaty made with Almoadan.

The heroic constancy of the King made such an impression on the infidels that many of them thought of offering him the crown of Egypt. But they were restrained by the fear that he would destroy their mosque and force them to become Christians. The treaty was renewed; but the King here saw new dangers. The Emirs had taken the most solemn oaths according to the law of Mahomet: they wished the King, in case he should violate the treaty in the least respect, to be regarded in the light of a Christian who had renounced his God, his baptism, and his law, and trampled underfoot the cross.

When the King heard this formula, he exclaimed that he would never take

such an oath. An interpreter who had returned from the Saracens camp assured him that the Emirs were determined, if he persisted in his refusal, to behead him and his men. He replied with firmness, "I prefer to die a good Christian, rather than to live in the wrath of God and his Mother." Furious at such resistance, the Emirs ran in crowds, sabre in hand. "Thou art our captive," said they to the King, "and thou actest as if we were thy captives. Swear or prepare to die." "You are masters of my body," tranquilly replied the holy King, "do with it as you wish, but my soul belongs to God; that you cannot harm."

They endeavored then to conquer him by other means. The Patriarch of Jerusalem undertook to conclude the treaty; the barbarians put to him the same question in the presence of the King; he resisted, and at length succeeded in persuading them to do away with that part of the formula that seemed blasphemous.

The Saracens now consented to the departure of the prisoners. The latter were placed in the galleys that descended the Thanis and arrived near Damietta, whilst the Infidels performed the same journey by land.

The King disembarked and was placed in a tent prepared for him near the river, whilst Geoffroy de Sargines returned to the city to see its surrender. The Queen, the Princess, and the ladies left, as well as the remainder of the army, and immediately the Mussulmen repaired in crowds to this place delivered up to pillage. After indulging freely in spirituous liquors, they went to the hospitals of the sick, whom they strangled. Collecting the machines and other property of the Crusaders, they set them on fire.

Guided by intoxication, they resolved to massacre the Monarch and all his subjects. Already had the orders been given to the mariners to ascend towards Cairo, when the fear of drawing down the vengeance of all Europe, or rather, the hope of obtaining the eight thousand gold pieces which had been promised them, changed the opinion of these villains. They gave food to the prisoners, and then permitted them to go to the King, who had remained in his tent. But when the French arrived near the Prince, they found him surrounded by 20,000 armed men (Saracens) who conducted him towards the sea, and bestowed on him as much honor as if he were their King.

A Genoese galley awaited him near the river. At first they only noticed a single man, counterfeiting the fool; but on his whistling, eighty French archers appeared, well equipped, their cross bows drawn. At this spectacle, the Infidels commenced

to fly like sheep, and only two or three remained with the King.

The Captain of the vessel then placed a plank on shore, and the King ascended, followed by Count Anjou, his brother; Geoffroy de Sargines; Philippe de Nemours; Alberic Clement, Marshal of France; the Sire of Joinville; and the general of the order of the Trinity. The Counts of Flanders, of Bretagne, and of Soissons embarked at the same time in other boats, as well as the lords of France, of Cyprus, and of Palestine.

The Count of Poitiers remained as hostage until the King could send the four hundred thousand pieces of gold that he had engaged to pay before quitting Egypt. When the time for paying the sum arrived, they found that sixty thousand pieces were wanting. Joinville advised the King to borrow the sum from the Templars, but the latter refused to lend, and alleged that their oaths would not permit them.

Then the Seneschal, with the consent of the King, went on board the principal vessel of the Templars, took a hatchet, and prepared to open the coffers where their silver was placed. The general of the order then delivered up the keys, declaring that he yielded only to force. The money was taken and the payment made. They believed all ended when the Count of Montfort entered laughing, and told the King that the Saracens had made a mistake of twenty thousand pieces of gold in his favor, and that he had taken much care to prevent them from noticing it.

The King, irritated by this and wishing to give the enemy no excuse for acts of perfidy and dishonesty, sent the Count at the peril of his life to restore the barbarians the twenty thousand pieces that were due them. A few moments after, the King learned that the Count of Poitiers, his brother, had been set at liberty, and had already embarked. He quitted his galley to sail in a large vessel which was destined for him, and gave the signal for departure. The embarkation was made with so much haste that nothing had been prepared for the King. They could scarcely find a mattress for him, which in his weak state was necessary.

To amuse himself during his voyage, he called Joinville to him, and made him relate all that had happened since their separation. He thought often of the Count d'Artois, his brother, and lamented his premature death. One day he enquired the occupation of the Count of Anjou, who scarcely ever approached him, though in the same vessel. He was told that this Prince played with Gauthier of Nemours. He arose immediately, much vexed, and being unable to walk, had himself carried into the room where the players were seated, and threw into the sea the die tables

and even the money, and reproached the Count of Anjou, saying that he had already forgotten a dear brother.

After a voyage of six days, the fleet entered the port at Saint Jean d'Acre in the midst of canticles of thanksgiving. The inhabitants came in procession to meet the King, whose virtues were so much admired. Thus terminated an expedition commenced under the most happy auspices, and the result of which filled the entire world with mourning.

Further Work in the Holy Land

The necessity of not interrupting the recital of the misfortunes of the holy King does not allow us to glance over all that passed in France during his captivity; but we can form an idea of the sorrow which Queen Blanche experienced for the fate of such a son, and of the grief of the whole people, who every day trembled for the life of the best of Princes and the most tender of fathers. In the midst of the universal lamentations, all felt the necessity of sending assistance to Queen Margaret, who, by her stay at Damietta, in some measure held in her hand the last resource of the King. Unfortunately, the entreaties and exhortations of Blanche had no effect on a class of people whose assistance would only be hurtful. An ambitious impostor, called Jacob, an Hungarian by birth, and sixty years of age, commenced to preach publicly in the country, declaiming against priests and nobles, affirming that the Blessed Virgin had appeared to him and had commanded him to lead to the assistance of the King not chevaliers or warriors, but shepherds and common people, knowing that God reserves victory for the low and simple. His seeming austerity, his rustic eloquence, and the tears that he shed while speaking drew around him a crowd of partisans. All the shepherds in Flanders took the cross and abandoned their flocks to follow the false prophet. This gave to these new Crusaders the name of Pastoureaux.

The troop was soon swelled by an infinite number of laborers, children, and young girls, all animated with the praise-worthy desire of liberating the holy Monarch. A multitude of robbers, bandits, and excommunicated persons were in a short time added to this band. They numbered one hundred thousand, and soon the impostor was compelled to divide them into five hundred companies. Two villains, by his order, commanded this army. There was no difficulty in obtaining provisions for so many, for they were abundantly supplied by the people. They passed through Amiens where Jacob had been regarded as an envoy of God. All stopped at Paris, but on leaving the Capital, they pillaged the villages and even the city, massacreing indiscriminately priest and laity. The inhabitants of Orleans opened the gates, and ran out in crowds to listen to the sermons of the Hungarian impostor; but the murder of some ecclesiastics, committed by the disciples of this man, excited the indignation of the people, who took up arms and drove these miserable deceivers from the city.

The Regent, having gained experience by so much suffering, took such measures as would put an end to the atrocities: ecclesiastical reproofs, judiciary power, and the strength of arms were employed to drive these brigands from the kingdom. All soon vanished; Jacob was assassinated near Bourges; his accomplices perished either by the sword or by the hand of the executioner. The good villagers, misled through an excess of simplicity, were spared, and hastened to regain their goods, flocks, and ploughs.

The King, after his arrival at Saint Jean d'Acre, saw with grief the remainder of his army diminished every day by the contagion, which had greatly increased. The high constable and many other distinguished persons perished at this time. The King did not cease to attend to the sick; it mattered not of what condition they were, and even rendered them the most abject services; but in the midst of these sad occupations, he did not forget those prisoners whom he had left in Egypt. He hastened to send the four hundred thousand pieces of gold that were still due, with an order to his ambassadors to search with care for those unfortunate Christians that had remained in the fatal country.

Whilst the good King flattered himself with the hope of their return, his envoys, on their arrival at Cairo, experienced only cruel treatment. The Mamluks had already repented for allowing the King to leave; and to avenge themselves they heaped upon the unfortunate captives persecution and bad treatment. Some, through fear of death, had the weakness to embrace Mahometanism; but the greater number suffered martyrdom rather than renounce the religion of their fathers. Of the twelve thousand that the King had been compelled to leave, the ambassadors were only able to obtain four hundred.

On hearing of this atrocious perfidy, Louis renounced the project that he had formed of returning to France. Not wishing to make known his resolution, he assembled the Counts of Anjou and Poitiers, his brothers; the Count of Flanders; and all his other barons. "The Queen, my mother," said he, "informs me that my kingdom is in great peril, and my return necessary; the people of the East tell me that Palestine is lost if I leave it, and conjure me not to abandon them to the mercy of the infidels. I beg you to give me your opinion as to what should be done. I will allow you eight days to consider this matter."

He showed no symptoms by means of which they could discover to which side he felt inclined. The eight days having passed, the Barons returned to the King,

and Guy of Malvoisin, acting as spokesman in the name of the assembly, declared those motives that ought to induce him to return immediately to his kingdom. The Count of Jaffa and the Sire of Joinville were of a different opinion. The latter spoke with so much vehemence, and painted in so touching a manner the despair of their unfortunate companions if they were left to perpetual slavery, that he drew tears from the eyes of all. The resolution of the other chevaliers, however, was unchanged, and as Joinville was the youngest of the number, he was loaded with reproaches and bitter railleries when the council was over. The good Seneschal would have been easily consoled for these disagreements, but he thought that he could perceive a change in the conduct of the King, and this caused him much sorrow.

One day while pensively standing in the embrasure of a window, gazing on the sea before him, he felt some one behind him lean on his shoulders and hold his head between his two hands. Thinking that it was the Lord of Nemours, who sought to torment him, he said playfully: "Leave me in peace, Sir Philip." He then turned his head, and a hand was immediately placed over his eyes that he knew to be that of the King by an emerald that the Monarch wore. "Do not stir, Sire Joinville," said Louis, "for I wish to ask you how you could be so bold, as young as you are, to dare counsel me to remain contrary to the opinion of all the great and wise men of France." "Sire," replied Joinville with noble candor, "in my opinion the counsel that they have given you is unwise; this is why I did not agree with them." "Do you think then I would be acting wickedly if I were to return to France?" "Yes, Sire." "And if I remain will you remain also?" "Yes, Sire, even at my own expense." "Do not be uneasy," replied the King, "my opinion is the same as yours, but tell no one this just now." By this communication, Louis showed what he intended to do, and the Seneschal soon resumed his gaity, replying to the pleasantries of his companions without fear of lessening himself in the estimation of his master.

Another delay of eight days having expired, the King assembled all the Lords, and after having made the sign of the cross, invoking at the same time the Holy Ghost, he thanked them all for the counsel they had given, and declared his determination to return to the East. This declaration of the Monarch astonished the whole assembly. Some were ashamed to leave their sovereign, while others discontinued their preparations for departure. The Counts of Anjou and Poitiers

were of the latter class, but by an express order of the King, who announced that he should send them to aid and console his mother. It was on this occasion that he wrote a letter to the latter, which is still extant, in which he gives an account of his expedition to Egypt, of his captivity, and of his deliverance.

Louis had given the necessary orders to collect a new army; but each placed so high a value on his own services that at the end of a month nothing had been done. The Monarch, informed of the cause of this delay, arranged all to satisfy the demands of the chevaliers. He had assembled a large body of troops when the Sultan of Damas sent to beg him to join him in an expedition against the Egyptians. In case of success, the spoils were to be equally divided. Louis replied that he could not join him unless the Egyptians continued obstinately to violate the truce concluded with them. Jean of Valenciennes was sent to learn their intentions. During his absence, the King occupied himself with adding new fortifications to those of Saint Jean d'Acre, which was the principal bulwark of the Christians in the East. To hasten the work, he himself assisted, and soon all the Lords and soldiers followed his example.

Whilst the King was taking these precautions, he received an embassy from "the old man of the Mountain." "Sire," said the chief of the deputation, "do you know the old man of the Mountain?" "No," replied the King coldly, "but I have heard of him." "If that is the case," replied the ambassador, "I am astonished that you have not sent him presents to make him your friend. It is a duty which the Emperor of Germany, the King of Hungary, and several other great Princes acquit themselves of every year, for they know that their lives are in his hands. I have come to tell you for him, not to fail to satisfy him on this point, or at least to discharge him from the tribute he is obliged to pay annually to the Grand Masters of the Templars and Hospitallers. He is able to defend himself from both, but his maxim is not to hazard the lives of his subjects."

The King, without betraying either emotion or resentment, contented himself with coolly ordering the author of this insolent harangue to return the same evening for his reply. The two Grand Masters were present at this second conference, and the envoy repeated to them what he had said in the morning to the King. He was told to return the following day to receive the answer. The proud assassin, unaccustomed to this haughty manner, had nearly lost all patience; but he was still more astonished when the Grand Masters told him that his Prince

must be extremely bold to send to the King such a message, and if it were not for the respect which they entertained for the office of ambassador, they would pitch him and his companions in the depth of the sea. "We command you," added the Grand Masters, "to go to your Lord, and in fifteen days you may return with such letters and presents as will show that you are well disposed."

The whole of Palestine trembled for the life of a Prince who showed such noble pride; but the Chief of the assassins, either through fear or admiration, hastened to send his own chemise and gold ring in token of the alliance he wished to form with the King. The latter sent to the old man of the Mountain a Dominican friar, who carried him scarlet vests, and vases of gold and silver.

The Sire of Valenciennes found the Egyptians disposed to do every thing to avoid the anger of Louis. He returned from his mission with two hundred chevaliers whose deliverance he had effected. Louis, however, sent him back with orders to demand a complete satisfaction. That which rendered the Emirs so tractable, was the war which the Sultan of Damas was about to declare against them; he pursued them with much carnage, and each of the two parties endeavored to cause the King of France to espouse its interests. The latter, without declaring himself on either side, profited by this division. The Crusaders, abundantly supplied with provisions, increased daily and fortified their places. The King visited all the cities occupied by the Christians. Thus, they were prepared to combat with advantage whenever the moment might arrive.

The King's army numbered only seven hundred chevaliers and about four hundred men of light infantry. Nevertheless, such was Louis's reputation for valor and wisdom that the Egyptians sent him the prisoners that they had retained contrary to justice, and the Christian children whom they had compelled to embrace Mahometanism. They moreover renounced all the ransom that was due them, and promised to deliver to the King the kingdom of Jerusalem, with the exception of Gaza, Daron, and two other chateaux.

The holy Monarch, satisfied with these conditions, consented to unite his troops with those of his ancient enemy. Jaffa was appointed as the rendezvous, but the Egyptians were unable to repair thither, as the passage had been intercepted by the army of the Sultan of Damas. This circumstance left the Crusaders victims to the resentment of the latter, who went as far as Jaffa, where the King had stopped according to promise.

The friendship of the barbarians was of short duration; the Saracens of Damascus and those of Egypt, having become reconciled, united against the Christians. Thirty thousand infidels assaulted Jaffa, where the King remained with fourteen hundred men of arms, the remainder of the army having gone by his orders to attempt the conquest of Berlinas. Louis, hearing of the march of the enemy, retired into the castle; but not having a sufficient number of troops with him, they were attacked, massacred, and abandoned without burial. The holy King experienced such lively sorrow on perceiving this that after the retreat of the enemy, he himself raised one of the corpses that had been exposed four days, and placed it in a yard that had been consecrated by the legate, saying to his followers: "Let us go to inter the martyrs of Jesus Christ." So rare an example of humility made an impression on those who were witnesses of it. Some days after, Louis heard that a vessel bearing him a considerable sum had been shipwrecked. He received this news without emotion. "Neither this loss," said he to those around him, "nor any other, will be able to separate me from the fidelity I owe my God."

But this trial was not the greatest which he suffered. Death took from him a mother to whom he had always been attached, and to whose care he had been enabled to confide his kingdom during so long an absence. The Legate, accompanied by the Archbishops of Tyre and Geoffroy of Beaulieu, brought him this sad intelligence. Louis, seeing by the countenance of the prelate that he had some sad communication to make, led him into the Chapel and begged him to speak. The latter commenced by reminding the Monarch of the great obligation he was under to God for having been so piously raised by the best of mothers and in having found in her so wise and prudent a guide for the government of his kingdom; then, in a voice broken by sighs, he exclaimed: "This illustrious Queen is no more. Death has removed her from us." The King at this announcement uttered a groan and shed a torrent of tears; but soon regaining his composure, he cast himself on his knees before the altar, and joining his hands said: "I thank You, O my God! for having preserved until now a mother so worthy of my affection. It was a gift from Your mercy, and You have only recalled what belonged to You. I cannot complain; it is true that I loved her tenderly; but, since it has pleased You to take her from me, may Your holy name be forever blessed."

After these words he desired to remain alone with his confessor. When the prelates had retired, he knelt again at the foot of the crucifix, and for some time

remained absorbed in profound meditation; then rising, he passed into his Oratory and there recited, with the good religious, the office of the dead. From this time he never omitted each day having a Low Mass said for the repose of the soul of his mother, except on Sundays and great festivals.

Louis now thought seriously of returning to France. The situation of affairs in this kingdom rendered the return of the Monarch necessary. His resolution, however, was not formed until he had not only consulted his chevaliers, but also the Lords in Palestine. All unanimously advised him to leave. The departure being resolved on, Joinville, by the order of the King, conducted the Queen and the three young Princes that had [been] born during this Crusade to Tyr. They were soon joined by the Monarch, and all proceeded to Saint Jean d'Acre, which had been appointed as the general rendezvous. One hundred chevaliers remained under the command of the brave Sargines, who defended himself for three years against the attacks of the Saracens.

On St. Mark's day all set sail for France. During the voyage, the King's most agreeable occupation was to attend to the exercises of religion, to visit the sick, and [to] instruct the sailors. He questioned them on articles of faith, and constantly reminded them that, being by their occupation between life and death, the care of their salvation should be their only thought. "Have recourse," he often said to them, "without delay to the Sacrament of Penance. If you are required about the ship I, with pleasure, will take your place, and perform the labor while you reconcile yourselves to God." His example and exhortations were crowned with success.

Whilst sailing towards a country the remembrance of which filled the hearts of the Crusaders with such pleasant emotions, the vessel of the King was violently hurled against a sand bank in the latitude of the island of Cyprus. A second shock, no less severe, spread terror among the sailors and troops. Only sighs and groanings were heard, for each believed that his last hour had arrived.

The Queen in consternation clasped her children to her bosom, and endeavored to appease the cries of these little innocents. The first movement of the King was to prostrate himself before Him who commands the tempests and implore mercy for so many unfortunate beings exposed to such great peril. No sooner had he finished his prayer than the vessel was liberated, and on examination it was found that the bank had prevented them from striking against a rock. The

following day the King examined the vessel, and was told by the nautical master that it would be unsafe for him to remain on board and begged him to abandon the vessel.

"Tell me," said Louis, "by the faith and loyalty you owe me, if this vessel belonged to you, and was loaded with rich merchandise, would you leave it if it were in the same condition?" "No," replied they all unanimously; "we would prefer to risk all, rather than suffer so considerable a loss." "Why then would you have me leave it?" "Because," replied the mariners, "no treasure in the world is so precious as the life of your majesty." "But do you not know that each one here values his life as much as I do mine? If I were to abandon the vessel they would also wish to leave it, and, as there are not sufficient boats to receive them, they would be compelled to remain in a foreign land, without the least hope of returning to their country. Rather than cause so much misery to more than five hundred loyal followers who have been of great assistance to me in the Holy Land, I will risk all, and place my life, as well as that of the Queen and our three children, in the hands of God."

By this heroic act, Louis saved the lives of many unfortunate beings; for Oliver of Termes, celebrated for his intrepid courage in combats, not being able to overcome his fear of drowning, embarked to the island of Cyprus, and was there detained nearly two years.

This accident was not the only one that occurred during the passage. A furious wind assailed the fleet before it had quite passed the island of Cyprus; but Providence preserved the lives of the King and his followers.

A Golden Age in France

After a long and tiresome voyage the fleet arrived at the islands of Hieres in Provence. The King was so weak that the Seneschal of Champagne was obliged to lift him from the vessel. Orders were given to collect immediately horses for the King and his suite.

The return of the Monarch to his Capital enabled the Parisians to display their love for his august person. Fetes succeeded each other for several weeks, without interruption. They could not deny themselves the pleasure of seeing a Prince so tenderly loved.

Louis now applied himself to correct the abuses occasioned by his absence. His first care was to publish an ordinance on the administration of justice. The wisest measures were taken to prevent the corruption of judges and to secure the rights of the weak, as well as those of the rich and powerful.

This ordinance was followed by others concerning the Jews and gambling houses. It was principally the morals that it was necessary to reform, for the holy King could not forget the precept that if the body is not pure, neither can the soul be. An object no less important was the selection of the council. Louis admitted none but able, distinguished men, worthy [of] the confidence of a King whose only care was the happiness of his subjects.

However friendly he might have been to any of his followers, he granted no request until he had long deliberated and consulted the council, to be sure that there was nothing in the demand contrary to justice. A custom had been introduced by his predecessor to send from time to time in the provinces persons commissioned to receive the complaints of the people. He had practiced it before his voyage across the sea; on his return he did not think this precaution sufficient, and as he had to pass through the South of France, he determined to visit the Southern provinces.

He departed to Picardie, and from thence to Flanders, where he appeased the difficulties relative to the succession of Count William. He then returned to Paris to receive and welcome the King of England, who had asked permission to pass through his land. The first interview between the two Kings took place at Chartres. They then took the road to Paris; the people met them in great pomp, some bearing arms, others boughs in token of peace.

They were warmly welcomed by the members of the university. Each member was clothed with his dress of ceremony, carrying a lighted wax taper, and a crown of flowers; the day ended by illumination and other marks of joy.

Immediately after the departure of the King of England, Louis occupied himself with the marriage of his daughter Isabel with Thibaut V, King of Navarre and Count of Champagne. He did not wish to conclude this alliance until Thibaut had satisfied his sister, the Countess of Bretagne, who had lawful claims to the Crown of Navarre. The affair was at length arranged by an indemnity in money; the King seeing nothing contrary to justice consented to an union so much desired by the young Prince.

The same spirit of integrity caused him to repress severely the abuses that were committed by some noblemen. Their castles were taken and razed, and tranquility was soon restored even in the most distant provinces. By wise firmness Louis acquired each day new claims to the love of his subjects. The oppressed found in him a certain support. He kept near him a number of confidential persons, such as the Sires of Nesle, of Joinville, and the Counts of Soissons, Peter of Fontaines, and Geoffroy of Villette, bailiff of Tours, so as to be enlightened by their opinion.

His attention to public and private affairs did not prevent him from redoubling his fervor in the practices of religion. Fasting and prayer were his most familiar exercises. Every day he fed in his house one hundred and twenty persons. This number was often increased to two hundred. Frequently he allowed none to serve them but himself. He washed their feet, ate with them, and never sent them away without giving them money.

Before it had been the custom to distribute every Lent two thousand one hundred and nineteen livres, sixty-three hogsheads of corn, and sixty-eight thousand herrings to the poor monasteries and hospitals. For fear that this custom would be abandoned, he rendered it fixed and immovable by patent letters which would oblige his successors to observe it. He endeavored to diminish the taxes that pressed on the people; to relieve the wants of the infidels whom he had led to the Catholic faith; in fine, to support religious communities, and to found abbeys and hospitals.

Those of Royaumont, of Long-champ, of Maubuisson, and Lys, owe their birth to him. Nunneries were established by his orders in a number of cities. The Hotel Dieu, in Paris, was considerably enlarged by his exertions; but of all the

establishments, the most praiseworthy, perhaps, was the famous hospital for the blind.

In the midst of so many useful occupations, Louis maintained peace, which allowed him to strengthen those institutions which were most beneficial and contributed most to the happiness of his subjects. Strongly convinced that the maintenance of union among the powerful, when it can be allied honorably with the crown, is of the greatest benefit, he thought only of rendering secure the tottering relation that existed between England and France, which resembled more a suspension of arms than peace. A treaty was concluded between the two Kings, in which, by the cession of some places in the South, Louis obtained a formal renunciation of the rights that the King of England pretended to have over Normandy, Anjou, Maine, Touraine, and Poitou. Henry besides was to render in person ordinary homage. The inhabitants of Guyenne and the ceded provinces acknowledged themselves as liegemen of the King, and in consequence swore faith and loyalty as to their Lord.

The conditions were at length ratified by these two Monarchs, on the occasion of a visit of the English King to Paris. He was received, if possible, with more magnificence than in his former visit. After a month's sojourn in Paris, Henry prepared to return to his dominions, when the premature death of the eldest of the young French princes plunged not only the Court and Capital, but the whole kingdom in mourning.

Arrived at the age of sixteen, this worthy son of Louis had displayed those beautiful qualities which he owed partly to birth, partly to education. The beauty of his soul corresponded to that of his figure. Louis had often impressed upon him the great obligations that God imposes on those who are charged with the government of His people. The young prince raised with such sentiments would no doubt have made a great King; he died a perfect Christian, and showed to the last the most profound piety.

The King of England, who assisted at his burial, wished to carry the coffin, and at his example, the highest barons, English as well as French, rendered the same office to the deceased. We can easily imagine how sensible Louis was to this proof of friendship and respect that King Henry gave. Louis retained King Henry at his Court until the feast of Easter, when they separated.

Louis now made another visit through his kingdom, and established the

famous ordinance against judiciary duels and substituted proof by witness. Before, when two noblemen disagreed on a matter which presented some doubts, he who gave the challenge could oblige his adversary to accept; if he declined he lost his cause. If one fell, he was considered as guilty of the fault imputed him.

In the following year (1262) an invasion of Tartars of Syria and Palestine excited the solicitude of Louis for the Christians of these countries. He assembled the barons and by public prayer, fasting, and processions, endeavored to appease the wrath of God. Blasphemies were punished, tournaments and gambling prohibited; a considerable sum of money was sent to Sargines, by means of which he was enabled to sustain himself against the Tartars. Reassured by these precautions, the King applied himself to state affairs.

Some had the boldness to say to him that he spent two much time in devotional exercises. "Men are strange," replied he with mildness. "My assiduity to prayer, they convert into a crime, and yet they would not say a word if I spent the same time in hunting fallow deer, or chasing herds."

He, above all, endeavored to perfect the police, and encourage commerce. Then he founded his Society for arts and trades, the loss of whose rules, is even now a subject of regret. Public roads and interior navigation were much benefited by his exertion. In fine, France became so happy under the conduct of this holy King that multitudes of strangers flocked there to enjoy three things found nowhere else—ease, justice[,] and peace.

The King of England soon gave a convincing proof of the confidence that he placed in the virtues of Louis. The barons of this country, discontented at the prodigality of the King, compelled him to adhere to degrading conditions, which far from remedying, increased the disorders of the government, and placed all authority in the hands of some ambitious and turbulent lords. This contract, to which King Henry had been obliged to yield, was broken as soon as he could take measures to resist the rebellion. The lords armed themselves in their turn, and were joined by the populace. Civil war seemed inevitable, when the more sensible of the two parties proposed to submit it to the King of France, and act as he should order. Louis having accepted this delicate mission, the assembly was held in the city of Amiens.

The English monarch appeared in person, and the barons appointed their deputies. After the respective rights of the two parties had been discussed, the

august judge gave his decision in the following manner: "In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, we annul and break all the statutes in the parliament of Oxford, as innovatious, prejudicial, and injurious to the dignity of the throne, we discharge the King and barons from the obligation of observing them: we declare all that has been ordered in consequence to be null, and of no value: we revoke, and repress all the letters that the King may have written on this subject: we order that all the fortresses that have been placed at the disposal of the eighty (the Council opposed to the King of England) shall be given up to his disposition: we desire that he act in all great affairs of the state; that he grant forgiveness to all, and that he call indifferently to his Councils all those whose merits and fidelity are known to him: we order and decree that all the legitimate rights possessed by his predecessors be restored to him, and that both parties forget the past. We do not wish, however, to derogate from the privileges, charters, and liberties which were in use before the dispute was commenced."

These wise resolutions would have secured the tranquilty of England if they had been observed, but some one of the barons wishing to do away with them, hostilities recommenced: the King was taken in battle, and ransomed a short time after by his son, but did not recover his entire power until the death of the Count of Leycester, who was at the head of the rebellion and the soul of his party.

About this time the Pope offered to Louis the crown of Sicily for one of his sons, but the wise Monarch remained faithful to his principles of neutrality, and refused the brilliant offer. The Count of Anjou was not possessed of the same prudence as his august brother. Flattered by the title of King, he prepared to undertake the conquest of the kingdom, for this was the first condition that he had to accomplish.

His Second Crusade and Death

In the midst of the numberless benefits that Louis had conferred on his people, he was filled with regret at the little success of his Egyptian and Syrian expedition. The glory of the French name seemed to him almost to have faded away in these countries, and the interests of religion had gained nothing by the great sacrifices of men and money. His constitution no longer allowed him to combat as a soldier, neither could he sustain the heavy armor in use at that time, but his kingdom was filled with a proud nobility, desirous of honor, and too long a peace had kept them in such a state of inaction as might have become fatal to the state.

A campaign against the enemy of the faith under such circumstances could not but be successful. Louis would not decide, however, until he had written to the Pope, who at first endeavored to dissuade him from exposing himself to fatigue above his actual strength; but seeing that the King persisted in a resolution that seemed inspired by heaven, Clement IV pressed him to hasten the accomplishment of his design.

Palestine had never stood in greater need of assistance than at this time. Sargines remained immoveable before the attacks of barbarians, who from the depths of Asia fell on his little troop in the East; the divisions of the Christians themselves, and above all, those of the Templars and Hospitallers; the infidelity of the members of the two orders in the execution of treaties; succeeded in drawing on them an implacable enemy in the person of Bondocdar, who from the first expedition of St. Louis, had been a famous character, and who had become Sovereign (of Egypt, of Damascus, of Aleppo, and the greater part of Arabia) by the assassination of the Sultan his master.

By a truce concluded between the Christians of Palestine and the people of Egypt, they had agreed to deliver up all the prisoners on both sides. Sargines executed the treaty and endeavored to make the Templars conform to it, but the latter led on by detestable avarice, refused to deliver those Saracens that they held in bondage.

The proud Mussulman, irritated by this violation of the treaty, assembled three hundred thousand horsemen, placed himself at their head, and carried terror and desolation in the heart of Palestine. The city of Nazareth was completely ruined. Caesarea, that Louis had fortified with so much care, fell after an assault.

Caiphas and Arsuph also submitted to the yoke of the conqueror. The house for pilgrims and that of Montfort were more fortunate in their resistance; but the Saracens, rendered furious, cast themselves upon Sapher, which was compelled to surrender. The inhabitants were inhumanly strangled.

The enemy carried their barbarity so far as to flay alive two gray friars who were among the prisoners. After this atrocious act, Bondocdar presented himself before St. Jean d'Acre, whose environs he had devastated, and threatened to lay siege to it as soon as his warlike machines should arrive. Such was the substance of the news received from the East. All thought it necessary that assistance should be sent to these holy places, but none were willing to offer their services.

Louis, yielding to the generous impulses of his heart, publicly announced from his throne that he was resolved to carry aid to his brothers in Palestine, who were menaced by the Saracens with the most cruel slavery. The picture that he drew of their condition was so touching, that numbers of the Lords solicited the favor of receiving the holy cross from the hands of the cardinal of St. Cecile, legate of the Holy See.

Joinville was almost the only one among the distinguished chevaliers who refused to take a part in the new crusade. He gave as a reason that during his first voyage beyond the sea, his vassals had been annoyed and impoverished; that in the absence of their lord, their ruin would be completely effected, and that he was not doing the will of God if he exposed their lives and property instead of remaining to aid and defend them.

All solicitations were useless, and the good Seneschal sacrificed the sincere attachment that he felt for the King for that which he considered duty.

After having provided for the government of the state by the nomination of two regents, who were the Abbot of St. Denis and the Sire of Nesle; and fixed the portion of each child, and made his last will, Louis went according to custom to take the royal standard at St. Denis, and then commenced his journey. Aigue Morte had been appointed as the general rendezvous for the Crusaders. The vessels that were to bring the Genoese had not yet arrived. Trouble arose between men of different nations, on account of remaining in a state of inaction.

The presence of the King was necessary to put an end to their bloody quarrels, but embarkation, which alone could have effectually prevented them, was impossible. Louis received an embassy from the Emperor of Constantinople. This

Prince, alarmed at the preparations made in France for war, and fearing that they were secretly directed against him, proposed to the King of France to employ him to effect the reunion between the Greek and Latin churches. Such an offer filled the heart of Louis with joy, but knowing that it did not belong to him to decide in matters of faith, he made known the proposal of the Emperor to act as mediator to the Holy See.

The ambassadors returned to their country having gained nothing. The Genoese arrived, and the army embarked; before setting sail, the King held a council to decide on the place of destination. Tunis was chosen; he was induced to repair thither by a promise that the King of this place had made him of embracing Christianity, if he could do so without being put to death by his subjects. As an excuse for the appearance of the royal army, it was necessary for it to seem as if they had been compelled to land by some superior power. If the Mahometan Prince was sincere in his profession, the expedition could not but be successful. If the contrary, they would attack the capital, which, it was said, could not long resist.

Flattered by this agreeable illusion, the Crusaders set sail for Sardinia, where the King of Navarre, the Counts of Poitiers and Flanders, were to join them. The first part of the passage was disagreeable. Violent winds dispersed the fleet, and it was after eight fearful days that they entered the port of Cagliari.

Water was wanting, which the islanders furnished, but they refused to allow the sick who were in need of refreshments to land: they afterwards yielded through fear.

The third day after they set sail, they arrived at the entrance of the gulf of Tunis; on seeing the fleet, those of the inhabitants who were on the shore fled towards the mountains, abandoning their barks, which the Crusaders seized.

Florent Varennes landed without opposition, and sent word to the King that he must join him without loss of time, in order to profit by the fright which prevented the barbarians from making any opposition. But Louis, acquainted with the usual impetuosity of Varennes, paid no attention to this bold request, and judged it better to wait until the next day. Varennes was recalled and the following day the descent was made.

The wisdom of this determination was soon made manifest, for at the break of day the port and all the environs were covered with an innumerable number of Saracens. This spectacle did not diminish the courage of the warriors: they landed,

sabre in hand, and prepared themselves to fall upon the enemy, but the latter had fled, and in a few moments thev were masters of the isthmus on which they had landed.

They occupied themselves in raising tents; but, unfortunately, they were unable to obtain the most necessary articles. The want of water caused the Christians to suffer extremely, for the greater number of them were unaccustomed to the burning air of Africa. The next day they discovered some cisterns near a large tower, which were guarded by Saracens. The first who imprudently advanced to satisfy their thirst were surprised, and nearly all killed. The King sent to their assistance some troops, who had but little difficulty in seizing the tower. They kept it in possession as long as there was any water in the cisterns, but as soon as they were exhausted, there was nothing left but to march towards Carthage to await the King of Sicily, to whom Louis had made a promise of undertaking nothing until his arrival.

This city was not fortified, but was furnished with a strong castle, which the Mahometans seemed determined to defend. The King having given the necessary orders to lay siege to the castle, the mariners offered to hasten the operation, provided they would give them a certain number of crossbowmen. The offer being accepted, these brave men advanced, placed their ladders against the walls of the fort, ascended with the rapidity of lightning, hoisted the royal standard, and opened a passage for the soldiers, who followed in a few minutes and made themselves masters of the castle.

During the glorious action, the Saracens had appeared in arms on the heights, but the presence of the army that Louis had ranged in battle prevented them from endeavoring to oppose the taking of a city which they regarded as the key of the country. Carthage was taken, but there all conquest ended.

The first care of the King after this advantage was to free the city from corpses, and to establish hospitals for the sick. The Princesses were placed there by his orders; these were the wives of the three sons of France (the Counts of Poitiers, of Artois, and the Queen of Navarre). The King of Tunis, instead of demanding baptism as he had promised, was much irritated by the attack of the French; he endeavored to weaken the forces of the King by continual skirmishes which cost the lives of many, but were of no decided result.

The Counts of Navarre, second son of the King, was one of the first victims of

the scourge that was now desolating the camp. His brother, Prince Philip, and the King of Navarre were attacked with the contagion, but were fortunate enough to recover. Soon the cardinal legate, the Counts of Vendome, Marche, Gauthier, and Nemours, with a number of other Lords, perished miserably, regretting that they had not seen the triumph of their arms.

At length the King was attacked. It was in his last moments that he displayed a greatness of soul superior to all that had been seen before. He gave his orders, foresaw the wants of others, and endeavored to redress their wrongs, but soon his strength failed, and he was unable to leave his bed. Louis, though incapable of acting, was none the less animated by the desire of being useful to his subjects. It was for them principally that with a trembling hand he traced this admirable advice. "My son, the first thing that I recommend is to love thy God with all thy heart, and to desire rather to suffer, than to commit one single mortal sin. If God sends thee adversity, submit with resignation, and know that thou hast offended, and this punishment will be profitable to thee. If he sheds on thee his benefits, thank him humbly, so that thou mayest not be puffed up by pride.

"Have recourse to the sacrament of penance, and be careful to choose a wise confessor. Be so humble that thy confessor and friends will not fear to reprimand thee. Listen attentively and with piety to the service of the holy Church, and particularly to the Mass before thy coronation.

"Have a mild and compassionate heart for the poor and unfortunate. Relieve and aid them to the best of thy ability. Support the good customs of thy kingdom, and do away with the evil ones.

"Seek not to enrich thyself at the expense of thy people; do not load them with excessive taxes. If thou feel'st any secret sorrow, confide it to thy confessor or some prudent friend, whose sentiments will not end in vain words; thy affliction will thus be lightened. Let those by whom thou art surrounded be wise and loyal; men of good morals and great probity. Above all avoid the company of the wicked.

"Listen to the word of God, and retain it in thy heart. Pray often and with sincerity. Encourage good and repress evil. Allow no persons to discourse on subjects that might lead to sin; neither permit any to slander the absent. Much less allow them to speak of God with irreverance. Return thanks frequently to thy Creator for the gifts he has bestowed on thee, and thus thou wilt prepare thyself for new ones.

"Be firm and loyal in the justice that thou owest thy subjects, and turn not from the right course for any consideration whatever. Aid the just cause, and assist the poor in their contentions, that is if truth be on their side.

"If any one brings an action against thee, take no part until thou knowest exactly what it is; by this means the counsellers will be enabled to judge more boldly, according to truth, either for or against thee. If thou hast any thing that belong'st to others, restore it without delay: if it is doubtful, have it promptly examined by wise and industrious persons.

"Thou shouldst endeavor to make all under thy government live in peace and uprightness. Concerning the cities of thy kingdom and thy customs, keep them as thy predecessors left them; but if abuses enter, correct them with care, so as to draw to thee the hearts of the inhabitants by love and kindness.

"Love and honor all persons who belong to the Church, and see that they are not deprived of the gifts and alms which they received from thy predecessors.

"Confer not ecclesiastical benefits but on those of a pure life and irreproachable morals. Never engage in war against Christians unless compelled to do so, and if thou canst not avoid it, at least spare those who take no part in the contention.

"If thy subjects wish to war among themselves, appease them as soon as possible.

"Be scrupulous in the choice of thy officers of justice, and often inquire concerning their conduct. Endeavor to put an end to blasphemy and heresy in thy kingdom. Be careful that the expenses of thy house are not excessive. In fine, my dear child, I desire, that throughout the kingdom, thou shalt have Masses celebrated for the repose of my soul.

"My dear child, I give all the benedictions that an affectionate father can give his son. May the Holy Trinity and all the Saints guard and defend thee from evil, and may God give thee grace in all things, to do His will, and to honor him, so that we may both after this mortal life be with Him, to praise and bless Him for all eternity. Amen."

A few moments after Louis had ended this discourse, the violence of his disease sensibly increased, and feeling that his strength was failing, he asked for the Holy Viaticum, which he received kneeling.

He no longer occupied himself with worldly affairs, but made the most tender wishes for the conversion of infidels. His soul, ready to wing its flight to celestial

regions, called on God and claimed the intercession of the Saints. Conscious of his approaching dissolution, he was placed, by his own orders, on a bed covered with ashes, and there with eyes turned towards heaven, his arms crossed and his countenance impressed with an angelic serenity, he expired on Thursday 25th of August, 1270, whilst distinctly pronouncing these beautiful words of the royal prophet: "Lord I will enter into your house, I will adore in your holy temple, and I will glorify your name."

Such was the truly Christian death of Louis IX. He expired in the 56th year of his age, and the 45th of his reign. His memory has been revered in all ages as the most just and virtuous Prince that ever wore a crown.

Charles of Anjou soon after arrived with his troops, to reinforce the army of the King. Astonished that no one came to greet him, and fearing some misfortune, he advanced before his warriors, passed the camp, and reached the tent of his virtuous brother, whom he found extended on his bier. He prostrated himself, uttering mournful cries, and kissed with transport the feet of the holy King, and showed every mark of violent despair.

His remains were placed in a case to be carried to France, and given to the Abbey of St. Denis; but at the moment when these precious remains were to be placed in the vessel for transportation, the whole army protested they would not give up a treasure which was the safety of all and the pledge of victory.

Philip acceded to their wishes, and the holy relics remained in the camp. Several successive advantages gained by the Christians led the King of the Saracens to solicit peace. As soon as the treaty was concluded, they disposed everything for the transportation of the holy relics of the King. After having passed through Italy, Philip returned to France, where new scenes of sorrow awaited him. He was followed by an immense crowd, and sighs and sobs were heard mingled with the praises of the Saint, for whom all France wept.

The religious ceremonies ended at St. Denis, the remains of the King were placed in a sarcophagus, ornamented with gold and silver leaves, covered with an art superior to all that had then been seen (1271). The Church proclaimed that the model of Kings had entered into eternal glory, and that Catholics should honor him as a Saint.

Notes on the Text

The text is taken verbatim from [The Life of St. Louis, King of France].textsc (Excelsior Catholic Publishing House: New York, 1902), which contains no authorship information for either the original French or the translation which we republish here. The following changes, however, were made.

Roman numerals at the time of publication were customarily followed by a period, even when not ending a sentence. This is no longer the custom, so these periods were removed. Indeed, punctuation was generally changed to conform more to modern practice. A considerable number of commas, semicolons, and the like had to be rearranged to do so.

The word "God" was printed in small caps in the original; it's been changed to conform to surrounding type. In one case, the Holy Name "Jesus Christ" was printed all in caps. This has also been changed to be normal type.

Some spellings have been changed to conform to modern or to American conventions; e.g., "skilful" to "skillful." Older place names and demonyms, along with their spellings, have also been modernized or Anglicized; e.g., "Chypre" was converted uniformly to "Cyprus," and "Sartaigne" was changed to "Sardinia," in both cases because English-speaking readers would be unlikely to recognize the French names in the original text. Some odd spellings—"Genois"; "Venitian"—were also changed to the modern English versions, now reading "Genoese" and "Venetian."

We have also universally modernized punctuation, as customs for comma, semicolon, and colon placement have considerably changed.

Otherwise, however, the text has been retained in its original version, in the hopes that it will be useful and edifying. Praise be to Christ the King!

The Battle of Lepanto

Preface

The sixteenth century was drawing to its close, a century marked by the ravages of religious revolution, and destined to be for ever honored or deplored according as men may think of it as the age of reformation or of decay. Among the many such changes which arose out of the new order of things, we can scarcely fail to notice the growth of that exclusive nationality which has lasted until our own time. The great tie of religious unity was broken which had given the nations of Europe a common interest even in the midst of the continual warfare in which they were engaged, and which had inspired them with so many generous enterprises in defence of the faith. But when that bond of brotherhood was lost, there was no longer a common cause to fight for; a profound selfishness may thenceforward be discovered in the whole history of Europe, and the chance alliances of one power with another had no nobler basis than the political interests of the hour.

This change began to be felt immediately after the separation of the northern nations from the unity of the Church, and the circumstance was not unobserved by the great infidel power of the East. The enormous progress of that power was almost coeval with the period of the Reformation; and the distractions and divisions among the Christians that followed that event were so many gains to the Turks, who pushed their victorious arms further and further, till the dreaded Crescent—which the long struggle of the crusades and of the heroic ages of Christendom had kept at bay—was displayed under the very walls of Marseilles and the port of Rome by the corsair-fleets which roved at large over the waters of the Mediterranean, and scarcely found an enemy to oppose them in their course. The republic of Venice, indeed, was still master of many of the island-fortresses of the Levant and the Archipelago; but as the power of that state was now gradually declining, the eyes of her foe were fastened with a bolder ambition upon the dominions which she seemed helpless to defend. The rich and beautiful island of Cyprus in particular excited the cupidity of Selim II,[1] who had succeeded his father, Suleiman the Magnificent, in the empire of the East; and the report of a sudden

[1] Known to history as "Selim the Sot." It is said that he was instigated to the conquest of the island by a Jew, his boon companion, who represented to him how easily he could make himself master of the soil on which grew the grapes which produced his favorite wine.

disaster which befell the republic in the explosion and destruction of her arsenal encouraged him to seize the occasion of breaking, in the face of solemn treaties, a peace which had remained undisturbed between the two states for nearly thirty years.

When the hostile intentions of the Turkish sultan became known, the republic was little prepared to recommence the desperate struggle. Her utmost efforts were spent in the equipment of a fleet which, when assembled, was found wholly inadequate to meet the enemy; and in her distress, crippled as she was by the loss of her vast magazines, and drained of all resources, she implored the assistance of the Roman Pontiff, and, through him, of the other powers of Christendom. Pius V then filled the chair of St. Peter; and his sagacious eye had long foreseen the danger, nor had be spared any efforts to provide the necessary defences. But the times were against him. A famine was ravaging the fair fields of Italy; the government of France was too busy with the Huguenots to have time or strength to bestow on a quarrel with the Turks; and as to England—to use the expression of a writer of the time—its ruler was Elizabeth, "a greater enemy to Rome than the Turks themselves." Nevertheless, in spite of all discouragements, the zeal of the Roman Pontiff was manifested by an extraordinary activity. Every court of Europe was visited by his ambassadors, who vainly tried to rouse the spirit of the Christian princes against a foe whose conquests were as rapid as they were bloodstained. One after another they excused themselves on the plea of domestic troubles and exhausted treasuries, and in the month of May 1570, when Pius had fondly hoped to have seen his noble appeals as nobly responded to by the universal voice of Christendom, he found himself supported by the king of Spain alone out of all the potentates of Europe.

Meanwhile the fall of Cyprus, attended by barbarities which rivalled in cruelty and atrocity the torments inflicted on the early Christian martyrs, signalised the opening of the war, and gave to the Turkish arms the prestige of the first success. A slight notice of that terrible event may give our readers some idea of the sort of adversary by whom Christendom was at this time threatened.

The Fall of Cyprus

Already the sultan had ordered the seizure of all merchant-vessels that chanced to be at anchor within the ports of the Turkish empire, and the closing of all the avenues by which relief could be afforded to the doomed island; and yet in Venice itself counsels were still divided: the doge was just dead, and the senate was occupied with the nomination of his successor. To the last no vigorous measures were taken by the republic to throw a sufficient force into Cyprus, and the commanders of the allied Venetian and Spanish fleets strove in vain to convey the necessary succours. Sickness and famine made fearful ravages among the troops, and many thousands perished. The ships which had on board Count Jerome Martinengo and 3000 men were overtaken by a tremendous storm; an epidemic broke out which carried off more than a third of the number, and among them their renowned commander himself; and they who, from the shores of the island had long watched for the reinforcements, of which they stood in such desperate need, saw at length but a few shattered vessels come into harbor, bearing with them the dead body of the man on whose bravery and skill they had rested all their hopes of deliverance. To add to the general consternation, Nicholas Dandolo, who had but just taken on himself the office of governor, was one in whose capacity and judgment neither soldiers nor people felt they could place any reliance. Lala Mustapha, a renegade aleady infamous for his foul and treacherous practices, was the commander of the Ottoman forces, numbering, as some historians have computed, 80,000 men; to oppose which vast armament the Christians could not muster more than 500 or 600 horse, a small body of local militia, and 2000 foot-soldiers fit for active service.

The city of Nicosia, the first object of attack, was taken by storm on the 9th of September 1570, after an heroic resistance of seven weeks, during which the inhabitants had again and again repulsed the assaults of the Turks with a valor which struck such terror into the besiegers, that more than once they all but abandoned their attempts on the town. The ammunition had failed, the fortifications were demolished, most of the distinguished leaders had been slain; the devoted bishop, who had given up all he possessed for the support of the soldiery and people, had himself fallen in a *mélée*; the Count de Rochas, who ranked next in command to the governor, was killed in defending one of the

ruined bastions, and the Turks, after grossly outraging his body, thrust it into a mortar and launched it into the town. Dandolo retreated into his palace as soon as the enemy penetrated into the town, and the wretched inhabitants were given up as a prey to their infuriated assailants. In vain they threw themselves on their knees before their vanquishers; they were massacred without pity: for seven hours the horrible carnage proceeded. The palace still held out. The pasha offered the garrison their lives on condition of their laying down their arms: they did so, and every soul was put to the sword. The Bishop of Baffo, who, in the estimation of his countrymen, was as capable of commanding an army as of governing a diocese, was butchered among the rest. The unhappy Dandolo, after suffering frightful tortures at the hands of the infidels, was decapitated, and his head sent to the governor of Cerino, the third principal town of the island, as a token of what he might himself expect if he did not instantly surrender the place. The atrocities committed by the Turks defy description. Mustapha, it is related, ordered the children and old men, and all whom it was not worth the victor's while to preserve, to be piled one upon another in the great square of the town and burnt alive; at the same time, to show his hatred of the Christian name, he directed numerous carcases of swine—for which the followers of Mahomet entertain a religious abhorrence—to be heaped upon his victims, and consumed together with them. For three days the town was given up to pillage, and every barbarity which an infernal malice could suggest was perpetrated upon its despairing population. Women threw themselves from the house-tops to escape from their pursuers; mothers slew their daughters with their own hands rather than that they should fall into the power of the brutal foe. More than 20,000 human beings were slaughtered on the day of the assault; in the first paroxysm of their rage the infidels spared neither sex nor age; 2000 alone were reserved for a slavery more terrible than death. One fearful act of vengeance marked the close of this memorable siege. The Turks had collected in a single galleon the most beautiful youths and maidens of the place, together with the most precious portion of the booty, with the intention of conveying them as presents to the sultan, his eldest son, and the grand vizier. One of the captives, a lady of noble family, knowing but too well the wretched fate that awaited herself and her companions, set fire to the powder-magazine, and blew the vessel high into the air. Two others loaded with the spoils of the town were involved in its destruction; great numbers of the enemy perished, and among

them many Christians of distinction, and the flower of the youth of either sex.

Mustapha now led his troops, flushed with victory and outnumbering by thousands their Christian opponents, under the walls of Famagosta. For eleven months the brave Bragadino, with a scanty garrison and a few thousands of armed citizens, withstood the Moslem hosts.[2] In vain had they sought relief from Spain and their own republic. The Spanish admiral weakly held aloof; the Venetians succeeded only in throwing a handful of men into the place. The besieged fought with all the strength of despair: women not only labored in supplying arms and ammunition to the soldiers, but combated by their side upon the walls, throwing down stones and boiling-water on the assailants, or precipitating themselves with deadly effect into the masses of the foe, and causing many a Moslem warrior to bite the dust. The bishop of the place, a Dominican by profession, contributed not a little in re-animating the spirits of the garrison, whose ranks were being every day rapidly thinned by famine and the sword: his exhortations, say the chroniclers, elicited prodigies of valor. In the very heat of the assault he might be seen for hours upon the ramparts, surrounded by his clergy, holding aloft the crucifix, and calling on the people to resist unto death fighting for the faith.[3] All in vain: on the 1st of August 1571, the walls were nearly levelled to the ground; the defences consisted only of bags of earth and bales of cotton; the Italian and Greek auxiliaries, whose prowess had done such execution on the Turks, were all annihilated; there were left but seven barrels of powder, and of food there was none remaining; the combatants, emaciated by want and incessant toil, could scarcely hold their weapons in their hands. Further resistance was impossible, and Bragadino, yielding at length to the piteous entreaties of the townspeople, consented to sue for terms. But as the intrepid governor bade the white flag be unfurled, he exclaimed, "Officers and men, I call Heaven to witness that it is not I who surrender this town to the infidels, but the senate of Venice, who, by abandoning us to our fate, have given us up into the hands of these barbarians." A capitulation was concluded, by which the inhabitants were to remain in possession of their goods, and to have the free exercise of their religion; all who chose might

[2] For a short but spirited account of the heroic defence and its fatal catastrophe the reader is referred to *The Four Martyrs*, by M. Rio.

[3] On one of the last days of the siege he was struck by a ball and killed, while praying in the garden of his palace.

quit the town, and sell or carry off their effects; the garrison were to march out with their arms and with all the honors of war, and to be transported in Turkish vessels to Crete.

The terms were ratified; and on the morning of the 15th August, the Feast of the Assumption, Bragadino, according to agreement, proceeded with two of his officers and a small escort to the tent of the Turkish general to deliver up into his own hands the keys of the town. But no sooner had he entered the pavilion than he and his attendants were treacherously seized on some frivolous pretence; new conditions were imposed; and on the governor's remonstrating against the injustice of such proceedings, Mustapha ordered his companions beheaded on the spot before his eyes. Bragadino himself he condemned to a like fate: three times he compelled the noble Venetian to bow his head to receive the murderer's stroke, and as often—as though he would make his victim drink the bitter cup of torment drop by drop—arrested by a sign the executioner's arm. The tyrant had another and a more terrible death in store for one who had so long defied his most furious efforts; and he contented himself for the present with ordering his captive's nose and ears to be cut off in his presence; which done, he had him loaded with chains, and cast, bleeding as he was, into a dungeon, tauntingly bidding him call now upon his Christ, for it was time that He should help him. Three hundred Christians who were in the camp were butchered in cold blood; the rest of the garrison and the unhapply townspeople, who were already on board the Turkish transports, were reduced to slavery; while the hostages sent into the Turkish quarters before the treaty was formally signed, among whom was Henry Martinengo, nephew of the count, were subjected to barbarous mutilation. The fortifications were now ordered to be rebuilt; and the Turk compelled his noble prisoner to carry loads of earth upon his shoulders for the repair of the walls, and to kiss his feet each time he passed before him; and not yet satisfied with the indignities he heaped upon him, he had him hoisted up aloft on the yard-arm of a vessel in the harbor, where he kept him exposed for hours to the gaze and scoff of the infidels, and then suddenly plunged him into the sea. At last, after trampling him under foot, he doomed him to be flayed alive in the public square. The indomitable commander, who united in himself the resolute courage of a chivalrous soldier with the supernatural patience of a Christian martyr, amidst his untold agonies betrayed not a sign of pain, uttered not a murmur or a complaint

against his torturers, but, as they stripped the skin from his quivering flesh, calmly prayed and recited aloud from time to time verses from the *Miserere* and other Psalms. When the Christians in the crowd heard him breathe the words, *"Domine, in manus tuas commendo Spiritum meum*,[4] they thought he was rendering up his life to God; but there followed in tender accents—as if to show Whose suffering in that hour of agony were most present to his thoughts, and Whose meek and loving spirit then filled his inflexible and dauntless soul—*"Pater, dimitte illis; non enim sciunt quid faciunt*[5] and with this prayer for mercy on his tormentors the brave soldier of Christ passed to receive the martyr's palm. But Turkish malice was not even yet exhausted. Mustapha caused the brave man's body to be cut into four quarters, and each to be attached to the muzzle of the largest guns. His skin was stuffed with straw, and, together with a representation of our Divine Lord in His adorable Passion, paraded through the camp and through the town fastened on the back of a cow. Finally, he dispatched both figures as trophies to the Sultan his master, with the head of Bragadino and those of the two murdered commanders. At Constantinople the skin of the heroic martyr was hung up as a spectacle for the Christian galley-slaves.[6]

After the fall of Famagosta further resistance was impossible; indeed (to their everlasting shame be it written) the Greek population of the island sided actively with the invaders, and, in their obstinate blindness, not knowing what they did, delivered themselves up to the degrading domination of the Turks. Everywhere the most frightful scenes were enacted: the Mussulman soldiery broke into the wine-cellars, and, maddened with drink, indulged in orgies too revolting for description. By the command of the renegade Mustapha the tombs of the dead were opened, and their contents scattered to the winds; the images and pictures of the saints were demolished; the churches defiled with abominations so loathsome that the pen of the historian refuses to record them. Friday the 17th of August, the day on which the noble Bragadino suffered, was set apart for the deliberate perpetration of horrors which rivalled in foulness and atrocity the infamous mysteries of Venus,

[4] "Lord, into Thy hands I commend my spirit."

[5] "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do."

[6] It was afterwards stolen by a Christian slave and taken to Venice, where it was deposited in an urn in the church of St. John and St. Paul; the martyr's bones were also carefully collected, and buried in the church of St. Gregory.

and the bloody rites at which pagans offered sacrifices of human victims to the devils whom the worshipped. A few days after, Lala Mustapha made his triumphal entry into Constantinople with the spoils of a conquest which had cost him 50,000 men.

During the dreadful scenes which accompanied the fall of Cyprus, there were not wanting many who displayed a spirit worthy of the best days of Christendom. F. Angelo Calepius, a member of the Dominican order, has left an interesting and valuable narrative of the taking of Nicosia, of which place he was a native. He himself played a distinguished part in its defence; for during the seven weeks of siege which preceded the entrance of the Turks, he was unwearied in his efforts to rouse the inhabitants to an heroic resistance in the cause of liberty and faith. In spite of the continual fire of the enemy, Calepius was to be seen every where, attending to the wounded and dying, and encouraging the harassed and disheartened combatants. When at length the place surrendered, and was abandoned for three days to pillage and slaughter, the zeal and devotion of this excellent man displayed itself under the very swords of the infidels. The streets were flowing with blood; yet wherever the danger was greatest and the heaps of dead and dying lay the thickest, Father Angelo might be seen, regardless of the ferocious soldiery who surrounded him, administering the consolations of religion to their victims, and endeavoring to comfort them in that dreadful hour by the power of his words and of his very presence.

Among those whose murder in cold blood he was forced to witness, was his own mother Lucretia Calepia and almost all his relatives, with numbers of the clergy and his fellow religious; yet the thought of flight or concealment never seemed to suggest itself to him amid scenes which, with all their horrors, offered him a field for his labors in defence of the faith and in aid of his brethren. "He was," says Echard, "a constant champion and defender of the Christian faith." But at length his own turn came: he was seized, stripped of his religious habit, and placed, loaded with chains, among the other captives. After passing through many hands, he was finally purchased by Osma, the captain of a Turkish galley, and carried by him to Constantinople. Before long, however, Angelo so far won the good graces of his master, that he was no longer treated as a slave: he was even suffered to sit at the same table, and permitted to go through the city wherever he desired without restraint, the only condition exacted from him being, that he should not leave the

walls. He had no temptation to do so; for the sole use he made of his liberty was to visit his fellow-captives, to console them in their sufferings, and strengthen them in the faith. There are some men who find their apostolate every where, and such was Calepius. True to the great instinct of his order, he was ready, like his great patriarch, "to save souls any where, and as many as he could." In those days the chains and scourges of the Moslems were a less terrible danger to their captives than the temptations to apostasy, with which they were careful to surround them. Men needed a living and a lively faith to be able constantly to persevere in the most appalling sufferings, when a few words would purchase for them ease, liberty, and often the highest rank in the sultan's service—for many of the most distinguished commanders were Christian renegades; and Calepius, who knew this, felt that no more fitting field of missionary labor could have been granted to him than he now found in the dungeons and bagnios of Constantinople, confirming his weak brethren, and sometimes winning back those who had strayed to the profession of their faith.

Meanwhile his order had not forgotten him; his name had long been known in Rome, and Seraphin Cavalli, the general of the Dominicans, who had his liberation greatly at heart, succeeded at length in dispatching four hundred gold crowns to Constantinople as the price of his ransom. Calepius was therefore free. He might have returned to Cyprus, or made his way to Rome, where he was sure of an honorable reception; but ease and honor were the last things of which he thought. He had chosen the damp vaults of the slave-prisons for the scene of his ministry, and without hesitation he determined on remaining at Constantinople, and sacrificing liberty, advancement, nay, life itself if need were, for the salvation of his brethren. So there he stayed, a beggar at the doors of the ambassadors and Christian merchants, carrying the alms he collected to the miserable objects of his charity, some of whom he was even enabled to set at liberty, rejoicing as he did so rather at the deliverance of their souls than the emancipation of their bodies. Many renegades were by his means recalled to the faith, and a far greater number preserved from falling. At length, however, his unwearied labors drew on him the jealousy of the Turks: he was forbidden to visit the slaves; but continuing to do so by stealth, he was at length formally accused of being a spy and an enemy to the Prophet. The charge was a capital one; and on the 3d of February 1572, he was again seized and thrown into a wretched dungeon. Calepius had never looked for any

other result; and joyfully hailing what he trusted was the approach of martyrdom, he prepared for death with his usual calmness. It was not so ordered, however; he had many friends, both among the ambassadors and even among the infidels themselves, and his release was at length procured, on the condition, not a little flattering to his influence and character, that he would instantly quit the Turkish dominions. It was useless to resist; and since he could no longer assist his captive brethren by his presence, he determined not the less to devote himself to their deliverance in another way. He passed over to Italy, and became there what he had already been in Constantinople—a beggar for the Christian slaves. Naples, Bologna, Florence, Milan, and Venice, and every other city whither the Cyprian refugees had retired, was visited by him in turns. He pleaded the cause of their poor countrymen with all the skill of an advocate and all the tenderness of a father, and represented their sufferings with so touching an eloquence, that he effectually roused every one to give according to his means. Another Dominican, by name Stephen de Lusignan, of the royal house of Cyprus, joined him in his work; and together these two men were enabled to ransom great numbers of the captives, devoting their entire energies to this undertaking for many years.

It is at the end of De Lusignan's *Universal History* that the two narratives of Calepius on the taking of Nicosia and Famagosta are inserted; and it is said that the publication of these memoirs became the means of exciting many to liberal alms on behalf of the sufferers. Some years afterwards Angelo was nominated by Gregory XIII to the bishopric of Santarini, as a reward for his zeal and perseverance.

Leading to Battle

So was lost the fair isle of Cyprus to Venice and to Christian Europe: it passed under the dominion of the Mahometan, and to this day it remains subject to the same evil sway[7]; a monument alike of the treacherous cruelty of the Turk and of the disastrous dissensions and faithless jealousies of Christian states and princes.

The horror inspired by this catastrophe determined the Catholic League to prepare for more vigorous measures than had yet been attempted; and it is from this period that we shall endeavor to take up the narrative, and lay before our readers the details of a struggle whose result has been found worthy of commemoration not only in the pages of history, but in the office of the Church.

And first, let us see what was the relative strength of the parties about to enter into the combat. A fleet of about 160 vessels, thinly manned, was furnished by the Venetian states, under the command of Sebastian Veniero, who had as his lieutenant Agostino Barbarigo, a man of distinguished merit and courage. The Pope had no naval force at his disposal, but undertook to furnish and equip twelve of the Venetian galleys; Mark Anthony Colonna, Duke of Paliano, was appointed to the command; and, besides the regular forces in the papal service, a considerable number of the Roman nobility volunteered to join the enterprise. Every thing had been done to give a character of religious solemnity to the enrollment and departure of these troops. The venerable Basilica of the Apostles had witnessed a function of singular character and magnificence in the June of the previous year, when after High Mass, sung by the Cardinal Colonna, the Pope solemnly implored the Divine benediction on the Christian arms, and blessed the crimson standard, emblazoned with the crucifix and with the figures of the two apostles of Rome, which was committed to the Duke of Paliano; whilst the words embroidered as a legend on the damask folds were given to him as his watchword and assurance

[7] Dr. Newman thus describes the effects of Turkish domination: "As to Cyprus, from holding a million of inhabitants, it now has only 30,000. Its climate was that of a perpetual spring, now it is unwholesome and unpleasant; its cities and towns nearly touched each other, now they are simply ruins. Corn, wine, oil, sugar, and the metals are among its productions; the soil is still exceedingly rich; but now, according to Dr. Clarke, 'in that paradise of the Levant, agriculture is neglected, the inhabitants are oppressed, population is destroyed.'" *The Turks*, p. 149.

of success—"*In hoc signo vinces*." Nor was another kind of assurance wanting to encourage him and his followers. When, attended by all his officers and by the crowd of noble volunteers who had joined his company, he presented himself to receive the parting benediction of his Holiness, it was given to them accompanied by words which from the mouth of such a speaker had something in them of a prophetic character: "Go, my children," he said, "and fight in God's name against the Turks; it is in His name and on His part that I promise you the victory." Similar to this had been the message sent by him to the Spanish leaders by the hands of his nuncio Odescalchi, as well as to the other princes who had joined in the enterprise; and to the Count de Carillo, as he knelt at his feet, the holy Pontiff again repeated, "It is in the name of the Most High that I promise you a certain victory."

Yet this assurance could scarcely be thought to arise from the extent of the martial preparations. So far as the co-operation of the European governments was concerned, the embassies and negotiations of his ambassadors had almost utterly failed. Nevertheless we must remember that the influence of the Roman Pontiff over the heart of Christendom rests on something deeper and more powerful than the success of a political negotiation. And so, notwithstanding the coldness and backwardness of the Christian princes, the appeal of the Pope had been royally and warmly received by many in every nation whither his nuncios had been dispatched. Besides the regular armaments of Spain and Venice, and the forces contributed by Genoa and the Duke of Savoy, by the Knights of Malta, and several of the lesser Italian states, the volunteers who joined the troops of the allies, to the number of more than two thousand, were of all nations, and included some of the most distinguished soldiers of the day. But, more than this, it cannot be doubted that the confidence which filled the heart of St. Pius had another and a surer foundation. He could not command the arms of Europe, but the prayers of Christendom at least were at his disposal. Up from every church in every country that owned his obedience there had been arising for months a swell of fervent and united supplication. The religious order to which he himself belonged had been foremost in the use of this great weapon of intercession; and every Confraternity of the Rosary throughout Europe attached to the Dominican body had been unwearied in their processions and devotions for the success of the Christian arms. How strong a feeling had been excited by the efforts of the Pope may be judged by one fact: it was the period of so-called reformation, when throughout a vast portion

of Europe the devout practices of former ages were sinking into contempt; and yet we are told Loretto had never seen such a year of pilgrimage. Every road to the Holy House was crowded by devotees of all nations; and all crowded thither with but one object—to place the cause of the Christians under the patronage of Mary.

The Spanish fleet had been hitherto commanded by John Andrew Doria,[8] and some symptoms of jealousy had arisen in the first movements of the allies between him and the Roman leader, Colonna. These were, however, happily placed at rest by the appointment to the chief command of one whose rank as well as his reputation raised him far above all the subordinate generals of the league. This was Don John of Austria, the natural son of the emperor Charles V, and the captain-general of the navy of Spain. Colonna was, with the consent of all parties, declared his lieutenant; and his arrival was anxiously expected at Messina, where the various squadrons of the allied powers had assembled towards the close of the month of August. It was the 25th of the same month when he arrived at the place of rendezvous; and his entrance into the city seemed rather the triumph given to a conqueror than the reception of one whose victory was yet to be hardly earned. All the showy magnificence of the times was displayed in the preparations made for welcoming him. The city was filled with arches and triumphal columns, and the shores covered with the gaily-emblazoned banners of the various chiefs, whose martial appearance recalled to the eye the costume at least, if it did not represent something also of that chivalrous spirit which was fast expiring before the progress of modern civilisation and the eager pursuit of material interests. And indeed there was much in this, almost the last of the Christian leagues against the infidel, which was worthy of the best days of chivalry. A great principle, even when it has received its death-blow, is long in dying; and the embers of that generous fire blazed up in many a bright and flickering flame before they were wholly quenched in darkness. We can scarcely fail, for instance, to admire the generosity evinced by the Spanish government; for, apart from the religious considerations of the war, its main object was undoubtedly the relief and protection of the Venetian States—those very States which but a short time previously had refused to assist the Spaniards against the Turks, and by their refusal had been in great part the cause of the fall of Rhodes. Yet Philip II,[9]—a monarch whose traditional unpopularity

[8] Nephew of the great admiral of the emperor Charles V.

[9] In 1587, when the armada was in preparation, Queen Elizabeth tried to draw Sultan Amurath

in England, as the husband of Mary the Catholic, has obscured the memory of his many great qualities—never seems to have given a moment's place to the petty yet not unnatural feeling of resentment which might have led him to seize so favorable an opportunity for retaliating on a humbled rival. No sooner did the appeal of the Pope reach him than he gave orders to Doria to render every assistance to the Venetian fleet, without the exaction of an condition, or a symptom of any sentiment but that of hearty and devoted adherence to what he deemed the cause of God. There was, moreover, a deeply religious feeling among those now gathered on the shores of Messina. Many of the most distinguished leaders in their ranks had earned their laurels in the defence of the Catholic faith; not a few of the most renowned of the French volunteers, such as the Count de Ligny, and others, like the two Sforzas, had gained their military reputation in the Huguenot wars; whilst that of Don John himself had been in great part acquired in long and successful struggles with the Moors of Africa. But above all, a distinct religious character was given to the enterprise by the presence of Odescalchi, the papal nuncio, whose mission in the Christian camp was not merely to bestow the apostolic benediction on the soldiers, and to animate them to the combat by the assurance of the favor of Heaven, but, as we are told, to drive away all bandits, assassins, thieves, and other public sinners, who might have enlisted from the hope of booty, and who, unworthy of fighting in a holy cause, might rather draw down the anger of God by new crimes.

III into an alliance with her against Philip and the Pope. Von Hammer gives the letters written on the occasion. With characteristic astuteness she appealed to the religious sympathies of the Turk, making common cause with him as the "destroyer of idolatry," and declaring that together they could "strike down the proud Spaniard and the lying Pope with all their adherents." Such were the representations made by the English envoy as to the religious belief of his queen and nation, that one of the irkish ministers remarked to the Austrian ambassador, that "nothing more was wanted to turn the English into good Mussulmans than that they should lift a finger an recite the Eshdad" (or creed of Mahomet).

The Order of Battle

The chief appointed to lead the Christian forces, whose arrival was being welcomed with such enthusiastic manifestations of joy, was one every way worthy of a great command. His German biographer thus describes him: "He was of sanguine temperament and lordly presence; in stature somewhat above the middle height; of a frank and generous nature, possessing a strong sense of justice, and gifted with a ready wit and a retentive memory. He was remarkably vigorous and strong; so much so, that he could swim in his armor as if he had nothing on him. He was agreeable and courteous in manner, a great respecter of letters and arms, and an excellent horseman. He had a noble, clear, and spacious forehead; his blue eyes were large and bright, with a grave and kindly expression; his countenance was handsome; he had little beard, and was of a light and graceful figure." By the terms of the league the squadron was to consist of 300 vessels and galleys, and 50,000 men. The actual combatants, however, were not more than 29,000, although there were more than 80,000 altogether in the fleet that was now assembled under the eye of its commander. The council of war having determined on seeking battle with the Turks without loss of time, only a few days were given to the marshalling of the armament, which then sailed out of the port of Messina, presenting a spectacle of naval magnificence which in those days had rarely been equalled. One by one each vessel passed in its allotted order out of the harbor, and fell into its appointed place, whilst the nuncio Odescalchi stood on the pier-head, blessing each in turn. The vessel which bore the Spanish prince was conspicuous for its beauty and decorations; it was the royal galley of Spain, ornamented after the fanciful taste of the day with "delicate carving and ingenious allegories." The order of battle, which was to be inviolably preserved during the whole time of the expedition, was as follows: Doria led the right wing, having fifty-four galleys under his command, with orders to keep about six miles in advance of the main body, so as to give the ships plenty of sea-room. The left wing was under Agostino Barbarigo, and consisted of an equal number of galleys. The main body of sixty vessels was under the personal command of Don John himself; whilst the reserve of thirty more was intrusted to Don Alvaro di Bazzano, Marquis of Santa Cruz. Don John of Cardona was dispatched with some Sicilian galleys a few miles in advance, with orders to reconnoitre the enemy, and fall into

his place at the extremity of Doria's wing, so soon as he should have discovered him. The hoisting of the consecrated standard was to be the signal for the whole fleet falling into line and presenting a single front; whilst a number of galleys were selected to form a circle around the leading vessels of the three chief divisions of the armament to act as a support. Besides the advanced galleys of Cardona, Andrada, a Spanish knight, had previously been sent by Don John, in a light and swift vessel, to make secret observations on the position and preparations of the Turks; whilst the Christian squadrons meanwhile proceeded to the harbor of Gomenizza, where the whole fleet was reviewed by the commander in person, not without symptoms of jealousy and opposition on the part of the Venetians.

But there was little time for the settlement of mutual disputes; and the intelligence brought by the Spanish spies soon induced all parties to lay aside their rivalries and prepare for the combat. The tidings of the fall of Famagosta were now fully confirmed; Cyprus was lost past recall; and the Turkish fleet, under the command of Ali Pasha, was drawn up in the bay of Lepanto, with orders from the sultan to seek and fight the Christians wherever they might be. Some, indeed, were found who, even at this juncture, advised defensive measures; but their votes were overpowered by the ardor of the Colonna and of Don John himself, who, we are assured, had such faith in the sanctity of Pius, and in the assurance of victory which he had received from his mouth, that he relied more on his words than even on the number and valor of his soldiers. But it seemed as though his purpose of giving battle must perforce be deferred. A sudden obstacle presented itself; an adverse wind arose, which rendered the advance of the armada all but impossible. For two days it had kept steadily blowing from the same quarter, and there seemed no indication of a change; nevertheless (to use the words of the Spanish historian, Rosell) "on the morning of the 7th of October, a little before daybreak, Don John, defying the opposition of the elements, and as though impelled by an irresistible power, to the astonishment of all gave the signal to weigh anchor." It was obeyed; and laboring against the contrary wind, the vessels began to make their slow and difficult way, tossed and beaten by the waves, as the morning light was breaking over the horizon. Just as the sun rose over the glorious coast of that island-group, anciently known as the Echinades, the watchman on board the prince's galley made signal of a sail. It was quickly repeated by the lookers-out in Doria's squadron, and many who eagerly ascended the rigging plainly discerned not one sail alone,

but, like so many dark specks on the flashing surface of the western sea, the distant array of the whole Turkish fleet. A battle was therefore felt to be close at hand; and whilst the crimson folds of the consecrated banner, to which a blessed rosary was affixed, were displayed aloft on the royal vessel, and the signal-gun gave notice for all to fall into position, loud acclamations burst from every part of the Christian host in token of their enthusiastic joy. The Turkish fleet consisted of upwards of 400 vessels of all sizes,[10] manned by not fewer than 120,000 men; in strength, therefore, the Moslems far surpassed the Christians, and they had the prestige of their late conquests in their favor. As the fleets were still distant, the interval was spent by the leaders of both parties in encouraging their followers and preparing for hostilities. Some of the Spanish generals, who still doubted the prudence of provoking the contest, appeared on board the royal galley to learn the final decision of the prince. They received it in a few words: "Gentlemen," he replied, "you mistake; this is not the time for council, but for combat"; and turning from them, he continued issuing his orders. Then, taking a small and swift galley, he went the rounds of the fleet, animating their crews with a few of those brief and heroic phrases which fall with such powerful effect from the lips of a great commander. He had an appropriate word for all. The Venetians he reminded of their injuries, and of the slaughter of Famagosta. Sebastian Veniero, whose irritable and stubborn temper had, at the first departure from Messina, betrayed him into excesses which banished him from the prince's council, still bore himself morose and sullen under his disgrace; but the judicious and courteous kindness of Don John so won upon him, that he laid aside his angry feelings and distinguished himself in the subsequent battle among the most valiant and devoted of the combatants. His address to the Spaniards has been preserved: "My children," he said, "we have come here to die—to conquer, if Heaven so disposes. Give not occasion to the enemy to say with impious arrogance, 'Where is now your God?' Fight, then, in His holy name; fallen, a victorious immortality will be yours!" And now might be seen other galleys passing from vessel to vessel on a different mission. These conveyed the religious appointed to attend the armada by the Pope, who

[10] Von Hammer makes the Turkish fleet consist of 240 galleys and 60 vessels of smaller size, just 300 in all. His account of the Christian fleet is as follows: 70 Spanish galleys, 6 Maltese, 3 Savoy, 12 Papal, 108 Venetian; in all 199 galleys, to which he adds 6 huge galosses contributed by Venice; making the sum-total 205 vessels.

went through every squadron publishing the indulgence granted by his Holiness, hearing the confessions of the soldiers, and preparing all for death. Their labors were crowned with abundant fruit. So soon as the prince had returned to his vessel the signal throughout the squadrons was given for prayer; all the soldiers, fully armed for the combat, fell upon their knees, the crucifix was upraised on the deck of every vessel, and for some minutes, as the two hosts drew rapidly nearer to each other, every man on board the Christian fleet was engaged in humbly imploring the Divine blessing on its arms.

The Battle

Gradually the whole battle-front of the enemy displayed itself to view; and the sun, now risen high above the horizon, shone over a spectacle as terrible as it was magnificent. Three hundred and thirty large Turkish vessels were to be seen, disposed in the form of a vaſt crescent, and far outflanking their opponents' line; but the courage of the Chriſtian leaders remained unmoved by the terrific sight. Although it became evident that the reports of the Spanish spies had greatly underrated the numbers and ſtrength of their opponents, yet, as Rosell relates, the heart of Don John was unappalled; and placing his hopes in God, and fixing his eyes upon the crucifix he ever carried with him, he gave thanks aloud for his victory as already won. No sooner were the words uttered than a token seemed to be given him to assure him that his truſt was not ill-founded. We have said that hitherto the wind had been all in favor of the Turks, whose enormous crescent was bearing rapidly down on the Chriſtian hoſt, like some fierce bird of prey with outſtretched wings, when suddenly the breeze fell, and the sails flapped idly on the maſts; there was a dead and profound calm. The sea, but a moment before creſted with foam, became motionless and smooth as a sheet of glass: it seemed as though they were going to fight on land rather than on water, so ſtill and quiet lay the ships but juſt now tossed and beaten by the angry waves. Presently a soft rising breeze was heard sighing among the cordage; by and by it gathered ſtrength; but this time it filled the Chriſtian sails, blowing right againſt the prows of the Turkish ships, and the whole ſtate of things was changed. The Turkish line, which but a minute previously had seemed to extend its wide arms as if to enfold its helpless foe in a deadly embrace, was thrown into some confusion by this sudden and extraordinary veering of the wind; while the Chriſtian vessels, carried forward by a brisk and favorable breeze, bore down with impetuous gallantry on the foe, and thus gained all the advantage of attack. The Turks, however, fired the firſt shot, which was quickly answered by the Spaniards; then, placing himself in full armor on the prow of his galley, Don John ordered the trumpets to sound the charge; whilſt in every vessel the crews and soldiers knelt to receive the laſt general absolution, and this being given, every thought was turned to the approaching ſtruggle.

It was noon before the fight began; the brilliant sun rode aloft in the clear

azure of the Grecian sky, and flashed brightly on the casques and armor of the warriors. The Moslems received their assailants with loud and horrible cries, which were met on the part of the Christians by a profound silence. The flag-ship of Ali Pasha commenced the cannonade; but the fire of the Venetians opened on the Turks so suddenly, and with such overwhelming violence, that at the first discharge their advancing vessels recoiled as though from the shock of a tremendous blow, and at the second broadside two of their galleys were sunk. In addition to the discouragement produced by this first incident in the fight, the adverse wind carried all the smoke of the Christian artillery right upon the decks of the Turks, who were thus blinded and embarrassed; whilst their enemies were able to direct every movement with facility, and fought in the clear light of day. After this first encounter the battle became general; Don John eagerly made his way towards the pasha's galley, and Ali, on his part, did not decline the challenge. To form any thing like a correct idea of a sea-fight in those days, we must remember the nature of the vessels then in use, propelled as they were by rowers seated on several tiers of benches, and defended less by artillery than by the armed combatants, who strove to grapple hand to hand with their opponents. The galleys of war were armed with long beaks, or pointed prows, with which they dashed against the enemy's vessels, and often sunk them at the first shock. Terrible was the meeting of the leaders of the two armaments; the long beak of Ali Pasha's galley was forced far among the benches of the Christian rowers: his own rowers, be it said, were Christians also—slaves chained to their posts, and working under the threat of death if they shrank from their task, and the promise of liberty if the Turks should gain the day. Then there rose the clash of arms; the combatants met face to face, and their swords rang on the armor of their opponents, whilst the waters were lashed into fury by the strokes of a thousand oars. Wider and wider the conflict spread: the Bey of Alexandria, at the head of his galleys, made a furious attack on the Venetian squadron; but he was met by Barbarigo and his men with the most eager and determined courage; for the memory of the cruelties practised on their countrymen at Famagosta was fresh in their minds, and animated them to vengeance. A shower of darts rained around them, but they seemed regardless of all danger. One of these deadly weapons struck Barbarigo himself in the eye whilst in the very front of the battle; he was carried to his cabin, where, after lingering three days, he expired of his wound. The slaughter on both sides was terrible,

though the Venetians were finally successful in repulsing their enemies; the galley of Contarini, the nephew of Barbarigo, narrowly escaped being taken, from the fact of almost every man on board of it being slain, Contarini himself among the number.

Whilst matters proceeded thus in the left wing, the right was engaged in an equally desperate struggle. To the Spanish commander, Doria, was opposed, on the side of the Turks, the famous renegade corsair Ouloudj Ali, who, from the rank of a poor Neapolitan fisherman, had risen, through his apostasy from the faith and his extraordinary and ferocious valor, to the sovereignty of Algiers, and had become one of the most distinguished admirals of the day. In the course of the preceding year he had surprised a large squadron of galleys belonging to the Knights of Malta, three of which he succeeded in capturing, whilst others, including the admiral's vessel, were severely injured and run aground off the coast of Sicily. This circumstance had for the time so crippled the squadron of the order, that it was able to contribute no more than three[11] galleys to the Christian fleet. They were commanded by Peter Giustiniani, grand prior of Messina, one of that illustrious race which was ever foremost when the cause was that of the Church, and the enemy was the Mussulman, and whose boast it was to reckon the names of fifty saints among its lineage. Giustiniani's own vessel, the *Capitana di Malta*, was posted in the very center of the line of battle, the place of honor being granted without opposition to the banner of St. John; but the other galleys were attached to Doria's division, and received the first attack of Ouloudj Ali. In spite of their heroic defence, they were overpowered by numbers; the *St. Stephen* was assailed by three Turkish vessels at once, and was in the utmost danger of being taken, when Giustiniani, perceiving the danger of his knights, hastened to their assistance, and forced two of the enemy's vessels to strike. The third was on the point of doing the same, when Ouloudj Ali brought up four other galleys, and then ensued one of the most desperate and bloody combats that was witnessed throughout the day. Every man on board the prior's vessel was slain, with the exception of himself and two knights, who were all, however, severely wounded. One of the knights fought till he could no longer stand, and fell, as was supposed, dead; yet he afterwards recovered, and lived for several years, with the loss of an arm, a leg, and an eye, and was looked on in the order as one of their trophies of Lepanto. Giustiniani himself

[11]Vortot. Von Hammer, as has been said, mentions six.

was wounded in fourteen places; and his galley, now without defenders, fell into the hands of the Turks, who immediately brought up their seven shattered vessels, and towed her off in triumph.

It was with inexpressible grief that the Christian fleet beheld the fall of the Maltese standard and the capture of its chief galley; but the success of the infidel was of short duration. The knights inspired with fresh courage by the spectacle of their admiral's misfortune, attacked the vessel of the corsair-chief with redoubled fury. He defended himself with extraordinary obstinacy; but at length, after the loss of all his bravest men, the banner of the Hospitallers was once more seen to float over the *Capitana di Malta*, and Giustiniani and his two wounded comrades were rescued from the enemy's hands.[12] No less than seventy-three knights fell in this struggle. Among those who most distinguished themselves was the Gascon hero, Maturin de Lescat, better known as "the brave Romegas." In his own day he enjoyed a kind of romantic celebrity; for it was said that in all his combats with the Moslems they had never been known to gain a single advantage over him. In the course of five years he is said to have destroyed more than fifty Turkish vessels, and to have delivered one thousand Christians from slavery. Many of his most daring exploits had been performed on the coasts of Sicily, where he was so great a favorite, that, as Goussancourt informs us, whenever he entered any city of that island, the people would flock out of their houses only to behold him; not knowing which to admire most, so much courage adorned with such rare graces of person, or those graces sustained by so undaunted a valor. Much of the old chivalrous spirit was to be found in his character, defaced, indeed, by an ambition which afterwards obscured his fame; but at Lepanto that fame had as yet lost nothing of its brilliance, and Romegas was never higher in estimation than when he led on the galleys of his order to the rescue of the admiral. Before the battle began he made a solemn vow that the first Turkish captain who might fall into his hands should be offered to God: it chanced that his first prisoner was a most ferocious Turk, who had lost the use of his right arm, as was said, in consequence of the violence he had used in inflicting the torture on his Christian slaves. This man was given by Romegas, in fulfilment of his vow, to the church of St. John at Malta, and had good reason to thank the brave Gascon for his happy fortune: for his heart changed in his

[12] Von Hammer says that Ouloudj Ali struck off Giustiniani's head with his own hand. Contarini, on the contrary, writes that he was "so badly wounded that he was all but killed."

captivity, and he learnt to weep over the actions wherein he had formerly placed his glory; so that, embracing Christianity, he solicited baptism from his masters, and died happily in the true faith. The gallantry displayed by the Hospitallers in the engagement forced the Venetian Contarini to acknowledge that, in spite of their insignificant numbers, their part in the victory almost surpassed that of Venice herself; and in fact, when we remember that Don John of Austria was himself a member of the order,[13] we are bound to admit that their share in the honor of the day has not been sufficiently acknowledged by historians.

Among the combatants in Doria's division, whose courage equalled any of those engaged in the battle, was one whose celebrity, great as ever in our own day, rests, strange to say, rather on the wit, whose ridicule gave the last blow to the chivalry of the middle ages, than on the valor which made its owner himself worthy of the highest chivalrous renown: it was Miguel Cervantes, "brave as the bravest." He lay sick of fever in the cabin of his ship when the tumult of the battle began; but he could no longer endure to remain inactive. In spite of the entreaties of his friends, he arose, and rushed into the hottest of the fight. Being covered with wounds, his companions again urged him to retire; but he replied, "Better for the soldier to remain dead in battle than to seek safety in flight. Wounds on the face and breast are like stars to guide others to the heaven of honor." Besides other less important wounds, Cervantes lost in this battle his left arm[14]; his right hand was destined to gain him another kind of immortality.

The combat soon became too general for the different divisions of the two armaments to preserve their respective positions. Every portion of the hostile fleets was engaged; but the most desperate fight was that between the galleys of the rival generals, Ali Pasha and Don John of Austria. Both commanders fought in the thickest of the fray, regardless of their rank, and with the bold temerity of simple men-at-arms. By the side of the prince's galley were those of Colonna and Sebastian Veniero; and in them, and in the other vessels that surrounded them, were assembled the very flower of the Christian host. Here for the most part were

[13] *All* the members of the order did not live in community; some were scattered about, and were liable to be called in, in case of emergencies—*e.g.* we find several Knights of St. John among the early governors and settlers of Canada.

[14] "A trifling price to pay (he says in the Preface to the second part of *Don Quixote*) for the honor of partaking in the first great action in which the naval supremacy of the Ottoman was successfully disputed by Christian arms."

the noble French and Roman volunteers; hardly a great house of Italy but had its representative among the combatants: two of the Colonnas; Paul Orsini, the chief of his name, with his brothers, Horace and Virginius; Antonio Carrafa, Michel Bonelli, and Paul Ghislieri, nephews of the Pope; and Farnese, prince of Parma, who played a very hero's part in the flag-ship of the Genoese republic. The battle in the center, led on by such men, and met with equal valor and determination on the part of their adversaries, lasted more than two hours. Already had the Christians made two gallant attempts to board the vessel of the pasha, and each time they were driven back with loss so soon as they reached his decks. The burning midday-sun added to the heat of the engagement, and the thirst of the soldiers was almost intolerable. The decks were heaped with dead, and those still living were covered with wounds, and well-nigh exhausted from loss of blood, and still they maintained the conflict with unabated courage. At length the signal was given for a third charge. It was obeyed with an impetuosity nothing could resist; and whilst Ali Pasha vainly strove, as before, to drive back his desperate assailants, a shot from an arquebus struck him in the forehead. Staggering from his wound, he fell, and his head was instantly cut off by a blow from one of the galley slaves, and thrown into the sea. The event of the battle after this was no longer doubtful; Don John with his own hands pulled down the Turkish flag, and shouted, "Victory!" whilst Santa Cruz, profiting by the confusion, pushed forward with the reserve, and completed the discomfiture of the foe. At this critical moment the corsair Ouloudj Ali, seeing that the whole Turkish center was broken, and the day irretrievably lost, hoisted all sail, and with forty galleys, the only vessels that escaped out of that bloody battle, passed safely through the midst of the Christian fleet.

The Turks struggled long and desperately before they finally gave way. It was four in the afternoon ere the fight was over; and the lowering sky betokened the gathering of a tempest. The remains of the Turkish fleet fled in all directions, pursued, though with difficulty, by the allies, whose wearied rowers could scarcely hold the oars; whilst their numbers were so thinned by the slaughter that it was as much as the commanders could do to find crews for their vessels. Crippled as the Christians were, however, the infidels were seized with panic, and ran their vessels madly against the shore of Lepanto. In their terrified efforts to land, many were drowned; whilst the galleys were broken by the waves, or fell an easy prey to the conquerors. The whole sea for miles presented most terrible tokens of the

battle; those clear waters, on which the morning sun had shone so brightly, were now dark and discolored by human blood. Headless corpses and the fragments of many a wreck floated about in strange confusion; while the storm, which every moment raged in wilder fury, added to the horror of the scene, lit up as the night advanced by the flames from the burning galleys, many of which were found too much disabled to be of any use to their captors. Twelve[15] of those belonging to the allies were destroyed; but the extent of their victory may be estimated by the fact that eighty vessels belonging to the Turks were sunk, whilst 130 remained in the hands of the Christians. The pasha's galley, which was among those taken, was a vessel of surpassing beauty. The deck, says Knolles, was of walnut-wood, dark as ebony, "checkered and wrought marvellously fine with divers lively colors and variety of histories"; and her cabin glittered with ornaments of gold, rich hangings, and precious gems.[16] The enemy's slain amounted to 30,000 men; and 15,000 of the Christian slaves who had been compelled to work the Ottoman galleys were liberated. Yet the victory, complete as it was, was dearly bought; the loss of the allies was reckoned at about 8000 men; and their ships, riddled with balls, and many of them dismasted, presented a striking contrast to the gay and gallant trim in which but a few days previously they had left the harbor of Messina.

[15]Von Hammer says fifteen; and that the Turks lost 224 vessels, of which 94 were burnt or shattered on the coast; the rest were divided among the allies. But this calculation leaves 36 vessels unaccounted for after reckoning the 40 which Ouloudj Ali succeeded in saving. The number of pnsoners he estimates at 3468.

[16]Sutherland, vol. ii. p. 244.

The Aftermath

The conduct of Don John of Austria after the battle justifies us in ranking him among the true heroes of chivalry. He had been foremost in the day's conflict, where he had been seen, sword in hand, wherever the danger was greatest and the blows hardest. He was now equally conspicuous for his care of the wounded, his generosity towards his prisoners, and his frank and noble recognition of the services of a rival. Sebastian Veniero, the disgraced leader of the Venetian forces, had distinguished himself in the fight by a valor that had made his gray hairs the center round which the most gallant of the young volunteers of France and Italy had rallied during that eventful day. The prince sent for him as soon as the confusion of the victory had subsided, and (adds Rosell in his history of the battle), "to show him that he harbored no resentment for past offences, he advanced to meet him as far as the ladder of his galley, embraced him affectionately, and, calling him *his father*, extolled, as was just, his great valor, and could not finish what he would have said for the sobs and tears that choked his utterance. The poor old man, who did not expect such a reception, wept also, and so did all who witnessed the scene." Whilst this interview was taking place, the two sons of Ali Pasha were brought prisoners into the prince's presence. "It was a piteous sight," says the same historian, "to see the tears they shed on finding themselves at once prisoners and orphans." But they met with a friend and comforter in their generous captor; he embraced them, and expressed the tenderest sympathy for their misfortunes. The delicacy of his kindness showed itself in more than words; he treated them rather as his guests than as captives, lodging them in one of his own cabins, and even ordering Turkish clothes to be provided for them at his expense, that they might not be pained by being obliged to adopt the European costume. Neither was he less forward in returning thanks to God for the victory granted to his arms than he had been in commending to Him the event of the day's conflict. Thus the night closed: the vessels cast anchor amid the wreck of battle, and the wearied combatants took a short and necessary repose. So soon as day again broke, the sails were hoisted, and, securing their prizes, they proceeded to the port of Petala, to repair their damages and provide for the necessities of the wounded.

The Effects of the Victory

Such was the celebrated battle of Lepanto, whose results were in one way insignificant, owing to the losses incurred by the Christian allies, and the limitation put on the power of Don John by the cautious policy of the Spanish king. Yet we should be wrong to estimate the worth of any victory by the amount of its territorial conquests, or its lists of killed and wounded. The moral effects of the day of Lepanto are beyond calculation: it was the turning point in the history of the Ottoman Turks; from it may be dated the decline of their dominion; for though indeed, during the following century, the terror of Europe was still constantly excited by their attacks on the frontier of the empire, yet their naval power was never again formidable, and the long prestige of continual success was broken.[17] Moreover, whilst it is impossible to deny that the advantages of the victory were never followed up, and that, in consequence of the desertion of the Venetians, the league itself was soon dissolved; yet it is also certain that the further progress of the Ottomans westward was checked from the hour of their defeat; whereas every campaign during preceding years had witnessed their gradual advance.

[17] Cervantes calls it "that day so fortunate to Christendom, when all nations were undeceived of their error in believing the Turks to be invincible at sea." *Don Quixote.*

News of the Victory

It only remains for us to speak of the manner in which the news of the success of the Christian arms was received by those who were so anxiously awaiting the result of the expedition at the courts of Rome and Madrid. Pius V, who may be considered as the originator of the whole enterprise, had, from the first departure of the fleet, ordered continual fasts and prayers for its success. On the memorable 7th of October on which the battle took place, and which fell that year on a Sunday, all the confraternities of the Rosary had assembled in the Dominican church of the Minerva to offer their devotions for victory under the intercession of Mary. All Rome was in prayer that day, and her prayer was the *Ave Maria*. The Pope himself had attended the procession; and on returning to the Vatican after the conclusion of the ceremony, he was walking to and fro through the long suites of rooms in the pontifical palace, in conversation with some of the cardinals and Baffotti, the treasurer, on various matters of business. Suddenly he stopped as if listening to a distant sound, then, leaving his companions, he approached one of the windows, and threw it open; whilst those who watched his movements observed that his eyes were raised to heaven with the expression of one in ecstasy. They themselves also listened, but were unable to catch the faintest sound that could account for his singular behavior; and whilst they gazed at one another in astonishment, unable to comprehend the scene, Pius (says his biographer Maffei), "whose eyes had been fixed upwards for a good space, shutting the window again, and seemingly full of great things, turned graciously to the treasurer, and said, 'This is no time for business; let us go and give God thanks, for our fleet has fought with the Turks, and in this very hour has conquered.' He knelt down as he spoke, and gave thanks to God with great fervor; then taking a pen, he wrote down the day and the hour: it was the decisive moment at which the battle had turned in favor of the Christians."

The actual intelligence of the victory did not reach Rome until the 21st of October, owing to contrary winds which delayed the couriers of Colonna; so that the first news was brought by a messenger from the republic of Venice. It was night when he arrived; but when word was brought to the holy father of the happy realisation of his hopes and of the Divine assurance he had received, he sprang from his bed, and bursting into tears, exclaimed, "There was a man sent from God,

whose name was John"; then, hurrying to his private chapel, he summoned all his attendants and officers to meet him there, to offer their thanksgivings for the great event. A more solemn function was performed on the following morning in the Basilica of the Apostles, and none of those who had joined in the previous and reiterated prayers by which the patronage of Mary had been invoked on the Christian arms failed to ascribe the success which had been granted, to the power of her intercession, especially as invoked in the holy devotion of the Rosary, under whose banner, as it were, the battle had been fought and won. The emotion displayed by St. Pius was in accordance with the simplicity and tenderness of his character. Not less characteristic, nor less religious, though possibly less calculated to engage the sympathy of our readers, was the calmness with which the same intelligence was received by Philip of Spain. He was at Vespers when the news was brought him, and heard it without the smallest manifestation of joy or surprise. When the office was concluded, he desired the *Te Deum* to be sung; and on the following day proceeded to Madrid, to be present at a solemn Mass offered in thanksgiving for the victory. An entire and rigid self-command was at once the virtue and the cause of the unpopularity of this singular man. As a virtue, it was the effect of natural impulse subdued and annihilated; but along with this there doubtless mingled much of constitutional reserve and coldness. As to the Venetian republic, the charge of insensibility could not certainly be brought against either its senate or its people. The religious emotion of St. Pius, and the austere self-restraint of King Philip, were there exchanged for the tumultuous expressions of popular rejoicing. The great Piazza of St. Mark was like a fair, where doge and senator, nobles and citizens, all met to congratulate one another; whilst the shouts and *vivas* of the crowd rang far over the waters of the Adriatic; and by an edict of the senate the prisons were thrown open, and none of those whose relations had fallen in the battle were allowed to wear mourning, or show any outward demonstrations of grief; for their loss was rather counted to them as glory.

We shall not dwell on the tokens of gratitude showered on the victorious chiefs—on those revivals of the classic triumphs which filled the streets of Rome on the entry of Colonna—nor on all the laurel-wreaths and orations, the poems and painted galleries, and other similar memorials of the great event, which the gratitude and the genius of the day presented to the conquerors of Lepanto. There was another kind of gratitude owing, and to a different victor; and the Church

well knew how to pay her debt. The voice of Catholic Christendom agreed in attributing the victory to the intercession of Mary; and the invocation, "Help of Christians," was introduced into the Litany of Loretto in memory of the fact. But St. Pius was scarcely content with so slender an acknowledgment as this. "In the revelation granted to him of the victory," says Maffei, "it had been also made known to him that the prayers of the brethren of the Holy Rosary had greatly contributed to the same. Being therefore desirous of perpetuating the memory of this, he instituted a feast, appointed for the 7th of October, in honor of "Our Lady of Victories." But Gregory XIII, admiring the modesty of his predecessor, who, being a religious of the Order of Friars Preachers, had not chosen to make mention of the Rosary, for fear he should be thought rather to have sought the honor of his order than that of truth, desired that in future the feast of Our Lady of Victories should be kept on the first Sunday in October in all Dominican churches, and wherever the Confraternity of the Rosary existed, under the new title of the "Festival of the Holy Rosary," which was thenceforward no longer to be celebrated on the 25th of March, as in time past it had been. This was finally extended to the whole of the Church by Clement XII, who changed the wording of the Roman Martyrology to its present form: "The Commemoration of our Lady of Victories, which Pope Pius V ordained to be observed every year, in memory of a famous victory gained at sea this day by the Christians over the Turks, through the help of the Mother of God: and Gregory XIII likewise ordained the annual solemnity of the Rosary of the same most Blessed Virgin to be kept on the first Sunday of the month for the same cause."

Baronius, in his notes on the Martyrology, has commented on these words, saying they are but the confirmation from the hand of Clement of that which had been already declared by Gregory XIII, namely, that by the common consent of the Catholic world the victory of Lepanto was due to the intercession of Mary, invoked and obtained by the prayers of the brethren of the Rosary, and of the Dominican Order; not only the prayers offered up before the battle, but those especially which were rising to Heaven at the very moment when the tide of victory turned in favor of the Christian league.

On one of the northern hills of Rome may be seen another monument of the Church's attitude to her mother and protector: it is the Church of our Lady of Victories. There, upon walls dazzling with the rich colors of their jaspers and

marbles, hang the tattered and discolored banners of the infidels. The church was raised to receive them, and to be a witness to all ages of the omnipotence of prayer.

Nor, considering how slight were the immediate and apparent results of the victory of Lepanto—so slight, indeed, that historians have spoken of them as null—will the pious mind fail to note and admire how, with prophetic eye reading futurity, the Church saw in that event the crisis in the fortunes, and the incipient decay, of that monstrous anti-Christian power, whose advances, so far from being arrested, seemed only to be accelerated by any check it might chance to encounter. The commemorations of the Church are not only preludes of victory, but triumphs already accomplish and secured.

Notes on the Text

This text was taken verbatim from a chapter in [The Knights of St. John: with the Battle of Lepanto and Siege of Vienna].textsc 199–235 (London: Burns & Oates, Ltd.). The chapter, entitled *The Battle of Lepanto*, is only one part of a much broader history of the Knights of St. John, which is well worth the reading.

Spelling has been Americanized, in accordance with the editor's preference, and punctuation has in general been modernized. The spelling of the sultan's name has been modernized from "Solyman" to "Suleiman," the general current spelling. Also, all the interior headings have been added.

The Relief of Vienna

The Siege

On the evening of the 7th of July 1683 the city of Vienna presented a strange and melancholy spectacle. The road leading out of the Rothenthurm Gate was crowded by a dense mass of carriages and other vehicles, as well as by a vast multitude of foot-passengers, who, by their anxious and terrified looks, seemed to be flying from a pressing danger. Hour after hour you might have watched the stream of fugitives, and still it flowed on without intermission, till you would have thought the city emptied of its inhabitants, or at least of all those of the noble and wealthier classes. And had you sought the reason of so strange a spectacle, the red glare of the distant horizon, lit up by the flames of burning villages, and nearer still, those that enveloped the Carmelite Convent on the heights of the Kahlenberg, would have furnished you with the answer. Those fires were the tokens that Vienna was surrounded by the dreaded forces of the Turks. Every post, for weeks past, had brought the intelligence of some fresh disaster. Hungary was in open revolt; and 400,000 Turks, under the command of the Vizier Kara Mustapha, had poured into the territories of the empire, invited by the treachery of the insurgents. Then came the news that Emerick Tekeli[1] had accepted the investiture of the Hungarian kingdom at the hands of the infidels, and basely acknowledged himself and his countrymen vassals to the Porte. And at last, on that very morning, the city had been thrown into a very panic of alarm by the hasty entrance of fugitives of the imperial cavalry; and the rumor quickly spread that the forces of the Duke of Lorraine had been surprised and totally defeated at Petrouel by the Tartar horse, and that the remains of the imperial army were falling back in disordered flight upon the capital. This, as it afterwards proved, was a false report; as Lorraine, although surprised by the enemy, had succeeded in repulsing them, and was effecting his retreat in good order. But the Emperor Leopold did not wait for the confirmation or contradiction of the intelligence; and at seven o'clock on the same evening the imperial carriages were seen hastily passing over the Tabor Bridge on their way to Lintz, thus giving an example of flight which was quickly followed by the greater portion of the wealthier citizens. It is calculated that upwards of 60,000 persons left the city during that memorable

[1] In Hungarian, Imre Thőkőly. —Ed.

night, the confused masses being lighted on their way by the flames of the burning convent. A great number of these having no conveyances fell into the hands of the very enemy from whom they sought to escape; and the roads leading to Styria were covered with unhappy fugitives, whom the Turks are even said to have hunted down with bloodhounds: some perished of hunger in the woods; others met a cruel death from their barbarous pursuers; the rest succeeded in reaching the Bavarian dominions, where Leopold had already found refuge, after narrowly escaping the Tartar cavalry, who occupied the very line of route which had been originally proposed for him to take.

Our present business, however, is rather with the story of the few who, resisting the infection of terror, remained at their post, and prepared, as best they could, to offer a determined resistance to the besiegers. Their numbers were fearfully small. One regiment of troops only was within the walls, and the citizens capable of bearing arms were reckoned at no more than 1200 men. Ernest Ruchjer,[2] Count of Stahremberg, was the heroic governor to whom the defense of the city was entrusted, and if his scanty forces, and the utter want of all preparation for a warlike emergency, might well have made his heart sink at the task before him, yet his own gallantry and the active co-operation of some of his followers and of the burgher authorities almost supplied for the want of other resources. The works necessary for the defense of the city were not yet begun; for even the ordinary engineering tools were wanting. The supplies of fuel, water, and provisions requisite for sustaining a long siege were still unprovided; and all this had to be done, and was done, by the astonishing exertions of a few men within the space of a single week. The spectacle which their courage and activity presented formed a striking contrast to that which had been displayed only a few days previously by the flight of the court and of so many of their fellow-citizens. Men of all classes, priests, and even women, were to be seen laboring at the fortifications: the burgomaster, Von Liebenberg, was foremost with his wheelbarrow among the workmen, cheering them on by his example and words of encouragement; some carried loads of wood from the suburbs to the city-stores; whilst the circle of flames from the burning villages, denoting the advance of the enemy, drew nearer and nearer, so that by the 12th of July they were working under the very eyes of the Turks.

Before proceeding to the story of the siege, it may be necessary to say a few

[2]Traditionally spelled "Rutiger". —Ed.

words on the position of the two parties in the struggle about to commence, so as to give some idea of their relative chances of success. The hostilities between the Turks and the Empire had been interrupted only by occasional truces, from the first occupation of Constantinople by the former two centuries previously. The present invasion had been brought about mainly through the means of the Hungarian insurgents; and however much we may be disposed to allow that the severity of the Austrian government to a conquered country provoked the assertion of national independence on the part of its oppressed people, yet we cannot but withhold the title of "patriots" from those who, in their hatred to Austria, were ready to sacrifice the very safety of Christendom, and whose notions of national independence consisted in exchanging subjection to the Austrians for a far more degrading vassalage to the infidels. When the news of the vast preparations of the Ottomans reached Vienna, it found the imperial government almost without defense. The day was past when Christian Europe could be roused to a crusade in defense of its faith, or even of its freedom; nay, in the history of this contest we are met at every page by the details of secret negotiations and most unworthy intrigues, by which the emissaries of the "Most Christian King", Louis XIV, encouraged and assisted the invasion of the infidels to gratify his personal jealousy against the House of Hapsburgh. In the day of his distress and humiliation Leopold was compelled to seek for assistance from one whom till then it had been the policy of his government to slight and thwart on all occasions, and from whom, according to the calculations of a selfish policy, he had certainly nothing to expect. This was John Sobieski, the elective king of Poland, whose former exploits had rendered his name a very watchword of terror to the Turks, but on whom the Austrian sovereign had but little claim. The interests of the Polish king were all opposed to his taking any part in the hostilities. After years of civil war and foreign invasion, his surpassing genius had but just obtained for Poland a profound and honorable peace. An alliance with the House of Hapsburgh was at variance with the close and intimate connection existing between himself and the court of Versailles; and the favor and protection of the French king was of no small importance to the distracted councils of Poland; whilst the contemptuous and unfriendly treatment he had ever received from the Austrian sovereign might very naturally have prompted him to refuse the sacrifice of his own interests in that monarch's behalf. But none of these considerations had any weight in the

noble heart of Sobieski, who looked on the question simply as one involving his faith and honor as a Christian king. "For thirty years," to use the words of Pope Innocent XI, "he had been the bulwark of the Christian republic—the wall of brass against which all the efforts of the barbarians had been broken in pieces." Indeed, if we may so say, he had come to look on war with the infidel as his special vocation: the victories of Podhaiski and Choczim, and that other wonderful series of achievements, to which history has given the title, adopted from the gazette of Louis XIV, of the "Miraculous Campaign," had, as it were, installed him in his glorious office; and when the same Pope called him in council "the lieutenant of God" he did but give expression to the feeling with which all Christian Europe looked to him as her hero and protector. It is not a little striking that the greater number of the semi-infidel historians of the eighteenth century, while doing full justice to the gallantry and genius of this extraordinary man, have condemned his enterprise against the Turks as proceeding only from a religious and chivalrous impulse, undirected by any views of sound state-policy. Whether the policy which saved Europe from the horrors[3] of an Ottoman invasion can rightly be termed unsound, our readers may determine; it was doubtless unselfish, and probably its very generosity has been the principal cause of its condemnation by these writers; but we refer to their criticism as an unquestionable testimony in proof of the real character of this campaign, and of the motives from which it was undertaken; and we think, on their own showing, we can scarcely be wrong in representing this war as purely a religious one, entered on in defense of the Christian faith, and without any mixture of those political motives, the want of which is so deplored by the historians of that skeptical age, but which renders its history so glorious in the eyes of the Christian student.

The treaty between the two sovereigns, signed on the 31st of March 1683, was confirmed by the solemnity of an oath administered by the cardinal-legate, the obligation of which on the conscience of Sobieski will be found to have exercised a marked influence on his future conduct. At the time when the treaty was concluded the invader had not yet set foot in Hungary. To approach the Austrian capital they would have to pass a number of strongly fortified towns, which, ac-

[3]It was calculated by contemporary writers of credit that, in this very expedition, the Turks carried off into slavery from Austria 6000 men, 11,000 women, 19,000 girls—of whom 200 were of noble extraction—and 56,000 children.

cording to the ordinary course of military proceedings, must be reduced before pushing further into the enemy's country. Nevertheless, the intelligence which reached Sobieski from his secret spies and envoys in the Turkish dominions all pointed to Vienna itself as the object of attack. But in spite of his representations to Leopold, that monarch could not be induced to believe himself in danger, or to prepare for an emergency; and thus, when the heights of the surrounding hills blazed with the camp-fires of the Tartars, the city, as we have seen, was taken by surprise; and the inhabitants of the surrounding country were quietly at work in the harvest-fields, when the hosts of the enemy came on them like some sudden inundation. Indeed, the march of Kara Mustapha was without a precedent. To advance from the borders of Hungary to the walls of Vienna, leaving in his rear all the fortresses of the imperialists, was the affair of a week; before another had closed, his trenches were opened and the siege begun and this extraordinary rapidity must account, both for the defenseless state of the capital and for the time which necessarily elapsed before the Polish king could come to its relief.

An incident may here be related which will show the nature of the warfare waged by the infidels, and the treatment which the Viennese might expect at their hands. In the neighborhood of the city was the small town of Perchtoldsdorf; and as one of the first objects of the invaders was to secure all the places capable of being fortified within a short distance of Vienna, a detachment was sent to take possession. The inhabitants under the direction of their bailiff, at first endeavored to hold the town; but owing to the superior numbers of the enemy and the failure of ammunition, they were soon compelled to abandon it, and to betake themselves to the tower of the church and its precincts, which, on the approach of the Turks, they had diligently fortified, as their forefathers had done 150 years before. Small hope, however, was there that they should be able to keep the enemy at bay; and when a horseman, bearing a flag of truce, summoned them to surrender, with the offer of security to life and property in case of immediate compliance, they did not hesitate to accept the terms. On the morning of July 17th a pasha arrived from the camp, and, seating himself on a red carpet opposite the church, announced to the besieged the conditions of surrender; which were, that the inhabitants should pay a contribution of 6000 florins, and, as a token that they had not yielded up the place, but had honorably capitulated, the keys were to be delivered by a young maiden with her hair flowing and a garland on her head. These terms concluded, the

citizens left their stronghold; and the daughter of the bailiff, arrayed as described, bore the keys of the place on a cushion, and presented them to the pasha. The latter now required that all the men capable of bearing arms should be drawn up in the market-place, on pretense of ascertaining what number of troops were needed for the occupation of the town. It was too late to retreat, and the order was obeyed. As the inhabitants came out, the Turkish soldiers closed about them, and deprived them of their arms; such as hesitated were overpowered, and those who paused in the gateway, reluctant to proceed, were dragged out by the hair of their heads. The unfortunate people were no sooner all assembled than their persons were searched, and every thing they had about them was taken away. At the same time the entrance-gate was strongly guarded. Some of the townsmen, seized with alarm, endeavored, with the bailiff at their head, to regain the church; but the Turks rushed upon them with drawn sabres, and the bailiff was cut down on the threshhold. At that instant the pasha rose from his seat, flung down the table before him, and gave the signal for a general massacre, himself setting the example by cutting down with his own hand the trembling girl at his side. The slaughter raged for two hours without intermission; 3500 persons were put to the sword, and in a space so confined that the expression "torrents of blood," so often a figure of speech, was fully applicable to the case. The women and children, who still remained within the church, together with the parish-priest and his coadjutor, were dragged into slavery, and never heard of more. Among the victims, numbers of whom were inhabitants of adjacent places who had taken refuge in the town, some, it is conjectured, were people of condition; for, in the course of excavations which lately took place on the scene of the massacre, valuable rings set with precious stones have been discovered.[4] To this day the Holy Sacrifice is offered every year for those who perished on the fatal 17th of July by this act of savage treachery.

But to return. Thirteen thousand regular troops from the army of Lorraine were assembled within the walls of Vienna by the evening of the 13th; and at sunrise on the following day a dusky moving mass appeared on the heights of the Weinerberg, which was the main body of the enemy. Scarcely could the most practiced eye distinguish one object from another in the confusion of the crowd. Men, horses, camels, and carriages, formed a mixed multitude, which from the

[4] Two Sieges of Vienna, pp. 95–98.

ramparts of the city seemed like some swarm of locusts, and extended for miles along the plains of the Danube and the surrounding hills. The formation of the besieging camp was immediately begun, and within a few hours 25,000 tents had risen as if by magic out of the ground. Luxury and magnificence formed the very tradition of an eastern army; and since the days of Xerxes perhaps no such host had been seen, either for numbers or for splendor of equipment as that which now spread around the walls of the devoted city of Vienna. We should form an imperfect notion of the spectacle presented to the eyes of its defenders, if our idea of the Turkish camp were modelled on the usual military equipages of European nations. The pavilion of the vizier and his principal officers blazed with a wealth which the imperial palaces could hardly rival. That of Kara Mustapha was a town in itself: the canvas walls formed streets and houses, and included within one enclosure baths, fountains, and flower-gardens, and even a menagerie stocked from the imperial collection of the Favorita, which had fallen into the hands of the invaders. Within the mazy labyrinth of these luxurious alleys stood the pavilion of Mustapha himself. The material was of green silk, worked in gold and silver, and it was furnished with the richest oriental carpets and dazzling with precious stones. In a yet more magnificent sanctuary, forming the centre of the whole, was preserved the sacred standard of the Prophet, which had been solemnly entrusted to the care of the vizier by the sultan's own hands. The display of the inferior officers was on a corresponding scale. Whilst these preparations were going on outside the walls, Stahremberg was busy in his arrangements for the defense. Among his most able coadjutors was one whose name deserves to be remembered among the noblest ranks of Christian patriots. This was Leopold von Kollonitsch, Bishop of Neustadt, on whom the spiritual care of the city had devolved; the Bishop of Vienna having accompanied his royal master in his flight. It could scarce have fallen on one better fitted to hold it at such a time. In his youth he had served as a Knight of Malta in many campaigns against the infidels; and in the Cretan war had excited the wonder and admiration of the Venetians, before whose eyes he boarded several Turkish galleys, killing many unbelievers with his own hand, and tearing down and bearing away as a trophy the Moslem standard of the horse-tail. The military experience of such a man was of no small use in the present crisis; yet we should be in error if we attached to the name of Kollonitsch the prejudice which lies against the character of a military prelate. If he

was daily on the ramparts, and by the side of Stahremberg in the posts of greatest danger, it was to console the wounded and administer the last rites of religion to the dying. His talents and scientific knowledge were directed towards securing the safety of his fellow-citizens, and mitigating the sufferings of the siege. It was he who suggested, and, indeed, by his exertions supplied the necessary means for provisioning the city; regulated the tariff; and even provided for the extinction of the fires which might be caused by the shells of the besiegers. Yet, extraordinary as were the services he rendered, in discharging them he never seems for one moment to have stepped beyond the line assigned to him by his clerical character. The hospital was his home; women, children, and the aged and infirm, were the only forces whose command he assumed; and by his ingenuity they were organised into a regular body, and rendered efficient for many services which would otherwise have necessarily taken up the time of those whose presence was required on the walls.

Let us now place ourselves on those walls and watch the scene before us. A week ago there was a pleasant prospect over the faubourgs of the city, where in the midst of vineyards and gardens might be seen the white walls of costly public edifices, or the villas of the nobility and richer citizens. All this is now gone; for, as a necessary precaution of public safety, the suburbs, whose proximity to the city would have afforded a dangerous cover to the invaders, have been devoted to the flames. Beyond the blackened ruins, which gird the ramparts of Vienna with a dark line of desolation, stretches the camp of the Ottomans, in the form of a vast half-moon. The bright July sun is shining over its gilded pavilions, and you may see the busy caravans of merchants with their trains of camels and elephants, which carry your fancy back to the gorgeous descriptions of an Arabian tale. It seems like the work of some of its own fabled genii when you see the landscape, but a day or two ago rich in the civilisation of an European capital, now suddenly transformed into an Oriental scene, and mark the picture of mimic domes and minarets, and the horse-tail standards waving in the breeze, every breath of which brings the echo of a wild and savage music from the cymbals and trombones of the Tartar troops.

Now let us turn our eyes on the city itself. The first object which meets our gaze is the smoking ruin of the Scottish convent. On the first day of the siege it caught fire, and was reduced to ashes; and you may hear from the lips of any citizen you

meet how but for the protection of God and Our Lady that first day of siege bade fair to have been the last: for the fire spread rapidly to the imperial arsenal, which contained the whole store of powder belonging to the garrison. It seemed to defy every effort to extinguish it; and an explosion was each moment expected which had it taken place, must have destroyed the whole northern quarter of the city, and laid it open for the entrance of the enemy. Two windows were already on fire, and the heat prevented the workmen from approaching the spot. But the people, who watched the scene with terrible anxiety, prayed, even as they worked, and invoked the patronage of that fond Mother whose ear is never closed to her children's prayers; and then, what historians call a favorable chance happened, which saved the city. The wind suddenly changed; the flames went out of themselves, or spread in a contrary direction. Though posterity may laugh at their superstition and credulity, the foolish people of Vienna are contented to believe that they have been preserved by the providence of Him whose ministers are the winds and His messengers the flaming fire. Nor indeed had this been the only instance of what was naturally deemed a providential intervention in behalf of the besieged. The first shell fired by the Turks into the town fell near the church of St. Michael; and before it had time to burst, a little child of three years old ran fearlessly up to it, and extinguished it. A second struck through the roof of the cathedral, and fell among a crowded congregation; but one woman alone was slightly injured by the explosion; and a third was thrown right into an open barrel of powder, but no mischief ensued: and the citizens were accustomed to collect the fragments, and, after having them blessed by a priest, to re-discharge them at the enemy. In vain did the besiegers try every combustible weapon which ingenuity could suggest; Vienna seemed at least insured against conflagration, and the fireballs, and arrows wrapped with combustible materials, fell on the roofs and in the streets as harmlessly as a shower of leaves.

Now let us look up to the tall and graceful spire of St. Stephen, whose tapering summit, surmounted by the crescent, bears witness to the former presence of the infidels. Within those fretted and sculptured pinnacles, beyond the reach of the most piercing eye, is the stone-chair whence the governor Stahremberg overlooks the whole camp of the enemy. There he sits, hour after hour; for a wound in his head, received from the bursting of a shell, has disabled him for the present from taking his usual position on the ramparts; though not a day passes but you

may see him carried in a chair to the defenses which are being completed under his direction. There are others whom you encounter at every turn, whose names and services are almost as memorable as his. There is the Baron of Kielmansegge, who is ready for any thing, and will carry a private's musket in the ranks, if need be; while his mechanical and scientific ingenuity have supplied the garrison with a powder-mill and a hand-grenade of his own construction. Or there is Count Sigbert von Heister, whose hat was pierced through with the first Turkish arrow shot into the town: and both arrow and hat are still to be seen in the Ambrose Museum of the city. Or you will come across singularly accoutred members of the various volunteer-corps of the city, whose patriotism has taught them to shoulder a gun for the first time; while the name of their companies may perhaps account for their awkwardness in their new profession: they are members of the gallant burgher companies—of the butchers, or the bakers, or the shoemakers—and they render good service on the walls, and never shrink from fire. But a more trimly equipped body may be seen, neither burghers nor yet of the regular force; there is a fanciful oddity in their costume, and a certain recklessness in their very walk and gestures; you see at once they are the students from the university, commanded by their rector Lawrence Grüner. And lastly, wherever the shots are thickest and the danger greatest, wherever blood is flowing and men are dying or suffering, you may see the form of the excellent Kollonitsch, not a quiver of whose eyelid betrays that the balls whistling round his head are any objects of terror to his soul, while he stoops over the prostrate bodies of the wounded, and tenderly bears them on his shoulders to the hospital which is his home.

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A month has passed; and the siege has rapidly advanced, and brought many a sad change to the position of the defenders. There have been assaults and sallies, mines and countermines, without number; the bastions are in many places a heap of ruins, smashed with shot and by the explosion of mines. There are some where the fire is so thick and continual, that to show yourself for a moment on them is certain death. The city lies open in many places to the enemy; but in vain have the Janissaries led their best men to the breach; each time have they been met by the heroic defenders, whose own arms have proved a surer barrier than the most skillful fortifications, and over and over again have they been compelled to

retire to their trenches with loss. The progress of the Turkish miners, the most skillful of their day, has been rapid and alarming. Their excavations have reached the very heart of the city; and each house has its sentinel day and night to prevent a subterraneous surprise. In every cellar there is a large vessel of water and a drum covered with peas, that the possible presence of the enemy underground may be betrayed by their vibration. These mines were indeed extraordinary works of art, and excited the admiration of the German engineers when they inspected them at the close of the siege. They were vast excavations, often themselves fortified; for the countermines of the besieged sometimes broke into them, and then a deadly contest was carried on hand to hand in the bowels of the earth. Frequently did the brave defenders succeed in destroying not only the works but the workmen, and many hundredweights of powder were thus seized and carried off. The trenches were divided into chambers for the accommodation of the officers, and some prepared for the use of the vizier were perfectly carpeted and cushioned. He himself divided his time between the inspection of the trenches and the luxurious enjoyments of his camp. Every third day he caused himself to be carried to the works in a litter made shot-proof by strong plates of iron, and might be seen urging on the men with his words, and sometimes striking the idlers with the flat of his sabre.

But the fire of the enemy was not the only danger that now threatened the defenders. The usual consequences ofa siege began to show themselves in disease, brought on by bad food and the infection from the dead bodies. Among its victims were the brave Burgomaster Liebenberg, and many of the highest functionaries and ecclesiastics of the city. The hospitals were crowded as well with the sick as with the wounded; and if the pestilence at length subsided, it was in great measure owing to the exertions of Kollonitsch, whose sagacity suggested, whilst his prompt and untiring activity carried out, every precaution that the urgency of the case required. You might see him every where: he was constantly in the hospitals, nursing the sufferers with the tenderness of a woman; and an hour after you would find him superintending the construction of drains and kennels, and working with his own hand to teach and encourage his men. His name became so familiar in people's mouths as the chief protector of the city, that the fame of his services reached the vizier's camp; and Kara Mustapha is said to have vowed his head to the sultan as a revenge for his success in checking the ravages of that pestilence on which

he counted as his best ally. Meanwhile every man in the city was employed in his own way: the citizens were busy with carts and horses; the Jesuits had two of their number constantly perched on the tower of St. Stephen, making telescopic observations of the hostile movements. Such men as Kielmansegge turned their amateur ingenuity to account by manufacturing handmills to grind the flour; and, spite of their sufferings, no abatement of courage or spirit was observable among the ranks.

Still there was no sign of relief. Sobieski, besieged by messages from the Pope and the emperor, was indeed making prodigious efforts to raise the necessary forces; but many had to be armed and disciplined before they could be ready to meet the enemy. The small army of Lorraine maintained its position at Crems, and even showed itself on the offensive against Tekeli, whom it compelled to retire from Presburg; but its numbers were wholly inadequate to an encounter with the Turks. The alarm of Europe grew every day greater, and showed itself in generous contributions towards the expenses of the war. Every town in Italy sent its list of voluntary subscriptions; whilst the cardinals of Rome sold plate and carriages to offer every thing to the cause. Once more, as in the days of Lepanto, the devout hearts of the faithful were roused to prayer; and before every Catholic shrine were to be seen crowds of pilgrims and daily processions to invoke the protection of the God of armies. Something like the old enthusiasm of the crusades revived in Europe, and volunteers from all nations enrolled themselves under the banners of Lorraine. France alone was chained back by the will of her "grand monarque," whose conduct on this occasion must remain a perpetual disgrace upon his name. The brave Conti, who had secretly set out to offer the services of his sword to the Austrian commander, was followed and arrested by the order of his royal master, who preferred the triumph of the infidel to the success of a rival. Two princes of the house of Savoy, who had accompanied Conti in his flight, succeeded, however, in making their way to the scene of war; these were the Prince of Carignan Soissons and his younger brother, known then by the name of the little Abbé of Savoy. The news of their departure was brought to the minister Louvois, who received it with an expression of contempt. "So the abbé has gone," he said; "so much the better; he will not come back to this country very soon." Nor, indeed, did he return till he came with arms in his hands; and then "the little Abbé of Savoy" was better known as the Great Eugene.

Thus, by degrees, the imperial camp of Crems became the rendezvous for all the gallant spirits of the time; but no means had yet been found of communicating with the city, which was closely hemmed in on all sides by the besieging forces, and thus cut off from all knowledge of the chances of its relief. At length, on the 6th of Auguſt, a trooper of Lorraine's succeeded in the daring enterprise of swimming across the Danube in the face of the enemy, and making his way into the city, bearing dispatches from the duke, secured from the water in a thick envelope of wax. On his return, however, he fell into the hands of the Turks; and, on being queſtioned concerning the ſtate of the city, saved his life by a cunningly invented tale of the despair of the besieged and their approaching surrender. After this, a great number of others were found to imitate his exploit; and, in spite of the vigilance of the Turks, the communication between the city and the camp was continually carried on; the safe arrival of their reſpective messengers being announced by a shower of rockets. Many are the ſtratagems and hair-breadth escapes which the annals of the siege record. There we read of the brave Pole, Kolschitzki, attended by a countryman as daring as himself, ſtrolling in disguise through the Turkish camp, and singing gaily as he goes; drinking coffee at his ease in an aga's tent, and entertaining his hoſt the while with many a song and careless jeſt, telling him he had followed the army of the vizier from sheer love of fighting and adventure; and dismissed with a caution to beware of falling into Chriſtian hands: so pursuing his perilous journey, and returning unscathed, with precious dispatches from the duke.[5] We read, too, of his intrepid attendant twice repeating the hazardous exploit alone; how, on his second return, with an autograph letter from the emperor, after having all but passed the enemy's lines, he is joined by a Turkish horseman, and, unable to shake off his unwelcome companion, he suddenly turns upon him, ſtrikes off his head at a blow, and springing on the now riderless ſteed, reaches the city-gates in safety.

Meanwhile deputies from all the imperial dominions were sent to haſten the preparations of the Polish king, to whose warlike spirit the delay he was forced to

[5] Kolschitzki was rewarded for his extraordinary service during the siege by a permission to set up the firſt coffee-house in Vienna; and "to this day," says the authority from whom we have taken the above, "the head of the corporation of coffee-providers is bound to have in his house a portrait of this patriarch of his profession." It was in consequence of the enormous ſtores of coffee found in the abandoned camp of the Turks, after the raising of the siege, that it became from that day the favorite drink of the Viennese.

endure was as painful as it was to them. Once the apostolic nuncio and the imperial minister surprised him alone, and, throwing themselves at his feet, embraced his knees in a very agony of distress. Leopold condescended to the most extraordinary promises, in case he should succeed in delivering him and his capital. The kingdom of Hungary was to be his; his eldest son should form an alliance with the imperial family; he was to name his own conditions, only he must come, and come quickly. Sobieski's reply to these offers was worthy of himself: "I desire no other reward than the glory of doing right before God and man." At last, on the 15th of August—a day he had chosen as being the Feast of the Assumption of the glorious Mother of God, to whom he had consecrated his arms and his enterprise—the royal lance of Poland, surmounted by a white plume, was displayed in the streets of Cracow; the usual signal for the gathering of the forces destined for war. Sobieski commenced the day by performing the stations on foot to the different churches of the city; then, without waiting for the troops expected from Lithuania, he set out at the head of the Polish forces for the frontier of Germany. Caraffa, the Austrian general, pushed forward to meet him, impatient to know if the report of the king's presence with the army were indeed true; for so extraordinary was the power of his name, that—as Lorraine expressed it—that one man was an army in himself. He was instantly introduced to Sobieski, who eagerly inquired from him the disposition of the Ottoman troops, and the ground they occupied. "They occupy every space and height around the city," replied Caraffa, "the Kahlenberg alone excepted." "Then the Kahlenberg will be the point of attack," replied Sobieski; and in the rapid conception of genius the whole plan of the campaign was before him in that single phrase. In fact, the neglect of the Turks in leaving these important heights unguarded forms an unaccountable blunder in the otherwise skillful dispositions of the vizier. They commanded the whole of the adjacent plains, and in their present state offered a cover for the approach, and a strong post for the occupation, of the relieving army. This the quick eye of Sobieski at once perceived. Had it been otherwise, the event of the coming struggle might have been very different; and the singular oversight of the Turkish commander was felt in the hour of the Christian success to be explained only by the superintending influence of that God to whom the cause had been so solemnly committed.

August, therefore, is now closing in; and far away on the frontier the warriors of Poland are making their way to the scene of combat over the rocky heights of the

Carpathians. The fast-crumbling walls of Vienna are now no longer the defense of the city, but the rough battle-ground on which the besieged and their enemies meet daily hand to hand. Strange sights may be seen in those deadly combats: musket and matchlock are laid aside, for there is scarcely room to use them; and the keen Turkish scimitar is met on the side of the besieged with battle-axe and halberd, and with uncouth and frightful weapons fashioned for the purpose. There is the morning-star, a hideous club covered with spikes of brass; long scythes fixed to the ends of poles, like the Lochaber axes of the Highlanders; and in every street in the city you may see huge fires, over which there boil caldrons of water and pitch, which the women and children carry to the battlements, and which, dashed in the faces of the advancing squadrons, prove a deadly means of offense. What cries of pain and baffled rage, what wild shouts and imprecations, rise from those savage Tartar tribes! They fall by hundreds into the ditch, pushed back by the strong arm of their opponents; and the scalding, blinding deluge from above pours down on them, like the brimstone tempest of Gomorrah! But the daring defense is not kept up with impunity; the air is darkened with the shower of Turkish arrows, whose poisoned wounds are almost certain death. They have for days past kept off the enemy from the shattered ravelin of the Burg by wooden palisades erected in the very face of their fire. Now the whole work is in flames; the Turks press hard behind the burning timbers, and threaten to overwhelm the scanty troop of defenders, rendered helpless by the scorching heat. But in another moment the tide of fortune has turned again; for the soldiers, tearing off their steel head-pieces, fill them with water, and rushing into the midst of the blazing mass, extinguish it, and drive back their assailants.

Still they advanced step by step—slowly, yet with a terrible certainty. Above, the ruined bastions became in turn the batteries for the guns which they turned against the town; whilst still the war was carried on underground between the desperate combatants, and no less than 16,000 of the Turkish miners were slain in these subterranean conflicts. Famine was beginning to show itself; and he who could succeed in getting a shot at some wandering cat was considered a fortunate speculator with his prize. The chase of these poor animals, indeed, became a regular trade; and, keeping up their spirits in the midst of their sufferings, the Viennese bestowed on this new game, which they hunted over the roofs of the houses, the truly German appellation of "dachshase", or roof-hare.

At length, the vizier prepared for a vigorous assault; and had it been conducted by the mass of the besieging force, there can be little doubt that the result would have been fatal. As it was, a portion only of his troops were dispatched to the breach. This want of energy at the very crisis of the siege proceeded from a covetous fear on the part of the Turkish chief, that, in the license of a general assault, he should lose the enormous plunder which he promised himself, could he reduce the city by less violent measures. Nevertheless, on the morning of the 4th of September, a column of smoke rising from the Burg bastion announced an enormous explosion, and 4000 Turks rushed to the breach. They were met by Stahremberg and his whole staff, who, hopeless of success, prepared to die at the post of honor. On came the Moslems, carrying baskets of earth on their backs, to form a way for those who followed, and the horsetail standards were even planted on the rampart crest; but again and again they were driven back with loss. Then came a breathing space of a single day; and the interval was occupied by the heroic defenders in filling up the yawning breaches in their walls with mattresses, sandbags, and every imaginable material they could supply. A yet more furious assault followed on the 6th; but still the result was the same, and 1500 bodies of the infidels remained heaped on the summit of the strange barrier. Alas, this was almost the energy of a death agony; and, nobly as they fought for faith and fatherland, each one well knew, if relief did not quickly come, the fate of the city might be delayed from day to day, but must be sealed at last. Every night, fires from the spire of St. Stephen's, and the graceful fall of those beautiful rockets—the sad signals of distress—were to be seen, notifying to the distant army of the Imperialists the urgency of the danger. The evening of that day, which had witnessed so obstinate a repulse of the last assault, closed in more sadly for the victors than for the defeated infidels. The bodies of 117 brave men of their little army were lying among the corpses of their enemies; the town was crumbling into ruins; and the hearts of the besieged were at last giving way under exhaustion and despair. Kollonitsch might be seen going from house to house, striving to reanimate the courage of the citizens with the hopes of speedy succour; but he was met with a moody and disspiriting silence. Suddenly there was a cry from the ramparts, a signal from the watch-tower of the Jesuits, and thousands hurried to the shattered walls, expecting some surprise from the enemy. What did they see? and why did men cast themselves into one another's arms, and weep like women; and women kneel by their side, as they

gazed on the distant horizon, giving thanks to God and to the Mother of God for their answered prayers? There was the clear starlit sky of a summer's night, and the far outline of the Kahlenberg cutting the sapphire canopy overhead with its deep dark mass of shadow; and there, on the very summit of its rocky height, rising into the air and floating in its glorious vault, like a string of jewels, were the gleaming tracks and the fiery stars of five signal-rockets from the advanced guard of the imperial army. They had, then, crossed the river; the outposts were already in possession of those rampart hills; and, as the blessed truth came home to the hearts of the beholders, they were filled with a fresh courage; and, cheered on by their noble leader, they prepared to prolong a yet more obstinate resistance, till the hour of their deliverance should arrive. Nor were theirs the only eyes who had marked those signal-rockets; and the preparations for a street-fight within the walls of Vienna were accompanied by redoubled preparations for hostilities in the Ottoman camp.

The Relief

Sobieski and his army were on the borders of Silesia within a week from their departure from Cracow. His eldest son, Prince James Louis, the youth of many a hope and many a bitter disappointment, marched by the side of his heroic father. His queen accompanied him to the frontier, where they were obliged to separate; and the letters which passed between them during the remainder of the campaign form a singular and most valuable portion of the documentary history of the day. His march revived the hopes of Europe, and the malice of the "grand monarque"; and whilst the intelligence of the approaching crisis was received in Rome by solemn prayers for the success of the Christian arms, by exposition of the Blessed Sacrament in all the churches, and by processions in all the streets, Louis XIV could see in it nothing but an opportunity for surprising the Austrian Provinces of the Low Country by a *coup-de-main*: and Brussels saw a French army at its gates without even a declaration of war. Such are the tactics of that state-policy which the French writers of the succeeding century deplore as so deficient in the enterprise of Sobieski. We leave our readers to draw their own comparison between the conduct of the Christian hero and that of the "Most Christian king".

The events of the march followed one another in rapid succession. It lay through a rough and mountainous country, beset with wandering tribes of Tartars and Hungarians. As they drew near the head-quarters of the Imperialists the ardor of Sobieski would not allow him to delay; but setting forward with a few cavalry, he pushed on in advance of his army, "that he might the sooner taste the waters of the Danube and hear the cannon of Vienna": these are his own words in his letter to his wife. Lorraine hastened to meet them. Destiny had hitherto matched them as rivals, both in love and in war; but each was too great to remember past jealousies at such a moment. By the 5th of September the junction of the two armies at Tuln was completely effected; and the supreme command was unanimously made over to the Polish king. There was still a doubt about the practicability of crossing the river; but Sobieski had a way of his own for settling such questions. He went down to inspect the bridge, which the Imperialists were still engaged in constructing in the very face of the Ottoman batteries: "The man who suffered this bridge to be built under his very beard is but a contemptible general, and cannot fail to

be beaten," he said. "The affair is settled; the army will cross to-morrow." And even as he spoke, a messenger from Stahremberg, dripping with water—for he had swum across the river—was ushered into the presence of the generals. He bore a dispatch of few words, yet they told all the agony of suspense which was then reigning in the city: "No time to be loſt!—no time to be loſt!" The affair was therefore settled as Sobieski had said, and none ventured a remonſtrance.

The next day was that memorable 6th of September of which we have spoken. Whilſt the besieged, ſtill ignorant of the near presence of their deliverers, were making that gallant and despairing ſtand againſt the assault of their opponents, the Chriſtian hoſt were passing over the Danube and making their rapid advance upon the Kahlenberg. The Polish cavalry marched firſt, their coſtume mingling something of oriental magnificence with tha European character of their arms; the infantry followed, less brilliantly equipped; one regiment, indeed, and that one of the braveſt of the whole force, showed so ragged and dilapidated an exterior, that Sobieski's pride was hurt. He turned to Lorraine, as the ranks defiled before them, saying, "Look at these fellows; they are invincible rascals, who have sworn never to clothe themselves except out of the enemy's spoils." It was a glorious and inspiriting sight; and never had Sobieski found himself at the head of so numerous or powerful an army. He who had beaten the Turks over and over again at the head of a handful of armed peasants, felt it pusillanimous to doubt of victory with a force like the present, and the favor of heaven on his side: 70,000 men were passing in brilliant order before his eyes. There were the troops of Saxony, with their elector at their head; and those of the Bavarians, juſt arrived in time to join the main body, with their young and gallant Elector Maximilian, burning with military ardor, and deſtined to celebrity, as well in his achievements as in his misfortunes, who now entruſted the command of his people to abler hands, and served himself in the ranks as a volunteer. There was a crowd of illuſtrious names in the battle-roll of that army; and the "little Abbé of Savoy" was not missing among them. The river crossed, there yet remained the Kahlenberg to be scaled and secured. They did not yet know if the summit were ſtill unoccupied; and the dangerous task of reconnoitring was undertaken by Sobieski himself. Let us place the scene before us, to eſtimate the difficulty of the task. The Kahlenberg mountain, which now ſtretched like a huge curtain between the hoſts of the infidels and the advancing bands of the allies, was a wild range of rocky hills and precipices, covered on one

side by a vaſt foreſt, whilſt the other descended abruptly to the waters of the Danube. Its creſt was crowned with a fortress and a little chapel; and these were ſtill untouched. Kara Muſtapha, in his gilded pavilion, lay buried in profound and luxurious security in the plain below, all unconscious that on the other side of those rugged peaks, ſtruggling among the rocks and in the mazes of the tangled foreſt, wearily dragging their guns over the rough roads, and caſting away baggage and accoutrements in their eagerness to press on to the longed-for goal, were the scattered forces of his enemies, whom a handful of determined men might have annihilated whilſt they were in the perils of that terrible ascent. But a blindness had come over the judgment of the Turks. Some of their wandering Tartar bands even encountered the outpoſts of the enemy, and, with singular simplicity, are said to have inquired what all this buſtle meant. "It means that the King of Poland is behind," replied the soldiers. "The King of Poland!" answered the Tartar, with a sneering laugh: "we know very well that he is far away from here." And this scrambling weary march laſted three days. They climbed the rocks like cats. and threw themselves down the crags, clinging to the bushes. A few muſt have reached the summit, by means of incredible exertions, the very evening of the passage of the river, as we have already seen that signal-rockets from the top of the mountain gave warning to the citizens of their approach so early as the night of the 6th; but it was not until the 10th that the main body succeeded in taking up a position on the heights.

The ascent of the Kahlenberg muſt be reckoned amongſt the moſt brilliant achievements of the Polish king. Its difficulties were such as could be surmounted only by determined courage and a surpassing genius. The imperial troops were fearful and discouraged; and when the cry "Allah!" from some of the outpoſts of the infidels firſt broke on their ear, they were all but taking to flight, in the extremity of their terror. The heavy pieces of artillery were obliged to be left below; for there were no means of transporting them through the savage passes they had to cross. Neither chiefs nor soldiers had encumbered themselves with provisions, and during their three days' march their food was oak-leaves. A few who gained the summit before the others, terrified by the firſt proſpect of the infidels, came back, leaping over the rocks in wild confusion, spreading fear and disorder wherever they appeared. Sobieski's own voice, and the might of his heroic presence, his gay and cheerful words, and the memory of his paſt victories, which seemed to

surround him as with a glory, were necessary to restore the courage of his men. The soldiers of his own guard showed symptoms of discontent. He advanced to them, and proposed that they should return to the baggage wagons; and, at those few words, they cast themselves at his feet, and exclaimed, with tears, "We will live and die with our king, Sobieski!" And all this time, amidst the incessant anxieties and fatigues of his post, he could find leisure to write an incredible number of letters to his wife, in which the hearty expressions of generous affection, and the thoughtful simple tenderness with which he tells her "to be sure not to rise too early in the morning," would fill us with feelings of more unmixed pleasure as we read them, could we forget the unworthy and vexatious character of the woman on whom he lavished so devoted an attachment.

It was on the morning of the 10th that the Turks, perceiving at length the importance of the Kahlenberg position, made a hasty movement of their troops to occupy it. But it was too late to repair their error. A few Saxon squadrons were forced forwards into line, and three guns brought to the summit. The Turks instantly retired; and the roar of those three pieces of artillery proclaimed to the ears of the distant citizens that their deliverance was at hand. The echo of that sound drew them to the walls; and the sight that met their eye on that distant ridge revived all their hopes. The morning sun sparkled on a bristling forest of lances and the pennons of the Polish hussars. Every moment the armed battalions might be seen gathering in greater numbers, as they climbed the last ascent, and formed in array of battle. There was a stir, too, in the camp of the Ottomans; and the vast masses of the Turkish troops swayed to and fro, then broke into three divisions. One seemed to prepare for conflict with the Polish force, and faced towards the mountains; another, composed of the camp-followers and other irregular combatants, might be seen securing their baggage, and moving off, with camels and horses, in the direction of the Hungarian frontier; whilst the third advanced to renew the assault on the city. It was a day of agonizing suspense. The final struggle had not, indeed, as yet begun, but it was evidently close at hand; and whilst Kollonitsch called the women and the infirm to the churches, Stahremberg once more led the remains of his dauntless forces to the breach and the ramparts. By eleven o'clock on the morning of the 11th the main body of the army was formed into line on the ridge of the Kahlenberg, occupying the old castle and the little chapel before mentioned. Below them lay the vast plain of Austria, where

stretched the enormous crescent of the Ottoman camp, sparkling with its gilded tents, and entrenched with lines of fortifications; whilst, close at the foot of the hill, and under cover of the forest and ravines, was drawn up a considerable portion of the hostile army. No movement was, however, made by either side; and both parties spent the remaining hours of the day in councils of war, and arrangements for the morrow. And so, whilst the rocket-signals of distress continued to rise from the city-walls, and were answered by blazing fires from the mountain, the eve of the great day closed in. Sobieski spent it in the saddle, and before night had ridden along and inspected the entire position of his forces.

The dawn of the autumn morning was breaking in the horizon. A thin mist rested on the crest of the Kahlenberg, and gathered in dense masses on the plain and river below. The eye of the Polish sentinels could catch the spire of St. Stephen's rising above that silvery cloud, whilst the darker masses of the city-walls were still veiled within its folds; and still unceasingly from that tapering tower there rose those fiery signals, which seemed to repeat, hour after hour, the words of Stahremberg's last dispatch: "No time to be lost." It was a Sunday morning, as on the day of Lepanto—an association not forgotten by the Christian host; and as the sun rose higher, and raised the curtain of mist that hung over the scene, life seemed to wake in the Turkish camp, and again the roar of their artillery was heard pouring its destructive fire upon the city, whilst their cavalry and the squadrons of the Tartars faced towards the mountain. The vizier was thus preparing for battle on either side of his encampment. But before we endeavor to follow the course of the conflict, let us pause on the heights of the Kahlenberg, and watch the scene that meets our eye among the forces of the Christian allies. Falling sweetly and gently through the morning air, there comes the echo of a bell from the chapel of the Margrave: its little steeple rises above the masses of forest-foliage, rich with autumn tints; and as the sound reaches the lines of the Polish troops, the clang of their arms, and the long reveille of their trumpets, are hushed in silence. Before the chapel-door is planted the Christian standard—a red flag bearing a white cross; and as the symbol of their faith, and of the holy cause for which they are in arms, is displayed, a shout of enthusiasm bursts from the ranks, and is caught up again and again from every quarter of the mountain. But silence is restored, and all eyes turn in the direction of the old castle; and as its gates are suddenly flung open, you may see a procession of the princes of the empire, and of many a gallant and

noble soldier from every nation of Christendom, moving forward to commend the cause of their arms to the God of battles. At the head of that column walks neither king nor prince, but the form of one with the brown habit, shaven crown, and sandalled feet, of a Capuchin friar. The soldiers cross themselves as he passes, and kneel to receive the blessing which he gives with outstretched hands. It is Marco Aviano, the confessor to the emperor, and one on whom there rests the character of a saint, and the reputation of prophetic gifts. He has been with the army in all its hours of difficulty and distress; he is with them now, to bless their arms, and to remind them of the cause for which they are about to fight. And close following him in the gorgeous procession, are three figures, that rivet you as you gaze. The first is one whose look instantly commands respect. He is past the prime of life, and there is something too much of portliness in his manly form; and yet the majesty of his bearing tells you at a glance that he is a hero and a king: that broad and noble forehead, that quick yet gentle eye, and the open look that mingles such simplicity with its command—all no common man: it is the conqueror of Choczim and Podacksi. On his left is the young prince James, the father afterwards of the princess Clementina, whose mariage with the Chevalier of St. George mingled the blood of Sobieski with that of our own exiled Stuarts. His after-career was sad and inglorious; but now he marches by his father's side, a gallant youth of sixteen, armed with helmet and breastplate, the pride and darling of the hero's heart. On the right of the king is the form of Charles of Lorraine, plain and negligent in his attire; and yet, in spite of negligence, and even a slouching and unmilitary gait, you may tell, to use Sobieski's words, "that he is no shopkeeper, but a man of note and distinction." Then follow the sovereign princes of Germany. We will not weary our reader with a list of names. As our eye wanders over the royal and noble ranks, glittering with the insignia of their rank and military command, it rests on a slender youth of middle stature, whose eye has in it the promise of a future career of glory. Yes, you have guessed aright: the prince, his eldest brother, has already fallen in the cause; but Eugene of Savoy has escaped to draw his maiden sword in the defense of the faith, and to learn under Sobieski his first lessons of that science in which he was hereafter to share the battlefields and renown of our own Marlborough. They enter the chapel: Aviano celebrates the Mass, which is served by Sobieski himself; and during the pauses in which he is not engaged at the altar, he is kneeling on the steps, his head bowed down, his arms extended

in the form of a cross, and his whole soul absorbed in prayer. It is a spectacle which revives to your imagination the days of Dominic and de Montfort, and the consecration of the crusaders' swords before the fight of Muret, as you see every individual in that princely and martial assembly kneeling in turn to receive the Bread of Life, whilst the thunder of the Turkish guns is even now sounding in their ears: they will soon be in the field, and, ere the sun is down, some of them will be lying there cold and dead. But they have fitted themselves for death; and at this moment, as you gaze on them, they seem full of that antique spirit of the elder chivalry, which has stamped its likeness on those tombs and sculptured effigies, making you doubt whether they who lie beneath were men of war or prayer.

The Mass is over. Aviano, in his priestly vestments, is standing at the chapel-door, with the crucifix in his hand. Raising it on high, he gives his solemn benediction to the troops, saying these words: "Soldiers, I announce to you, on the part of the Holy See, that if you have confidence in God, the victory is yours"; and then the last act of the religious ceremony is completed by a touching and beautiful incident. Prince James is led to the feet of his heroic father to receive the still honorable and sacred dignity of Christian knighthood. When this was done, the ardor of Sobieski became impatient of further delay. He sprang into his saddle, and riding forward to the front of the line, spoke to his followers in their own language: "Warriors and friends," he said, "our enemies are yonder in the plain, in greater numbers than at Choczim, when we trampled them under our feet. We fight them on a foreign soil, but we fight for our country; and under the walls of Vienna we are defending those of Cracow and Warsaw. We have to save this day, not a single city, but Christendom itself: the war is therefore holy. There is a blessing on our arms, and a crown of glory for him who falls. You are not fighting for any earthly sovereign, but for the King of kings. It is He who has led you up these heights, and placed the victory in your hands. I have but one command to give: Follow me. The time is come for the young to win their spurs." A tremendous shout from the ranks was the answer to this harangue; replied to from the distant enemy by cries of "Allah! Allah!" Then, pressing his horse to the mountain edge, Sobieski pointed to the plain below, to the rocks and precipices of the descent, and the moving masses of the enemy. "March on in confidence," he cried; "God and His Blessed Mother are with us!" And as he spoke, five cannon-shots gave the signal for the advance. The ranks immediately

commenced the descent; and Aviano turned back into the chapel to pray.

It was the original plan of the king to content himself this day with the descent of the Kahlenberg, and the secure establishment of the troops in position for battle on the morrow. Even his quick and ardent genius had proposed no such gigantic undertaking as the routing of the whole Turkish host, and the deliverance of the city, in the course of a few hours. The event of the day was scarcely so much the result of his own calculations as of the unforeseen circumstances by which the left wing of the army, under Lorraine, became engaged in a premature and desperate struggle with the right of the Turkish force, and thus brought on the necessity for a general action. The imperial troops descended the wooded ravines, driving their opponents before them, slowly but surely; for though the Turks obstinately defended every foot of ground, they were no match for their adversaries. The Christian army was arranged in order of battle in five distinct columns, which came down the mountain-side "like so many irresistible torrents, yet in admirable order," stopping every hundred paces to enable those behind to come up to them, and preserve their ranks. Each ravine was found guarded and fortified, and was the scene of a separate conflict. The rocks, and groups of trees, and the thick tangle of the vineyards—all formed so many covers for defense to the retreating Ottomans; but still, spite of all resistance on their parts, nothing could check the downward progress of those five mountain-torrents, which rolled on steadily and victoriously, sweeping all before them. The descent had commenced at eight o'clock, and by ten the left wing of the army was in the plain. Lorraine halted, by command of Sobieski, to enable the Polish troops to come up; and as each squadron issued from the mountain-defiles, it took up its position in the order of battle prescribed by the king, and planted its standard in the field. By this time, the hope of pushing the struggle to a decisive issue that day had suggested itself to the imperial commanders; and Field-Marshal Geltz, perceiving the progress of the Bavarians and Poles on the right and centre, observed to the Duke, that it would be his own fault if he did not that night sleep in Vienna. It was eleven o'clock: the burning sun had scattered all the mist of the morning, and the whole scene glittered in the noonday blaze. The heat was oppressive; and there was a pause in the movements of the imperial troops. Suddenly a cry ran along the line, caught up from regiment to regiment, "Live Sobieski!" Out from the wooded defiles of the Wienerberg flashed the gilded cuirasses of the Polish cavalry; and the

bay horse and sky-blue doublet of the rider at their head announced the presence of the king. Before him went an attendant, bearing a shield emblazoned with his arms. Another rode near him, bearing the plumed lance of Poland: this, as it streamed above the heads of the combatants, always showed Sobieski's place in the battle; and round it the fight always gathered the thickest; while his soldiers were accustomed to look to that white and waving signal as to the star of victory.

The rocks and broken ground in which they stood formed a vast and beautiful amphitheatre, carpeted with turf and dotted with noble trees. Under one of these Sobieski alighted; and, ordering his men to do the same, they took a hasty repast. It occupied but a few minutes; and then, the semicircular battle-line of the Christian columns forming in admirable order, the king rode round the whole body, speaking to each in their own language; for there were few European tongues of which he was not perfect master. The order was given for the whole line to advance. The Turks, profiting by the halt of their enemies, had brought up large reinforcements, commanded by the vizier in person. They were met by a furious charge from the Polish lancers, who at first drove all before them; but, led on by their impetuosity, and surrounded by the masses of the infidels, they were for a moment nearly overwhelmed. Their officers fell thick and fast. Waldech and his Bavarians came up to their rescue; but the struggle was still doubtful, when the second line and the imperial dragoons, with Sobieski at their head, came down on the squadrons of the Turks with a tremendous shock. Every thing gave way before them: on they went, through ravines and villages, and still, as they dashed on, they swept their foes from one outpost to another, nor drew their reins till they touched the glacis of the camp, and the gilded peaks of the Ottoman tents rose close before their eyes. Here the whole Turkish force was drawn up to receive them. The front of their line bristled with artillery; the flanks were strongly protected by fortifications hastily but skillfully raised.

It was five o'clock. "Sobieski," says Salvandy, "had reckoned on sleeping on the field of battle, and deferring until next day the completion of the drama; for that which remained to be done scarcely seemed possible to be completed in a few hours, and with tired troops. Nevertheless the allies, in spite of the oppressiveness of the weather, were reanimated rather than exhausted by their march; whereas it was evident that consternation reigned in the Ottoman ranks. Far away were to be seen the long lines of the camels, hastily pressing forward on the road to Hungary:

they might be tracked by the cloud of dust which darkened the horizon for miles." The vizier alone showed confidence, as dangerous and unreasonable as was the panic of his followers. He counted on an easy triumph; and having, as a first step, ordered the slaughter of all his captives, including women and children, to the number of 30,000 souls, he appeared on the field mounted on a charger, whose accoutrements, glittering with gold, rendered the animal equally unserviceable for battle or for flight. But flight was the last idea that suggested itself to the mind of Kara Mustapha. Dismounted from his overloaded horse, he might have been seen seated in a damask tent, luxuriously drinking coffee with his two sons, as if he had but to look on at his ease, and watch the dispersion of his enemies. The sight stirred the choler of Sobieski. So rapid had been his advance, that he had no heavy artillery with him, save two or three light pieces, which Kouski had dragged on by the strong arm of his artillerymen. These the king ordered to be pointed at the brilliant tent, from which the vizier was now giving his orders; but the ammunition soon failed, and a French officer ingeniously rammed home the last cartridge with his wig, gloves, and a bundle of newspapers. We are not told the effect of this original discharge; but at that moment the infantry came up under Maligni, the king's brother-in-law, and were instantly dispatched to a height which commanded the position of the vizier. A vigorous attack soon carried them beyond the outposts, and planted them on the redoubts. Then a wavering hesitation was observed in the crowded ranks of the Mussulmans, which caught the quick eye of Sobieski, and decided the fate of the day. "They are lost men," he cried; "let the whole line advance." And as he led them in person right for the vizier's tent, his terrible presence was recognised by the infidels. "By Allah, the king is with them!" exclaimed the Khan of the Crimea; and every eye was turned in terror towards the spot where the dancing feathers of that snow-white plume carried victory wherever they appeared. Sobieski had sent word to Lorraine to attack the centre, and leave him to finish the disordered masses in his front. Then, surrounded by his hussars, and preceded by his emblazoned shield and the plume-bearing lance which distinguished his place in the battle, he brandished his sword in the foremost rank, calling aloud, in the words of the royal prophet, "Not unto us, not unto us, O Lord God of hosts, but to Thy name give the glory!" The enthusiasm of his presence excited his troops to prodigies of valor; his name rang through the plain; and, as the infidels quailed and gave way before the charges of his cavalry,

led on by their glorious chief, a bloody token appeared in the evening sky, which struck a supernatural dread into their hearts. It was an eclipse of the moon, and the heavens themselves seemed fighting against the host of the Ottomans. "God defend Poland!" the national cry, now sounded from the advancing columns of a fresh body of troopers. They came on at full gallop, the other squadrons joining in their desperate charge. Palatines, senators, and nobles, they fell with headlong impetuosity on the masses of their foes; and such was the fury of their attack, that as man and horse went down before their lances, the huge body of the Ottomans was cleft in twain, and a road, as it were, cut in their centre, formed by the passage of the Christian troops. The shock was so terrible, that nearly every lance of the Polish squadrons was snapped asunder; those lances of which one of their nobles once said, that should the heavens fall, they would bear them up upon their points.

The Turks could offer no further resistance, and there was but one thought among their ranks, and that was flight: their very numbers, instead of strengthening, only embarrassed them. The vizier, but an hour before so proud and confident, was borne along in the panic-stricken crowd, weeping and cursing by turns. In the mêlée he came across the Khan of the Crimea, himself among the foremost of the fugitives. "You, too," he said bitterly, "can you do nothing to help me?" "The King of Poland is behind," was his reply; "there is but one thing left for us. Look at the sky, too, and see if God be not against us"; and he pointed to the bloody moon, which, close to the horizon, presented a ghastly spectacle to the eyes of the terror-stricken infidel. And so the tide of flight and of pursuit swept on: conquered, terrified, and not daring to raise their eyes from the earth, the Mussulman army no longer existed. The cause of Europe, of Christendom, and of civilisation, had triumphed; the floods of the Ottoman power were checked, and rolled backwards, never to rise again.

An hour only had passed since the fight began; and when it closed, Sobieski was standing within the vizier's tent. The charger, with its golden caparisons, was led to him by a slave, who held its bridle, before the door of the pavilion. Taking one of its golden stirrups, the king gave it in charge to a courier to bear to the queen, as a token of the defeat and flight of its owner.[6] Then his standards were

[6] The fate of Kara Mustapha, the leader of the Ottoman forces, although one of common occurrence in the history of oriental despotism, has enough of singularity in it to demand a notice. When tidings first reached the sultan that all was not advancing as prosperously before the walls

planted in the camp, and a wild and stormy night closed over the field of battle.

Meanwhile there had been an action as desperate, and as successful in its result to the Christian arms, on the breach of Vienna. The storming party was repulsed by the determined valor of Stahremberg and his shattered yet heroic followers. And when the Turks gave way, and Louis of Baden pushed on towards the Scottish Gate, the garrison, sallying from the walls, and mingling with his dragoons, fell on the main body of the Janissaries occupying the trenches of the enemy, and cut them all to pieces.

The king passed the night under a tree; and after fourteen hours spent in the saddle, his sleep was sound and heavy. The sunrise broke over a scene of strange and melancholy confusion. The Ottoman camp, so lately glittering in all its oriental splendor, was now deserted by its occupants, and bore in every direction the traces of their ferocious cruelty. As the Poles marched through it, they trod over the bodies of the Christian captives murdered in cold blood. Every woman attached to the camp had suffered a similar fate. Nor was this all; for camels and horses were found slaughtered in great numbers, lest they should fall alive into the hands of

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of Vienna as his proud confidence had decreed, his fury was such, that he was hardly restrained from ordering a general massacre of all the Christians in his dominions; but to this succeeded a fit of sullen gloom, from which he was not roused even by the news of the vizier's defeat and flight. He seemed, however, to accept the interpretation which the commander's dispatches put upon his conduct, sent him the usual marks of honor, and, to all appearance, regarded him with his wonted favor. But his rage did not so much slumber as coil and gather itself up, to spring with the more fatal suddenness on its prey. After the unsuccessful issue of the Hungarian campaign, with the silence and celerity which not inaptly represent the dread resistless force of that fate to which the haughtiest follower of the false prophet bows without a murmur, an officer of the court is sent to fetch the vizier's head. The affair is conducted with all due solemnity; not a point of ceremonious etiquette is omitted. The messengers reverently announce their mission, and present their credentials, which are as formally acknowledged. The carpet is spread; the vizier gravely says his prayers; then yields with calm dignity his neck to the bowstring; and in a few moments the commander of 200,000 men lies a hideous trunk on the floor of his pavilion. His head is taken to Adrianople, and thence is sent by the sultan to Belgrade, to be deposited in a mosque; but its fortunes ended not there. Ere long the latter place is captured (1688) by the Christians; the mosque once more becomes a Christian Church, and is given to the Jesuit fathers; and the unholy relic is dispatched by them to the good bishop Kollonitsch. Strange reversal of the vow which the proud infidel had made, when he swore that he would send the head of the brave prelate on a lance's point to the sultan his master, for daring to stay even the ravages of the plague, that was playing the part of an ally to the besieging Moslem! The skull of the vizier was presented by the bishop to the arsenal of Vienna, where, for aught we know, it still remains.

the victors; nay, it is said, the vizier had beheaded an ostrich with his own scimitar, that it might never own a Christian for its master. The camp, with its silken pavilion, and all its riches, was one vast charnel-house. The horrors of the scene were heightened by the signs of luxury that every where met the eye. The baths and fountains, the tissues and gay carpetings, the jewelled arms and ornaments, with which the ground was strewn, contrasted strangely with the heaps of ghastly corpses that lay piled around.

But we will pass over the lists of the slain, and the details of a booty almost fabulous in value, to bring our readers to the walls of Vienna, where the agony of a long suspense had been exchanged for the joy of a deliverance at once so sudden and so complete. Sobieski entered the city through the breach made by the guns of the infidels, and through which, but for his speedy succour, they would themselves have passed as victors. As he rode along by the side of Stahremberg, accompanied by the Duke of Lorraine and the Elector of Saxony, the streets resounded with the acclamations of the people who crowded about his horse. They kissed his hand, his feet, his very dress; and some were heard to exclaim, as they involuntarily compared the hero who had delivered them with the sovereign who had deserted them, "Why is he not our master?" It was evident that these demonstrations of feeling were already exciting the jealousy and displeasure of the Austrian authorities; and even in his triumphal entrance, the king was made to taste something of that ingratitude and cold neglect that was afterwards exhibited in so extraordinary and disgraceful a manner by Leopold himself. Nevertheless the people were not to be restrained by the marked discouragement of their civic rulers; they followed Sobieski in crowds to the church of the Augustines, where, finding the clergy unprepared, or hesitating, perhaps, to offer the usual service of thanksgiving, he himself, filled with impatient enthusiasm, stepped before the high altar, and commenced intoning the *Te Deum*, which was instantly taken up by his own Poles and the clergy of the church. The sudden stillness caused by the cessation of the firing, which had been distinctly heard, not only at Neustadt, but far over the Styrian Alps, struck terror into the surrounding population, who thought that the ancient city of the Christian Cæsars had fallen into the hands of the enemies of the faith. A welcome sound, therefore, to them was the boom of the three hundred cannons, the thunder of which accompanied the thanksgiving at the church of the Augustines. Ashamed of their neglect, the magistrates caused

the ceremony to be repeated with something more of pomp and splendor in the cathedral of St. Stephen's; and as the echoes of the chant rolled through its glorious aisles, Sobieski knelt, as his biographer relates, "prostrate, with his face upon the ground." There was a sermon too; and if the text were a plagiarism from the lips of St. Pius, on the day of Lepanto, it was at least an appropriate one: "There was a man sent from God, whose name was John."

Where was Kollonitsch? for his name has not appeared in the list of those who are rejoicing in the streets, or preaching in the churches. You must look for him in the camp, where, unappalled by the terrors of the scene, he is searching among the bloody corpses for any in whom life may not yet be quite extinct; and his patient noble charity has its reward; for, hiding among the tents, or even under the bodies of their mothers, he has found more than six hundred infants, and has claimed these children as his own. Nor is this all: many of the Turkisn women and Christian slaves are but half murdered; and Kollonitsch has ordered carriages from the city to transport them, at his own expense, to the hospitals. As to the children, his care of them will end but with his life. "Like another St. Vincent de Paul," says Salvandy, "he became the father of them all."[7] He provided them with both maintenance and education, and thought himself well paid for all his sacrifices by having gained them to the Christian faith. The Pope, however, not so unmindful either of his personal merits, or of the eminent services he had rendered to religion in the hour of need, bestowed upon him the highest dignity which it was in his power to confer, by exalting him to the cardinalate.

Of Aviano we find only an allusion to his joy at the victory, and that during the whole of that eventful day, as he watched the conflict from the chapel of the Margrave, he thought he beheld, as he prayed, a white dove hovering over the Christian host. After the return of Leopold to Vienna, "disgusted with the intrigues of the court and the license of the camp," he refused to retain the office he held in the imperial family, and returned to Italy.

Sobieski himself soon left the city to return to the camp, and prepare for the following up of this victory by a march into Hungary. Indeed, anyhow he was unwilling to remain in Vienna; for, strange to say, Leopold would not enter his capital until the man who had saved it from destruction was at a distance from

[7] Kollonitsch, who, at the siege of Crete, had so valoriously defended the Christian faith, at that of Vienna showed himself the benefactor of mankind, a second Vincent de Paul. *Von Hammer*.

its walls. And what do our readers suppose was the pretext for so ungracious a proceeding? A scruple of ceremony; a piece of court-etiquette! How should the emperor receive him? Were he an hereditary monarch, courtesy would place him on the imperial right hand; but to one who was but an elective king, how could so high a dignity be accorded? When the question, how such a one should be received, was proposed to Charles of Lorraine, the Duke magnanimously replied: "With open arms, if he has saved the empire!" But the generosity of this sentiment found but little response in hearts which a narrow jealousy and pride had closed to every noble impulse. The simple straightforwardness of Sobieski at last solved the difficult problem. Finding himself put off from day to day by clumsily invented excuses, he bluntly asked one of the imperial courtiers whether the right hand were the obstacle to the interview so long delayed; and on being answered as simply in the affirmative, he ingeniously suggested that the meeting should be one of face to face, each on horseback, the emperor, accompanied by his suite, and himself, at the head of the Polish troops. And thus it actually took place, as described in the king's own words: "We saluted each other civilly enough. I made him my compliments in Latin, and in few words. He answered in the same language, in a studied style. As we stood thus, face to face, I presented to him my son, who came forward and saluted him. The emperor did not even put his hand to his hat. I was wholly taken by surprise. However, to avoid scandal and public remarks, I addressed a few more words to the emperor, and then turned my horse round. We again saluted each other, and I returned to my own camp.[8] The Palatine of Russia, at the emperor's desire, passed our army in review before him. But our men have felt greatly affronted, and have complained loudly that the emperor did not condescend to thank them, even with a bow, for all they had done and suffered. Since this parting, a sudden change has come over every thing: they take not the slightest notice of us; they supply us with neither forage nor provisions. The Holy Father had sent money for these to the Abbé Buonvisi, but he has stopped short at Lintz."

The conclusion of the memorable campaign to which we have adverted forms no part of our present subject. It is enough for us to remember, that in spite of every insult offered him; the ingratitude shown him by the emperor, nay, the cruel

[8] The king, it has been observed, does not mention in this letter the reply he made to the emperor's cold and formal thanks: "I am glad, sire, to have done you this little service."

insolence which denied hospitals to his sick and burial to his dead, and which formally refused all redress when the Poles were robbed of their baggage and their horses by the followers of Leopold himself; the artillerymen pillaged of their effects while on guard over the very guns they had taken from the enemy—in spite of all this, and of the marked personal affronts which (as just related) the emperor put upon his gallant deliverer on the plain of Ebersdorf, Sobieski did not desert him; or rather, he would not desert the cause of Christendem, to which his solemn oath, as a Christian king, bound him by an obligation which he felt to be inviolable. His letters to his queen abound with the expressions of this loyalty to his plighted word: "I know there are many," he says, "who wish me to return to Poland; but for me, I have devoted my life to the glory of God and His holy cause, and in that I shall persist. I too cling to life," he adds; "I cling to it for the service of Christendom, and of my country, for you, my children, and my friends; but my honor is yet dearer to me. Have no fear: we shall reconcile all these things if God give His help."

If gratitude and joy were wanting where they seemed most due, Europe took the burden on itself, and paid the debt of Vienna. The news of the great event, which fixed the destinies of the West, flew from country to country, and every where roused the enthusiasm of the people. Protestant and Catholic States united in decreeing public thanksgiving to be offered in the churches for the great victory obtained; and every where it was celebrated with rejoicings at court and in the houses of the nobility. Even in England, severed as she was from Catholic unity, the pulpits rang with the triumphs of the Polish king. At Rome, the feast of thanksgiving lasted an entire month. When the news of the victory reached the ears of Innocent XI, he cast himself at the foot of the crucifix, and melted into tears. The night saw the magical dome of St. Peter's blazing with its fiery illumination; and within that dome, a few days later, the great banner of the vizier, which had been dispatched to the Pontiff in the first moment of victory, was solemnly suspended side by side with the captured standards of Choczim.

But it was not to Sobieski's name alone that the glory and honor of Her great deliverance was ascribed by the voice of Christendom. ***Non nobis, Domine, non nobis***, had been his battle-cry in the front of the Turkish lines; and it was taken up and re-echoed by the Church. Europe, in its gratitude, gave thanks to the interceding love of Her whose image, on the shattered and crumbling walls of

Vienna, had remained untouched by all the batteries of the infidels; and by order of Innocent, the Sunday within the octave of our Lady's Nativity, on which day the memorable action was fought, was thenceforward kept as a solemn festival of thanksgiving for this and all the other mercies bestowed on the Church through her gracious intercession, and has received the title of the Feast of the Name of Mary.

Notes on the Text

This text was taken verbatim from a chapter in [The Knights of St. John: with the Battle of Lepanto and Siege of Vienna].textsc 199–235 (London: Burns & Oates, Ltd.). The chapter, entitled ***The Battle of Lepanto***, is only one part of a much broader history of the Knights of St. John, which is well worth the reading.

Spelling has been Americanized, in accordance with the editor's preference, and punctuation has in general been modernized. The spelling of the sultan's name has been modernized from "Solyman" to "Suleiman," the general current spelling. Also, all the interior headings have been added.

Joan of Arc

Introduction

At the first sitting[1] of the court at the trial which was to end in her martyrdom, Joan of Arc introduced herself to her judges: "In my own country," she said, "they used to call me Jeannette; since my arrival in France I have been called Jeanne. I was born at Domremy, which makes one along with Greux; the principal church is at Greux. My father's name is Jacques d'Arc,[2] my mother's Isabelle[3]; I believe myself to be about nineteen years of age."

The little village of Domremy is divided by a stream which flows into the Meuse. The part on the north side of the stream was held directly from the King of France, and was comprised in the bailiwick of Chaumont-en-Bassigny; that on the south was held of the Duke of Bar, a vassal of the King of France. Just across the Meuse was Lorraine, an independent country. Joan of Arc was in no way a native of Lorraine.[4] The cottage where she was born formed part of the direct inheritance of the King of France. It is true that the stream which separated it from the territory of Bar flows at the very door of the house,[5] but even had she been a native of Bar (which she was not) this would not have made her a Lorrainian. Lorraine began at the neighboring village of Maxey upon the right bank of the Meuse, where prayers were said for the victory of the English and the Burgundians.

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[1] Wednesday, 21st February 1431.

[2] Some historians erroneously write "Jeanne Darc" in one word, so as to confer on Joan a patent of plebeian birth, in which they make a double mistake. On the one hand, the particle does not signify nobility, nor its absence plebeian birth; and on the other hand, the apostrophe was unknown in the fifteenth century, and "duc d'Orleans" was written "duc doreleans" just as "Jeanne d'Arc" was written "Jeanne Darc." "Darc," however, is meaningless. The family of Joan's father probably came originally from Arc in the territory of Bar between Chaumont and Langres. Her father, Jacques, was born at Ceffonds near Montierender (Haute Marne).

[3] Isabelle Romée, of Vouthon, near Domremy.

[4] See the explicit words of the letter sent to the Duke of Milan by the Steward of Berry, Percival de Boulainvilliers (21st June 1429); he says: "She was born in a small village of the name of Domremy, in the bailiwick of Bessigny, on this side of, and not far from the frontiers of the Kingdom of France, on the banks of the river Meuse near Lorraine" (Quicherat, *Procès de Jeanne d'Arc*, vol. v, 116). That Domremy was later included in Lorraine matters little. Joan was born a Frenchwoman, and therefore not a Lorrainian. Lorraine was territory of the Empire.

[5] The actual house was rebuilt in 1480 on the site of the one in which Joan was born, part of which has survived in the reconstruction.

Greux and Domremy were loyal to the French king.[6] The children of Maxey and those of Greux used to fight battles among themselves, several of which were witnessed by Joan, who recalled them to her memory when speaking to her judges. "I have seen them come back wounded and covered with blood," she said. These childish frays, however, do not seem to have had any great influence upon the silent, self-centered, and entirely inward and personal development of her warlike mission and her patriotism.[7]

Jacques d'Arc and Isabelle Romée were small farmers owning a cottage and fifty acres of land, consisting of field, wood, and meadow, which they cultivated themselves, toiling with their own hands. They were poor but not needy. Jacques d'Arc held a position of honor in his little village; he was styled *doyen*, a title which placed him second only to the mayor and the sheriff. He had three sons, Jacques, Jean, and Pierre, and two daughters, Catherine[8] and Joan. The latter, the younger of the two, was probably born on the 6th of January 1412.[9] She was baptized in the church at Domremy, and, according to a custom general at the time, had four godfathers and four godmothers. She grew up among rustic pleasures and labors without receiving any education; she was never able either to read or write. She

[6]With the sole exception of one man, who to Joan's great indignation belonged to the Burgundian party.

[7]We know that Joan obtained from the king the favor of exempting Domremy and Greux from feudal taxation. The king could not have exempted from taxes any village which was not held directly from his crown. Domremy lost this privilege when Charles IX ceded the village to the Duke of Lorraine and Bar (25th Jan. 1571). It claimed the restoration of this right of exemption, which was a title of honor as well, when, after the death of Stanislas, Lorraine became French. The terms of the royal letter remove all doubts as to the nationality of Joan of Arc: "Charles, etc., to the bailiff of Chaumont, etc., we desire to inform you that by the favor and at the request of our well-beloved Joan the Maid, and for the great, mighty, notable, and profitable services she has rendered and is daily rendering us for the recovery of our domain, we have granted and do hereby grant special privileges to the peasants and inhabitants of the town and village of Greux and Domremy, in the said province of Chaumont-en-Bassigny, of which the said Joan is a native, that they be henceforward free, clear, and exempt from all taxes, aids, subsidies and subventions levied or to be levied upon the said parish." The letters were given at Chateau-Thierry, 31st July 1429.

[8]It is believed that this eldest sister died before Joan left home (see St Luce, *Jeanne d'Arc à Domremy*, p. 35). Yet Joan spoke later to Dunois of a sister who was alive; see *post*, p. 66.

[9]Date established upon the evidence of the letter of Boulainvilliers to the Duke of Milan quoted above.

could, however, sew and spin admirably. "In sewing and spinning," she proudly tells her judges,[10] "I will match myself against any woman in Rouen." "In my father's house," she continues, "I was occupied with household duties, I did not go into the fields to tend the flocks." She frequently reverts to this fact,[11] which I notice because legend has been apt to represent her as a shepherdess, whereas she was in reality more of a housewife. She received her religious instruction solely from her mother, from whom she learned her prayers. She knew Our Father, Hail Mary, and the Creed by heart. Further than that her education did not go; and in after years the equivocal questions of her judges upon the "Church Militant" were the cause of her undoing, for, failing to understand the meaning of these words, she made two or three imprudent answers of which an unfair advantage was taken.

In this simple life her faith and her piety were remarkable even from childhood. Whatever time she could spare from her work she spent in church; she was constantly seen absorbed in prayer, and the only fault which her companions could find with her was that she was too grave and devout. She loved the sound of the church bells, because they were a call to prayer; and used to give the bell-ringer little presents, such as wool from her own sheep, that he might perform his duties with great regularity. As charitable as she was pious, she loved the poor tenderly, and gave as much as she was able to in alms. Many a time she put some homeless and wretched creature into her bed and spent the night upon the hearth. When twelve years old she ceased to join in the games of the boys and girls of her own age, and was seen no longer dancing under the "Fairy Tree." She still followed the happy band of children to it, but held somewhat aloof, not morosely, but pensively.

This "Fairy Tree" plays an important part in the trial, and nothing could have better suited the perfidy of the judges than to have traced Joan's victories to this suspicious or diabolical source. This, however, they were unable to do, and it is extraordinary to note how impossible it was to find the slightest evidence of superstition in her ignorance.

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[10] First hearing, 21st Feb. 1431.

[11] "Did you drive the cattle into the fields?"—"No, not since I grew up, and had reached years of discretion. I cannot remember now whether I tended them when I was a child" (3rd hearing, Quicherat, *Procès*, etc., vol. i, p. 66).

"Was there not a tree close to your house?"

"There is a tree called the Ladies' Tree or the Fairies' Tree, fairly close to Domremy, and I have heard that people suffering from fever drink of the water to be cured. I have even seen some drink it but whether they were healed or not I do not know. It is said also that the sick, as soon as they are able to leave their beds, go and walk near this tree. I used to go there sometimes with the other maids and make wreaths for the image of the Blessed Virgin Mary of Domremy. And several times I have heard some old people who were no relations of mine say that the spot was haunted by fairies. A woman called Joan, who was my godmother and the wife of the Mayor of Aubery, went so far as to say that she had seen the fairies. I do not know whether this is true or not; but I have never seen them. I have seen the young girls hang their garlands on the branches of the tree; I have hung them there myself. As soon as I knew that I was to come to France, I took as little part as possible in the games and expeditions. I do not know whether, since reaching years of discretion, I have danced around the tree. It is quite possible that I have danced there sometimes with the children, but I more often sang than danced. There is a wood called the Oak[12] about half a league away and visible from the door of my father's house. I have never heard that it was haunted by fairies. When I came to seek the king some people asked me if there was not a wood called the Oak Wood in my country, because it was said in ancient prophecies that from the neighborhood of such a wood a maiden would come who should work miracles, but I put no faith in that."[13]

She was happy in her father's home, and the calm of her childhood was only broken by public disasters. War was everywhere. Vaucouleurs, near Domremy, which had remained loyal to the King of France, was completely hemmed in by the Anglo-Burgundian garrisons which occupied Champagne. Favoured by the warlike condition of the country, brigandage was rampant, and it was not always easy to know whether one was dealing with the enemy or with the robbers, so difficult was it to distinguish between them. In 1425 all the parish livestock of Greux and Domremy (the principal wealth of a country where arable land was poor) was seized by a ringleader called Henri d'Orly who carried it off as far as Doulevant, twenty leagues away, where fortunately it was recaptured by the

[12] Bois-Chesnu, the Oak Wood; not Bois-Chenu, the White Wood.

[13] Third hearing, Quicherat, *Procès*, etc., vol. i, pp. 67, 68.

retainers of the Count of Vaudemont. As a rule, when Domremy was threatened, men and beasts took refuge on an island in the Meuse which was defended by a fortress. But in July 1428 the enemy appeared so menacing, that they fled further afield to Neufchateau in Lorrainian territory, three leagues south of Domremy, where Joan spent a fortnight, lodging with a good woman called La Rousse. The malice of her enemies subsequently travestied this hostess as an innkeeper, and they pretended that Joan had been in her service for several months or even years. The truth is that she only spent a fortnight at Neufchateau, and was never separated from her family for a moment.

At this time (July 1428) she was sixteen and a half years old, and a few weeks had elapsed since she had disclosed to a small circle of intimates the secret of her mission, long enshrined in her heart. It was exactly three years since she had first heard the mysterious "voice" which for three more years, until the day of martyrdom, was continually to whisper in her ear.

It was during the summer of 1425, at mid-day, in her father's garden, that a voice proceeding from the right hand side, as if from the vicinity of the church, had spoken to her. The first time she heard the voice "she was greatly terrified" (*magnum timorem*). At the trial, when questioned about this first vision, she said, that "she rarely heard the voice without at the same time seeing a great blaze of light in the direction from which it came." She did not however give the details which we find in a letter written by Percival of Boulainvilliers, Steward of Berry, to the Duke of Milan, at the time when Joan of Arc had just arrived at Court. Are these details authentic? We should prefer to have heard them from the mouth of Joan herself, but the witness is trustworthy and he may have taken them directly from her. He tells us that she was frolicking in the meadows with her youthful companions, so swift and light of foot that to their astounded gaze it seemed as if she were flying rather than running. At last she paused breathless, "in an ecstasy, as if beside herself." At the same instant she heard a strange voice calling her back to the house, where her mother had need of her. She walked away from her companions, but as she drew near the house she again heard the same voice, and no doubt it was then that, as she told her judges, she grew frightened, "But," she hastened to add, "the voice was kind, the voice came from God. When I had heard it thrice, I knew full well that it was the voice of an angel." "Joan, what did this voice tell you for the salvation of your soul?"—"To walk uprightly and to be

diligent at church." The voice did not at first speak to her of her going to France to the succour of King Charles VII. But the third time she heard it, she knew that it was St Michael who spoke to her.

For fifteen years the loyal subjects of King Charles VII had looked upon St Michael as their greatest heavenly protector. The Abbey[14] consecrated to him "on the margin of the perilous sea," when besieged by the English, had proved impregnable, and was destined to remain so always; it is the only spot of Norman territory which escaped the yoke of the invader. In June 1425 the English had even suffered a great naval disaster before the invincible citadel. The soldiers of Henry VI the Usurper, however, occupied St Denis with its royal oriflamme and tombs and, because they were master of the walls and the relics they, in their rude faith, believed that they had also won the saint himself to their cause. "Has St Denis appeared to you?" Cauchon anxiously asked Joan. "Not that I know of," she replied—an answer which must have reassured the ally of the English.

Let us clearly understand the circumstances under which Joan received the revelation of her voices for the first time. She was thirteen and a half years old. As yet there had been nothing to distinguish her from other children of her own age and station. She merely seems to have been gentler, more pious, and more thoughtful than her companions; less fond of games and singing and dancing; more addicted to prayer and long services in the church. But apart from this, at the age of thirteen she seems to have shown no signs of exaltation or mysticism, either religious or patriotic. The sadness with which the war colored her childhood has sometimes been exaggerated. There were many provinces which suffered far more acutely than this military frontier of Lorraine, which was comparatively exempt, and where the mischief was confined to bloodless alarms, to the menaces of bands of plunderers, and to hasty flights with the cattle which they wanted to steal. Probably before her first action, Joan of Arc had never witnessed the shedding of any French blood save that of the small boys of Domremy who fought the "Burgundians" of Maxey with stones. So during the summer of 1425 the first "voices" broke as a surprise and an awakening upon the perfect tranquillity of her young soul. It was the "voices" which gradually created the state of patriotic exaltation which three years later we see in Joan of Arc; not the exaltation which preceded and, so to speak, called forth the voices. We would also point out that

[14] Mont St Michel "au Péril de la mer."

the voices did not at first speak to her of her mission, but for a long time confined themselves to counsels of piety. Then as she grew older and her mind developed, the mission was gradually revealed to her. She first thrust it away from her in anguish, then accepted it, and finally embraced it with passionate ardor. This growth and progress of events should be very carefully remembered. We see that it was the mysterious revelation, explain it how we may, which gradually moulded Joan of Arc's soul and will; not in the least (as many people seem to believe without any proof, indeed, against all the evidence) her own inwardly developed and personal exaltation which invited, called forth, almost forced the revelation. Indeed the first time she heard the voice she was greatly terrified, so little had she expected or invoked it, so unprepared were her ears and her soul for the miracle.

St Michael did not appear to her alone but "surrounded by a host of heavenly angels." "I saw them," she solemnly told her judges, "with these very eyes, as well as I see you; and when they vanished from my sight, I wept and greatly longed that they would take me with them."[15]

Joan of Arc never made any definite statement as to the exact moment when the voice revealed to her her mission. It seems that the revelation was made gradually and at various intervals. She was first told that she must go to France to the succour of the king. "The angel told her of the sorry plight of the kingdom of France." He also promised other apparitions, and that St Margaret and St Catherine would come to comfort and guide her. These saints indeed began to appear and to speak to her. After the first apparitions, Joan, without having received any command to do so, made a vow to God to remain a virgin.

The secret of the "voices" she disclosed to no one, not even to her father, her mother, or her confessor.[16] She kept it in her heart, a secret between God and herself. This absolute silence, maintained during three years by so young a child, testifies to a nature of singular strength, thoughtfulness, and self-control. In May 1428, however, towards Ascension-tide, the voices became more urgent and bade

[15] Fourth hearing, Quicherat, *Procès*, etc., vol. i, p. 73.

[16] To this she bears positive testimony (Examination on the 12th March in the prison, Quicherat, *Procès*, vol. i. p. 128). "Asked if she had spoken of her alleged visions to her priest or to any other churchman, she replied that she had not, but only to Robert de Baudricourt and to the king. She said further that her voices did not compel her to secrecy, but that she was very frightened of revealing them for fear of the Burgundians, who would stop her journey; and especially she greatly feared her father who would have opposed her departure.

her proceed to Vaucouleurs where Robert de Baudricourt was in command for the King of France. This man was a brave and loyal soldier, but rich and dissolute, an intriguer and a skeptic, and seemed the last man to believe in the warlike mission of a girl of sixteen. Nor did he believe in it when Joan of Arc's uncle, Durand Laxard,[17] yielding to his niece's entreaties, brought her to him secretly, and timidly spoke of her wish to go to the assistance of the king. Robert took the man for a fool and the girl for an adventuress, and would not have hesitated to treat her, or allow her to be treated with scant respect had there not always been a certain dignity and reserve about Joan which intimidated and disconcerted the coarsest and most daring. He gave her back to Durand, saying: "Take her home to her father, and give her a good whipping." This humiliating episode did not discourage Joan. A few days later, on St John's eve (23rd June 1428) she said to a husbandman, one Michel Lebuin: "Between Coussey and Vaucouleurs there is a maiden who before a year is past will bring about the coronation of the King of France."

Some rumour of this unsuccessful attempt must have reached Domremy, for towards the end of the year 1428, Joan's father dreamt that he saw her escaping with some soldiers. He said to his sons: "If that should happen, drown her, or I will drown her with my own hands."[18]

Meanwhile Orleans had been invested since the 12th October (1428), and the complete defeat of the French king seemed imminent. Becoming more and more frequent, the voices spoke to Joan several times a week urging, commanding, almost threatening. She tried to struggle against the divine command, saying to the voices: "I am a poor girl; I do not know how to ride or fight." Was it really God who was sending her? "I would rather be drawn and quartered than go to France against God's will." But the voice replied: "It is the will of God; it is God who commands it." Finally, unable any longer to resist, Joan sorrowfully but resolutely decided to leave home without a word of warning to her family, and without bidding them goodbye. Once more the worthy Durand proved her protector in this cruel step. His wife was about to be confined, and he came to fetch Joan under the pretext of asking her to assist in nursing the sick woman. She left Domremy

[17] She called him her uncle although he was only the husband of a first cousin older than herself.

[18] In order to keep her at home, her parents probably tried to marry her. A young man summoned her before the ecclesiastical judge of Toul, alleging that she had promised to marry him. Joan had no difficulty in proving that he lied, and with that the matter ended.

early in January 1429, never to return. When leaving the village she met one of her little friends, Mengette by name, and greeted her, recommending her to God. But she said nothing to her parents or to her other girl friend Hauviette, who, at the case for rehabilitation twenty-seven years later, testified to the tears she had shed on hearing of Joan's departure.[19]

Neither her father nor her mother appears to have taken any steps towards recalling her when they subsequently heard that she was on her way to Chinon. Were they beginning to believe in her mission? Or were they indignant at her secret flight and resolved to abandon her to her fate? The second theory is the more probable, for they did not come to Vaucouleurs to take leave of her and give her their blessing. At Rouen when her judges reproached her with her conduct towards her father and mother, she answered: "It had to be. Since that time I have had letters written to them, and they have forgiven me. Had I had a hundred fathers and a hundred mothers, had I been a king's daughter, I should have gone..."

At Vaucouleurs Durand found lodgings for her with some worthy people,[20] Henri and Catherine Leroyer, who seem to have been the first to believe firmly in her. Her ardor and her faith, however, soon proved contagious, and a small circle of followers formed itself in Vaucouleurs. Jean Nouillonpont,[21] one of the men-at-arms who were afterwards to take her to Chinon, saw her during this painful period of suspense in Henri Leroyer's house. He gave evidence of this at the case for rehabilitation. She was dressed in a wretched red gown. "My friend," he said to her, "what are you going to do? Must the king be driven from his own kingdom, and must we become English?"

"I have come here," answered Joan, "to the king's chamber[22] to persuade Robert of Baudricourt to take me, or order me to be taken to the king. He pays no heed either to me or to my words; and yet I must reach the king before the middle

[19] A short time before her departure she had said to Gérard d'Épinal, the only person in Domremy who belonged to the Burgundian party, "Friend, if you were not a Burgundian I would tell you something." He saw her again six months later at Châlons when she spoke these strange words to him: "I fear naught but treachery."

[20] He himself stayed at Burey near Vaucouleurs; probably Joan wished to stay in the town itself, so as to allow Baudricourt no respite.

[21] Also called John of Metz. In March 1441 a title of nobility was conferred upon him for his services to the royal cause.

[22] That is, to a town held directly of the king.

of Lent, though I wear my feet to the knees. For no one in the world, neither kings nor dukes, nor the daughter of the king of Scotland,[23] nor any other can save the kingdom of France; there is no help save in me. I would much rather have stayed spinning beside my poor mother, for this is not my profession (fighting); but I must go and I shall go, because it is my Lord's wish." "Who is your Lord?" "My Lord is God."

Then Jean de Nouillonpont, taking Joan's hand in his own, promised her that with the help of God he would lead her to the king. "When will you start? Rather now than to-morrow; rather tomorrow than later."

She had seen Robert Baudricourt several times. Nothing was easier than to meet the Governor in this little town, and doubtless she took pains to place herself daily upon his path. At first he persisted in his incredulous and mocking attitude; but as day by day the political and military situation of Charles VII became more critical, Baudricourt, despairing of any human assistance, grew less brutal in his refusals to listen to this girl who offered him supernatural aid. He fully realised that there was something strange about her; but the question was whether she was sent by God, or by the devil. He broke in suddenly one day upon the Leroyer household, accompanied by the priest, Jean Pournier, wearing his stole, who on perceiving Joan thus adjured her: "If thou be evil, stand back and depart from hence; if thou be good, draw near." Sinking upon her knees at the priest's feet, Joan answered him: "Have you not heard me in confession?" Then turning to Baudricourt, she continued: "I tell you that I must go and find the dauphin. Have you never heard that it has been prophesied that France should be lost through a woman,[24] and afterwards restored by a virgin from the borders of Lorraine?" "Time hangs as heavy with me as with a woman who draws near her time," she said to her hostess. "I shall go, if I have to travel upon my knees." She spent the whole day praying in the castle chapel, prostrate, broken and in tears, imploring God to soften the heart of Baudricourt.

The news of her presence in Vaucouleurs began to spread abroad and arouse

[23] She was speaking in February 1429. The preliminary negotiations for the marriage of the dauphin (the future Louis XI, then aged six) with Margaret of Scotland, aged five, were not made before July 1428. It is remarkable that news of them should have already penetrated to the frontiers of Lorraine.

[24] An allusion to Isabella of Bavaria.

the public curiosity. Two great personages, the old Duke of Lorraine, Charles II, the Bold, and his son-in-law, René of Anjou, Duke of Bar,[25] expressed a desire to see her. She was escorted to Nancy by Durand Laxard, and made a pilgrimage to St-Nicholas-du-Port. The duke was ill, and asked Joan for a remedy. Doubtless she told him that her mission was quite a different one. Charles dismissed her, making her a present of a horse which presumably he had not chosen from amongst the best in his stables, for a few days later the duke's horse was found incapable of carrying Joan to Chinon.

She returned to Vaucouleurs on Sunday the 13th February. On Thursday the 17th, she announced to Baudricourt another defeat of the King of France, at what was called the battle of the Herrings, fought and lost on the previous Saturday outside Orleans. Baudricourt received confirmation of the news in a few days and no doubt was immensely impressed. From that moment he was mollified, if not convinced, and once having come to a decision he pushed matters forward.[26]

Some of the people of Vaucouleurs, at Joan's express desire, had joined together to have a man's costume made for her consisting of a doublet,[27] a pair of long hose, a tunic reaching to the knee, and a pair of high gaiters. A horse costing sixteen francs was bought for her, and three men-at-arms volunteered to accompany her, each taking a servant. These were Colet de Vienne, "royal messenger," and his servant Richard the Archer, Bertrand de Poulangy and his servant Julien de Honnecourt, and Jean de Nouillonpont (also called Jean de Metz) and his servant, Jean de Honnecourt or Dieuleward. The little band, numbering seven souls, set forth from Vaucouleurs on the evening of Wednesday the 23rd February 1429. Baudricourt's last words to Joan on taking leave of her were "Go then, whatever

[25] Although a brother-in-law of Charles VII, he inclined towards the English party; a few weeks later he acknowledged Henry VI, and signed a treaty of alliance with the English king (6th May 1429), two days before the relief of Orleans.

[26] It has been conjectured that he sounded the wishes of the king and the opinion of the court, and that the result was favorable to Joan of Arc. Among her travelling companions we shall see a certain Colet de Vienne, King's Messenger. Had he been sent secretly from Chinon to fetch her? What makes this improbable is that at the case for rehabilitation, John de Nouillonpont declared that he and Bertram de Poulangy had defrayed the travelling expenses for which, moreover, he was reimbursed.

[27] The jerkin or doublet and the hat were black; the tunic or short skirt was grey. The costume is exactly described (as far as we can tell) by the chronicler called the "Recorder of la Rochelle."

may betide!"

Chinon

To avoid any risk of meeting either the English or the Burgundians, by whom the roads were infested, they travelled as much as possible at night. They were eleven days on the road from Vaucouleurs to Chinon, passing by the abbey of St-Urbain, Auxerre, Gien, and Sainte-Catherine-de-Fierbois. The other points of their itinerary are not known to us. Brave as they were, the men could not conceal their anxiety; but they were reassured by Joan of Arc, who said to them from time to time: "Fear nothing, for I am commanded to do this; my brothers in Paradise tell me everything I must do. It is four or five years since my brothers in Paradise and my Lord told me that I must go to the wars to win back the kingdom of France."[28]

At night she slept fully dressed among her escort, none of whom, as they testified upon oath, ever dared form even a thought injurious to her innocence, so great a feeling of respect did she inspire, a feeling which seemed to surround and protect her till her death. She herself would have liked to attend Mass every day during the journey, but from motives of prudence and fearing to show themselves too frequently, they heard it but twice.[29] She amazed her companions by her piety and gentleness, her faith and enthusiasm. One of them, Bertrand de Poulangy, a witness at the trial, brought his evidence to a close with these words: "To me she seemed as good as if she were a saint!" When they reached Ste-Catherine-de-Fierbois in Touraine, which was friendly territory, she indulged herself in the joy of hearing three masses in succession. From there she caused a letter to be written to the king announcing her approach. Joan's arrival was most opportune. The kingdom was in dire extremities; there was not another crown in the treasury wherewith to pay the few remaining soldiers. Orleans could not hold out more than a few days longer, and once the town had fallen, where could refuge be sought? In the Dauphiné, perhaps, or even abroad, in Spain, or in Scotland, but the outlook was a desperate one.

The little band entered Chinon on the 6th March 1429. Although Joan's arrival had been announced and was expected, it seems that those in whose power the

[28] To be exact it was three years and eight months, from the summer of 1425 to February 1429.

[29] Probably at St-Urbain, where she stayed at the Abbey, and certainly at Auxerre, where she heard Mass at the cathedral.

king was, especially La Trémoille, the favorite minister, had not yet decided to allow him to see her. She was kept waiting for two days before she was at last admitted into the presence of Charles VII.[30] We know how the king, in order to test her, hid himself among the courtiers of his own age, taking care not to be distinguished by his dress. Yet Joan, who had never seen him, recognised him, and walked straight towards him; then falling upon her knees, she said: "God grant you long life, noble King!" Charles pretended to undeceive her: "I am not the King," he said. "In the name of God, Sire, you are the King and none other." She then demanded troops with which to raise the siege of Orleans and escort the king to Rheims, where he would be crowned. For it was the will of God that the English should be driven from France, and that the kingdom should remain in the hands of its rightful king.

This first interview produced little effect. The prejudice against Joan was general. The king, although affable, remained suspicious, his opinions being unfavorably affected by La Trémoille, whose influence was all powerful at the time. While priests were dispatched to Domremy to make enquiries about Joan, she herself was questioned and closely examined at Chinon by every variety of person, both ecclesiastics and laymen. The frivolous and corrupt court was little inclined to believe in divine intervention. Some pronounced it to be a "farce"; others, less skeptical but none the less prejudiced, feared it was some wile of the devil.

Joan was in despair at not being believed. The danger was increasing. If they refused to obey God and take her to Orleans the town might fall at any moment. "Noble Dauphin," she said to Charles VII, "why do you not believe me? I tell you that God has pity upon your kingdom and upon your people. For St Louis and St Charlemagne are kneeling before Him, praying for you, and if you will allow me I will tell you something which will bring you to realise that you must believe in me."[31] At last one day she took courage and revealed to him a secret which he thought was unknown to anyone but himself, and the king was amazed and believed in her.

What was this secret? At the trial Joan consistently refused to explain it, though she thereby ran the risk of irritating, and did in fact irritate, her judges, whose curiosity she succeeded in baffling. The general belief, expressed in writing

[30] Evidence of Simon Charles, president of the Court of Account.

[31] *Chronique de la Pucelle* (a compilation drawn up about 1470 from good sources).

as early as the time of Louis XII and in all probability well-founded, has been that this "Secret of the King" related to the legitimacy of his birth.[32] The story ran that upon All Saints' Day, a few months before the arrival of Joan of Arc, the son of Isabella of Bavaria, troubled and discouraged by the endless series of reverses and disasters by which he was incessantly overwhelmed in his struggle against the English Usurper, asked himself with anguish whether he were indeed the legitimate heir to the crown of France, imploring God, if he were not, to remove from his heart the desire to conquer it. This scene had passed unwitnessed. Joan described it to the king and reassured him, convincing him of the justness of his claim.

The king was now converted, but not the court. Indeed, it never was quite converted, even in the days of the most glorious triumphs. For the dispelling of all doubts and the removal of all scruples, the king desired Joan to be solemnly interviewed by several bishops, by the members of his Parliament, and by those doctors of the University of Paris who had remained loyal to him.

From Chinon she was taken to Poitiers, where these learned men were sitting. She was installed in the house of Jean Rabateau, Solicitor-General to the Parliament, and hither came the examiners, as keen as if they had been judges to try her. A certain Carmelite friar, a doctor of divinity and a "very harsh man,"[33] said to her: "It is forbidden in the Scriptures to believe in such words unless a 'sign' (miracle) be shown." "I do not wish to tempt God," she answered boldly. "The 'sign' which God has appointed for me is to raise the siege of Orleans and to lead the king to be crowned at Rheims. Go thither and you will see." Guillaume Aymery, another doctor of divinity, one of the preaching friars, said to her: "Joan, you ask for men-at-arms, and you say that it is God's will that the English depart out of the kingdom of France and return to their own country. If this be so, then is there no need of men-at-arms, for the will of God is sufficient in itself to defeat them and send them home." "I ask for men-at-arms," she answered, "but a small number will suffice. They will fight; God will give victory."

Frank, simple, and fearless, she had an answer for everything, providing that she understood what was being said to her; but when they tried to puzzle her with

[32] *Abréviateur de Procès*, p. 254 (an anonymous work compiled about 1500 from authentic sources).

[33] *Chronique de la Pucelle.*

intricate questions, the scope and meaning of which she could not fully grasp, she quickly evaded them, saying: "I do not know my letters. I am sent by the King of Heaven to raise the siege of Orleans and to conduct the King to Rheims, where he will be crowned and anointed."[34]

The Dominican friar Seguin, who had inherited the accents of his native province of Limousin, said to her: "In what language did the voice which you profess to have heard speak to you?" "In a better one than yours," she slyly answered. Seeing them still suspicious and unmoved she passionately reiterated: "Give me soldiers, as few as you like!"

The examination, of which unfortunately all the documents[35] have been lost, lasted for three weeks. When the theologians had finished, the members of Parliament wished in their turn to question her, and, perhaps because they were less interested in assuring themselves that the spirit by which she was actuated was not an evil one, they seem to have been more easily won by her simplicity, good faith, and enthusiasm. After them all the women and maidens of Poitiers came to interview her, and to all of these she spoke so graciously that she reduced them to tears. They expressed astonishment, however, at seeing her dressed like a man. "I fully understand," she said to them, "that it must seem strange to you, and rightly so; but, since I must fight for the noble Dauphin, I must assume the apparel suitable for a soldier; and when I find myself among the troops if I am dressed as a man, they will forget that I am a woman; and so it seems to me that I shall the better preserve my virginity of thought and deed."

The pertinacity with which Joan clung to her masculine attire so long as she was obliged to live among men, either as a soldier or as a prisoner, is explained beforehand in this answer, and it is unnecessary to seek any other motive for it. She knew that war is not a woman's business, and therefore, out of respect for her sex, she wished to lay aside woman's garments when she felt compelled to fight in obedience to the will of God. This girl of seventeen, alone and defenseless among

[34] Evidence of Gobert Thibault, Squire.

[35] The loss of the official reports of the examination conducted at Poitiers can never be sufficiently deplored. In her trial Joan continually referred to them, and most justly opposed this first sentence of the Church, against the one with which she was then threatened. This unfortunate hiatus in the history of her life leaves us in almost complete ignorance of her childhood. The minutes of the proceedings at Poitiers were not quoted in the case for rehabilitation, and must then have been already lost.

rough soldiers, ended in attaching a certain mystic virtue to the manly garb which was her protection. So long as she wore it she felt that with her sex thus disguised, her modesty would be in no danger.

The ardor of her faith seems ultimately to have softened the hearts of the inquisitors. The verdict of the wise men of Poitiers was favorable to Joan of Arc; without vouching for the miraculous nature of her mission, or rather, putting this character of it on one side (Joan herself only professed to perform marvels not miracles), the learned men advised the king to make a prudent use of the assistance which God might perhaps be sending him through the medium of this young girl, in whom they had been able to detect no evil. "In view of his own necessity and that of his kingdom, and considering the constant prayers of his poor people to God, and for the sake of all those who loved peace and justice, the king should not reject or thwart the Maid, who says she is sent by God to his assistance, notwithstanding that her promises be only human deeds. Nor should he believe lightly in her and at times only, but following the Holy Scripture, should test her in two ways (by human prudence and devout prayer)."[36]

Her stay in Poitiers was long remembered in the town. Jean Bouchet, the author of *Annales d'Aquitaine*, relates that in 1495 he conversed in Poitiers with an old man, Christophe de Peyrat, nearly a hundred years old, who showed him the house where Joan had stopped and told him that he had seen her "mount her horse entirely clad in white armor" to go to Orleans. He even pointed out, at the corner of the rue St Etienne, a stone which she had used in mounting.

Joan returned to Chinon towards the middle of April.[37] The king was con-

[36] It should be observed that these doctors of Poitiers who examined Joan of Arc and passed favorable sentence upon her before any miraculous event had supported the fact of her mission, were ecclesiastical personages of great distinction, theologians fully as well qualified as those who afterwards condemned her: Regnault de Chartres, Archbishop of Rheims; Bishop Pierre of Versailles (afterwards of Meaux); Gérard Machet, Confessor to the king; Pierre Seguin, a Carmelite; Guillaume Seguin and Guillaume Aymery, Dominicans; Jean Raffanel, a Franciscan; Jean de Macon, a Doctor of Orleans; Hugues Comparelli, Bishop of Poitiers. Most of these learned doctors belonged to the dissentient party in the University of Paris.

[37] The reader should remember that on the 13th April 1429, René of Anjou, Duke of Bar (brother-in-law of Charles VII) did homage for his duchy of Bar to the Duke of Bedford, Regent. If Joan had been a native of Bar, René would have been her lawful sovereign, and she, by serving Charles VII, would have been in open revolt against him, for René had joined the side of Henry VI, with whom he signed a treaty of alliance on the 6th May 1429, two days before the relief of Orleans! But

vinced, or at least had made up his mind to try the experiment; and his council too had reluctantly given in. Neither La Trémoille nor the Archbishop of Rheims, Regnault de Chartres, ever believed in Joan of Arc. Everywhere we can see traces of the opposition which they and many others offered to the plans of the Maid. Suffice it to say that the opinion of those who looked upon her "mission" as a cunning trick devised by schemers, is in absolute contradiction to established facts, though it was held by many people at the time. But contemporaries do not know everything, and at Charles VII's court especially, policy was discreet and hatred silent. It will soon become only too apparent that Joan of Arc was never able to disarm the hatred, jealousy and suspicions of many members of her own party. The only people who sincerely believed in her were a few leaders such as the Duke of Alençon, La Hire, Dunois, and Poton de Xaintrailles, and even in their case one would not like to say that their faith survived defeat.

While the army was being made ready, Joan was sent to Tours, and the king appointed a few men-at-arms as a bodyguard for her. Two of her brothers, Jean and Pierre, had joined her, and she kept Jean de Metz and Bertram de Poulangy with her. A brave knight, one Jean d'Aulon, was her steward; Louis de Contes, a youth of fifteen, her page; and Jean Pasquerel, an Austin friar, her chaplain and confessor-in-ordinary.

Much of the evidence collected at the case for rehabilitation was that of priests or monks to whom Joan had confessed on one or upon several occasions. They one and all agree in extolling her humility and devoutness, and the faith and ardor which she showed in attending very frequently the sacraments of Penance and the Eucharist. Yet none of them seems to have exercised any lasting and personal influence over her, and although she had many confessors she had no spiritual director. Jean Pasquerel, who was her chaplain from her arrival in Chinon until her imprisonment, confessed her more frequently than anyone else, "almost daily" he asserted in his evidence, with no doubt some slight exaggeration; and he marvelled at the tears of contrition she shed while confessing. But many other priests also confessed her while this monk was attached to her person, yet neither he nor any of them seems ever to have become her director.

Having given her a faithful and suitable escort the king wished to equip her for war, and presented her with a horse and a suit of armor. But she refused the

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Joan was a native of Champagne and belongs to France.

sword he offered her, and requested that someone should be sent to the Chapel of St Catherine-en-Fierbois to unearth an ancient sword which was buried there behind the altar, covered with rust and marked with five crosses. No one knew of the existence of this sword, which was found in the very spot indicated to Joan by her voices. It was polished to look like new and brought to her. This marvellous discovery created a great stir.[38]

In the same manner Joan ordered the design of her standard, which she commanded to be made of linen embroidered in silk, entirely white and decorated with fleurs de lis. On one side, underneath the inscription JESUS, MARIA, was represented the image of God the Father seated upon the clouds, holding in His hand the terrestrial globe; also two kneeling angels presenting Him with a fleur de lis. On the other side were the arms of France upheld by two angels. Besides the standard, she caused to be made for herself a pennon upon which was depicted the Annunciation.

The news of her return to Chinon and of her impending departure for Orleans began to spread afar. From a well-authenticated piece of evidence, well worthy of attention, we know that as early as the middle of April Joan and her mission began to excite much interest, even far away from the seat of war and from Charles VII; at Lyons, for example, and Brussels.[39] A letter written from Lyons on the 22nd April certifies that the Maid is with the king and has said to him: "I shall save Orleans, I shall put the English who are besieging it to flight. In the battle I shall myself be wounded before the town by a shaft, but I shall not die of it; and the

[38]Joan herself spoke to her judges of the sword of St Catherine: "When asked how she knew that the sword was in that particular spot, she replied that the sword was buried in the earth, covered with rust and marked with five crosses. Her voices had told her that it was there; she had never seen the man who went in search of the said sword, but she had written to the clergy in the neighborhood asking them if they would allow her to have this sword. They sent it to her. It seemed to her that the sword was not very deeply buried behind the altar; she could no longer however say if it had lain behind or before the altar; but she thought that at the time she had written that the sword was behind the altar. When it was found the clergy of the neighborhood polished it, whereupon the rust fell from it quite easily."—Quicherat, *Procès*, etc., vol. i. p. 76.

[39]See *Procès*, édit. Quicherat, vol. iv. p. 425. Morosini's *Chronique* testifies that at the same period Joan and her mission were being discussed with the liveliest curiosity at Bruges, Venice, and several other places. Everyone, of course, according to his opinion, spoke of her differently. One Justiani wrote to Venice from Bruges: "Each one adjusts and harmonises her exploits with his own belief or disbelief in her, magnifying or detracting from them according to his fancy."

king will be crowned in Rheims this coming summer." All these predictions were confirmed by events. This letter, be it noted, was received at Brussels and recorded with its date (prior to the events predicted), by the registrar of the Brabant Court of Accounts.

Orleans meanwhile was being daily more closely invested by the English, and the siege seemed on the point of becoming a blockade. Moreover, since even Joan, although assuring them of victory, could not tell how long it might be necessary to fight before attaining it, it became apparent to everyone that the most urgent step was to revictual the town. Accordingly a large convoy of provisions was collected at Blois, and a small army commanded by Marshal de Boussac and Gilles de Rais and led by Joan of Arc, was directed to force an entry for it into Orleans. The number of these troops is unknown; or rather it should be said that the estimates are contradictory, varying from three to twelve thousand.

Before beginning the campaign, Joan, wishing for the last time to call upon the English to retire in peace, sent them this message:

> JESUS. MARIA.[40] King of England, render satisfaction to the King of Heaven. Give up to the Maid the keys of all the good towns which you have seized. She has been sent by God to restore the royal blood, but is full ready to make peace if you will make reparation by restoring (France) and paying an indemnity for having held it. King of England, if you will not do this, I am leader in the war; wheresoever I find your people in France, if they be not willing to obey I will drive them forth willing or no; but if they submit, I will have mercy upon them. Know, that should they refuse to obey, the Maid has come to slay them. She comes from the King of Heaven to put you out of France, man by man; and the Maid promises and assures you that she will sound so great a call to arms as for a thousand years has not been heard in France, if you do not render her justice. And be very sure of

[40] Joan did not actually write this letter, since she was unable to write; but it is quite likely that she dictated it, for the style in which it is written is totally unlike the official style of those about her. We have published the text given in the manuscript of the *Geste des Nobles*, and have merely modernised the spelling. That text appears to be the oldest of those which have come into our hands, but several texts of the letter exist. Quicherat published five. (*Procès*, etc., vol. i. p. 240; iv. 139, 215, 396; v. 96.) The discrepancies between them are trifling.

> this, that the King of Heaven will send her greater power than you can wield in all your assaults upon her and her trusty men-at-arms. And you, archers, noble and valiant soldiers, who are before Orleans, go home to your own country, as God bids you. And if you will not do this, beware of the Maid and remember the wrongs you have committed. Think not that the right is on your side, for you never will hold France from the King of Heaven, the Son of Mary; but the King Charles shall hold it, the true heir to whom God gave it, and he will enter Paris in goodly company. If you do not believe the messages of God and of the Maid of Orleans, in whatsoever place we find you we will strike a mighty blow and we shall see whose is the better right, yours or God's. William Pole, Earl of Suffolk, John, Lord Talbot, and Thomas, Lord Scales, lieutenants of the Duke of Bedford, so-called Regent of the Kingdom of France for the King of England, make answer, whether you will make peace with the City of Orleans. If not, you will shortly have cause to remember your wrongful deeds. Duke of Bedford, who call yourself regent of France for the King of England, the Maid begs and entreats you not to bring destruction upon your heads. If you do not give her satisfaction she will cause the French to do the greatest deed that was ever done in all Christendom. Written the Tuesday in Holy Week,[41] to the Duke of Bedford, so-called regent of the kingdom of France for the King of England.

This letter written upon the "Tuesday in Holy Week," that is to say Holy Tuesday, if not antidated, must therefore have been composed on the 22nd March 1429. It was no doubt dictated by Joan at Poitiers, possibly in the presence of the examiners, or at any rate, to be shown to them. At all events it was dispatched before the middle of April. As may easily be imagined, it only succeeded in infuriating the English, who threatened to burn the messenger who delivered it.[42] And yet we cannot help admiring Joan for having made this fruitless effort.

[41] Holy Tuesday, 22nd March 1429.

[42] They also threatened to burn the girl who had written it. From the first time they saw her they vowed against her the most fearful hatred. Joan was not disturbed. "Let them burn me if they capture me," said she, "but if I defeat them, let them go away."

After fifteen years of open war an ordinary commander might well have been justified in attacking at once, but Joan, who professed to be sent by God, not to make conquests, or to win glory, but to see a just cause righted, was acting more in accordance with the character of her mission by making a final effort to accomplish it without bloodshed. Though there was no hope of success, it was at least her duty to make the attempt. It was necessary that her impatience for action, which was not impatience for fighting, should not be misinterpreted either by friend or foe. Until the last she persisted in offering peace before having recourse to war, and, after victory, in asking no more than she had asked before. A soldier of justice, she only demands justice, and when justice is done, she will always be ready to lay down her sword. She never threatened the English with revenge or retaliation, she never said to them: "We will pursue you to your island and avenge conquered France by conquering you once more." No such words ever passed her lips; her only plea was: "Give back to France that which you took unlawfully and hold unjustly."

Orleans

They set out from Blois on Thursday, the 28th April to march to Orleans, Joan of Arc riding at the head of the army, surrounded by priests chanting the *Veni Creator*. Joan wished to follow boldly the right bank of the Loire, although it was strongly occupied by the English. "They will not stir," said she. But the generals, who did not share her confidence, chose the left side of the river which was freer of the enemy. Two leagues up the river they came to Chécy. Dunois, the Bastard of Orleans,[43] commanded the town[44] in the name of his brother, Charles of Orleans, who had been a prisoner since Agincourt.

Dunois came to meet the convoy and saw Joan of Arc for the first time.[45]

"You are the Bastard of Orleans?" she said to him.

"Yes, and I rejoice at your arrival."

"Then it was you who counselled that I should come hither by this side of the river instead of going straight on through the district occupied by Talbot and the English."

Dunois tried to excuse himself. "It was my advice and that of the wisest men; we thought it the best and safest course."

"In the name of God," she replied, "Our Lord's counsels are wiser and safer than yours, you thought to deceive me, but you deceive yourself. For I bring the greatest succour that ever came to knight or town, the succour of the King of Heaven. It comes not from me but from God Himself, who at the entreaty of St Louis and St Charlemagne has taken pity upon the town of Orleans."

The provisions were shipped upon some boats which had been sent from Orleans, and the whole convoy, having descended the river without any accident, was landed at the entrance of the town. The English had not stirred. A lack of transport, however, prevented the French army from following the same route, so it was decided to return to Blois, recross the Loire, and approach Orleans from the north, and the right hand bank of the river. Joan agreed with Dunois in not wishing to go far away from the town where she was already awaited with

[43] He only received the title of Comte de Dunois in 1439, but we shall generally call him by the name under which he is so famous.

[44] The Governor was Raoul de Gaucourt.

[45] Evidence of Dunois. *Chronique de la Pucelle*.

passionate expectation. Accordingly, accompanied by a small escort they crossed the Loire behind the convoy of provisions, and landed at the eastern point of the besieged town.

On the 30th April, at eight o'clock in the evening, clad in full armor and mounted upon a white horse, Joan entered Orleans by torchlight. Before her was borne her standard "likewise white, with two angels upon it, each holding a fleur-de-lis in his hand; and on the pennon was depicted the Annunciation." The Bastard of Orleans rode on her right hand. Her reception was triumphal. Burghers and soldiers "already felt encouraged and as if no longer besieged." Everyone gazed at her with feelings of love and confidence; they crowded so about her, that a torch set fire to her pennon, which she immediately and with great self-possession extinguished herself. After they had been to the Cathedral to return thanks to the Almighty, they led her to the house of Jacques Boucher, treasurer to the Duke of Orleans, where she was to stay. With her were her two brothers, Pierre and Jean, and the two men-at-arms, Jean de Metz, and Bertrand de Poulangy, who had escorted her from Vaucouleurs.

As she had spent the entire day on horseback without once dismounting, and without food or drink, a supper had been prepared for her; this, however, she did not touch, merely eating five or six pieces of bread, which she soaked in a glass of wine diluted with water. Her abstinence seemed as wonderful as her endurance. Louis de Contes, her page, mentions that it was a frequent occurrence for her to spend an entire day without eating anything but a bit of bread. That night she made the daughter of her host sleep in her bed. Throughout the whole campaign she always tried to have a woman in her room at night. When this was impossible, she slept fully dressed.

It seems incomprehensible that the English should have allowed Orleans to be reprovisioned in this way, without making any effort to prevent it. They must already have been disturbed, if not alarmed, by the accounts which had reached them of the Maid's supernatural powers. At all events, it is a fact that from the moment Joan came among them, the inhabitants of the beleaguered town proved themselves to be different men. Dunois affirms as much in his evidence. "The day before her arrival, two Englishmen would have put eight Frenchmen of the royal army to flight, but as soon as she had entered the town, four or five hundred of our men would have held their own against the entire English army (about ten

thousand men)." The very next day, the besiegers offered no more resistance to the entry of the reinforcements sent from Gien and Montargis than they had to that of the provisions on the previous day. Unmoved they watched the passage of Joan's little army which Dunois went to meet on the road from Blois. The rôles were changed; the besiegers were becoming the besieged; and the defenders of Orleans proceeded to take, one by one, the formidable fortresses which for seven months, the English had been building and fortifying round their walls.

The first of these fortresses to be attacked was that of St Loup, which commanded the upper reach of the river. The attack took place on the afternoon of Wednesday, the 4th May. Joan, who had not been told of it, was resting upon her bed and had even fallen asleep. Suddenly, she awoke and said to Aulon, her steward, "I must go and fight the English." At the same moment, a great uproar filled the town, and Joan found that they were fighting without having called her. She hastily armed herself, chiding her page[46] for having allowed her to sleep. "Wretched boy (*Sanglant garçon*),[47] not to tell me that the blood of France was being shed!" It was probably on this same day that she said to Jean d'Aulon: "Never have I seen the blood of any Frenchman flow that my hair has not risen upon my head!"

May it be forgiven her by the wise folk of a later generation if the sons of her mother country seemed to her more precious than the sons of strangers. But she was merciful to all, and the fallen foe was sacred to her. A French soldier having one day grievously wounded an English prisoner, Joan dismounted, raised the dying man, and, supporting his head in her hands, made him confess himself, solacing him with comfortable words until he breathed his last.

Scarcely armed, she mounted in hot haste and dashed across the town through a labyrinth of narrow streets, making the sparks fly from her horse's hoofs by the pace at which she role. When astonishment was expressed that she should have gone straight to the spot where fighting was proceeding, without knowing the way, she said: "My voices wakened me; my voices told me the way." The courage and coolness she displayed in this first encounter were marvellous. The English made a desperate resistance. Without taking any personal share in the fighting,

[46] Evidence of Louis de Contes, Joan of Arc's page.

[47] A vulgar term of abuse very common in the fifteenth century; meaning no more than *méchant garçon* at the present day.

Joan stood at the edge of the moat, her standard in her hand, and for three hours urged on the attacking force. When the fortress had been taken and all who were in it either killed or taken prisoners, her womanhood reasserted itself, and she was overwhelmed with pity. "She wept over the slain, at the thought that they had died without confession."[48]

Thursday, the fifth of May, was Ascension Day, and the officers refused to fight "out of reverence for the day." Joan considered that it would be no sin against God[49] to proceed with the fighting, for was it not Christ Himself who said, "Which of you shall have an ass or an ox fallen into a pit, and will not straightway pull him out on the Sabbath day"? The salvation of France was just as urgent in her eyes, but she yielded to their scruples and set an example to all by keeping holy the festival. She was confessed and received the sacrament, and entreated all the inhabitants, and especially her fellow-soldiers, to confess themselves likewise. Since she had become a leader she considered herself in conscience bound to watch over the spiritual welfare of her troops. She continuously exhorted them to turn from evil, and seek repentance, and had reformed the morals of the army, as far at least as it was possible. She banished all women of loose character, and loudly proclaimed that God would not award victory to unrepentant sinners. She did her utmost to suppress the licentiousness, blasphemy, and pillage around her, and all the abominable excesses which too frequently accompanied them. Without exaggerating the depth or lasting value of the conversions which she made, it is safe to assert that her noble apostleship was not fruitless. She at least succeeded in awakening in the hearts of the soldiers a lively religious sentiment, a faith in God, an earnestness in prayer, and, if they sincerely wished to deserve it, a hope of salvation.

So little did her first victory elate her, that before following up her success she actually wished to make one more proposal of peace to the English. A second letter was dispatched to them by means of an arrow, since they had unlawfully detained her messengers. The English read her letter, and the only answer they vouchsafed was an outburst of insults, the echo of which ascended to the ramparts

[48] Evidence of her confessor Pasquerel.

[49] The very accurate *Chronique du siège* confirms this, but Pasquerel, it is true, denies it. It will be seen further on that she also wished to fight on the 8th Sept., the feast of the Nativity of the Virgin, for which she was reproached by her judges.

upon which she stood. When she heard them, "she commenced to sigh and weep bitterly, invoking the aid of the King of Heaven." Shortly afterwards she said that "she was comforted, for her Lord had spoken to her."[50]

On Friday, the 6th May, the fortress of the Augustins was taken by assault with the same valour and the same success. On Saturday, the 7th, they attacked the Tourelles, which commanded the bridge across the Loire to the south of Orleans.

At early dawn Joan rose and armed herself to go to the assault. Her host, who had received a present of a fine shad, said to her: "Joan, let us eat the shad before you go." "In the name of God," answered she, "let no one touch it before supper, for we shall recross the bridge and bring you back a 'Godon'[51] who will eat his share of it with us." Although naturally of a serious disposition, she did not despise those repartees of gay and sprightly humour which used formerly to be distinctive of the French race.

Some of the commanders considered the attack upon the Tourelles imprudent and premature, but Joan's enthusiasm swept every obstacle before it. The attack began at six o'clock in the morning, and both sides fought furiously until the afternoon without much result. About one o'clock, Joan went down into the moat to set a ladder against the wall, and in so doing was wounded by an arrow just above the right breast. At first she was unnerved and began to weep, either from fear or from the pain, but she soon recovered herself, drew out the point with her own hands and seemed to recover her cheerfulness. Some soldiers wanted to "charm"[52] the wound, but she refused, saying, "I would sooner die than do anything I considered to be a sin, or against the will of God. Full well I know that I must die, but I know neither when, nor where, nor how, nor at what hour. If they can dress my wound without sin, I am quite willing that it should be dressed." They applied a dressing of olive oil which soothed the pain.

The leaders wished to stop the assault until the following day. She strongly objected to this proposition and, in spite of her wound, returned to the fray after a short prayer. Such heroism in a woman—in a mere child of seventeen—transformed the men who witnessed it into heroes. The French rushed furiously to the attack. The English who believed Joan to have been killed, or mortally wounded,

[50] Evidence of Pasquerel.

[51] A nickname for Englishmen, because of their oath, "God-dam."

[52] Soothe the pain with magic words.

were dumbfounded at seeing her re-appear upon the trench, where, waving her standard, she shouted to her men, "The day is yours! Enter!" The bridge which connected the ramparts with the Tourelles gave way, and several hundreds of the English, among whom was their leader, Glassdale, fell into the water and were drowned. This ended the resistance, and before nightfall the Tourelles were occupied. The enemy, to the number of four or five hundred, lost the whole of their men, killed or taken prisoner. Upon seeing this great slaughter, Joan began to weep, and prayed for the souls of Glassdale and the soldiers who had been drowned with him. The author of the *Journal du Siège* was also afflicted, but from less pious motives. He deplored the number of the dead as a "great misfortune for the valiant French who might have made money out of their ransoms."

On Saturday night Joan entered Orleans amid shouts of joy and triumph. But even she did not yet know the full extent of her victory. During the night, whilst she was resting and nursing her wound, the English retreated in good order from their strongholds and drew themselves up for battle. In the morning, however, when the French were hesitating whether to accept the challenge that seemed offered them, the enemy suddenly veered round in the direction of Meun. Adhering to her customary moderation, Joan forbade their being pursued. "Let them escape to-day"; she said, "you will catch them some other time." Orleans was now free. Before sunset the inhabitants had finished demolishing and burning the fortresses and had triumphantly brought back the artillery and provisions abandoned by the English. A solemn procession then paraded the streets, going from church to church returning thanks to God for so great a victory. Joan's whole being was filled with joyous thanksgiving to the God who had guided her so well, and had deigned to employ such an humble instrument for the accomplishment of such great deeds. But as if her modesty would fain escape with all speed from the popular enthusiasm, she left Orleans the day after the victory to return to Blois, and from thence to Tours, whither the king came from Chinon to meet her. Charles welcomed her most warmly and evinced his intense delight; but she, kneeling modestly before him, addressed him in the following words: "Noble Dauphin, come and be crowned at Rheims; I am urged to bid you go. Doubt not but that in that city you will be honorably crowned."

It is evident that she was eager to accomplish her mission, being fully conscious and never hesitating to say (the Duke of Alençon testified to this effect), "that

she would not last long, a year perhaps, or scarcely longer." But the more ardor she displayed, the more suspicious the court became. The idea of marching to Rheims, through a district still strongly held by the English garrisons, seemed to all the counsellors of Charles VII an utter impossibility. The relief of Orleans, no doubt, had been a military event of great importance and one accomplished with astonishing rapidity; and yet to the people at the time it did not appear to be the first act in the resurrection of France, as clearly as it does to us. Satisfied with this one success, the wise men, or those who considered themselves as such, feared to compromise the fruits of it by so soon seeking another victory. Others, of whom La Trémoille, the favorite, was one, were jealous of this triumph of the Maid. Many more were indolent, and feared to face the inevitable difficulties and dangers. Finally there were those who were still stubbornly perplexed about the true nature of Joan of Arc's power. By the English she was believed to be a witch, and some of the French still feared that the English were right. The illustrious Gerson,[53] who died a few weeks later, five days before the coronation, strove to reassure these timid souls, and, judging from every aspect of Joan's mission, asserted without reservation that it was a mission inspired by God. "But," he added, "it is essential to have faith in her whom He sends, otherwise, in spite of her having been sent by God, she will fail, so that our faithlessness may be punished."

In spite of the weight of such a guarantee, the Court still did not dare to "believe," but continued to hesitate till the end of May. Joan was in despair at seeing so much precious time wasted. After three months of testing, after Orleans had been delivered, they still wearied her with questions and scruples. One day at the Castle of Loches,[54] having suddenly entered the king's apartment while he was deliberating with Christophe de Harcourt, Gerard Machet, his confessor, and Robert de Maçon, the former chancellor, upon what course of action they should decide to pursue, she again entreated him to march to Rheims. "Did your voices tell you this?" asked Christophe de Harcourt. "Yes." "Would you not be willing, here, in the king's presence, to tell us how your counsellors speak to you?" "I quite understand what you wish to know, and I will tell you willingly. When I am displeased because the things that I am commanded by God to say are not

[53] A refugee since 1419 at Lyons, in the Monastery of the Célestins, where he died on the 12th July 1429.

[54] Evidence of Dunois.

believed, I retire alone and I pray to God; and I complain to Him that no one will believe me. And after I have prayed to God, I hear a voice saying to me, 'Daughter of God, go! go! go! I shall be beside thee. Go!' And when I hear this voice I rejoice exceedingly and I would I were always in that state!" These words she spoke with a wonderful exultation, her eyes raised to heaven.

The human heart is so fashioned that those by whom the greatest miracles are witnessed are sometimes the most grudging in their admiration. While on the morrow of the relief of Orleans, the counsellors of Charles VII persisted in refusing to believe in the mission entrusted to the Maid, the report of her exploits was arousing enthusiasm and love far and wide. Christine de Pisan sang of Joan of Arc in her convent at Poissy. In his retreat with the Célestins at Lyons, Gerson was writing, in her behalf, his last book. During the month of May, the Archbishop of Embrun, Jacques Gelu, was engaged in examining, as Gerson had done, whether the Maid's mission had a divine character, and pronounced most energetically in the affirmative. He wished the king and his officers to consult her in everything; and the more weak and impotent God's chosen instrument appeared, the more dread had he of calling down the divine wrath, if this instrument were disdained. In Rome, a Frenchman, the anonymous author of an ***Histoire Universelle***,[55] on hearing of the relief of Orleans, burst forth into transports of admiration. He considered this military achievement to be the greatest event which had occurred since the beginning of the world. He affirmed the divine nature of Joan's mission, and announced that she would save France. "For it is God who is working through her; her answers are short and direct; her discretion and behavior irreproachable. She is free from all superstition, although her enemies accuse her of it. Let no one attribute to the devil the wonders she has worked, since these wonders are in accordance with right, favorable to faith and morality, and justified by the holiness of her life." And so while she was still being discussed at Chinon, she was being eulogised in Rome.

It was at last decided, with Joan's approval, that a small army should be entrusted to her under the command of the young Duke of Alençon (a son-in-law of the Duke of Orleans, who was a prisoner in the hands of the English); that with these troops she should try to recover the positions on the Loire occupied by the

[55] See this extremely curious evidence in the *Bibliothèque de l'École des Chartes*, vol.xlvi. p. 650 (1885).

English; and that in the event of the campaign being successful, and the road to Rheims, or at any rate the first stages on it, being cleared, an advance should be made to that town to crown the king. The plan seemed a wise one, and Joan herself, in spite of her impatience to accomplish the second part of her mission, recognised the necessity of first clearing the valley of the Loire. At the very beginning of June the preparations for the campaign were energetically begun. Attracted by the Maid's wonderful renown, volunteer reinforcements flowed in to the King of France from every side.

Among these new comers there were two brothers, two young nobles called Guy and André de Laval, who joined Joan of Arc at Selles-en-Berry on Monday, the 6th June. One of them, Guy, gives a vivacious description of his interview with her in a letter dated the 8th June and addressed *to their mother and grandmother*. "I went to her lodgings to see her; she had some wine brought and told me that she would soon make me drink of it in Paris. It seems something quite divine to see and listen to her. This very Monday she left Selles at vespers,[56] to go to Romorantin, three leagues further on... and I saw her, entirely clad in white armor except her head, and holding a little battle axe in her hand, mount a great black charger that plunged and reared violently at the door of her house, and would not allow her to get on its back; upon which she said: 'Lead him to the cross,' which stood before the church close by upon the road. There she mounted without the horse stirring any more than if he had been bound. And then she turned towards the door of the church, which was quite near, and said, in a very womanly voice: 'You priests and clergy, make a procession and prayers to God!' Then she turned back to go her way, saying, 'Forward, forward!' Her standard was folded and carried by a graceful page, and her little battle axe was in her hand."

We have no portrait of Joan of Arc of the slightest authentic value. Even the descriptions of her appearance and her person that have come down to us are so vague and general that it is impossible for us to picture her to ourselves with any degree of accuracy or truth. The innumerable representations of the heroine are all purely fanciful, and the fancy is rarely happy.[57] Here, at all events, are the

[56] In the evening, or rather, in the afternoon.

[57] It is a pity that the painters and sculptors should wantonly contradict the authentic evidence in their representations of Joan of Arc. They may make her beautiful or ugly—that is their affair, and each one gives us what he sees or what he is capable of—but they should not represent her

characteristics pretty well established by concurrence of evidence. Joan of Arc was rather tall—only one witness described her as short, but a woman dressed as a man, unless she is of an exceptional height, may appear small without being really small for her sex. She was strong and well proportioned. There was nothing masculine about her save her gestures; her face was entirely womanly and her voice especially soft.[58] Her hair was black[59] and cropped round the neck. No evidence tells us whether her features were well cut or regular; the rough life of the fields had, no doubt, marred their delicacy, for even the testimonies which praise the fine proportions of her figure and the natural grace of her gait and bearing, admit that she certainly looked a peasant. It is as a peasant that we prefer her, for in this sturdy daughter of the fields we can more easily descry the fine sap of the mother country than in the soft, slender form with which our artists and sculptors have too frequently endowed Joan of Arc, in disregard of all the evidence.

It would, however, be another and an equally grave mistake to impute to Joan of Arc, in no matter how small a degree, anything of the virago. One can discover nothing, absolutely nothing, either in her physical appearance, in her tastes, or in her moral sentiments, which may be properly described as masculine; nothing even, I might say, strange as it may seem, which was really military or warlike.

Joan should not be compared with those virile women of ancient or modern times, who had a personal taste for war, and who passionately sought the din of battle and the glory of arms. The majority of these women had from childhood given evidence of masculine tastes, an adventurous temperament, and a love of danger. Joan was entirely different. There was not a single incident in her childhood which distinguished her from the other girls of her own age and walk in life; she was merely graver and more pious than the rest. No form of violent exercise seems to have appealed to her; she was neither amazon nor huntress, and we cannot find

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with endless waves of hair flowing down her back, when we know that at the trial she was blamed for nothing so bitterly as for having worn her hair short and cropped round the ears "in man's fashion." Her costume is accurately described in the documents of the trial. It consisted of a shift, breeches, tunic, long hose (*caligis*) joined together and fastened to the tunic by twenty eyelet-holes, boots (*sotularibus*) laced high on the outside, a short dress reaching to the knee or thereabouts, a short hood (*capucio*), close-fitting leggings (*ocreis housellis*), long spurs, sword, dagger, breastplate, lance, and the rest of the armor worn by men-at-arms.

[58] Letter of Perceval de Boulainvilliers to the Duke of Milan.

[59] Evidence of the registrar of La Rochelle.

her, during the year she spent among soldiers, taking part in or even assisting at any military sports of tilt or tournament.[60] By grace and by her own strength of will she became a soldier suddenly, in a day; nothing had previously indicated this vocation, nothing had prepared her for it. Or rather, to put the matter differently, can she properly be said to have become a soldier at all—she who was never seen to strike a single enemy with her own hand, and could boast to her judges, when they hypocritically accused her of being "bloodthirsty," that her hands had never shed blood?

The poet has described magnificently that frenzy of battle which seizes hold of the most humane:

> Voilà que par degrés, de sa sombre démence
> Le combat les enivres; il leur revient au coeur.
> Ce je ne sair quel Dieu qui veut qu'on soit vainqueur,
> Et qui, s'exaspérant aux armmes frappés,
> Méle l'éclair des yeux aux lueurs des épées.[61]

Joan of Arc never experienced this fever of steel striking upon steel, this fierce ecstacy of death dealt or eluded. In that age a battle was still for the most part a mass of duels, but Joan of Arc, it seems, never engaged in single conflict with any enemy. But intrepid and careless of her own life, or trusting, perhaps, in the invisible Angel which hovered over her, she was first in rushing to the attack, her standard in her hand, while the avenging host precipitated themselves behind her through the opening she had made. She was not a fighter; but the soul of the entire army, or rather the soul of France was incarnate in her fragile body and virgin form. Far from being bloodthirsty, she desired only peace; peace which is the most beautiful of all things except justice. The English must give back France, which they had stolen; but if they should be willing to give it back without war, God be praised. She did not stipulate that Agincourt should be avenged, but only the English should depart, giving France back to her king. Let them only go

[60] One day, however, she galloped before the king and the Duke of Alençon, her lance in rest. This was shortly after her arrival at Chinon, when it was necessary for her to show that she was capable of supporting the fatigues of a soldier's life.

[61] Hugo, *Mariage de Roland*. (See how by degrees with its sullen frenzy the battle intoxicates them; what God it is I know not who takes possession of their hearts, willing them to conquer, and who, maddened with the clash of arms, mingles the lightning of the eye with the flash of swords.)

forth from France and they should not be pursued.[62] That is not the language of a woman whose head is turned by love of warlike exploits. Upon the battlefield she astounded all the soldiers by her dauntless enthusiasm. In the council she surprised the officers by her judgment in military matters, and by a prophetic instinct which frequently enabled her to gain a clearer insight than that even of age or experience. In our own generation, competent judges who have studied her campaigns, declare that there were in her the qualities of a great leader, as well as a certain genius for war.[63] The genius perhaps, but not the love. She loved nothing but France and fought to free her, but war in itself afforded her no pleasure. Once her armor was laid aside and the council finished, she again became gentle, retiring, modest; talking very little, praying much, a devout little peasant girl far more than a youthful warrior. One would have thought there were two women in her, yet these two women were really one, who was ever striving to do what it pleased God she should do, and to act the part which it pleased God she should act. "She always seemed ready to listen and instantly to obey."

One proof of her wisdom and her modesty is the fact that even at the very height of her extraordinary success she was never betrayed into the slightest presumption. Fully convinced as she was that God had sent her and that God was guiding her, she never neglected any human precautions. She would have been afraid of tempting Providence by asking for useless miracles merely to repair her carelessness or mistakes. This explains why she took such immense care while on a campaign to avoid surprises,[64] and why she consented so readily to begin the campaign in the Loire valley instead of marching upon Rheims without waiting another day, which is what she at first longed to do. She ever listened to reason, and God rewarded her prudence, for the campaign on the Loire was quite as rapid as the relief of Orleans, and perhaps even more marvellous.

[62] Evidence of Simon Beaucroix, her squire, whom she one day prevented from pursuing the retreating enemy.

[63] Upon this head see an extremely curious statement of the Duke of Alençon (*Procès de réhabilitation*). She excelled, he says, in disposing the troops to advantage, especially the artillery. In this she would have been more than a match for some officers of twenty or thirty years' experience.

[64] Evidence of Perceval de Cagny, steward to the Duke of Alençon, and the earliest historian of Joan of Arc. He wrote about her as far back as 1436.

Rheims

The campaign of the Loire was finished in a week. On Saturday, 11th June, the royal army, eight thousand strong, arrived before Jargeau. On Sunday, the 12th, the attack was begun. The Duke of Alençon hesitated to storm the town. "Noble Duke, art thou afraid?" asked Joan; "I have promised thy wife to bring thee back safe and sound." The town defended itself most vigorously. A stone struck Joan upon the helmet and threw her to the ground, but she sprang up immediately, crying, "Up! Up! Friends, Our Lord has condemned the English." The town was taken, and Suffolk, who commanded, was made prisoner. Five hundred English perished, and the survivors capitulated. On the 15th, the French seized the bridge of Meun, and on the 16th, attacked Beaugency, which surrendered on the 17th. An army of reinforcement which had been sent from Paris under the command of Falstolf, but had arrived too late and been obliged to beat a retreat, was pursued and overtaken at Patay on the 18th June. The French were still haunted by the fatal memories of Crécy, Poitiers, and Agincourt. The superiority of the English in the field seemed an established fact, and the position they now occupied was favorable and strong. Joan's army shrank from attacking them. "In the name of God," she said, "we must fight. Were they suspended from the very heavens we should still be able to reach them! Have you good spurs?"—"What!" quoth the Duke of Alençon, "are we then to fly?"—"Nay, it is the English who will fly, but you will need spurs to pursue them." The whole army precipitately followed her, for she had a marvellous influence over the soldiers, and a true leader's gift of animating her followers. The battle was short; one of the two wings of the English army retreated owing to a misunderstanding, and the other was cut to pieces. Four thousand of the enemy were captured or slain. The entire valley of the Loire, as well as Orleans, was now free.

After such wonderful successes one would think that the Court could no longer have refused to believe in Joan of Arc, and that those who were about the king would have supported her as passionately as the people and the army did. Nothing of the sort occurred; the jealousy in La Trémoille's heart persisted and even increased as the Maid's authority in the country became greater. La Trémoille was master of Charles VII, not only because he had been able to acquire absolute personal influence over the weak character of the king, but also because of the

money which he had lent him, money which was the principal resource of the exhausted kingdom. The wealthy favorite lent enormous sums to the impoverished prince at very high interest. The sworn enemy of the Constable de Richemont, whose disgrace he had desired and obtained, La Trémoille had been intensely amazed and mortally alarmed at seeing Joan first of all accept a reinforcement of fifteen thousand men, brought her by Richemont at his own expense, and then intervene between the king and the disgraced constable, promising the latter that she would restore him to favor. Upon this point there was open war between La Trémoille and Joan, and this time Joan was beaten. Richemont was forbidden to present himself before the king and was excluded from the journey to Rheims, which, after much vacillation, the Court had finally decided to undertake.

This is but one example out of a hundred of the obstacles with which Joan's mission constantly found itself confronted. The opposition, secret or declared, which Joan of Arc met with at Court, from almost all the politicians and from many of the military leaders, from her arrival at Chinon until that fatal day when she was taken prisoner (some say betrayed, let us at the least say abandoned), at Compiègne, is an absolutely certain fact. After she had raised the siege of Orleans, they would not follow her to Rheims. After her marvellous campaign on the Loire they still hesitated. It was she who started first and then they were obliged to follow her; but they grumbled as they followed her. At the very first obstacle, before Troyes, they wished to retreat. The town surrendered, and the coronation took place. She wanted to march upon Paris with all possible speed. They turned aside from Soissons towards Chateau-Thierry, Provins, and Bray-sur-Seine, and engaged in dilatory negotiations with the Duke of Burgundy. Joan, who had divined the Burgundians' game, wished to return to Paris, and carried off a portion of the army. After a fortnight's delay, the king, acting under compulsion and against his will, slowly followed. The attack took place in the king's absence, and as if under his protest. It failed. Joan, although wounded, wished to persevere but was forcibly removed. She wanted to renew the attack upon the following day; but they destroyed the bridge over which she would have had to pass to reach Paris, and Charles VII abandoned St Denis and marched off with the entire army in the direction of the Loire. The winter came to an end without Joan having been allowed to attempt anything except a few insignificant efforts which failed owing to the lack of sufficient means to carry them through. In the spring nothing was

said to her about renewing the campaign, and without asking the king's leave she escaped from the idle Court. A month later she was captured, and the Archbishop of Rheims wrote to the people of that town, that she had fully deserved her fate. After this the Court mentioned her no more and allowed her to be dragged from one prison to another, to be put in chains, to be judged, condemned and burned, without a word or a sign. The one desire of Charles VII and his courtiers seemed to be that she should never be spoken of again, and that she should be forgotten. Indeed so completely did it become a rule never to speak of Joan of Arc any more than if she had never existed, that three years after her death (1434) at a meeting of the States-General at Blois, in an official document which described and thanked God for the victories won by the royal armies since the relief of Orleans, Joan's name is not even mentioned.

Perhaps she had some presentiment of this ingratitude of man when, even at the height of her triumphal progress, she frequently appeared so sad, though she never showed discouragement. She could scarcely help being conscious of the king's misgivings at the beginning of the journey to Rheims, for he would not permit the queen to follow him thither, but sent her to a safe place beyond the Loire not daring to trust her to Joan of Arc and her little army of seven or eight thousand men.[65] It certainly seemed an inadequate force with which to traverse eighty leagues of country almost entirely held by the enemy; and the enterprise would have been a rash one had not the rapid successes of the last two months greatly demoralised the English, and at the same time revived the patriotism and hopes of the royalist party in many towns which, though held in check by their garrisons, had never become English except in name. Possibly the French did not know how much prestige their cause had gained during the two months. They can hardly have done so, seeing that the army of Charles VII did not dare pass through Auxerre, a town which, though it was in the hands of the Burgundians and kept its gates closed, was not unwilling to reprovision the army for a money payment. The 5th July found them before Troyes, whose garrison was partly composed of English and partly of Burgundians. The day before, Joan had dispatched to the "burghers and inhabitants" a letter which at first they ridiculed, till the events of the morrow, however, proved to them that it was no longer wise to scoff at the Maid of Orleans. This is the letter: "*Jesus, Maria*—Very dear and worthy friends,

[65] Other evidence brings up the army to 12,000, but they had neither money nor provisions.

lords, burghers, and people of the town of Troyes, Joan the Maid summons you and gives you notice, on behalf of the King of Heaven, her right and sovereign Lord, to render true allegiance and acknowledgment to the noble King of France, who will soon be at Rheims and Paris, no matter who marches against him; and in the good towns of his holy realm, with the help of God, and in all the towns which are to be in his holy Kingdom, and we shall make therein a blessed and lasting peace, in spite of all opposition. I commend you to God."

The "burghers and inhabitants" vouchsafed no answer, but remained silent and distrustful behind their strong walls. There happened to be in Troyes a Franciscan friar,[66] Brother Richard, a very celebrated preacher, who had recently left Paris, whence he had been banished by the English, who were uneasy at his brilliant reputation. He wished to meet Joan. Everyone about him spoke of her as a witch, and when he came to the royal camp, Joan saw him approaching her warily, making the sign of the cross and sprinkling holy water as he drew near. "Approach fearlessly," she cried to him, "I shall not fly away." He returned, marvelling at her, but all his eloquence failed to persuade the people of Troyes to throw open their gates to the King and to the Maid.

The French had neither provisions enough to blockade the town nor instruments with which to besiege it. They were greatly perplexed, and the king's council already discussed the advisability of retreating. Joan, after many entreaties, obtained two days' grace, promising that before they were over, the town would have surrendered.

Owing to a lucky and audacious stroke, the entire credit of which is due to Joan, this actually happened. Without any adequate means of attacking, she gave orders that everything should be made ready for an assault. Her standard in her hand she walked alone towards the moat; thousands of men followed her in confusion, but filled with ardor. She commanded them to make fascines with which to fill up the ditch, and they were at work upon them the whole of that day and the following night. The next morning she had the first fascines thrown down, crying: "To the assault!" But the bishop and the burghers at once offered to capitulate, and on Sunday, the 10th July, while the garrison went out by one gate the king entered by the other.

Joan had never shown more good sense in her apparent temerity. She was the

[66] According to other evidence, Brother Richard was an Augustinian.

only person in the royal army who realised that her power did not lie merely in the sword or the arrow, or in engines of siege; but that she was pre-eminently a moral force; that the sign of God was on her brow; and that almost without any material resources, but with the help of that sacred prestige, she could accomplish things which clever, wise men reduced to ordinary measures dared not even conceive. It is certain that Troyes was taken because she pretended to attack it; but the successful result of this feint is a testimony alike to her faith in God and in her mission, and to her excellent sense of what the time and the circumstances required.

The surrender of Troyes involved the surrender of Chalons-sur-Marne, and that in its turn involved the surrender of Rheims. Although Rheims was nominally subject to the English king, the majority of its inhabitants were in the habit of praying for Charles VII. They were now freed from foreign garrisons and at once inspired and protected by the example of Troyes and Chalons. Accordingly, on the 16th July, when the leading men were informed that the King of France was within four leagues of their town, in spite of all the letters, threats, and promises of the English and the Burgundians, they dispatched a deputation to him entreating him to enter. This he did on the same day, and on the next day, Sunday, the 17th July 1429, Charles VII was solemnly crowned in his own cathedral of Rheims, by the hand of its archbishop. The six lay peers and three of the ecclesiastical peers who should have played their parts in the ceremony were wanting, but their places were filled by others, and, considering how hastily it was prepared and performed, the coronation of Charles VII has nevertheless remained famous among all other ceremonies of the same kind which France has witnessed. That is because we always see in it the figure of Joan of Arc, as she stood beside the king, holding her standard in her hand, "for as it had shared in the toil, it was just that it should share in the glory." When the picture of that scene is evoked in the mind, it effaces all the splendours of the many other royal coronations upon which France has lavished her treasure.[67]

[67] Nevertheless the ceremony was not without brilliancy. Three noblemen from Anjou who were present at the coronation gave the following description of it in a letter written to the Queen of France, and her mother, the Queen of Sicily: "It was a mighty fine thing to see the great ceremony, for it was as solemn, and the king found everything as well and as properly appointed (such as royal garments and things appertaining thereto) as if he had ordered it a year beforehand, and there were so many people that it would be endless to write of them, and there was great joy felt by everybody... And during the said ceremony the Maid of Orleans kept always near the king, holding

"As soon as the Maid saw that the king was anointed and crowned, she knelt down before him in the presence of all the courtiers, and clasping his knees, said to him, while the hot tears rained down her face: 'Noble King, now has been accomplished the will of God, which was that I should raise the siege of Orleans and bring you to this city of Rheims to receive your fitting coronation, showing that you are the true king and he to whom the Kingdom of France should belong.' And all those who were watching her were greatly touched."[68]

This account does not tell us that, on the evening of the coronation day, Joan begged the king to send her home, declaring that her mission was now fulfilled.[69] Upon this exceedingly delicate point the evidence seems contradictory and historians are at variance. Nothing could be more interesting than the very comprehensive deposition of Dunois in the case for rehabilitation. He says that a few days after the coronation, when passing with the king through Crépy-en-Valois (the 10th August 1429), the people came out in crowds to meet the cortège, shouting, "Noel!" Joan, who was riding between the Archbishop of Rheims and Dunois, said to them: "These are worthy people and never have I seen such great rejoicings at the arrival of so noble a king. Would to God I might be fortunate enough, when I die, to be buried in this country." "Ah, Joan," said the Archbishop, "in what place do you hope to die?" "Wherever it pleases God; for I am no more certain than you are of the time or the place. Would to God my Creator, that I might retire now and lay aside my arms, to go and serve my father and my mother and tend the sheep with my sister and brothers, who would rejoice greatly at seeing me once more."

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her standard in her hand. And it was a very fine sight to see the beautiful manners of the King and also of the Maid. And when the king was anointed and also when they placed the crown on his head, everyone cried 'Noel!' and the trumpets sounded in such a way that it seemed as if the roof of the church must fall." Among the spectators we must not forget Joan's father, Jacques d'Arc, whose presence in Rheims on the day of the coronation and on the following days is vouched for by the town accounts. But we know nothing about the meeting between father and daughter after a separation of six months which had brought so many changes. One can hardly doubt, however, that if Jacques d'Arc came from Domremy to Rheims to meet Joan of Arc, it was because he had forgiven her and was proud of such a daughter.

[68] *Journal du Siège* and *Chronique de la Pucelle*. In the latter no mention is made of Orleans.

[69] It would be interesting to know, but we are absolutely ignorant, whether Jacques D'arc, Joan's father, who was present at Rheims on the day of the coronation, exhorted his daughter to stay with the king or to return to her parents.

This statement gives the impression that Joan of Arc considered that with the coronation her mission was ended. But it contradicts other evidence of equal importance. It seems as if Joan herself must have varied in the manner in which she explained her mission, representing it at times as so extensive that she proclaimed schemes for crusades and for the deliverance of the Holy Sepulchre, and reducing it at others to four principal objects, two of which had already been accomplished: the relief of Orleans; the coronation of the king; the recovery of Paris; and the freedom of the Duke of Orleans, whom England had held prisoner for fourteen years and was destined to hold for eleven years more.[70] Sometimes, as on this occasion when she replied in the above manner to the Archbishop of Rheims, Joan seemed to think that after Orleans had been relieved and the king anointed and crowned, her mission was accomplished.[71]

A curious statement made by Dunois in his evidence at the trial for rehabilitation enables us to find a likely explanation of these divergencies. "When she spoke playfully (*jocose*)," he said, "she promised exploits which were not all realised. When she spoke seriously of her mission, she restricted it to the relief of Orleans and the coronation of the king."

And certainly, without taking into account the designs of Providence, which are not known to us, or the commands which Joan received and rightly or wrongly interpreted, but merely judging from the point of view of human prudence (frequently too limited a one, I admit), it would have been wiser of Joan of Arc to stop on the morrow of the triumph at Rheims. Was it possible for a mission of enthusiasm to last for an indefinite period? Was not a purely supernatural prestige bound to lose its power through familiarity? Had God promised an uninterrupted succession of victories? Was it not tempting providence to expect or demand it? Moreover, would not a single reverse destroy the power of one who, professing to be the direct emissary of God, should have been invincible? Our admiration makes us better judges to-day, but that is after the lapse of five centuries.

To us it seems that the stake adds somewhat to the glory of the heroine, but

[70] Evidence of Seguin.

[71] At Chinon she promised to set the Duke of Orleans free. (Evidence of Perceval de Cagny.) She was much attached to the Duke of Alençon, son-in-law of the Duke of Orleans. She went to Saumur to see the Duchess of Alençon before the campaign of the Loire and promised to bring her husband back to her safe and sound.

time only can thus purify our judgments. Contemporaries, on the other hand, lose faith for the most part in a cause which they see defeated. How many people, on learning of the martyrdom at Rouen, must have exclaimed: "She who was to have saved France did not know how to save herself!"

But on the day after the coronation, after those three months which had been a progress from one miracle to another, who could have descended to timid calculations of human prudence? And if it was tempting God to demand more miracles than He had promised, would it not have been doubting Him to stop so soon, before the task was completed, as if fearing that "the Lord's hand had waxen short?" Joan's own zeal and hopes increased twofold. On the 17th July, the day of the coronation, she sent an urgent, almost haughty letter to the Duke of Burgundy, calling upon him to make his peace with the King of France. "Mighty and redoubtable Prince, Joan the Maid bids you, on behalf of the King of Heaven, my righteous and sovereign Lord, that the King of France and you make a good and firm peace, which will last for long. Forgive one another freely and sincerely, as faithful Christians should. And if it pleases you to war, war against the Saracens." In the event, however, of the duke refusing and remaining obdurate, she assured him that his defeat was inevitable, no matter what forces he brought against the legitimate King and the Maid. "She made no doubt that Paris would shortly be reduced to submission."[72] And all the people, at any rate in the early days following the coronation, shared this confidence, and believed that they already saw the capital throwing itself open to its king almost without a struggle. The aged Christine de Pisan, an Italian woman whose attachment to France was touching in its voluntary fidelity, came out of her retreat and broke a continuous silence of eleven years to compose in honor of the heroine a triumphal hymn overflowing with hope and enthusiasm. The piece is dated the 31st July, two weeks after the coronation.

L'an mil-quatre-cent-vingt-et-neuf
Reprit à luire le soleil...
Or faisons fête à notre roi;
Que très bien soit-il revenu!...

[72] Letter of three noblemen of Anjou to the Queen of France and the Queen of Sicily, bearing the date of the day of the coronation (17th July 1429).

Une fillette de seize ans
(N'eſt-ce pas fors nature?)
A qui armes ne sont pesant
Ains semble que sa nourriture
Y soit, tant y eſt forte et dure;
Et devant elle vont fuyant
Les ennemis; ne nul n'y dure...
Mais tout ce fait Dieu qui la mène...
N'apercevez-vous, gent aveugle,
Que Dieu a ici la main mise?...
Voulez-vous contre Dieu combattre...
C'eſt pour néant; rendre leur faut,
Veuillent, on non; n'y a si forte
Reſiſtance, qui a l'assaut
De la Pucelle ne soit morte...
O Paris, très mal conseillé,
Fols habitants sans confiance!
Aimes-tu mieux être essilié
Qu'à ton prince faire accordance...
Car ens entrera, qui qu'en grogne;
La Pucelle lui a promis.[73]

This document is a ſtriking example of the confidence and enthusiasm which was universally felt after the coronation. People seemed already to see the king in Paris, the English banished, and France liberated. Not content with this, they dreamed of victorious retaliation, they pictured the Saracens defeated, the Holy Sepulchre reconquered by the invincible armies of the King of France and of the

[73]In the year 1429 the sun begun to shine again... let us hold feſtival in honor of our king's return. A maiden of sixteen years (does it not seem impossible?), to whom the weight of arms is not a burden, but rather, it would seem, a source of nourishment, so ſtrong and hardy is she; before her the enemy flies; none can withſtand her... But this is the work of God who guides her... Do you not see, blind folk, that this is the hand of God? Would you fight againſt God? It is idle. You muſt yield whether you will or not. Reſiſtance, however ſtrong, dies at the Maid's assault. O Paris, ill-advised, foolish inhabitants without faith! Do you prefer to be sacked rather than welcome your Prince... For he will make his entrance in spite of all your grumbling; the Maid has promised him.

Maid. The defeat before Paris and the six months' long inaction which followed shattered these illusions; disenchantment soon set in, quickly followed by ingratitude; and because it was impossible for Joan to do everything at once, they soon began to ask at court whether she had ever really done anything at all.

Paris and Compiègne

We have already seen that on the very evening of the coronation day three noblemen of Anjou[74] wrote from Rheims to the queen, Mary of Anjou, and to the queen's mother, Yolande of Anjou. "To-morrow," they said, "the king is to start on his way towards Paris... The Maid has no doubt but that she will bring Paris to submission." The report was accurate enough except that they should have further added: "Joan and her officers wish to march upon Paris; but the king and his council are against it. The king and the court follow the army, but they do so under protest and reluctantly." Thus, whether Joan did or did not firmly believe that the conquest of Paris was part of her mission, it is at least certain that the king did not detain her after the coronation, but that it was her own desire to stay and continue the war.

The court, weary of campaigning, would have preferred to enter into negotiations, and was in fact already negotiating with the Duke of Burgundy who, either through disgust at the English alliance or alarm at the victories of Charles VII, or possibly merely as a ruse to gain time and see what course events were likely to take, signed a truce with the King of France, and gave hopes of a permanent peace and the reconciliation of the two branches of the royal house. In that case Paris, whose master he proclaimed himself and perhaps really believed himself to be, would not fail to open its gates to Charles VII. The court made a grave mistake in listening to these fine but vague promises.

It so happened that an unbroken succession of easily won victories kept up the royal illusion during the early days which succeeded the coronation. All the towns between Rheims and Paris delivered up their keys to the King of France, without a battle and without even having been called upon to do so. Soissons, Laon, Château-Thierry, Provins, Coulommiers opened their gates, and precious time was wasted in receiving their submission. Bedford, meanwhile, was busy taking to Paris reinforcements brought from England, and on the 10th August he defied Charles VII in an insulting letter in which he denied him the royal title and loaded Joan of Arc with abuse. Four days later the two armies found themselves face to face before Senlis, but no battle took place; the English, who

[74] Their names are unknown.

were very strongly entrenched, refused to leave their positions, and the French did not dare to attack them. The following day, the 16th August, the English returned in good order to Paris. Beauvais then surrendered to Charles VII in spite of its bishop, Peter Cauchon, whose sympathies were entirely with the English. Cauchon fled to his masters, vowing vengeance. We know that he kept his word. Compiègne surrendered on the 17th August, then Senlis. Notwithstanding the irresolution and vacillation displayed in this extraordinary campaign and the intrigues and negotiations (both open and secret) which incessantly thwarted the military tactics and rendered the movements of the army a matter of chance, conspicuous advantages remained on the French king's side, and the victorious march, which had lasted for four months, had not yet lost its prestige.

Under such circumstances, the question was whether to attack Paris. The king and his councillors were certainly strongly opposed to this course. On the other hand, the Duke of Alençon and most of the commanders considered the occasion a favorable one. Joan of Arc shared their opinion, or rather had made them accept hers. Her voices did not require her to undertake this, neither did they forbid it. Her evidence upon this point is very precise, and should be recorded.

"Asked whether, when she went to Paris, she had had any revelation from her voices bidding her go, she replied that she had not, but that the attack had been made at the instance of some noblemen who wished to have a skirmish or a trial of arms, and were fully determined to make their way through and pass the trenches."[75]

Thus, at the risk of irritating the judges, several of whom had been in Paris on the day when she attacked the St-Honoré gate, Joan of Arc refused to let it be believed that she had merely wished to make an empty demonstration before the town. No doubt the means at the disposal of the royal army were entirely insufficient to enable them to besiege and take a place like Paris in the regular way; but surely Joan had reason to count upon other assistance. Paris was exceedingly divided. The English were hated there even by the Burgundians; the Duke of Bedford was so execrated that he thought he was helping the cause of his nephew, the king, by leaving the town upon the approach of Charles. Some account, too, must be taken of the feelings which must have been aroused in the people's minds. The son of the old French kings was at hand, with all the prestige of his recent

[75] Examination on the 13th of March.

coronation; and old memories had been awakened in Paris, a city which had long been loyal and had been miserable ever since she had lost the ancient dynasty to which she was bound by a thousand ties. We may fairly say that, though Joan's daring enterprise ended in failure, it is possible and even probable it would have succeeded if her party had been willing to persevere in it.

She left Compiègne with the Duke of Alençon on the 23rd August; and on Friday the 26th, St-Denis was occupied without opposition.[76] The king followed his army slowly and from afar, as if he did not dare either to disown it or to lead it. He reached St-Denis on the 7th of September, the intervening fortnight having been wasted in futile skirmishes. The next day, although it was a feast day (the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin), Joan of Arc wished to begin the attack. She selected the St Honoré gate which stood on the site of the present Place du Théâtre Français, and led the assault with her customary valour. The first barrier was carried, and they came to the edge of the ditch, into which Joan, her standard in her hand, was the first to plunge, although the enemy were hurling all kinds of projectiles from the top of the walls. They passed the first ditch, but the second, which was filled with water, presented a more difficult obstacle. Joan paused at the brink, sounded the depth of the water with the pole of her standard, and shouted to the soldiers to bring some faggots. Just at that moment a shaft from a crossbow pierced her thigh, but she bore the pain bravely and continued to urge her men to fill the moat. Night, however, was closing in, and Joan's wound had disheartened the army. The leaders ordered a retreat. Joan refused to stir, but, protesting to the last, was forcibly removed by the Duke of Alençon; and she always declared that if they had persevered the town would have been taken. She certainly believed this, and perhaps she was right. But after this first reverse, which seems to have been quite expected, the confusion on every side of her was general. The king gave a fatal example by writing to his "good towns" a circular letter, informing them of the truce concluded with his cousin the Duke of Burgundy, and announcing that, with the desire of relieving the country, he was taking his army across the Seine,

[76] According to the Duke of Alençon it was at St Denis that Joan broke the sword of St Catherine, by striking with the flat side of it a woman of loose character whom she was driving out of the army. Superstition believed that her luck deserted her with the loss of this enchanted weapon; even the chronicler, Jean Chartier, believed this to have been the case. It is extraordinary that living in a society steeped in superstition, Joan should never have shown the slightest trace of it in her words or actions.

intending to return with a larger force "to pursue the remainder of his conquests and the recovery of his inheritance." Joan of Arc sadly laid down her arms upon the altar of the Holy Virgin in the Abbey of St-Denis and followed the deplorable retreat which put an end to her victories.

They passed through Lagny and Provins, crossed the Yonne near Sens, which kept its gates closed to them, proceeded by Courtenay and Montargis and reached Gien on the 21st September. Scarcely had the royal army departed from St-Denis, leaving an insignificant garrison behind it, when the English re-entered without opposition and once more took possession of the town and the abbey. Joan's armor was carried back to Paris as a trophy. No doubt the re-occupation of St-Denis was not of much importance as a military event, but the moral effect of it was great. It was the first to be lost of the conquests which the king had made during the previous four months. After the marvellous rise the descent had begun.

Joan of Arc had every reason to protest against the Duke of Alençon when he forcibly dragged her away from the St Honoré gate. Her heroic determination to remain, wounded and helpless, beside the moat which cut her off from Paris is evidence enough that she knew better than the officers the gravity of the proposed decision to retreat.

This was the first time since the 1st May that a backward move had been made. It is, of course, in war often both wise and politic to retreat one day so as to be able the better to advance the next. But this was not an ordinary war; it was a holy war guided by faith and maintained by enthusiasm. This character was lost by the retreat, and the army by its shifting and evasive action seemed to admit that God was no longer with them. It might perhaps have been wiser (although this is not our opinion) not to have attacked Paris, not to have risked themselves with so small a force against so formidable a foe, against a town in which hatred for the "Armagnacs" was still implanted in the hearts of all the lower classes and the majority of the middle classes (evidence of this hatred was but too apparent at the trial of Joan of Arc); but since, rightly or wrongly, they had had the audacity to attack Paris, it was a very great mistake to retreat after the first repulse. Rather should they have struggled on desperately before its walls even at the risk of perishing in the act.

There is nothing to prove, however, that they would have perished. The king also had followers in the town, less numerous, it is true, but resolute, energetic

and powerful. It would not have been difficult to stir up internal dissensions by which the royal cause would have profited. The coronation had altered the opinions of one portion at least of the clergy. The recovery of St-Denis must have appealed vividly to the imagination of the people, for by recovering the tomb of the protector of his race the King of France seemed to them to have asserted his rights. The prestige of the Maid would even have stood the test of a protracted siege, but was it not almost bound to be seriously compromised by an unsuccessful attack followed by a hasty retreat?

On the whole we think there was wisdom in Joan's apparent rashness. She wished the army to remain before Paris, or at least to hold St-Denis; but she met with no support in these bold schemes, and found herself obliged to yield to the weakness of the king and the intrigues of the courtiers. We say intrigues, because, though everyone concurred in disregarding Joan's advice, this was certainly not due to cowardice or even to excess of caution, but rather to jealousy and mistrust. Even the officers began to think that this girl had done enough, that it was time she should return to her native village or else retire to the background. They were tired of being eclipsed by her and even of winning victories under her leadership. The pitiful story of the eighteen months which Joan still had to live is explained by the jealousy which, in spite of all her modesty, gentleness and humility, she had succeeded in arousing. That her companions in arms actually betrayed her as some people have pretended, is untrue; but several of them had already betrayed her in their hearts, and her imprisonment, trial, and martyrdom, which filled her enemies with such keen delight, did not perhaps cause so very much sorrow to her so-called friends.

The winter, idle and uneventful, passed heavily for Joan of Arc. While the king, content at being able to relapse into his customary state of indolence, was journeying from town to town and from castle to castle through the loyal provinces (Berry, Tourraine, and Poitou), Joan was allowed, in order to satisfy her generous impatience, to go and take a small stronghold (St Pierre-le-Moutier), and to besiege la Charité-sur-Loire,[77] the taking of which would have been an event of greater importance. As, however, she was not entrusted with sufficient troops or any siege apparatus, she failed in the attempt, and, finding herself short of money and provisions, was obliged to return without having taken la Charité. She was

[77] In November 1429.

not blamed for this, for the one desire of the court seemed to be to prolong the inaction. It may have been in order to console her (they greatly misjudged her if they imagined it would do so), or possibly it was merely meant to do her honor, that a few days later, on the 29th of December 1429, Charles VII ennobled the Maid[78] and all her family. Her coat of arms[79] bore the lilies of France, and from it her brothers derived and retained the name of Du Lis. She, however, without disdaining her king's gift, remained simply Joan of Arc, or the Maid, and never bore any other title. After fighting for six months among so many brave men of noble birth she must have respected rank, and it would be childish to attribute to her democratic sentiments which were unknown to the age in which she lived.[80] Still, she was too high minded, too disinterested, and too humble of heart for us to suppose her capable of a vulgar ambition even though it were a legitimate one. She did not fight for honors or even honor itself, but for God and for her country.

The court, therefore, at least to all outward appearances, remained respectful towards Joan of Arc and apparently grateful for her service. The populace had lost none of its natural and enthusiastic admiration for her, and during the winter Joan met with innumerable proofs of it. She submitted to her popularity only with reserve. She wished the people to believe that she was sent by God, inspired by Him, and guided by the angels, but she was greatly displeased and shocked at anything which seemed to attach any particular virtue to her personally. The cheers of the populace were very sweet to her, and she delighted in the blessings bestowed upon her as she passed, but she refused to be treated as a saint, and vehemently repulsed all acts of adoration. Upon one occasion, when a woman[81] held out some rosaries, asking her to touch them, she laughingly replied: "Touch them yourself; they will be just as good." Her judges accused her of having tried to make people believe that she had brought back a child to life. Joan of Arc protested against the accusation; she had merely prayed, with all the maidens and women of Lagny, that the child, who appeared to be dead, might revive sufficiently to be baptised.[82]

[78] At the trial she asserted that this had been done "at the desire of her brothers and by no request of hers."

[79] Azure, on two fleur de lis or, a sword argent with hilt or.

[80] Perceval de Boulainvilliers, in the letter addressed to the Duke of Milan, says that "she loves the soldiers and the nobles, but avoids large companies and noisy gathering."

[81] Evidence of Marguerite La Tourould e.

[82] She neither said that he was dead, nor that he was not dead; she said that he gave no sign of

She had all the more reason to guard herself in this way from imprudent and excessive demonstrations of popular favor because of the intriguers and fanatics who crowded around her, trying to compromise her and to associate either their frauds or their chimeras with her sacred cause. Not to mention the very noisy priest, Brother Richard, who, ever since she was at Troyes, had insisted upon following her, many false prophetesses came to her, endeavouring to identify their follies with her mission. A woman from la Rochelle, Catherine by name, pretended that a white lady had appeared to her and had revealed the spot where lay hidden treasures to be given to the Maid. Brother Richard considered that she should by all means be listened to. Joan bade her return to her husband, and look after her house and her children. The visionary was so persistent that she forced Joan into watching with her during two nights for the white lady who never came. Joan dismissed this madwoman, but she was censured for the episode.

Towards the middle of April (Easter that year fell upon the 16th) Joan of Arc resumed the campaign. Melun had just surrendered to the King of France. Thither Joan betook herself, and it was there that her "voices" first announced to her that she would be taken prisoner before Midsummer Day, a melancholy prediction which from that moment was almost daily repeated to her. As neither the place nor the hour was revealed to her, however, she did not lose courage and resolved to continue the campaign. At Lagny she captured a convoy of four hundred English, commanded by Fraquet d'Arras, a man of gentle birth, but a veritable brigand whose hands were soiled with murder and plunder. She allowed him to be judged, condemned and executed by the bailiff of Senlis, and this execution was in after years unjustly represented by her judges as manslaughter. Whatever may have been the guilt of Fraquet d'Arras, a man whose infamy seems to be clearly proved, Joan of Arc cannot be held responsible for his condemnation, which was pronounced according to legal forms.

The truce with the Burgundians having ended at Easter, Philip the Good was anxious to assure himself of the possession of Compiègne, which not unnaturally appeared necessary to him to strengthen his position in Paris, where the English king had established him as his lieutenant. With incredible stupidity, which in anyone else but the king might have been termed treason, Charles VII had secretly consented to allow the Burgundians to enter the town; but the burghers

life, and that he was black in the face.

of Compiègne, who were better royalists than the king himself, kept their gates stubbornly closed. The Burgundians determined to besiege the town and Joan of Arc determined to defend it.[83] She entered it on the 24th of May at sunrise. Guillaume de Flavy was in command, and displayed great resolution and fidelity. At five o'clock in the evening of the same day she resolved to attempt a sortie to drive the enemy from the positions they occupied on the right bank of the Oise, but, after having gained some slight advantage, her little troop of about five hundred men was repulsed by the Burgundians, who were in far greater force. Remaining herself with the rear-guard, Joan retreated, in good order at first, along the long roadway which stretched across a low watery meadow to the city gates. The Burgundians, emboldened by their success, followed in hot pursuit, seeking to cut off her retreat. Friends and foes poured in hopeless confusion towards the gates, through which most of the French succeeded in passing except the rear guard, among whom was Joan, which was left struggling to force a passage. Those who had remained behind in the town dared not fire, for fear of killing their own men. The struggling mass drew nearer and nearer, and the gate was still open, when Guillaume de Flavy, seized with panic lest the enemy should enter pell-mell with the French, had the drawbridge raised and the portcullis lowered. Joan was left outside with a few brave men who were resolved to perish by her side. A crowd of Burgundians surrounded them, summoning them to surrender. An archer of the bastard of Wandonne in the service of John of Luxembourg clutched Joan of Arc roughly by her garments, causing her to fall from her horse. She was taken prisoner with her brother Pierre, the ever faithful d'Aulon,[84] and Poton de Xaintrailles.

[83] The prestige of Joan of Arc's name was still almost unimpaired, and perhaps more among the enemy than among the French. In London, the English soldiers, "terrified at the Maid's enchantments," refused to embark for France, and Gloucester was obliged to deal rigorously with these defaulting recruits. The Burgundian chronicler, Chastelain, said: "The name of the Maid was so great and so famous that everyone feared it as a thing of which one knew not how to judge either for good or for ill; but she had already worked and achieved so much that her enemies dreaded her, and those of her own party adored her."

[84] This faithful Jean d'Aulon had not left her for a single day since the king had confided her to his charge. He was one of the few who never doubted her. At the rehabilitation trial he said that "all Joan's deeds seemed divine and miraculous, and that it was impossible for a young maid to have done such deeds without the will and guidance of our Lord."

Had she been betrayed, delivered and sold by Guillaume de Flavy the governor of Compiègne? Many contemporaries believed this to have been the case and several historians still believe it.[85] Flavy eventually came to a not very respectable end, but nothing could be less likely than that he deliberately betrayed Joan of Arc. It should be remembered that this same man bravely held his own in Compiègne until the middle of October—that is, for more than six months—and finally succeeded in keeping for the King of France the town entrusted to his honor. Is it likely that a Frenchman capable of betraying Joan of Arc would not at the same time have surrendered Compiègne? It is far more likely that he raised the drawbridge to save the town, without thinking of the Maid, and not realising that the capture of Joan of Arc was a greater disaster for the king and a worse disgrace than the loss of the town. His conception of his duty was wrong, fatal, even shameful, if you will, but he was not a deliberate traitor; and Joan of Arc, who in her prison had but one thought, to escape and fly to the rescue of besieged Compiègne, absolved Flavy by that touching proof of her devotion.

And if this crime of Flavy's, conscious or unconscious, is an everlasting blot upon his memory, it is but fair that the responsibility of it should be shared by a crowd of secret, but by no means obscure accomplices—the king and all the court for example—who had taught him to believe that the fate of the Maid was a matter of small importance. Joan of Arc lived for a year and five days after this, and if during that time Charles VII or any of his courtiers took the trouble to find out what had become of her, we certainly have not been able to discover anywhere the slightest trace of such solicitude.[86]

Joan of Arc was now defeated and a prisoner. It is not our intention to decide

[85] It has often been related upon the authority of a sixteenth century book (*le Miroir de femmes vertueuses*), which founds the story on the evidence given in 1498 (sixty-eight years after the event) by two old men nearly ninety years old, to the effect that on the morning on which she was captured, Joan of Arc had attended Mass and received the communion in the Church of St Jacques, and afterwards had said to some of the townspeople and a band of children assembled in the church: "My children and dear friends, I tell you that I have been sold and betrayed and that I shall soon be condemned to die. And therefore I entreat you to pray God on my behalf, for never again shall I have the power to serve the king or the kingdom of France." This romantic tale, however, is not in the least authentic.

[86] Some arguments to the contrary recently produced have little weight. See below, p. 199, note 87.

between the historians who have discussed (somewhat heatedly at times) whether the attack upon Paris and the defense of Compiègne were or were not included in Joan's mission. Since it failed, it is plain, according to some, that God had not sent her there. According to others, the failure was due to the fault of man, and God had promised victory only on the condition that it was merited. The discussion seems to us an idle one. We confess that we do not know exactly the limits of the mission entrusted to Joan of Arc, but it appears to us that the victory of Orleans, the triumph of Rheims, the repulse before Paris, and the disaster of Compiègne, could all have equally belonged to it. Defeat does not make Joan of Arc any the less great; her imprisonment does not condemn her. On the contrary, adversity hallows her virtue and her saintliness, and her shameful martyrdom puts a seal upon them. Let us not pay attention to those who are shocked by the sight of misfortune, for we must remember that most of the Saints have ended their earthly life in martyrdom, not in apotheosis.

The Prison

We have already stated—and we repeat the statement here because the indisputable fact has been disputed wrongly and on insufficient grounds[87]

[87] M. Du Fresne de Beaucourt, following d'Averdy and M. de Beaurepaire, has tried to defend Charles VII. The arguments alleged reduce themselves to this, that any effort would have been useless. M. de Beaurepaire considers that any intervention on the part of the king would only have compromised Joan of Arc. Considering the result of the trial, the argument is strange. It is also stated that the University of Paris (*Lettre au duc de Bourgogne*) expressed a fear that the enemies of this prince might attempt to take Joan from out of the hands of John of Luxembourg. But we think its agitation was uncalled for. It has been asserted that any military action was impossible; no proofs for this, however, are furnished. In short, the defenders of Charles VII are reduced to alleging that if he did nothing, it was doubtless because there was nothing he could do. A poor apology! The question has recently been reopened. The *Chronique de Morosini* has been unearthed and is being published in parts by MM. Germain Lefèvre-Pontalis and Léon Dorez for the *Société de l'Histoire de France*. Vols. i and ii have appeared; vol. iii will contain the passages relating to Joan of Arc. It is pretended that this chronicle bears testimony to efforts made by Charles VII to save Joan of Arc. But is this chronicle of much value in matters concerning Joan's history? It is not really a chronicle but a journal, the author, or rather compiler, of which resided in Venice and collected as into a kind of newspaper every report false or true. He retails many things about Joan which are monstrously false. Upon the authority of his correspondents in Bruges (writing on the 14th July 1429) he relates that Joan had made a formal entry with the king into Rouen and Paris, and that a general peace had been declared and signed. A little further on he asserts that Joan of Arc had taken Auxerre (which she never entered), and had had all the inhabitants over seven years of age massacred, not even sparing the bishop and his clergy. Truly the discovery of this precious chronicle throws fresh light on the story of Joan of Arc! However, having warned the reader, I willingly transcribe the passages in which it is sought to find a vindication of Charles VII. (I have translated them from the Venetian text published by R. P. Ayroles, *La vraie Jeanne d'Arc*, vol. iii p. 660): "As soon as the damsel (donzela) had fallen into the hands of the Duke of Burgundy, and it was rumoured that the English would buy her for money, the dauphin having been informed of it, sent an embassy (to the duke) to tell him that he should not on any account in the world consent (to deliver her up), and that if he did the king would have his revenge." Further on we read—"Through several letters arrived from Bruges the news has reached Venice that the virtuous damsel has been imprisoned near Rouen by the English, who have paid ten thousand crowns for her. Her imprisonment was very strict, and two or three times the English wished to have her burned as a heretic. But the Dauphin of France stopped them by great threats. Notwithstanding this, on the third occasion the English, assisted by certain of the French and blinded by their hatred, had her burned at Rouen. Before her martyrdom she appeared most contrite, resigned, and well disposed. St Catherine the Virgin appeared to her saying, 'Daughter of God, be firm in the faith. Thou shalt be in glory in Paradise among the virgins.' She died filled with contrition.

—that during the period of a year and five days, from the 24th May 1430, the day upon which Joan of Arc was taken prisoner, until the 30th May 1431, the day upon which she was burned, one cannot find the slightest authentic evidence of a single step, military or diplomatic, having been taken or even attempted by Charles VII or any of his people, to save Joan from the fate which awaited her, from the terrible death which her enemies had sworn to make her suffer. The weakness and cowardice of the court are not a sufficient explanation for her abandonment; the real cause for it should be recognised and stated, which was—deliberate ingratitude.

Just as the English were ashamed of having been beaten by a woman, the French, or rather the courtiers and several of the officers, were ashamed of having been saved by one. They considered that the time had come to show the world that they no longer had, or indeed ever had had, need of her. The marvellous nature of her coming and of her victories had begun to weigh upon many ungrateful and many weak minds. Hearing her called a witch by the defeated enemy, many began to fear that there might indeed be some witchcraft mingled with her power, and so had an uneasy feeling that it would be prudent to extricate themselves from an alliance which had become open to suspicion. The populace, whose hearts she knew how to win, the crowd of simple folk, soldiers and peasants, would have remained faithful to her and might possibly have prevailed upon the nobles to make some attempt to rescue her; but their leaders had taken care to delude them and had taught them ingratitude, not only by setting a personal example of it, but by daring, in order to justify themselves, to make an accomplice of the Almighty.

They loudly proclaimed that Joan had ceased to be the chosen instrument of God for the salvation of France, and that another would replace her in this character, who would be more acceptable in the sight of heaven, because he would guard himself more rigorously from pride. Regnault de Chartres, Archbishop of Rheims and Chancellor of France, wrote a letter to his flock, informing them of the capture of the Maid, and at the same time bidding them not to be too

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The Dauphin of France mourned her bitterly and planned to have a terrible revenge upon the English and the women of England." It is for the reader to judge if this Venetian tale is sufficient to vindicate the memory of Charles VII in the absence of all other evidence of any intervention whatever. It matters little to us "what was said" in Venice or elsewhere; we would like to know "what he did"; he did nothing.

much afflicted. God was punishing her justly. "She would believe no one, but ever followed her own wishes." Besides, she had already been replaced. "A young herdsman from the Gévaudan mountains in the bishopric of Mende had come to the king, and said to him neither more nor less than Joan the Maid had said: that he was commanded by God to accompany the king's troops, and that the English and the Burgundians would without fail be discomfited... God had permitted Joan the Maid to be captured because she was consumed with pride, because of the rich garments she had worn, and because she had not done what God had commanded her, but had followed her own inclinations."[88]

If those whom Joan had saved, on whose behalf she had fought, and for whom she was about to die, seem to have been unmoved at the news of her capture, her enemies on the contrary were filled with a fierce sensation of joy at hearing that she was in their power. As early as the 26th May (two days after the battle before Compiègne) the Vicar General of the Inquisition at Paris and the Paris University demanded that the prisoner should be handed over to the Church as a heretic or even an idolatress. On the 14th July, the University summoned John of Luxembourg to surrender his prisoner to the King "of France and of England." On the 21st November, the surrender having been made (in exchange for ready money, as will be seen further on), the University congratulated King Henry on having got possession of this dangerous enemy of the Christian faith, and asked that the Bishop of Beauvais should establish his court of justice in Paris where so many learned doctors would form an incomparable body of judges. On the same day they wrote an angry letter to Cauchon, blaming his delay. It is quite possible that Cauchon may have had this letter written to him by accomplices in Paris, but at all events the letter is genuine, and the responsibility of it remains with those who signed it.

All these documents are filled with such hatred of Joan of Arc that one wonders in reading them what personal injury the humble maiden could have done to these learned men. They were injured because she had baffled and set at naught their learning, and because, on the day when she attacked Paris, she had made them tremble for fear lest they should lose their feudal rights, for they nearly all belonged to the English and Burgundian party. They despised her because they

[88] This poor little shepherd did not survive Joan. Captured by the English in August 1431, between Beauvais and Gournay, he was, it is believed, thrown into the Seine.

did not understand her, and they hated her because, while despising her, they also feared her. These were the sentiments current in Paris in what may be called the official world. For having presumed to take Joan's part, for having dared to say "that she was good and that what she did was right and according to God," an unfortunate Brittany peasant girl was seized, imprisoned, judged, condemned, and burned just as Joan herself was nine months later.[89] Moreover the long duration of the war seems now to have awakened the native ferocity of the combatants. It was the period when the English, after formal judgment, buried alive Normandy women whose only crime had been to supply bread to "brigands," that is to say, to soldiers of the legitimate king.[90]

But the English, who had their own hatred to satisfy before troubling themselves about the grievances of the Paris University, and who, even before the relief of Orleans, had sworn that some day they would burn Joan of Arc, had no intention of allowing such a prize to escape them. On the other hand, it suited them admirably that she should receive her death sentence from an ecclesiastical court. By having her condemned as a witch they not only dishonored her in the eyes of the people, but they also dishonored Charles VII who had made use of her. Moreover, it was no easy matter to dispose decently of Joan of Arc, a prisoner of war, without finding some pretext, such as an accusation of heresy. It was impossible to put her to death because she had defeated the English; that would have been contrary to the law of nations, by which they were only allowed, if they would accept no ransom for her, to keep her in prison (like the Duke of Orleans), until peace was restored. A degrading punishment would satisfy their hatred far better. It was therefore decided to involve her in a trial for heresy; but the English wished to be able to count upon the judges, that the result of the trial might be assured. This was not the case in Paris; in so large a town it was always possible that so powerful and famous a University might, in spite of its being under the English and Burgundian yoke, retain or recover sufficient independence to refuse a death sentence. Another and a less hazardous plan was immediately formed, and a man came forward at the opportune moment to furnish the means for carrying it out systematically, while disguising all signs of violence and hatred under a semblance of legality.

[89] *Journal du Bourgeois de Paris.*

[90] *Chronique du Mont-Saint-Michel*, published by Siméon Luce, vol. ii p. 66.

This man was Pierre Cauchon, Bishop of Beauvais, who, as we have seen, was driven from his episcopal town on the day when Beauvais surrendered to Charles VII and Joan of Arc. Cauchon,[91] a creature of the Duke of Burgundy and the English, had sought refuge at Rouen, the episcopal throne of which was then vacant. He was led to believe that he might fall heir to it, but the Pope refused his consent, and Cauchon was afterwards forced to content himself with the bishopric of Lisieux, a meagre compensation for his dishonored name.

As Joan of Arc had been captured at Compiègne, in the diocese of Beauvais, there was ground for maintaining that she came under the jurisdiction of Pierre Cauchon in a case concerning the faith. Cauchon claimed her; or rather, to save time, he started by buying her; the essential point was to hold her prisoner.

For the English had no claim to her. The legal position of Joan of Arc, prisoner of war, was this: she belonged to the bastard of Wandonne, who, with his own hand or by the hand of one of his archers, had captured her. The bastard's master, however, was John of Luxembourg, and therefore it was from him that she would have to be bought. Cauchon repaired in person to the camp outside Compiègne on the 14th July, and offered in the name of the King of England 6000 francs, besides 10,000 to John of Luxembourg, and an annuity of two or three hundred francs to the bastard of Wandonne. In 1430, 10,000 francs was equivalent to about 84,000 francs at the present day, intrinsic value; but if we take into account the decrease in the purchasing value of precious metals (which is six or seven times lower in 1900 than it was in 1400), the sum for which Joan was sold to the English may be estimated at 550,000 francs.

The prisoner, who at first had been detained for a few days before Compiègne, was carried off to the Castle of Beaulieu near Noyon,[92] where she was imprisoned

[91] Cauchon was not only the favorite of the Duke of Burgundy and the pliable and willing tool of the English, he was also the idol of the University of Paris, of whom he was one of the agents, adorned with the title of "Guardian of the Rights of the University." As early as 1419 the University recommended him to the Pope as one who might be allowed, as an exception to the rule, to hold a number of benefices, on the ground that "those who have given proof of courage and perseverance in labors, watches, sufferings, and torments for the good of the Church, are also worthy of the greatest rewards." In 1420 the University warmly recommended him to the Chapter and people of Beauvais for the episcopal see of that town.

[92] Three leagues from Noyon, on the Amiens road.

during June and July, and from thence to the Castle of Beaurevoir,[93] where she remained until November. Her imprisonment was humane at first; but her one idea was to escape and fly to the rescue of besieged Compiègne. At Beaulieu she nearly escaped by locking up her gaolers in the tower where she was imprisoned; she was, however, recaptured by the gate-keeper of the castle. After this John of Luxembourg sent her to Beaurevoir where she would be more strictly guarded. His wife and one of his aunts inhabited the castle and treated the prisoner with kindness. It is indeed a noticeable fact that no woman was ever lacking in respect or deference towards Joan of Arc, not even the Duchess of Bedford, who forbade her English guards to maltreat or insult her. The ladies at Beaurevoir offered her some women's clothes, for she was still wearing her military costume, but she refused them, saying, "The time has not yet come."

A knight belonging to the English party, one Haimond de Macy, saw Joan at Beaurevoir, and his evidence is of interest. He confesses that he sought to ingratiate himself by accosting her in a somewhat disrespectful manner. She repulsed him in such a way that he did not dare make a second attempt. Like many others, he is struck by the extraordinary propriety and dignity of her speech and gesture. He saw her again at Rouen some time afterwards, and offered her his services in trying to get her ransomed and liberated, on condition that she never fought against the English again. "You have neither the desire nor the power," she replied, "to have me ransomed. I am perfectly aware that the English will kill me, hoping to conquer the kingdom of France after my death. But were there a hundred thousand 'Godons' more than there are at present, they would not get the kingdom." Upon hearing these words Stafford sprang towards her in a threatening attitude, as if he would like to kill her; but Warwick dragged him back.

At Beaurevoir, Joan was guilty of the one fault it has been possible to discover in her life of unsullied innocence; but it is right that we should thoroughly understand all the circumstances which go to excuse and explain the desperate act she committed, when she leaped from the tower in which she was imprisoned.[94] She knew Compiègne to be in dire straits and upon the point of falling; and in the gloom of her solitary prison she pictured the town which had been so loyal to its king destroyed and pillaged, and its inhabitants massacred. A yearning to

[93] Near Le Catelet, on the road from Saint-Quentin to Cambrai.

[94] The principal tower of a castle of this importance could not be less than fifty or sixty feet high.

go to their assistance beset her. Her voices forbade her to take the leap, and St Catherine assured her that Compiegne would be saved. She disobeyed the voices and threw herself over, commending herself to God. She remained motionless and unconscious on the spot where she had fallen, and was with great difficulty revived. No limbs were broken, but the fall brought on a violent fever. She recovered in the course of a few days, acknowledged her sin, and made confession of it with great humility. She always denied that she had wished for a single moment to kill herself, or had even allowed the idea of suicide to enter her mind. She wanted to go to the rescue of Compiègne, and had hoped, in spite of the voices (therein lay her sin, as she confessed), that God and the angels would support her as she fell. The voices forgave her, and assured her that God had pardoned her also, and that he had taken pity upon Compiegne. As a matter of fact, the siege of that brave town was raised on the 26th October. A few days later John of Luxembourg, having received the promised ransom, handed Joan over to the English, who took her to Rouen by slow degrees, passing through Arras, Drugy, Le Crotoy, Saint-Valery, Eu, and Dieppe on their way. She arrived in Rouen towards Christmas.

Being under the jurisdiction of the Church, she ought to have been confined in the prisons of the ecclesiastical courts. The English, however, thought otherwise. They preferred to obtain her death through a sentence passed by the Church; but if the Church were to acquit her, they were fully resolved (and, as we shall see, they did not disguise the fact) to make her perish by some other means. To make quite sure that she should by no manner of means escape them, they detained her in their own prisons and placed her in the Castle of Rouen, under the guard of their own soldiers. Several judges protested against this, but Cauchon yielded to the express desire of the English, and became a party to the illegal act of judging in a clerical court an accused person confined in a lay prison. It was one of the iniquities of the trial; and the fact that in the prisons of the archbishopric of Rouen there was a special room set apart for women and attended to by women, makes it only the more scandalous.[95]

The prisoner was at first confined in an iron cage. At the trial no mention was made of this abominable deed, but disinterested witnesses affirmed it at the enquiry held with a view to her rehabilitation. She was chained by the neck, the hands and the feet. As soon as the English were convinced of the impossibility of

[95] *Recherches sur les prisons de Rouen*, by Robillard de Beaurepaire.

her escaping from the castle, which was guarded by their own soldiers, their hatred cooled a little, or possibly they were afraid of killing her by excessive ill-treatment before the time was ripe for her martyrdom. They contented themselves after this with chaining her, and removed her from the cage, probably at the end of a fortnight or three weeks (at the beginning of the trial, according to the evidence of Jean Massieu). She was still pretty strictly confined, and still sufficiently ill-treated to satisfy the most savage hatred.

Joan of Arc's prison was certainly exceedingly circumscribed. The only access to it was by a staircase of eight steps leading to the room in which she was confined. From a large block of wood solidly fixed to the wall there hung an iron chain, by which the prisoner was chained to her bed, and which was fastened by a padlock. A witness tells us that five Englishmen, low troopers of the class which in France was known as "housse-paillers" (that is, houspilleurs), watched the prisoner closely day and night, and amused themselves insulting her and loudly expressing their hopes that she would be condemned and put to death. In spite of the humane prohibition issued by the Duchess of Bedford, these outrages, according to the testimony of several witnesses, continued up to the very end.

The hatred of the English is but too easily explained by the impression prevalent among them that their reverses were due to the "spells" of the Maid. Three years later, Bedford, addressing himself in an official document[96] to his nephew the king, still attributed to this accursed enemy the decline of the good fortune the English had so long enjoyed upon the continent. "Everything prospered for you in France until the siege of Orleans. Then there fell, by the hand of God, it seems to me, a terrible blow. We committed the error of believing in a disciple of Satan's, an imp of Hell, called Joan the Maid, and of fearing her. She employed criminal enchantments and sorceries; and it was owing to these practices that the number of your partisans diminished, the courage of those which remained to you disappeared, while the valour and number of your adversaries increased."

This official testimony written in cold blood and long after the event throws a striking light upon the sentiments which even the most enlightened Englishmen entertained for Joan of Arc. They did not deny her power, for they had felt the marvellous effects of it only too well. But since this power was working against them and putting an end to their luck, it soothed their pride to believe that only the

[96] The English text is published by R. P. Ayroles, *La vraie Jeanne d'Arc*, vol. iii p. 642.

devil was willing and able to injure England. They converted their enemy, who had long been too successful, into a witch. The wise and the skeptics, if there were any among them, could either reconcile themselves to this opinion, or make pretence of doing so. It served the schemes of all. The death of the "witch" would restore confidence to the English soldiers. Her condemnation compromised Charles VII as an accomplice of this devil's emissary, and one whose ends had been served by her "spells," and introduced an element of discord, of trouble, or at least of anxiety into the minds of the French. At the sight of Joan of Arc's defeat and humiliation, these weak souls no longer knew how to regard even her victories. Every heart began to doubt whether, after all, there had not been some witchcraft, or, it may be, some mere chance or deception in what she had done. And shortly afterwards, when her implacable enemies fell upon her, her friends, embarrassed and confused, took refuge in a cowardly silence, as if they were thinking to themselves: let God save her, if He sent her.[97]

[97] It was probably this weak and ignoble sentiment which prevented Charles VII from appealing to the Pope on the prisoner's behalf. Nothing would have been more natural when one of his subjects was being tried for heresy. The king did not dare because he was afraid of being called the accomplice and abettor of a witch.

The Trial—The Public Hearing

Joan was imprisoned in the Castle of Rouen. This did not give the Bishop of Beauvais any legal right to judge her in a diocese which was not his own. It was necessary by some legal fiction to delegate jurisdiction to him at Rouen so that he might seem to be sitting in his own diocese. Throughout the entire trial we are struck by the same observance of "forms" joined to a flagrant disregard of right and justice. The Episcopal See of Rouen being vacant, the chapter which exercised the powers of the Ordinary, did not hesitate to arrange this fiction, which was the first necessary act in the great trial which was about to begin (28th December 1430).

On the 3rd January 1431, King Henry[98] commanded that the proceedings should begin. He handed the matter over to the clergy, being careful to mention that if they acquitted Joan on questions concerning the faith, "it was his intention to take back and regain possession of the said Joan."[99] It is difficult to deny that from this hour the death of the Maid had been determined upon by the English. If, however, the charge of heresy and witchcraft should be dismissed, it was not easy, as we have already pointed out, legally to condemn a prisoner of war for a crime of which every soldier belonging to Charles VII was guilty. The English, therefore, at the risk of somewhat delaying their revenge, decided to begin by leaving the matter in the hands of the ecclesiastical tribunal; but at the same time they insinuated to the judges that they should be careful to abstain from any clemency towards Joan, for their clemency would be of no avail.

The proceedings against Joan of Arc were opened on the 9th January 1431. The bishop first summoned eight eminent personages, namely, the abbots of Fécamp and Jumièges, one of whom was a doctor of divinity, the other a doctor of canon

[98] It must be remembered that he was only ten years old. His uncle Bedford, the Regent, governed in his name.

[99] The responsibility for this letter does not rest upon the child of ten who signed it, but upon his counsellors; it is a masterpiece of hypocrisy. King Henry sends Joan of Arc for trial, being required to do so by the Reverend Father in God, the Bishop of Beauvais, and exhorted thereto by "our very dear and well beloved daughter the University of Paris," purely from motives of zeal towards the Church and out of obedience to its orders. But still, "it is our intention to retake and regain possession of the said Joan in the event of her not being convicted and accused of the above mentioned offences," blasphemy, heresy, schism, etc.

law; the prior of Longueville, doctor of divinity; the treasurer of the Cathedral, a doctor of both laws; and four canons. He took counsel upon the course to pursue, chose as prosecutor an absolutely devoted and thoroughly trustworthy tool of his own, one Jean d'Estivet, canon of Beauvais, and appointed two recorders, chosen from among the priests of Rouen, and an usher. On the 13th January the Court[100] examined reports based upon enquiries which had been made about Joan at Domremy and elsewhere. It may easily be imagined in what a prejudiced manner these enquiries had been conducted. One witness, Nicolas Bailley, a notary, who was one of the informers, subsequently stated (at the case for rehabilitation) that, having brought from Domremy evidence favorable to Joan of Arc, he found himself treated at Rouen as a "false Armagnac." These reports, moreover, were neither submitted to the accused nor produced at the trial; which would lead one to suppose that after all they were entirely in her favor.

Did Cauchon's avowed partiality go so far as to falsify the official reports of the case published under his auspices? He has been stoutly accused of having done so, and therefore it is important for us in these pages to settle definitely so vital a point. Our whole knowledge of the trial certainly hangs upon these records. Are they veracious? We believe them to be so. It is true that at the rehabilitation trial a witness called Manchon, who had acted as clerk or recorder at the first trial, formally accused Cauchon of having tried to falsify the reports, and alleged upon this point that clerks who were confederates had been concealed[101] behind a curtain with orders to insert into the case fictitious answers ruinous to the accused. The official documents bear no evidence of such tampering; they are consistent with one another and are to all appearances correct. It is possible that Cauchon may have wished to reserve a complete report of the trial for his own use, and

[100] One hundred and thirteen judges in all appeared during the trial, but they never sat all at once. The number of judges present never exceeded sixty. This manner of forming judgment of a case without having followed all its phases had many drawbacks, but was, however, customary. Nicolas Midy, the most assiduous of the judges, sat thirty-seven times, but thirty-one of them only sat once. More than eighty of the hundred and thirty were functionaries of the University of Paris. See *Le Procès de Jeanne d'Arc et l'Université de Paris*, by le P. H. Denifle and Em. Chatelain, Paris, 1897, 8vo.

[101] At the trial for rehabilitation Pierre Miget, one of the judges, admitted the fact of the hidden reporters; but he failed to see the object of it, for, said he, the official reporters were honest. That is all that matters to us.

that this gave rise to those malicious rumours, for which it does not seem to us there is much foundation. The recorder Manchon declared, moreover, that he had refused to countenance such manoeuvres and that he had banished the intruding clerks; he further certified that the official report signed by him was absolutely genuine, and contained nothing which was not true "according to the best of his knowledge and belief." In short, whatever may have been Cauchon's secret intentions, I do not consider that we have any reason for doubting the honesty of the official reports.[102] Besides, having found nothing in them which does not tend entirely to Joan of Arc's credit and loudly proclaim her innocence and virtue, I confess I cannot discover any positive evidence of the falsifications which have been somewhat vaguely imputed to her judges.

Joan appeared before them for the first time on Wednesday the 21st February in the chapel of the castle at 8 o'clock in the morning. Cauchon presided, and was assisted by forty-two judges, among whom were seven doctors and two bachelors of divinity, two doctors of canon or civil law, and thirteen licentiates. The Vicar of the Inquisition of France refused to attend, under the pretext that his authority extended only over Normandy, and that the case which was being actually judged at Rouen was being constructively judged at Beauvais. Thus did Cauchon's wily reasonings turn against himself. Before the case was finished, however, the Inquisitor consented to appear. Had he persisted in his refusal his absence would have rendered Joan's condemnation far more difficult.

Upon the eve of the first hearing Jean Massieu, a priest who was acting as usher, summoned the prisoner to appear. Joan replied that she was quite ready to do so and to speak the truth "concerning the faith." She requested the favor of being allowed to attend Mass before the hearing, but the court refused to accord her this indulgence because of the accusation of heresy which was hanging over her, and because of the "monstrous dress" (***difformitate habitus***) she persisted in wearing.

The way from the prison to the court-house led past the chapel. Joan begged to be allowed to stop a moment so as to kneel down before the chapel door and

[102] The minutes of the case were originally written in French by the two notaries Manchon and Boisguillaume, and subsequently translated into Latin, long after the trial, by Manchon himself and Thomas de Courcelles. We possess a part only of the original report in French, but we have the whole of the Latin translation.

pray. Jean Massieu consented, but when Cauchon[103] heard of it he blamed the usher severely, and forbade his ever doing such a thing again.

When Joan of Arc was brought before the judges the president requested her to speak the entire truth without trying to screen herself by evasions or cunning answers. Her reply is remarkable, and explains certain obscurities in the language she used later on in the trial.

"I do not know," she said, "upon what you wish to question me. It may be that you will ask me something that I cannot tell you. About my father and my mother, and about everything that I have done since my arrival in France, I swear to answer freely. But about the revelations I have had from God, I have never said or revealed anything except to King Charles only, and I will reveal nothing, though it cost me my head." She had, she said, been forbidden by her "counsel" to speak upon these things. She added that in the course of eight days she would be quite certain as to what she should be silent about and what she should reveal; her "voices" would have instructed her. But to any question concerning her faith she would answer willingly and speak the entire truth. Kneeling upon her knees, her two hands laid upon the Gospels, she swore to do this. She then proceeded to give the judges an account of her birth and early years. But she refused to recite the Lord's prayer to Cauchon, adding: "I will say it to you if you will hear me—but in confession." It was perhaps because Cauchon feared in this way to hear a confession which he would not afterwards be able to use against her, that he was cautious and refused to confess her. He ended by warning her not to make any attempt to escape. She replied, "I do not accept that warning. If I escape, let no one accuse me of having broken my word, for I have given it to no one." She complained of being in chains, and having irons on her feet. "It is to keep you more securely," said Cauchon, "for you have several times tried to escape." "It is true," she replied, "I have tried to escape; I would try again; it is the right of every prisoner to try and escape."

Even at this first examination we notice in the prisoner a heroic determination not to accuse anyone, not to throw upon anyone else the responsibility for the things which might justly or unjustly be imputed to her. It is true that such a course was consistent with the declaration she had made of having always acted in obedience to the heavenly voices which guided her; but we should none the less

[103] According to another witness it was d'Estivet, the prosecutor, who reviled Jean Massieu.

admire the courageous resolution she made and kept until the day of her death, never to let fall a single word of recrimination against the traitors and ingrates who, by abandoning or deliberately opposing her, had at last brought her where she was. She did not even mention La Trémoille or Regnault de Chartres, and she mentioned only to bless the king who had deserted her.[104]

The second hearing[105] took place upon the following morning (Thursday the 22nd), not in the chapel this time, but in a room adjoining the great hall of the castle. The number of judges had increased to fifty, fifteen of whom were doctors of divinity, five doctors of civil and canon law, and one a doctor of medicine. It was quite a university which assembled to condemn the unhappy Joan. "You overwhelm me," she said (*nimium oneratis me*). Jean Beaupère, professor of divinity and former head of the Paris University, conducted the examination with much skill. The matter was a grave and delicate one; she was requested to give an explanation of her voices. She would not lie, yet she would not tell them all. She briefly described her first visions: "The voice was good, the voice came from God; it has protected me well, and I understood it. It bid me lead a good life and be regular at church. It told me that I must go to France; that I could no longer remain where I was; that I must go to France to raise the siege of Orleans. It repeated this to me two or three times a week. It told me to go and find Robert de Baudricourt, Governor of Vaucouleurs, and that he would give me an escort. I replied: 'I am a poor girl and do not know how to ride or to fight.'" She then told them of her adventures, of the long delay and the discouragements patiently endured. "At last Robert de Baudricourt gave his consent and allowed me to start, saying, 'Go, then, whatever may betide.' The voice had told me that it would all happen thus."

She described her journey, her arrival at Chinon, her first interview with the

[104] Joan appeared without an advocate. As a general rule, in cases before the Inquisition, the accused person had no advocate, though in the case of a minor he had at least a curator. According to Massieu, the usher, who must have been well informed, Joan asked for a "counsel" *ad respondendum, quod diceret se esse simplicem.* The counsel was refused, and Cauchon said to her: "You will answer for yourself." Later, when the examinations were finished, he offered to appoint a counsel for her, and it was then she who refused, saying: "The counsel of my Lord is sufficient for me," meaning the counsel of God.

[105] According to the statement of one of the witnesses, Gillaume Manchon, the first sitting had been exceedingly stormy. The sittings lasted as a rule from eight in the morning until eleven.

king whom she recognised, or rather divined, her voices pointing him out to her. But what her judges especially wished to know was what she had said privately to the king, and what secret she had revealed to gain his confidence. On this point they were never able to extract any statement from her. Anything which even touched upon her relations with Charles VII remained shrouded in mystery in the answers she made to their repeated questions. "When the voice pointed out your king to you, was there any light in the room?" "Pass on to something else."[106] "Did you see an angel hovering over your king?" "Spare me. Pass on to something else." She declared, however, that before the king employed her in the work she had seen many apparitions and had had many wonderful revelations. "What apparitions? What revelations?" asked the judge. "I will not tell you what they were. Send to the king, he will tell you... Not a day passes that I do not hear this voice. I have never asked of it any other reward than the salvation of my soul. The voice bade me remain at St Denis, in France, and I would fain have stayed there, but the leaders dragged me away against my will. If I had not been wounded I should have stopped there, but I was wounded in the trenches near Paris." She owned to having directed the attack upon Paris. "It was a Saint's day," said the judge. "I believe so." "Was it right to fight upon a Saint's day?" "Pass on to something else."

Two days later (the 24th February) there was a third hearing at which sixty judges were present. When Joan was requested for the third time to swear that she would speak the entire truth without reservation or condition, she replied: "Grant me permission to speak. By my faith, you might ask me such questions that I should not be able to speak the truth, for instance, concerning the revelations; for perchance you might force me to tell what I have sworn not to tell, and thus I should be perjured, which you ought not to desire. I tell you to weigh well your words when you say that you are my judge. You are taking upon yourself a heavy responsibility and you overwhelm me. I have twice taken my oath, that is sufficient." This painful scene lasted a long time. They finally extracted this oath from her: "I swear to speak the truth about those things which I know and which touch the case."

Jean Beaupère conducted the examination. "When did you last eat and drink?" "Yesterday afternoon." "When did you hear your voices?" "Yesterday and to-day." "At what time yesterday?" "Three times: in the morning, at the hour of vespers,

[106] *Passez outre.*

and in the evening at the *Ave Maria*. There are many days when I hear them more frequently." "What were you doing yesterday morning when the voice came to you?" "I was sleeping, the voice awoke me." "The voice awoke you by touching you on the arm?" "The voice awoke me without touching me." "Was the voice in the room?" "I do not know, but it was in the castle." "Did you give thanks to the voice on bended knee?" "I thanked it sitting in my bed with clasped hands, after having prayed for help. The voice bade me answer without fear, for God would help me."

At this point Joan broke off, and, turning towards Cauchon, said to him: "You call yourself my judge; beware of what you do, for truly I am sent by God, and you are putting yourself in great danger!"

The examination was then resumed. "Did the voice forbid you to divulge everything?" "That is a question I will not answer. I have revelations concerning the king which I will not tell you... I am more afraid of erring by saying something which might displease those voices than I am afraid of answering you." "Do you think it is displeasing to God to tell the truth?" "The voices bade me say certain things to the king, but not to you. This very night, they told me many things for the king's benefit. I would that he knew them, were I to taste no more wine until Easter. But if the king knew these things would he dine more cheerfully?" "Joan, are you in a state of grace?" "If I am not, may God put me in one; if I am, may God keep me there. I should be the most unhappy woman in the world if I knew myself not to be in a state of grace. But if I were in mortal sin, the voice would not come to me." The question was so palpably unfair that one of the judges was bold enough to say—"She is not bound to answer." "Hold your tongue!" shouted Cauchon furiously.[107]

They tormented her with questions concerning the "Fairy Tree," where, as a little girl, she used sometimes to go and dance with other children of her own age. They would fain have made this childish act a pretext for accusing her of idolatry or at least of pagan superstitions. They were, however, unable to manage this. They then fell back upon her masculine attire, that cause of offense which was to survive all the others and was finally to ruin her. "Joan, would you like a woman's dress?" "Give me one; I will gladly take it, if I may go away from here; if not, I will

[107] Had she said yes, she would have been accused of pride; had she said no, it would have been equivalent to acknowledge the crimes imputed to her.

not take it. I am content with this, since it pleases God that I should wear it."

The fourth hearing was on Tuesday the 27th February. Jean Beaupère cross-questioned the prisoner, and either from curiosity or from a desire to elicit some imprudent answer which might give a foundation for the accusation of heresy, he greatly increased the questions about the apparitions. He first affected a tone of easy good nature. "Joan, how have you been since Saturday?" "You can see for yourself, as well as possible." "Do you fast every day this Lent?" "Does that bear upon the case?" "Yes, certainly." "Well then, I have fasted diligently this Lent." "Have you heard the voice since Saturday?" "Yes indeed, many times." "On Saturday, in this hall where you are being examined, did you hear the voice?" "I heard it!" "What did it say to you?" "I did not quite understand it until I had returned to my room." "What did it say to you then?" "To answer fearlessly. I asked counsel about the questions which are put to me. I will gladly tell you what God has permitted me to reveal; but as to the revelations which concern the King of France, I will say nothing without permission from the voice." "Was it the voice of an angel which spoke to you, or of a saint, or the voice of God Himself, without any intermediary?" "It was the voice of St Catherine and St Margaret. Their brows are crowned with beautiful crowns, most rich and precious. God allows me to say that much. If you doubt my words, send to Poitiers where I was examined before." "But how do you know they are those two saints? How do you distinguish them?" "I know it is they, and I distinguish them." "But how?" "By the way they greet me. It is fully seven[108] years since they undertook to direct me. I know them because they have told me who they are." "Are they dressed alike?" "I will say no more on the subject; I have no permission to. If you do not believe me, go to Poitiers." "What apparition did you see first?" "Saint Michael. He was not alone, but surrounded by many angels." "You saw them bodily and actually?" "I saw them with my bodily eyes, as well as I see you, and when they vanished I wept and would fain that they had taken me with them." "What did St Michael look like?" "I must not say."

They then proceeded to question her about the sword of St Catherine de Fierbois. They wished to prove that the sword was enchanted, but the candour and simplicity of Joan's answers dispelled such a suspicion. "The voices told me that the sword was buried in the earth, covered with rust, and marked with five

[108] Six years, in point of fact; the first vision was in the summer of 1425.

crosses." "What benediction did you pronounce or cause to be pronounced upon the sword?" "I did not pronounce any nor cause any to be pronounced. I should not have known how to bless it. I was very fond of it because it had been found in the Church of St Catherine, of whom I was very fond." "Did you not sometimes lay it upon the altar to bring you luck?" "Not that I am aware of." "Did you have it, when you were captured?" "No, I had a sword which had been taken from a Burgundian; the other I had at Lagny,[109] but after Lagny I wore the Burgundian's sword, because it was a good fighting sword, useful for dealing heavy thumps and blows" (*de bonnes buffes et de bans torchons*)."[110] "Where did you leave the other sword?" "That has no bearing upon the case." "When you arrived at Orleans had you a standard, and of what color was it?" "A standard, the ground of which was covered with fleur-de-lis; the world was depicted upon it, and on the sides two angels. It was of white linen or a kind of fustian[111] and fringed with silk. The names of Jesus and of Mary were inscribed upon it." "Which do you love most, the sword or the standard?" "I love the standard many times, forty times, more than the sword." "Who ordered the painting to be made upon the standard?" "I have told you often enough that I did nothing except by the command of God. I bore the standard when I attacked the enemy, so as to avoid slaying anyone, and I have never slain a man."

The fifth hearing opened on the 1st March. It was upon this occasion that Joan uttered the following remarkable words, authentically recorded in the official report of the trial: "Before seven years are over, the English will have paid a greater forfeit than they did at Orleans.[112] They will lose everything in France through a great victory which God will send the French. This I know because of a revelation which has been made to me; I know it as surely as I know that you are before me at this moment." "When will this come to pass?" "I know neither the day nor the hour."

They returned to the apparitions, which in the eyes of the judges were the most vital point of the case. "How do you know that what appears to you is a man or a

[109] See above, p. 191, note 76; according to the testimony of the Duke of Alençon, it was at St Denis that she broke St Catherine's sword.

[110] In French in the text of the original report of the trial.

[111] *Boncassin.*

[112] *Dimittent majus vadium.* Charles VII made his formal entrance into Paris on the 12th November 1437.

woman?" "I know them by the voice." "What do you see appearing?" "The face." "Have the female saints hair?" "What a question! Yes." "Is there anything between their hair and their crowns?" "No." "Is their hair long and flowing?" "I do not know." "Have they arms or other limbs?" "I do not know, but they speak plainly and in beautiful language and I understood them perfectly." "How did they speak if they have no bodies?" "I leave that to God. Their voices are beautiful, soft and kind; they speak in French." "Does not St Margaret speak English?" "How should she speak English since she is not on the side of the English!" "Do they wear earrings?" "I do not know at all." "What promises did they make to you?" "That my king should be reinstated in his kingdom (whether his enemies wish it or not); they also promised to lead me to Paradise, as I asked them to." "How did St Michael look when he appeared to you?" "I did not see that he wore a crown." "What garments?" "I do not know." "Was he naked?" "Think you that God has not the wherewithal to clothe him?" "Had he hair?" "Why should his hair have been cut? But I have not seen him since I was at the Castle of Crotoy.[113] I do not see him very often."

They made a point of trying to confuse her by the number, irrelevancy, and incoherence of their questions. At times the judges questioned her all together, intermingling their queries without waiting for an answer. Upon several occasions she was obliged to say to them, "Good my lords, speak one at a time." At the sixth hearing, on the 3rd March, she was questioned upon every conceivable matter. They adjured her to put aside her masculine attire. "The time has not yet come," she said.

They asked her whether she had not said that escutcheons made in the likeness of her own were lucky?

"No; I said to our men, 'Force your way fearlessly among the English.' And I went myself."

They asked her about Friar Richard, the Franciscan preacher who had attached himself to her since the entry into Troyes. She laughingly reminded them of the episode which has been mentioned above; how "the people of Troyes, doubting whether I came from God, sent the Friar out to meet me; he approached, making the sign of the cross and sprinkling holy water. 'Approach fearlessly,' I said to him, 'I shall not fly away.'"

[113]Where she lodged when they brought her from Beaurevoir to Rouen.

This is an instance of the good humour and arch-simplicity which she constantly exhibited throughout her life and even during the miseries of her trial. Joan of Arc belongs to a race and a country wherein naïveté is not incompatible with a certain shrewdness and a touch of irony. She was born twelve miles at the most from the Castle of Joinville (whose worthy lord had, of old, so well exemplified the wit of the province of Champagne), and Jacques d'Arc, her father, had come to Domremy from the very heart of Champagne. But that this uneducated and ignorant peasant girl of nineteen, depressed by her chains and her forsaken condition, should have been able to retain this alertness of mind, standing alone before fifty solemn, scowling, hostile doctors, seems scarcely less astounding than her victories. During the trial she astonished everyone and frequently embarrassed her enemies by the aptness, decision, and clearness of her answers.

Besides her good sense and her quickness at grasping a point we cannot but admire her extraordinary memory. In that maze of unconnected and incoherent questions, she never once contradicted herself. "I said so and so," she replied one day; and when Boisguillaume, one of the clerks of the court, contradicted her, she insisted, saying, "Look among your papers!" He made a careful search and found her statement. She was delighted and said to the clerk, "Do not make any more mistakes like that, or I will pull your ears." I have taken this outburst from the evidence of Pierre Daron, deputy of the bailiff of Rouen, but I would not like to vouch for the exact wording, so different is it from her ordinary manner, which oftentimes was familiar and sometimes mocking, but never out of place.

Her judges pretended to believe that she had wished to make people worship her. "Did you order any image made in your likeness? Have you ever seen such a one?" "I saw at Arras a picture painted by a Scotchman, in which I was represented clad in armor, kneeling upon one knee before the king, to whom I was handing a letter. I have never seen any other portrait of myself, nor have I ever had one made." "Did not your followers have services and masses celebrated and prayers said in your honor?" "I do not know. If they did, it was not at my request. If they prayed for me, I see no harm in it." "They believe you to have been sent by God?" "I do not know whether they believe it, but whether they believe it or not, I am sent by God!" "In what spirit did they kiss your feet, your hands, and your garments?" "Many folk had pleasure in seeing me; if they kissed my hands, it was no oftener than I could help. The poor came gladly to me because I did not

trouble them but loved to succour them." They tried to represent in a suspicious light her interview with Catherine de la Rochelle, the adventuress who pretended to have seen apparitions. "What did you say to her?" "I told her to return to her husband's home, to mind the house and feed the children. My saints had warned me that she was a mad woman."

They tormented her unmercifully about the only fault she had ever committed, namely, the leap at Beaurevoir, for which there were extenuating circumstances. "I had been in that prison four months. I was told that the English were approaching. My voices forbade me to leap, but I was afraid of the English; commending myself to God and to our Lady, I took the leap; I was wounded, but Saint Catherine comforted me and told me I should recover!" "Did you not, upon seeing yourself recaptured, give way to rage? Did you not blaspheme?" "Never! and it is not my habit to swear."

After the sixth hearing Cauchon stopped the examination, announcing that it would be resumed later before a smaller number of judges deputed for the purpose, and that it would then deal with all the points it might be deemed advisable to elucidate. The reason for this step was evident. Cauchon was afraid that Joan was defending herself too well, and that far from intimidating or disconcerting her, the solemnity of the scene and the great concourse of learned men seemed to inspire her with courage and presence of mind. Her youth, her helplessness, and her loneliness had moved some of her judges to pity, and this pity might become contagious. Had not Guillaume Duval and Isambeau de la Pierre[114] been discovered making signals to the Maid to show her what it would be to her advantage to answer? Warwick had seen them and had shouted furiously to the monk: "Why should you help this wretch by making all those signs to her? Zounds! villain, if I see you any more trying to free her and warn her of her interest, I will have you thrown into the Seine." Guillaume Duval fled in terror to his monastery.

Before a few carefully chosen judges it would be possible without too much transgression of the law to arrange matters so as to bring them to the desired issue. And when the prosecution should have been skilfully brought to a close, it would always be easy among these weak men, who were either cowed, prejudiced, or bribed, to secure a large majority in favor of condemnation. The business, however, had to be prepared by a select committee. Six days were spent in drawing up a

[114] Evidence of Martin Ladvenu.

kind of summary of the case in order to decide wherein it was still incomplete and what were the points to be cleared up before the less numerous tribunal.[115]

[115] It is these delegates entrusted to continue the trial in the prison, who, with their master, Cauchon, and Jean d'Estivet (Cauchon's right hand), should bear the principal responsibility for the iniquitous crime which was committed in condemning Joan of Arc. Their names were Jean Beaupère, Jacques de Touraine, Nicolas Midy, Pierre Maurice, Thomas de Courcelles, and Nicolas Loiseleur. The three first were subsequently sent to Paris to ensure the official support of the University to the condemnation. Beaupère, Midy, and Maurice were canons of Rouen; Loiseleur, a canon of Chartres; Courcelles, a doctor of Sorbonne, and Jacques de Touraine, a Minorite friar.

The Trial (continued)—In the Prison

On the morning of the 10th March, Cauchon and five assistants repaired to the Castle to interrogate Joan of Arc in the little room which served her as a prison. They pressed her with questions "concerning the sign she had shown the king in order that he should believe in her mission." At first she refused to answer, but, provoked beyond endurance, she ended by saying: "An angel sent by God gave the sign to the king." By degrees, being more and more severely pressed, she allowed herself, both at this examination and on the following days, to be enticed further in this dangerous direction. Doggedly resolved (to her honor be it said) never to give away the king's secret, she wished at any cost to escape from the importunity of her judges, and, considering herself justified in presenting an actual fact under an allegorical form, she finally described to them her interview with the king by painting in the most wonderful colors a scene which had in reality been far more simple. "The sign was, that the angel, tendering the king a crown, certified to him that with the help of God and the efforts of Joan the whole of the kingdom of France would be his. The crown which the angel brought was of fine gold; it was given to the Archbishop of Rheims, and is still in the king's treasury. The angel who brought it entered with it by the door and was never separated from it." This was an allegorical account of the interview at Chinon and the coronation at Rheims. The angel was Joan herself, sent by God to win back for the king the crown of France, eventually placed upon the head of Charles VII by the Archbishop at Rheims. She invented this setting as a means of escape from an importunate question, and to put her judges off the scent by feeding their curiosity with these imaginary details. No perversion of the truth (however excusable and innocent) fell readily from her candid and fearless lips. She played the part badly and contradicted herself several times, with the result that her judges soon became aware that she had trifled with them, and that they regarded in their hearts as a ground of mortal offense.

The Vicar of the Inquisition of France joined the judges upon the 12th March. Until that date he had held aloof under the pretext that his authority, restricted to the diocese of Rouen, did not extend to that of Beauvais, in which, by a fiction, the trial was being carried on. His scruples having been removed by a warrant from the Inquisitor General, he thenceforth attended the examinations; but, according

to the testimony of Manchon, the clerk, he took no keen interest in the matter and always took a secondary part in a trial which he really should have conducted. The attitude of the Inquisition during the trial of Joan of Arc is somewhat obscure to us. On the whole it seems to have been rather favorable to the accused. When Cauchon and Warwick threatened with death the three judges who had urged Joan to submit to the Church in order to save her life,[116] the Inquisitor evinced a desire to withdraw, but his benevolence or his courage did not go to the length of saving the girl whom those in power wished to destroy.

Among much repetition, the sole object of which seems to have been to exhaust the wretched girl, the examinations conducted in the prison comprised several remarkable answers, in which her beautiful soul further revealed itself. "Did you not consider it a sin to leave your father and mother without their permission?" "They have forgiven me. I obeyed them in everything except in leaving them. God commanded it; had I a hundred fathers and a hundred mothers, had I been a king's daughter, I should have gone."

On the 13th March she informed them that her voices had just said to her: "Take all in good part. Have no fear of your martyrdom. You will enter at last into the Kingdom of Heaven." "Do you then consider that your salvation is assured?" "I believe implicitly what my voices tell me." "Do you then believe that it is impossible for you to commit a deadly sin?" "I know nothing about it, I leave everything in God's hands." "In that case you have no need of confession?" "It would be impossible to purify one's conscience too much." "When you took that leap at Beaurevoir, do you consider that you did not sin?" "I believe that I sinned, but I confessed and have been pardoned; all the same, I never wished to kill myself." "Was it not a deadly sin?" "I do not know; I leave it to God." "How do you know that it is not Satan who comes to you in the guise of an angel?" "Because the angel said to me: 'Be a good girl, God will aid thee. Thou wilt go to the assistance of the King of France.' And the angel told me of the sorry plight of the kingdom of France." "Then do St Catherine and St Margaret hate the English?" "They love what God loves, and hate what He hates." "Does God hate the English?" "Of the love or the hatred which God bears the English I know nothing; but full well I know that they shall all be put out of France except those who shall die there." "When you went into battle was it you who were of assistance

[116] Jean de la Fontaine, Isambard de la Pierre, and Martin Ladvenu.

to your standard or was your standard of assistance to you?" "Whether it was the standard who conquered or whether it was I who conquered it was all one to Our Lord." "But was the hope of victory founded upon you or upon the standard?" "It was founded upon Our Lord and not elsewhere." "If some other person had carried it, would it have been so lucky?" "I do not know. I leave it to God." "If you were to lose your virginity, would your voices come to you?" "That has not been revealed to me." "If you were married would they still come?" "I do not know. I leave that to God." "Why was your standard carried to the coronation instead of those of the other leaders?" "As it had shared in the toil, it was just that it should share in the glory." An answer sublime in its simplicity. Mark, however, the insidious treachery of every question: each one was a dilemma in itself, and whichever of the two alternatives she chose, it was possible to turn her answer against her. It is extraordinary how she defeated these quibbles by sheer force of candour, frankness, and common sense.

At the case for rehabilitation all the witnesses agreed in denouncing the injustice of the examinations to which the accused had been submitted. The questions were difficult, obscure, and subtle, and were presented in a deceptive and embarrassing form. According to Frere Isambard, "the greatest scholars and the most learned folk would have had great difficulty in answering; and many of the spectators complained of them." Joan complained too sometimes, but generally found some way of making a good answer, "thanks to her simplicity," we say; "thanks to her devilish guile," said her enemies, who were themselves greatly surprised and enraged by the aptness of all her answers. "Ah! she was a mighty cunning woman," declared one of her judges, Jean de Beaupère, at the rehabilitation enquiry. So bitter was his hatred against her, that twenty-five years after her death he was as fully convinced as ever of her crimes and seems to have invariably congratulated himself upon having done a most pious act in burning such a witch.

They succeeded better in compromising her by asking her questions which she was incapable of understanding. On the 17th March, they said to her: "Do you refer all your actions to the decision of the Church?" "I refer them to God who sent me, to the Blessed Virgin Mary, and to all the saints of Paradise. It seems to me the same thing—God or the Church." Their answer to this was to explain to her the distinction between the Church triumphant, composed of the saints and the elect, and the Church militant, whose jurisdiction they were inviting her

to recognise. These long words, however, were unfamiliar to her. It was the first time she had heard them, and they conveyed nothing to her; failing to understand them, she made an ambiguous answer which was afterwards used against her. This sixth examination, which took place in the prison on the 17th March, was the last; no doubt Cauchon and his assistant judges had found it not unproductive of result. The following day, the 18th March, was Passion Sunday.

On Palm Sunday, the 25th March, they offered to allow her to attend Mass and receive the paschal sacrament, on condition that she wore woman's clothes. This, although protesting her ardent desire to hear Mass and partake of the body of her Lord, she refused to do. "For," she said, "it is not yet possible for me to put on woman's clothing." Her obstinacy upon this point surprised her judges, shocked most of them exceedingly, and was probably understood only by a very few. Posterity at all events should not misunderstand the motives for such obduracy. Thrown without defense upon the mercy of rough men who were her bitter enemies, this unhappy girl of nineteen was a prey to mortal terror, fearing what was worse than death itself. It seemed to her that while she wore this soldier's dress her virtue was exposed to less risk; that a woman dressed like a man is scarcely a woman at all in men's eyes, and may reasonably expect to prove repugnant to them.[117]

The next few days were employed in making a preliminary summing-up of the case. All her "crimes" were first collected, without much regard for order, under seventy heads. Three-quarters of the accusations were founded upon falsehoods or distorted facts which Joan, referring to the answers she had given during the trial, contemptuously denied; and the remainder upon false and malicious interpretation. Let us quote some examples. By an insidious process (of which there had already been too many instances during the examination) they placed her in this dilemma: "Either she lies when she asserts that her revelations came from God, or, if she really believes that they did so, why did she disobey them upon two separate occasions (before Paris and at Beaurevoir)? She pleads that she could not restrain herself from leaping, although God had forbidden her to do so. Does she then deny free will? Does she fall into the error of those who say that the will of men can be forced?" Such were the sophistries which were employed to ruin this

[117] The evidence of Pierre Cusquel, a mason, who questioned her upon this point, throws the clearest light upon what Joan of Arc thought.

ignorant girl delivered defenseless into the hands of learned men!

There are two points which must be dwelt upon; the rest would be mere repetition. One of them, the only point in the line of defense adopted by her which we cannot conscientiously approve of, is this. In order to guard the king's secret more securely, she persisted in the purely fanciful account of her arrival at Chinon, adding from time to time new and equally imaginary details. No doubt she spoke allegorically, but why did she do so, when upon every other occasion she simply spoke the truth? Why did she say, "I did not leave the angel, I entered with him, I walked with him," when she only really meant that there was no other angel but herself; an angel indeed, since she was a "messenger" of God? The explanation is that by this subterfuge she tried to conceal from everyone the "sign" which she gave to the King of France, and which confirmed her mission. This sign is known or at least suspected by history, but Joan died without having divulged it.

The other point is a more serious one. She was accused of having persistently refused to submit herself to the Church Militant, and of having expressed a right of appealing from it directly to God. This accusation is untrue, although some of Joan of Arc's most enthusiastic admirers seem to have accepted it as well founded and honored the heroine for it. Her memory, however, cries out loudly against such praise.

The truth of the matter we believe to have been this. When Joan was asked "whether she submitted herself to the Church Militant," she did not understand the expression, which was too learned for her ignorance. She believed that they were asking her to recognise in her actual judges, that is to say her persecutors, the right of condemning her to a just death. She courageously refused to do this, and appealed to God. She said to Cauchon's face: "I will not say that I submit to your judgment, because you are my worst enemy." But when the terms employed were afterwards more clearly explained to her, when she was told that the Church Militant meant the Pope and all the bishops and priests, she emphatically declared herself willing to submit and appeal to its authority; and that, if she had previously said anything against the Christian faith, far from supporting such words, she meekly withdrew them, asking that she "might be instructed." Ten times was this assurance of submission repeated, yet every time the judges tried to misconstrue its absolute sincerity by citing something from among her earlier answers in such a manner as to throw suspicion upon her later ones. With great

skill they endeavoured to draw from her concessions which she could not make without condemning herself. They were always trying to involve her in some hateful dilemma. They induced her to say "that she submitted herself fully, but that she was unable to revoke the truth of the visions and apparitions which she had had, and which God had sent her." "But if the Church Militant called upon her to revoke them?" "She could not do so." (Examination of the 31st March.) "Do you submit yourself, yes or no, to the Pope, the cardinals, the archbishops, and the bishops?" "Yes, but *our Lord comes first*." There is certainly an accent of proud independence in this reply, but it is not such as to enable either friend or foe to say that the answer puts her beyond the pale of the Church. In the course of this same examination she said: "If unwittingly l have done or said anything which the clergy declare to be contrary to the Christian faith I do not wish to maintain it, I disown it." On the 17th March, when they asked her, "Do you submit yourself to the Pope?" she replied: "Take me to him; before him I will say everything which it is my duty to say."

Isambard de la Pierre, a Dominican, who was one of the judges (and with Martin Ladvenu subsequently ministered to Joan at the stake), stated at the rehabilitation trial that he had exhorted her to submit herself to the Pope, and that she had said she did so willingly. He then exhorted her to submit to the Council of Basle. She asked what that was. Upon being informed that it consisted of people of her own party as well as people of the English party she said, "I submit myself to it." Whereupon Cauchon in a fury shouted to Isambard: "Hold your tongue, devil take you!" and forbade him to mention the answer. The English threatened to throw Isambard into the Seine. Joan complained to Cauchon, "You have everything which is against me written down, but you refuse to write anything which is in my favor."

This stage of the case will always be more or less shrouded in mystery. Apparently the judges, while pretending to extract a submission pure and simple, were afraid of obtaining one, and possibly schemed to prevent it. At the rehabilitation trial Manchon and Boisguillaume, the two notary clerks, asserted independently of each other that Loiseleur, one of the judges, and d'Estivet, the prosecutor, used to steal into the prison with Cauchon at night, and pretending to be on Joan's side, advise her not to submit to the Church, hinting that such submission would prove

her ruin and would lead to her condemnation. Others have stated[118] that Loiseleur, disguising his person and capacity, had himself presented to her as a Frenchman belonging to Charles the VII's party, detained in the castle as a prisoner, and that, under the guise of a friend and a companion in adversity, he gave her the same treacherous advice. Guillaume Manchon went so far as to assert that Loiseleur confessed her and subsequently betrayed the secrets of her confession, using them against her. No proof of this, however, can be found in any authentic document. And, finally, one witness, Pierre Cusquel,[119] testified from his own knowledge that Loiseleur, hiding himself behind the prison door, and disguising his voice, pretended to speak to the prisoner in the name of St Catherine. We do not like to believe that Joan could have allowed herself to be deceived by any of these more or less clumsy tricks; and without entirely denying that there may be a certain amount of truth in these stories (though they do not hang together very well), we think that their importance has been greatly exaggerated. Joan's resistance was founded upon exceedingly noble and entirely personal scruples. She was quite willing to submit, but not to surrender her claim to sincerity. That was all which remained to her in this abyss of misery.

The day after Easter (the 2nd April) they began to sum up in twelve articles the immense mass of charges and accusations confusedly extracted from the case. The first work had extended over seventy paragraphs, an interminable tissue of lies and cooked up stories confuted both by Joan herself and by all the evidence. The twelve articles were drawn up more cleverly, and presented a far more formidable charge. They were comparatively moderate in tone and contained few violent recriminations. The facts, cleverly grouped together, are supposed to speak for themselves, and it is managed with considerable skill that they should do so without too noticeable a perversion of the truth.

Twenty-two judges, doctors and licentiates, took part in this work, the result of which was to pronounce Joan's "visions, voices, revelations and apparitions" to be "false and diabolical," and Joan herself scandalous, schismatic, and under suspicion of heresy for having obstinately believed in them without asking anyone's advice.

The twenty-two judges then proceeded to discuss her punishment. The majority of them condemned Joan of Arc, in the event of her not retracting, to be

[118] Evidence of Jean Massieu, priest in Rouen, and usher at the trial.

[119] A common mason, perhaps a little credulous.

handed over to the civil power; and if she did retract, to imprisonment for life as a punishment for her sins. Three of them refrained from expressing an opinion, and two wished to refer the matter, one to Paris and the other to Rome. This latter, one Raoul Sauvage, a bachelor of divinity, was the only one of her judges who had the discernment, compassion, or courage to declare the true motive for her persistency in keeping to her masculine attire.[120]

On Wednesday the 18th April, Joan, worn out by the ill treatment and chains, the threats, the weariness, the anguish of this interminable trial, lay ill and prostrate in her prison, where eight of the judges, one of whom was Cauchon, came to find her, in order to accomplish the formality of the "charitable exhortation." Before proceeding further they warned the accused that if she persisted "in her opinions" she would perish, but that if she renounced them she would be treated with leniency. They did not inform her that their "leniency" would spare nothing except the punishment of death. On that day Joan believed that her end was drawing near. She replied by thanking the judges for what they had been telling her for her good; but she added: "It seems to me that I am in great peril of death, seeing the sickness which is upon me. If such be the case, may God dispose of me as He thinks best. I look to you for confession, the Sacrament of the Eucharist, and burial in consecrated ground." These words failed to touch the judges. They pressed her to yield, urging that otherwise all that could be accorded to her would be the Sacrament of Penance. "Should my body die in prison," she answered, "I hope that you will have me buried in consecrated ground; should you not do so, I commit myself to God." "Once for all, will you or will you not submit yourself and your actions to the Church Militant?" "No matter what may be the consequences to myself I will do or say nothing which I have not already said during the trial." They quoted scripture to her, and threatened to abandon her "as a saracen." She answered: "I am a good Christian, properly baptized, and as a good Christian I will die." They then said to her: "Would you like a splendid and imposing procession ordered to restore you to better health?" "Surely," she replied, "I am most willing that the Church and all good Christians should pray for me."

This painful discussion has not always been rightly understood by historians.

[120] He condemned her on this point, adding, "*Nisi hoc faceret ad præservationem violentiæ inferendæ propter virginitatem servandam.*" ("Unless she does this for the preservation of her virginity against violent seizure." —Ed.)

It evidently arose from a misunderstanding between Joan and her judges, which it was their place, if they had all been acting in good faith, to try and dispel; but instead of that they seemed purposely to confuse her. Assuredly no theologian could have blamed Joan for having had visions. The history of the Saints is filled with instances similar to those for which she vouched. They reproached her for not allowing the Church to be the judge of the true character of the visions she professed to have seen, whereas she by no means refused to do so; indeed she could not refuse, for what right could she claim over the Church? She merely refused to deny her own faith in the divine character of her mission; that was a simple fact which she could not retract. If, for instance, I were to see two suns in the sky, I should probably consent upon the testimony of mankind to believe that my eyes were misleading me and that there was but one. At the same time I could not say that I only saw one sun, for I saw two.

Her gaolers, the English, did not leave Joan uncared for; they sent a doctor, Guillaume de la Chambre, to visit her; but their charity was not disinterested, for according to this doctor's testimony, Warwick had said to him: "Try to cure her, for the king does not wish her to die a natural death at any price; he paid dearly enough for her and does not wish her to die except by the law and at the stake."

Two weeks later, on the 2nd May, the "public admonition," which was to succeed the "charitable exhortation" made in the prison, took place in the court-room before Cauchon, supported by sixty-three judges, and in the presence of a large audience. Cauchon began with a summary of the whole proceedings, after which Jean de Chatillon, Archdeacon of Evreux, commenced the admonition. "Read your book," Joan said to him, "I will answer you. In all things I put my faith in God my Creator; I love Him with my whole heart."

The Admonition is very long, but presents no new fact or accusation. It concluded with the same assurances of indulgence in case of submission, the same threats in case of resistance. Joan answered in the following words: "I believe in the Church Militant, but as to my words and deeds, I refer them to God who commanded them." "Take care," replied the judges, "this is heresy, and if we declare you to be heretical other judges will condemn you to be burned." "Were the fire before my eyes, I would say everything which I have said to you, and I would say nothing more." Here on the margin we find written—*superba responsio*, which should not be translated "proud answer," but "arrogant answer." "If the

Pope and the General Council were here would you submit yourself to them?" "I will say no more." "Will you submit yourself to the Pope?" "Take me to him and I will answer you." "Submit to the Church under penalty of being abandoned by the Church. If the Church were to abandon you, you would be in great peril both of body and soul, and liable to incur the torments of everlasting fire for your soul and of temporal fire for your body." "You will not do the things you threaten me with, without bringing upon yourselves evil to both body and soul."

On the 9th May, in the presence of the executioners, they threatened her with torture. "Verily," she said, "if you were to order that all my limbs should be pulled apart and my soul driven from my body, I would not tell you anything more. Or if I did tell you anything, I should always say afterwards that you had compelled me to do so." The judges then held a consultation (on the 12th May) upon the application of torture; but only three of them (Albert Morel, Thomas de Courcelles, and Nicolas Loiseleur, who seems to have been more violently disposed against the prisoner than any of them) voted in favor of it. The rest to the number of fourteen voted against it, declaring torture to be useless. One of these, Raoul Rousset, expressed this curious opinion: "The trial has been well conducted; torture would spoil it."

Cauchon, however, was anxious that this "well conducted" trial should be entirely "irreproachable."[121] He sent all the documents to the Paris University soliciting its support. In doing so he ran no risk of meeting with any over scrupulous fault-finders, for the Paris University was completely under English influence, and the enemies of King Henry were their enemies as well. They praised everything in the manner in which the affair had been conducted, even to the "elegance" of the report made of it by Jean Beaupère in the name of the judges of Rouen. Two separate resolutions, one of the faculty of divinity, the other of the faculty of law, resulted in a formal condemnation of the accused, with even worse insults

[121] By the light of careful scrutiny it is very far from being so. We do not mean from the point of view of justice but merely of legality. Cauchon sent the twelve articles to the doctors of Paris without having submitted them to the accused. Nor did he insert all the corrections and restrictions requested by the judges. At the trial for rehabilitation a mass of irregular proceedings at the former trial were brought to light, but that is perhaps the most flagrant of them, for it enabled the champions of the University (with some exaggeration, we think) to maintain that that great body had been shamefully deceived by Cauchon. It should at least be admitted that the University, by its tacit but obvious complicity, allowed itself to be deceived very easily.

than those with which the Rouen judges had loaded her. Moreover this judgment of the Paris University, pronounced in the absence of the accused and without examination or inquiry, based entirely upon documents brought from Rouen which were all hostile to Joan, and treacherously drawn up and put together so as to do her injury, is without any value. The gravest accusation one can bring against the doctors who pronounced it, is that they should have accepted such a role under such unfair conditions.[122]

As soon as the approval of Paris was received at Rouen they proceeded to hold the final deliberation. Forty-two doctors declared that if the Maid did not submit she should be pronounced heretical and abandoned to the civil power. Five only, without daring to speak of acquittal, tried to save her by asking that a more exhaustive inquiry should be made.

On Wednesday, the 23rd May, Joan received in her prison the commission of nine judges appointed to give her the following exposition of her errors: She maintains that her revelations are from God; the learned men declare them to be untrue or diabolical. The account she gave of her arrival in Chinon, and of the angel who accompanied her to the King is untrue. She pretends to recognise and distinguish the angels and the saints; that is presumptuous. To foretell the future; that is superstitious and boastful. To have received from God a command to wear men's clothes; that is blasphemy. She has written threatening letters; that is bloodthirsty passion. She left Domremy without a word of warning to her father

[122]In 1429 the Paris University was entirely devoted to the Anglo-Burgundian party. It had consented to the Treaty of Troyes and had remained faithful to it. The dissentient members had been obliged to seek flight in 1418; a few of them were with Charles VII, some, like Gerson, in retreat. In other respects the temper of the University with regard to the Council of Basle had nothing to do with the condemnation of Joan of Arc. The French clergy of Henry the VI's party and the French clergy of Charles VII's party professed the same doctrines upon the powers of the Pope and of the Council. It should also be remembered that the Council of Basle was only formed in July 1431, two months after the burning of Joan; that it did not open its session until 14th December, and that it did not become schismatical until after the assembly had been removed from Basle to Ferrara. By that time the University had been completely reconciled to Charles VII. In 1431, and in succeeding years, the Popes (Martin V and Eugene IV) frequently extolled the perfect orthodoxy of the Paris University. Eugene IV, when transferring Cauchon to Lisieux (29th Jan. 1432), loudly testified to his orthodoxy. Upon all these matters, refer to *Mémoires de la Société d'histoire de Paris* (le P. Denifle et Catelain), vol. xxiv, 1897, *Jeanne d'Arc et l'Université de Paris*.

and mother; that is disrespect and contempt for her parents. She leapt from the tower at Beaurevoir; that is despair and suicide. She believes that Paradise is assured to her; that is rash presumption. She declares what God loves and what God hates; that is the same sin. She believes in her voices; that is idolatry. She does not submit herself to the Church but only to God; that is schismatic. All her crimes having been read out, Pierre Maurice exhorted her for the last time before the decree was made public. The tone of this exhortation seems gentler than that of those which preceded it, and I believe that several of her judges sincerely wished her to yield and thus escape from death, for they did not all share the violent hatred of the English and their creatures. But, such is the blindness of a prejudiced mind, her judges found her stubborn and arrogant because she refused to accede to them.

Neither threats nor persuasion had power to influence this intrepid soul, and she made this answer: "As to my speech and actions, which I declared at the trial, I refer to them and desire to uphold them... Were I to see the fire blazing, the stake and the executioner; were I in the flames myself, I would not speak differently, I would hold to what I have said during the trial until death."

The Abjuration—The Stake

The trial was over; and there only now remained the final catastrophe, which was still uncertain, since there was yet time for the condemned woman to avert it. On the Thursday after Whit-Sunday, the 24th May 1431, Joan was taken out of her prison, brought to the cemetery of Saint Ouen, and placed upon a high platform at a sort of desk (*ambone*). In the presence of the Bishop of Winchester, a cardinal and great uncle of Henry VI, of three bishops, eight abbots, two priors, nine doctors of divinity, two doctors of canon law, nine licentiates, seven bachelors, and an immense crowd of the laity (*copiosa multitudo*), Guillaume Erard preached a sermon upon the text, "As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself, except it abide in the vine." In the middle of his sermon, he ventured to exclaim: "Ah! noble house of France, which hast ever been a defender of the faith, hast thou been so misguided as to hold with a heretic and a schismatic![123] The pity of it is great." Whereupon Joan pluckily broke in, "By my faith, sir, saving your reverence, I make bold to say to you and to swear to you, under penalty of my life, that King Charles is the most noble Christian of all Christians, and the one who best loves the faith and the Church." This touching tribute, rendered by a martyr to the king who had forsaken her, infuriated Cauchon. "Make her hold her tongue,"[124] he shouted to the guards.

When the sermon was finished, a final "exhortation" to "submit herself to the Church" was addressed to the prisoner. "As to the submission to the Church," she replied, "it is a point upon which I have spoken. *Let everything which I have said be sent to Rome and laid before the Sovereign Pontiff* to whom and to God first of all I appeal. But in regard to what I have said and done, it has all been by God's command." "Are you ready to condemn all the words and actions which the clergy condemn?" "I appeal to God and to our Holy Father the Pope." "That is not sufficient, we cannot go all that distance to find the Pope.[125] The bishops are

[123] According to Jean Massieu he had even said, "Joan, by believing in you, your king has become heretical and schismatic." The English would have liked well that this should be believed.

[124] According to some it was the preacher himself who silenced her.

[125] It does indeed seem to us today that it must have been a very long journey to Rome in the fifteenth century; but it cannot really have been so, for the road was well worn. Père Denifle justly observes that Rome cannot have been so far away, when every day messengers were sent there to

judges in matters of faith, each in his own diocese." They then began to read the "triple admonition," the last thing before that final sentence by which she would be abandoned to the secular party, that is to say, to the executioner.

As the last act of the drama approached the excitement increased, and the crowd became unmanageable. People shouted and threw stones. Judges and populace entreated or railed at the accused. "Sign immediately or be burnt immediately!"[126] urged Érard the preacher, in threatening tones.

And then, facing the stake which was ready to blaze up, and the crowd of foes and friends who, angrily or in pity, were urging her to recant; worn out, paralysed almost by the long imprisonment, by the chains, the insults, the threats, the brutality, by sickness, by the mental torture of thirty cross-examinations, by the exhausting fatigue of a trial which had lasted for a hundred and fourteen days, this girl of nineteen became frightened. May the shame of it be visited upon her judges and executioners!

She said: "I wish to maintain everything which the Church shall command. I refer myself to our Holy Mother the Church and to the judges." They handed her a form of abjuration which had been prepared beforehand. The form of abjuration which appears in the report of the trial is very long, and disavows Joan's entire mission in terms most insulting to her; the text which they read to her, and which they made her repeat word for word, was, on the contrary, very short. (All the witnesses confirm this, and say that the document contained from six to eight lines.)[127] Joan, however, who could not read, was unable, especially at such a moment, to make sure of the exact text which they made her sign by affixing a cross and a circle.

The abjuration, as it was transcribed into the official report of the trial, retracted and denied everything which she had said upon the score of her mission. The pertinacity of her judges triumphed at last over the firmness she had shown so long. The final sentence was immediately read to her, for a form of absolution and one of condemnation had been prepared beforehand to be ready for any emergency.[128]

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solicit favors. (*Jeanne d'Arc et l'Université de Paris* in the *Revue de l'histoire de Paris*, vol. xxiv, 1897).

[126] Evidence of Jean Massieu, usher at the trial, and of Guillaume de la Chambre.

[127] Evidence of Jean Massieu, usher at the trial, who states explicitly, "that the form put in at the trial was not the one which he had himself read to Joan, and which she had signed."

[128] Evidence of Guillaume Manchon, reporter at the trial. He says that Joan smiled while signing

Joan was absolved, and her excommunication was annulled; but as a punishment for her sins she was condemned to imprisonment for life "on the bread of adversity and the water of affliction," so that she might weep over those things which she had done, and might "no longer do things for which she would be obliged to weep" (*ut commissa defleas et deflenda postea non commmittas*).

During the afternoon Joan was visited in her prison by the Inquisitor and several of the judges. They ordered her to resume her woman's clothes; to which she replied that in that and in all things she would obey the Church. On the very same day she laid aside the man's dress she had been wearing for twenty-seven months. Her hair was cut round the level of her neck, which was the usual style among men of the period. She submitted to have her head shaved, and no doubt she donned a coif like those worn by nuns.

The question arises, had Cauchon foreseen or desired such a result? The evidence seems conflicting; but if we examine it carefully, we shall see that it is really consistent. A learned doctor who was present at the abjuration, an Englishman, said sharply to Cauchon: "An abjuration like that is valueless, and should not be accepted." Cauchon, losing his temper, replied: "You lie![129] I am judge in matters of faith; I must seek the salvation of the sinner, not her death!"

One witness,[130] however, tells us that after the abjuration the infuriated English shouted to the judges: "You have not earned your money"; and that one of these answered: "Never fear, we shall get her back." (*Rehabebimus*.)

Could this judge have been Cauchon himself? It seems scarcely probable, though, according to very trustworthy evidence,[131] Cauchon three days later, when he had satisfied himself that Joan had resumed her men's clothes, was seen in the midst of the English evincing every sign of triumphant satisfaction, and was heard to cry to Warwick and others: "We have her!" (or, "be of good cheer"). "It is done."[132]

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the deed of abjuration. If this fact be true, it should be explained by her intense weariness and the exhausted state of her nervous system rather than by imputing to her a wish to mock her judges and deny her retraction. It may have been this smile, however, which caused some Englishmen to exclaim,"The abjuration is not serious." See below, p. 235.

[129] Evidence of Gillaume du Desert, canon, at the rehabilitation trial.

[130] Evidence of Jean Favé.

[131] Evidence of Isambard de la Pierre.

[132] Evidence of Jean Toutmouillé, a preaching friar.

These diverse testimonies can easily be reconciled. Cauchon was not sorry that Joan should be absolved after she had retracted, provided that she was soon retaken and condemned. In this way he was able to reconcile, with an appearance of impartiality, the satisfaction he felt at having in the end forced Joan to disown her mission, the pleasure he took in a personal revenge, and the reward which he hoped to receive from the English for his services. It is certain that the English were determined upon the prisoner's death. Several witnesses asserted at the rehabilitation trial that the English soldiers even refused to resume the campaign and besiege Louviers so long as the Maid was alive.

And yet the life which was left to her was worse than death. She was kept in prison, in chains, and at the mercy of coarse and cruel men who regretfully renounced the pleasure of seeing her burned, and did not hesitate to tell her so. She may possibly have overheard the judges bidding her gaolers to be patient a little longer. At any rate the words were justified by the event. On Sunday afternoon a rumor spread abroad, that in spite of the command she had received, and of the promise she had made, Joan had once more returned to her masculine attire. She had "relapsed," and nothing now could save her.

The same day some of the judges hastened to the castle. The English stopped them in the courtyard, and covered them with insults. "You Churchmen, you are all Armagnac traitors and false counsellors." They had great difficulty in escaping, and when they returned on the following day they were escorted by Cauchon, and under the protection of the Earl of Warwick's men-at-arms. When they reached the prison they found Joan dressed as a man.

What had occurred? Although the evidence seems contradictory we think it can be reconciled. That a trap was set for Joan's undoing is perfectly true; but we believe that she fell into it of her own accord and preferred to die rather than to persist in her apostasy.

The story told at the rehabilitation trial by that honest man, Jean Massieu, a priest who had done duty as usher during the previous trial, and had ever been lenient in his treatment of Joan, is well known. He stated that the man's costume (laid aside by her on the preceding Thursday) had been put into a bag and kept in the room where she was imprisoned. She was guarded by five Englishmen, three of whom spent the night in the room and two just outside, by the door. In the bed in which she lay "her legs were fettered by two pairs of iron chains, and she

was very tightly bound by a chain which passed through the legs of the bed, and was attached to a huge block of wood five or six feet in length and fastened with a padlock; she could not therefore move from her place." On Sunday morning (Trinity Sunday, 27th May), wishing to get up, as she told the witness himself (Jean Massieu), she said to these Englishmen, her guards, "Loose my chains, and I will get up." Then one of the Englishmen took away the woman's dress she had on her (that is to say, lying upon the bed), and the others emptied the bag in which was the suit of men's clothes, threw the said clothes upon her, saying, "Get up," and concealed the woman's dress in the bag. She refused, saying: "It is forbidden me, I will not take it." The struggle lasted for several hours, until the middle of the day. At length yielding to necessity, and still protesting, she put on the suit of men's clothes.

The whole of this tale is substantially true, and if for three days they kept in her room the suit of clothes which under penalty of death she was never to wear again, it is most probable that it was with the intention of setting a trap for her. But I am inclined to think that she allowed herself to fall into the trap partly of her own free will. Against this testimony we have to set that of Martin Ladvenu, her last Confessor, that of Isambard de la Pierre, who, with Martin Ladvenu, ministered to her at the stake, and that of Jean Toutmouillé, a preaching friar who visited her in her prison. These all declared upon Joan's own authority that she had been obliged to defend herself against the insults of one of her guards, or perhaps even of a far greater personage, and that it was for this reason she put on the man's clothing, which with treacherous intent had been left within her reach. Jean Toutmouillé saw her in her prison, "weeping, her face bathed in tears, so disfigured and abused that she inspired him with pity and compassion."

We now come to the official version put forth by the judges.[133] On Monday, 28th May, eight of the judges repaired to the prison where they found Joan attired in men's clothes. She declared to them that she had put them on of her own accord without any pressure having been brought to bear. She denied that she had sworn never to put them on again. It was more seemly that she should wear men's clothes since she was made to live among men; they had not kept the promises they had

[133]Official in the sense that it was drawn up under the auspices of the judges and annexed to the report of the trial, though not till after the event. It does not form a part of the documents of the case, and it does not pledge the professional responsibility of the notaries.

made to her, that she should attend Mass, receive the Body of our Lord, and be released from her chains. Let them take her to Mass and permit her to have a woman with her, let them give her "a pleasant prison" (without chains), and she would be good and do whatever the Church required. The judges asked her, "Had she heard her voices again?" "Yes." "What had they said to her?" "God had sent her word through St Catherine and St Margaret how great a pity it was that she had consented to the treachery of abjuring in order to save her life, and that in this way she was damning herself![134] If she said that God had not really sent her she would be damned. For God had truly sent her. Whatever she had said and revoked on the preceding Thursday had been said or revoked from fear of the fire." "Then she believed that the voices were those of St Catherine and of St Margaret?" She replied, "Yes, I believe it, and the voices come from God. I would much prefer to undergo my punishment once for all (that is, to die) than stay any longer in prison."

Contrary to the opinion of many historians, we think that this official account is truthful; and we believe that we can recognise in it the language and the feelings of Joan of Arc. After an hour of weakness she recovered herself, and then of her own accord recalled a retraction which had been forced from her by surprise and violence. She accepted death, but in dying she would still be able to say, "My voices came from God."

On the following day, Tuesday, 29th May, the Court re-assembled in the chapel of the archbishop's palace. There were present thirty-seven judges, and Cauchon set the facts before them. Joan was unanimously condemned. She was declared to have relapsed into heresy, and it was ordered that she should be given over to the secular power. Even Isambard de la Pierre and Martin Ladvenu, who on the morrow were to soothe her last hours with pious counsel and human sympathy, did not consider that they could withhold their votes from those who were condemning her. There are evil moments in which the most humane become merely the least savage. And so, on this last day, some did not even wish that the

[134] In the margin of the three authentic copies we read these words which must apparently have been reproduced from the no longer extant original: *Responsio mortifera* (a fatal reply). And indeed we do not doubt that, when she made this declaration and repeated it, Joan knew quite well that she was sealing her doom, and wished to do so, "in order that by destroying her body she might save her soul."

form of abjuration should be re-read to her; others, and they were in the majority, insisted that it should be read to her, but only "for the good of her soul," since, being a backslider, she was no longer capable of abjuring: her body was irrevocably doomed. Several of the judges (but these were in a minority) did not wish that the civil power should be requested to show tenderness towards her; others wished to affix to the sentence this formula, which, however, was absolutely idle, for the civil power never paid the slightest attention to it.

At dawn on Wednesday morning, 30th May, Pierre Cauchon and the Inquisitor summoned Joan to appear in the Square of the Old Market at eight o'clock in the morning, there to be declared a backslider, an excommunicate, and a schismatic. Jean Toutmouillé, a preaching friar, and Martin Ladvenu were the first to reach the prison, and it was Jean Toutmouillé who was entrusted with, or who took upon himself, the duty of announcing to Joan that she was about to die. "She began to moan sorrowfully and pitifully, and writhe and tear her hair.[135] 'Alas! do they treat me so horribly and cruelly that my body which is quite pure and never was corrupted must to-day be consumed and reduced to ashes. Oh! I would rather be decapitated seven times than burned like this. Alas! if I had been in the ecclesiastical prison, to which I submitted myself, and if I had been guarded by the clergy, and not by my enemies and adversaries, such terrible misfortune would not have befallen me. Oh! I appeal to God, the great Judge, against the great wrongs which they do to me.' She then complained grievously of the persecution and harsh treatment she had undergone in prison, from her gaolers and others who had been brought to her. After these complaints the aforesaid bishop (Cauchon) came in, to whom she at once said, 'Bishop, my death is at your door!' He began to remonstrate with her, saying: 'Ah, Joan, be patient. You die because you did not hold to what you promised us, and because you returned to your original witchcraft.' And the poor Maid made answer, 'Alas! if you had placed me in the prison of the Church Court, and put me into the hands of legal and proper ecclesiastical guardians, this would never have occurred. That is why I appeal from you to God.'"

As it happened, all those who were present during the last hour she spent in prison were her enemies; at any rate they were the judges who had condemned her, and may therefore be justly suspected of having been interested in ascribing

[135] Evidence of Jean Toutmouillé.

weakness to her. What then are we to think when they unanimously declared that on that last morning she said to them, "My voices deceived me." An avowal like this is such a contrast to the firmness which is recognised in her by all those who witnessed her martyrdom and admired the heroism she displayed at the stake, that the witnesses of the scene in the prison have frequently been accused of lying. Probably they were only guilty of exaggerating the import of a concession which she made to them. Perhaps the account of Jean Toutmouillé, the preaching friar, may give us some clue to the truth. According to him, Cauchon had said to Joan, "Come now, Joan, you have always told us that your voices assured you that you would be saved, and now you see how they have deceived you; come, tell us the truth!" And Joan had replied, "Yes, indeed, I see full well that they have deceived me." What can have been the real meaning of these words, supposing them to be authentic? She could not have meant to say that the voices did not come from God, for shortly afterwards she died declaring that "they came from God." What she meant was this—"I did not understand them, I thought that they promised that I should be saved, and I see that I am about to die." "But were these voices good or evil?" insisted Cauchon. "I appeal to my mother the Church" (or, according to another version, "to you who are Churchmen").[136] Certainly this was no disavowal of her mission; but she was weary of wrangling, and now that the end had drawn so near, she wished her thoughts to dwell on God alone and allowed men to believe whatever they pleased about her.[137]

She fervently desired to partake of the Body of her Lord before going to her death; and in order that her judges might grant her this favor, which on principle was refused to unrepentant backsliders, it was necessary to conciliate them by words, which they might, in strictness, interpret as a final concession. With Cauchon's permission, Martin Ladvenu confessed her and afterwards administered to

[136] Evidence given by Nicolas de Venderes, Martin Ladvenu, Pierre Maurice, Jean Toutmouillé, Jacques Lecamus, Thomas de Courcelles and Nicolas Loiseleur. She acknowledged that the angel who had brought the crown to Chinon "was none other than herself," and confessed that there had been no crown except the promise of the coronation.

[137] This, we believe, is the conclusion to be drawn from the trustworthy evidence. We do not include that of Nicolas Loiseleur, that perfidious and bitter enemy who (alone among all the witnesses) had the audacity to state that Joan showed profound contrition for all the wrongs she had wickedly done the English and Burgundians. More bare-faced lying it would be impossible to imagine.

her the Holy Communion. "The Body of our Lord[138] was irreverently brought to her without candles or lights of any kind, and without a procession; and the priest who carried it had on neither surplice nor stole." Brother Martin was incensed at this, and sent back for candles, a surplice, and a stole. The condemned woman "received the Communion most devoutly, shedding copious tears." It was then, no doubt, that she said to Pierre Maurice, "Master Pierre, where shall I be to-night?" "Have you not firm trust in God?" "Yes, yes, and by God's grace I shall be in Paradise."

Towards eight o'clock in the morning the melancholy procession set forth from the prison and the castle. Joan of Arc had been dressed in a long white robe falling to her feet, and upon her head was set a sort of mitre bearing this inscription, "Heretic, backslider, apostate, idolatress." A hundred and twenty men,[139] some armed with swords, some with clubs, formed an escort for the condemned woman. An immense crowd had already gathered in the Square of the Old Market. Joan was first exposed to view as on the preceding Thursday, upon a raised platform so that everyone might see her. A board fastened to the scaffold bore this inscription: "Joan who called herself the Maid, liar, worker of mischief, deceiver of the people, soothsayer, believer in superstitions, blasphemer of God, presumptuous disbeliever in the faith of Jesus Christ, boaster, idolatress, cruel, dissolute, invoker of evil spirits, apostate, schismatic, heretic." Nicolas Midi preached a sermon on the text (1st Corinthians, chap. xii.)—"And whether one member suffer, all the members suffer with it." Joan was this diseased member that must be severed from the body. She was then bidden to consider the salvation of her soul, and to listen devoutly to the preaching friars who were ministering to her. They dwelt upon her crimes, her abjuration and her vain-glorious retraction, and finally declared her to be a heretic and a backslider, cut her off from the Church and abandoned her to the secular authorities[140] "with the request that they would

[138] Evidence of Jean Massieu who was present.

[139] According to other authorities, who probably exaggerated, there were seven or eight hundred. Pierre Boucher says that there were ten thousand spectators at her death, but that number seems excessive, the Square was not large enough.

[140] These are the last lines of the sentence of excommunication: "That after such an abjuration of your errors you have fallen once more (Oh! the pity of it!) into the same aforesaid crimes, like the dog that returns to his vomit, is sufficiently and manifestly apparent from your confessions and spontaneous declarations. We consequently declare you to be a heretic and a backslider, and left,

deal mercifully with her and moderate her sentence, not going to the length of death or mutilation of her members, and requesting that, if she showed any true signs of repentance, the Sacrament of Penance should be administered to her."

Vain forms! They granted "the Sacrament of Penance" on condition that she showed unequivocal signs of remorse, to one who less than an hour before in the prison had received not only absolution, but the Sacrament of Communion. At the same time they prayed the secular power to spare the body of the culprit, although it was understood beforehand that the civil judge would pay no attention to the request.

The official report of the trial ends with the formula of excommunication, after which there is only the certificate of authenticity signed by the three clerks. The rest did not concern the Church, and no official record of it has survived.

When the formula of excommunication had been pronounced, the ecclesiastical judges withdrew, their duties being over. Then a most atrocious, monstrous and absolutely illegal thing took place. The bailiff, a secular judge called Jean le Bouteiller, was present, surrounded by his assistant judges, and it was his place to decide upon the fate of the girl whom the Church had abandoned. This tool of the King of England was in such a hurry to get the matter over that he forgot that he ought to make some pretence of judging or at least condemning Joan before burning her, but merely said to the executioner: "Proceed with your duties." And Joan of Arc was burned without any death sentence having been passed upon her.[141]

Two sergeants conducted Joan to the stake which had already been erected, and had been raised to an exceptional height so that she might be seen from a distance, or in order to prolong her sufferings; for the higher the pile the longer it took the flames to reach and suffocate the victim. Let us, however, leave the task of describing this wonderful death to those who witnessed it. They were all of them more or less inimical to Joan; for this very reason their testimony seems the more eloquent.

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like a rotten member, you should equally infect all the other members, we pronounce that you be cast out from the unity of the Church and abandoned to the secular power; praying the said secular power to moderate its judgment towards you, stopping short of death or the mutilation of your body, and to allow the Sacrament of Penance to be administered to you if you should show true signs of penitence."

[141] Evidence of Isambard de la Pierre.

"At the last," says Isambard de la Pierre, "Joan was overcome with such great remorse and repentance that it was something wonderful to see, and gave utterance to such devout, pathetic, and Catholic words, that all the great multitude who beheld her wept bitterly. So much so that the English cardinal and many other English were constrained to weep and feel compassion for her." And so all the spectators wept, and the tears of most of them were sincere. For human nature is so constructed that it can feel moved to pity by sufferings for which it is itself responsible, and so finds a sweetness in its tears which drives away remorse.[142] "And the unhappy woman humbly begged and entreated Brother Isambard, as he stood near her at the end, to go to the church close by and bring her the cross, so that he might hold it straight before her eyes until death came. An Englishman made a little wooden cross out of two sticks, and gave it to her. She took it, pressed her lips devoutly upon it, and put it in her bosom underneath her dress and against her body. Then the Clerk of St Saviour brought her the cross from the church, which, when it was brought to her, she embraced long and closely, and kept until she was bound to the stake."[143]

The English, meanwhile, were becoming impatient at the delay, although, according to the statement of Jean Massieu, not more than half an hour elapsed between the abandonment of the condemned to the civil power and her death. The English commanders shouted to the Confessor: "Come, priest, would you have us dine here?" They appeased them by lighting the fire. Joan kept up a continuous murmur of "Jesus, Jesus," protesting that she was neither heretical nor schismatical. Seeing that Isambard de la Pierre and Martin Ladvenu[144] remained by her side as the flames began to ascend, she became alarmed for their safety, and implored them to go down, only entreating them to hold the cross before her eyes. "Until the last she declared that her voices came from God, and had not deceived her; that her revelations came to her from God: and that everything she had done she had done by the command of God."[145]

And so, whatever may have been the text and purport of the words dragged

[142] Guillaume Manchon, clerk at the trial, testifies to these tears; he himself could not stop crying for a month. With part of the money he had made out of the trial he bought a little missal which he still had (1455), so that he might pray for her."

[143] *Estache*, i.e. *poteau* (stake). Evidence of Jean Massieu.

[144] Evidence of Isambard de la Pierre and Martin Ladvenu.

[145] See the explicit evidence of Manchon on this very important point.

from her that morning in the prison (words which were the cost paid by her for the joy of receiving the Body of her Lord), it is clear from positive evidence that at the last hour, transported by the efficacy of the holy Sacrament and by the approach of her martyrdom, wherein faith taught her to see her triumph, at this last hour she became herself again; she saw the heavens open, and she vindicated her voices: "No, my voices did not deceive me." At the first gleam of the burning faggots the martyr understood. The salvation promised to her by the voices was the Paradise which was opening to her ravished gaze. The ignoble death was the consecration of her mission. Following in the footsteps of her Divine Saviour she triumphed in death.

"In the midst of the flames she never once ceased confessing in a loud voice the holy name of Jesus, continually imploring and invoking the help of the Saints in Paradise; and, finally, as she breathed her last, and bowed her head, she uttered the name of Jesus in so loud a tone that this last cry was heard at the further end of the Square."[146]

As soon as she had expired, the English caused the fire to be scattered so as to disperse the smoke and allow everyone to see that she was actually dead and had not been permitted to escape. "Immediately after the execution, the executioner came to the two monks who had ministered to her, overcome by a marvellous repentance and terrible remorse, fearing in his despair that he would never be able to obtain pardon and mercy from God for what he had done to this holy woman. Four hours after nones he still maintained that he had never dreaded any execution so much; firstly, because of the great renown and fame of this woman, and secondly, because of the cruel way of binding and exposing her. For the English had had so lofty a scaffold constructed that he could not easily reach her or dispatch her, on which account he grieved sorely and was full of pity for the cruel manner in which they had made her die."[147] In like manner Jean Tressart, secretary to the King of England, displayed great sorrow and deep emotion on returning from the execution. "We are lost," he groaned, "we have burned a saint."[148] One of the English soldiers had taken an oath to add a faggot to the pile. He carried out

[146] Evidence of Isambard de la Pierre, Jean Massieu, Leparmentier, and Jean Riquier.

[147] Evidence of Martin Ladvenu.

[148] *Bonam sanctam personam* (Evidence of Pierre Cusquel). "I would that my soul were where I believe the soul of that woman to be," said the canon Jean Alépée (Evidence of Jean Riquier).

his intention, but, on hearing Joan of Arc cry "Jesus," he became dumbfounded, fainted away, and was carried to a tavern close to the Old Market to be revived. Another declared that when Joan expired he had seen a dove fly away from the stake.[149] And so it came to pass that the hard hearts of some of her enemies were moved to a little pity at the sight of her martyrdom! The crime was, nevertheless, carried out to the bitter end. Joan's ashes, with her heart and entrails (which, according to the statement of the executioner, had not been consumed), were thrown into the Seine along with the remains of the stake.

We must not, indeed, as has frequently been done, exaggerate the repentance of her enemies. For having presumed to say that she had not been properly judged, a Dominican friar was obliged to retract his words, humbly beg for mercy, and consider himself lucky to get off with a year's imprisonment on a diet of bread and water.

In the course of the month of June, King Henry VI officially notified the condemnation and death of Joan of Arc to the Emperor, to the Christian kings, dukes, and princes throughout Europe, to the prelates, dukes, counts and other nobles of France, and to every city in France. The University of Paris announced the same event to the Pope and the cardinals, being careful to assure the Holy Father (which was a lie) that Joan had refused to submit to any established authority, even to the highest such as the Council, and had declared that she recognised no other judge but God. The letter to the Pope concluded in the following manner:

"By the issue of these events a striking lesson has been given to everybody. Everybody most clearly realised how dangerous and terrible a mistake it would be thoughtlessly to put too much faith in these new-fangled conceits, which not only the said woman, but also many other women in this most Christian kingdom, have lately been spreading abroad. And by this notable example all the faithful followers of the Catholic religion should be warned not to think too highly of their own opinions, but that they should cling to the doctrines of the Church and the teachings of their prelates, rather than to the fables of superstitious women. For if, through our failings, the day shall ever come when the people in their levity shall listen to soothsayers falsely prophesying in God's name, instead of to the priests and doctors of the Church to whom Christ said, 'Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations,' then will religion forthwith perish, faith will decay, the Church

[149] Evidence of Isambard de la Pierre.

will be trampled under foot, and the iniquity of Satan will reign over the whole world."

There is no doubt a certain amount of affectation, not to say hypocrisy, in this epistle, and yet it shows us that the fears and scruples which were only simulated by some of the judges, were not simulated by all. Let us deal frankly with this delicate point.

That the trial of Joan of Arc was not honest, has been clearly enough proved by the evidence in the trial for rehabilitation. The weight of power against her was scandalous. The English wished at all costs to compass the death of the Maid, and the Chief of the Court was her personal enemy. Yet it was not solely to obey the English and gratify Cauchon that so many doctors condemned Joan of Arc. They were not all of them merely bribed; several honestly believed that the firmness of the accused was an obstacle to the Church's authority. Cauchon very cleverly convinced the credulous by this argument, just as he employed other means to win over the more astute. Every kind of means was used to destroy the victim: money, threats, promises, corruption, and even conscientious scruples. The judges were not all equally infamous; several of them were merely blinded by prejudice. This, perhaps, does not go far towards redeeming the dignity of human nature, but it is only right that we should admit the slightly extenuating circumstances.

The Rehabilitation

Who can say how many years it takes for prejudiced eyes, blinded by pride, hatred, self-interest, or merely by ignorance, to become once more open to the light of truth? One would have thought that on the very day after Joan's death the emotion caused by the martyrdom of this girl of nineteen would have been sufficient to arouse on her behalf a universal feeling of pity and admiration. Yet nothing of the sort occurred! For a long time she remained, for the whole of Europe, a subject of scandal and of angry disputes, and, as a German theologian, Jean Nider, remarks, all the learned men were divided in their opinions about her.[150] This, alas, is not the first or the only occasion on which the truth has been revealed to the many simple folk and hidden from the wise.

Among all the diverse opinions expressed upon Joan of Arc by her contemporaries, the most interesting is undoubtedly that of the future Pope Pius II (Æneas Silvius Piccolomini) inserted in his *Mémoires*, which, though nominally by a secretary, were really composed by himself and were completed in 1463. The opinion is expressed at great length,[151] and I quote only the more remarkable passages, translating as accurately as possible the elegant Latin of Pius II.

"So long as she was alive, even as a prisoner, the English, who had been so often defeated by her, did not feel safe. They dreaded her spells and desired her death. As soon as the judges had ascertained that she had once more put on men's clothing they condemned her to be burned as one who had relapsed, and, in order that her ashes might not be honored, they caused them to be thrown into the Seine.

"Thus died Joan of Arc, an admirable and wonderful virgin, after having saved the kingdom of France, which was prostrate and on the point of being broken in

[150] He himself is inclined to believe, on the authority of the Paris theologians, that she was a witch inspired by the devil; and therefore, since she refused to confess and show detestation of her error, he thought her death was just. Antonin de Forciglioni, Archbishop of Florence, thought quite otherwise. He believed that she had been guided by the spirit of God, for he saw nothing evil in her actions and nothing suspicious in her doctrine.

[151] Pius II attaches great importance, as we have done, to the check before Paris. "The Maid's influence waned. From that moment her name was no longer so great an object of fear to the English, or of veneration to the French."

pieces, and after having brought many disasters upon the English. She became a captain and lived among soldiers, but she kept her chastity; no evil rumour was ever heard against her.

"Whether the work that she did was divine or merely human I dare not decide. Some believe that when the French princes were at variance with one another and unwilling to submit themselves to one leader, some one, wiser than the rest, invented this stratagem to arrest the continued success of the English. It was thought that a virgin with a divine mission would improve discipline, for what man refuses to obey God? And that is how the conduct of the war came to be entrusted to the Maid.[152]

"However that may be, taking into account only what is certain and remarkable, under the Maid's guidance the siege of Orleans was raised; by her army the whole country between Bourges and Paris was compelled to submit to the king; by her advice Rheims was placed in the power of Charles VII, and the coronation was celebrated; through her daring one of the gates of Paris was burned; by her skill and energy (*industria*) the affairs of the King of France were re-established on a firm basis. All these achievements are worthy of everlasting renown, but posterity will regard them rather with wonder than with faith."

Pius II, in these passages, defends Joan of Arc's memory as it should have been defended. He says: "Look at the facts. The facts speak for themselves." The same course was followed by Martin le Franc, a French poet, contemporary with Joan, who, in his poem entitled the *Champion des Dames*, was the first to venture upon a vindication of the Maid. He wrote before 1440, and his work is dedicated to the Duke of Burgundy. He is specially praiseworthy for having had the courage, fifteen years before the rehabilitation trial, to celebrate Joan's exploits, to admire her virtues, and to proclaim boldly that God had been with her. The verses are indifferent, but the sentiment which inspired them is remarkable, and we pardon so loyal a Frenchman for his failings as a poet:

> Mais qui, en livre ou en comment,
> Voudra ses miracles retraire,
> On dira qu'il ne se pût faire

[152] This theory (which Pope Pius II himself rejects) is untenable. The "official" folk never ceased to oppose Joan of Arc's mission. They received her without believing in her and after much hesitation. They followed her reluctantly and abandoned her without regret.

Que Jeanne n'eût divin esprit;
Qui à telles choses parfaire
Ainsi l'enflamma et l'éprit.[153]

"The dames' adversary" (who opposes their "champion") insultingly replies that Joan's whole story is a "made-up trick"; that more clever folk than she had prepared the plot, and that chance did the rest. But the "champion of dames" is indignant that such evident miracles should be denied or attributed to chance.

Disent d'elle ce que voudront;
Ils peuvent parler on se taire.
Mais ses louanges ne faudront
Pour mensonge qu'ils sachent faire.
Que t'en faut-il outre retraire?
Par sa vertu, par sa vaillance,
En dépit de tout adversaire
Couronné fut le roi de France.[154]

"And Joan was burned at Rouen," retorted the opponent contemptuously. "Yes," replied the "champion," "but have not many saints been martyrs, and did not Jesus himself die upon the cross?"[155]

Nineteen years after Joan of Arc's death the proceedings for her rehabilitation were begun, the king's first warrant for the trial being dated on the 14th February 1450.

[153] Whoever in book or story would tell of her miracles must allow that Joan had a divine spirit which urged and inspired her to do such deeds.

[154] Let them say what they will of her; they may speak or hold their tongues. But her praises will not cease for all the lies they know how to tell. What need is there to say more? By her courage and bravery the King of France was crowned in spite of all his enemies.

[155] It seems difficult to believe that another poet, a Frenchman, Martial d'Auvergne, after having given, in his *Vigiles de Charles VII*, an otherwise favorable account of Joan's story, should have ended with these lines on the punishment the English inflicted on her: "Si firent mal ou autrement / Il s'en faut à Dieu rapporter, / Qui de tels cas peut seulement. / Là-sus connaître et discuter." (Whether they did well or ill we must leave God to decide, for He alone can understand and sift such cases.) At the same period (1461) Villon spoke more kindly of "the good Joan of Lorraine, whom the English burned at Rouen." He calls her "of Lorraine," because she came from a country which was often called *Marche de Lorraine*, though it was held of the King of France.

We do not deny the importance of this act of expiation. It is well that men should do what they can to atone for the crimes they have countenanced, but we cannot here speak of Joan of Arc's "rehabilitation" with the delight and emotion which some historians seem to feel when they describe this fresh trial. It adds nothing to the victim's glory; and the honor of France stood in greater need of it than the honor of Joan of Arc.

Nevertheless the rehabilitation trial is interesting because of the fresh light it throws upon Joan's history. The judges at the former trial had disregarded or been ignorant of many precious details which were now disclosed by a number of witnesses from Domremy, Vaucouleurs, Orleans, Paris, and Rouen. These details add new features to the portrait of our heroine. Many good people[156] came to give their evidence at this trial which was to vindicate her memory; people whom she had met with during her short life, companions of her childhood or of her warlike exploits, from the little shepherd of Domremy to the great Dunois. All these came, filled with admiration, enthusiasm, and pity, to speak about her and to tell what they knew and had seen; and it is a pleasure to read their touching, simple, generous words.

But when we come to the evidence of Joan's former judges and of the learned men who agreed to her condemnation, and witness their posthumous pity, the excuses by which they endeavour to screen themselves, and the pains they nearly all take to show that they had been deceived or coerced, the reading of the interminable report of the trial becomes a painful task.

The first trial, we agree, had been an iniquitous proceeding, and among the many proofs which might be furnished of that fact, not the least striking is to be found in those "letters of indemnity"[157] which the judges had procured from the King of England on the 12th June 1431; for judges whose consciences are easy require no such protection from the government, or if they do, it is because they have pronounced judgment according to orders received. But when the surviving

[156] Hauviette, now the wife of one Gérard, and Mengette, now the wife of one Joyart, companions of her childhood, who had often spun at the wheel with her (it was Hauviette who had wept so bitterly when she learned that Joan had left without her knowledge and without having said good-bye); and Simonin Musnier, a boy of her own age, whom she had visited, nursed, and comforted when he was ill.

[157] The text of these letters is curious, and proves clearly the apprehensions of the judges when they reflected upon possible changes of fortune and revulsions of public feeling.

judges tried to make out at the rehabilitation enquiry in 1455 that the former trial had been a simple fraud from beginning to end, of which they had been the first dupes, we fear that in their own interests they slightly exaggerated the facts. For, in 1431, there were so many doctors at Rouen and in Paris who approved of the sentence! It had been proclaimed to the world at large, and no protest had been raised. The truth is, as we have said, that for a time after her death everybody was ashamed of Joan of Arc. The English and their allies were ashamed of having been beaten by her, and the French were ashamed of having been saved by her.

Twenty years later the situation was reversed; the English had been driven from France, Charles VII was all powerful, and England was wasted by civil war. Then it was that the forgotten figure of Joan of Arc was revived in the memories of the French; a figure exalted, purified, and associated now with the wonderful spectacle which they witnessed of their native land at last recovered from the enemy. Then it was that remorse for the abandonment of Joan was awakened in the heart of Charles VII. Proceedings for her rehabilitation were decided upon and energetically pushed forward; and so, just as her temporary defeat twenty years before had seemed to condemn her, she was now vindicated by this final victory.

From this moment it was the interest of everybody (including the king himself) on all sides, whether at Court, in the army, in the Church, at Rouen (which had become French once more), or in Paris (which had become Royalist again), to reduce the number of those to whom the guilt of the judicial murder of Joan of Arc would have to be attributed, and to encourage the belief that all the others had been shamefully deceived by those who had managed the affair. And the task would be all the easier, if it could be made out that the few real culprits had already gone down into their graves. Cauchon, who had become a scapegoat for the sins of many, had been dead for eight years, and Jean Lemaître, the Inquisitor, had sunk into such complete obscurity that no one knew whether he was alive or dead. In this way a fictitious account of the trial might be given, resolving it into a duel between Cauchon and Joan of Arc, and Cauchon's old accomplices might come to the new trial, with tears in their eyes, to bear witness to the Maid's virtues. In just the same way, under the Restoration, the old Terrorists, after carefully washing their blood-red hands, threw the entire responsibility for the Terror upon three or four dead men, and shed tardy tears of useless pity over the graves of the victims.[158]

[158] There were, however, some exceptions to the general feeling of pity. Nicholas Caval, for

We do not suggest that Cauchon and those honest or merely servile spirits who shared his rancour did not resort to strong measures with the judges in order to obtain Joan's condemnation. All the witnesses declare, and the judges themselves unanimously confess (in 1456) that the pressure brought to bear upon them throughout the trial was incessant, violent, and shameful. We merely express the opinion that the excuse is a shameful one, and that prolonged compliance like theirs cannot be judged so leniently as we would judge an act of weakness extorted from an honest man surprised by a sudden threat of death. Joan's judges had five months in which to recover their independence of mind, and, after all, it cannot be said that the knife was at their throats on the day they condemned her. We do not deny that the judges were threatened, scolded, even coerced by force.[159] Jean de la Fontaine was roughly treated by the English. Jean Lohier believed that his life was in danger and fled from Rouen.[160] Pierre Minier and Isambard de la Pierre were insulted and threatened. Nicholas de Houppeville was put in prison and then expelled from the town. According to this man's evidence, the Vice-Inquisitor himself was very frightened. Jean de Chatillon, having complained that the trial was not being conducted impartially, was requested not to appear in court again. "Everybody trembled before Cauchon," said Jean Massieu, whom the terrible

example, said: "I only know one thing, and that is she was burned. As to whether that was just or unjust, I refer to the trial." For evidence of this plan of representing the judges as deceived by a plot contrived by three or four see especially Quicherat, *Procès*, etc., vol. ii p. 257.

[159] See the evidence of Guillaume Manchon, Nicholas de Houppeville, Jean Massieu, and others. There are, however, other witnesses (less numerous, it is true) who contradict this. Nicholas Taquel declares that he never saw anyone ill-treated. If we can believe Thomas Marie, many judges were afraid, but many were bribed. Bribed they certainly were and handsomely. The King of England paid all expenses and did not spare his money. For a hundred and fifty-three days spent in the king's service "in the matter of the Maid," Cauchon received seven hundred and sixty-five livres (five livres or a hundred sous a day). The Paris doctors summoned to Rouen for the trial were allowed twenty sous a day until their return to Paris. The Inquisitor received twenty gold pieces for his attendance at the trial. The intrinsic value of a livre of 1431 is eight francs and forty-one and three-quarters centimes. But the value of precious metals (even taking the value of silver to be fifteen and a half times less than that of gold, though the real value is much less) was at least six or seven times greater in 1431 than it is to-day; and consequently a livre of 1431 corresponds to fifty-five francs of our present money. Cauchon received from the English a salary of eight thousand francs a month. He was worth it.

[160] This is related by contemporaries as a fact. Père Danifle questions it (*Jeanne d'Arc et l'Université de Paris*, 1897).

Bishop of Beauvais had one day threatened "to throw into the Seine." Richard de Grouchet, one of the judges, declares that his acquiescence in the sentence was wrung from him "by fear, threats, and terror." But, after all, as we have said before, the knife was not at the throats; and it is the business of a judge to judge, not to tremble.

That is what has prejudiced many honest minds against the rehabilitation trial: the eagerness of the survivors to throw upon those who were dead the responsibility for the crime. To begin with, the "recitals" of the first "commission" given by Charles VII at Rouen are curious. The king seems as if he were awakening from a long sleep, and has the appearance of having discovered for the first time in 1450, that Joan of Arc had been burned in 1431.

> Whereas long ago Joan the Maid was captured and taken into custody by our former enemies, the English, and brought to this city of Rouen; and whereas they caused proceedings to be taken against her by certain persons who were thereto commissioned and deputed by themselves; and whereas in course of the said trial they made and committed several irregularities and abuses so that by means of the said trial and the great hatred which our said enemies bore towards her they caused her to be iniquitously, unjustly, and very cruelly put to death; and whereas we are desirous of learning the truth about the said trial, and about the manner in which it was conducted, etc.

Charles VII originally intended to proceed with the rehabilitation of the Maid in his own name; and this tardy reparation he certainly owed to her. On the 14th February 1450, Guillaume Bouillé, a doctor of Paris University, was instructed to open a preliminary inquiry at which was heard the evidence of the three priests who had visited Joan in her prison on the morning of the execution, and had followed the condemned woman to the stake: Isambard de la Pierre, Martin Ladvenu, and Jean Toutmouillé. The clerk Manchon, the usher Massieu, and Jean Beaupère, one of those judges who had shown themselves most hostile to the accused, were also heard. Two years later Cardinal d'Estouteville, Archbishop of Rouen, and Jean Bréhal, Inquisitor of France, were commissioned to hold a second and formal enquiry in the course of which they took the evidence of twenty-two witnesses. But at this period the Court was becoming reconciled with England

and was carrying on negotiations with a view to peace. Under these circumstances it was felt to be inconvenient that so important an affair should be carried on in the King's name, for the amnesty granted after the recapture of Normandy might thereby be compromised. The better plan seemed to be to promote an appeal on the part of Joan of Arc's family to the Pope, the judge legally qualified to decide upon a judgment given by an ecclesiastical tribunal in a matter of faith. Upon the strength of memorials[161] presented to the Holy See and discussed by his advisers, Calixtus III favored the request, and on the 11th June 1455, directed the Archbishop of Rheims (Jean Jouvenel des Ursins) and the Bishops of Paris and Coutances (Guillaume Chartier, brother of Alain Chartier; and Richard Olivier de Longueil, afterwards Cardinal and first President of the Court of Accounts), in concert with Jean Bréhal, the Inquisitor of France, to proceed with the revision of the trial of Joan of Arc.

The proceedings for revision were opened in Paris on the 7th November 1455, and the whole winter was spent in receiving the evidence of numerous witnesses at Rouen, Paris, Orleans, Domremy, and Vaucouleurs. Not a single voice dared to make itself heard against Joan of Arc, and when the enquiry was finished the materials which it had yielded towards her defense or rather towards her glorification were laid before the judges (May 1456). In the name of Joan's family her vindicators urged the countless illegalities and iniquities of the first trial: the fact that the presiding judge was her mortal enemy and should have refused to

[161]One of these memorials has been published, and is singularly interesting. It came from a little known person, Théodore de Lellis, one of the judges of the Rota, who became a cardinal and died in 1465 at the age of thirty-eight. The memorial takes the twelve articles of the condemnation and vigorously refutes them one by one. Upon one essential point the author replies in advance to the praises which Joan of Arc has received from some historians of the present century, praises which are not disinterested and which I am sure Joan herself would have rigorously forbidden. I refer to the "Submission to the Church." Several writers praise her for having obstinately refused to make submission and for wishing to be dependent solely upon her free, unfettered conscience. But this protestant before Calvin is not the real Joan of Arc. The fact is that by appealing from her judge (who was her mortal enemy) to the Pope and Council (see Examination of 17th March) Joan showed no lack of due submission. They told her that "the ordinary is sole judge in his diocese"; but the Rota judge maintains that that is derogating from apostolic authority. He adds: "Considering that they used that expression, the judges are more to blame than Joan herself." There is something ludicrous in maintaining against Rome that Joan was not orthodox, when Rome (which ought to know) declares that she always had been so.

officiate; the suppression of previous evidence which was not produced at the trial obviously because it was favorable to the accused; the keeping of Joan in a lay prison both before and after judgment, whereas, being tried by the Church, she should have been in the custody of the Church; the absence of an advocate, although by the rules of the Inquisition at least one curator was allowed to an accused person who was still a minor; the treacherous character of the examinations; the intricacy and obscurity of the questions asked; the advice covertly whispered to Joan by false friends who were watching for an opportunity to ruin her; the corrections introduced into the twelve articles by the assistant judges and not transcribed by Cauchon; the fact that these twelve articles were not shown to the accused—but were nevertheless sent to the University of Paris, whose decision is nullified by this fact alone that they had no knowledge of the documents of the case, but only of this falsified summary; the fact that Joan's appeal to the Pope was disallowed while at the very same time it was pretended that she was unwilling to submit to the Church; the substitution, among the documents of the case, of a lengthy form of abjuration which Joan cannot have seen, for the form in six lines which was the only one shown to her; the incoherence and haste of the second trial which declared her a backslider for having resumed her men's clothes without investigating the circumstances which perhaps compelled her to resume them; and finally the striking proofs which may be found throughout the whole trial of her enemies' hatred, hatred so bitter that the very instant after the Church had abandoned her to the secular power the accused was sent to the stake without having been condemned by the civil judge.

When all these iniquities of the former trial had been stated without a single voice being raised in defense of the judges, a complete summary of the affair, in the form of a treatise, was drawn up by the Inquisitor Jean Bréhal. The objects of this treatise were to enumerate the grounds for the annulment of the trial; to demonstrate the innocence of the condemned woman; and to re-establish the true doctrine of the Church upon the delicate points (especially with regard to visions and submission to the Church) which had been affected by the sentence of condemnation.

Finally, on the 7th July 1456, in the great hall of the archbishop's palace at Rouen, in the same town and not far from the very spot which had witnessed her infamous execution, the solemn judgment was delivered which reversed, annulled,

struck out, and entirely abolished the sentence pronounced against Joan of Arc and rehabilitated her memory.

Thus did the universal Church, through the voice of an appellate court constituted by the Pope, her supreme head, wipe out the unjust, false, and iniquitous act of a local ecclesiastical tribunal. Joan had been condemned by a bishop and by theologians whose legal right to judge her is open to question, and whose injustice, in the course of the trial which they afforded her and in the double sentence which terminated it, is manifest. From this shameful sentence she was relieved by the judgment of a superior and entirely disinterested tribunal. The king and the Pope had nothing to gain from this act of just reparation. The king recalled to everyone's memory that he had long been ungrateful, or, at any rate, forgetful; and the Pope, in quashing, after so long an interval, the unjust decision of a Church court, admitted that he had long been deceived by the false reports which the University of Paris had presented to him. All the more credit is due to them both for having thought only of justice in the rehabilitation of Joan of Arc.

Saintliness is not the privilege of any age, or sex, or profession, or mode of life. Among the saints are found kings and beggars, monks and warriors, the learned and the ignorant. Some have prayed in the desert; others have borne their part in the tumult of the world. Some have concealed themselves in cloisters; others have drawn all eyes upon themselves by illustrious deeds. To those who judge by outward appearances the saints differ among themselves no less than the rest of mankind, and in the eyes of the profane it is a matter for wonder that men and women so diverse should be brought together by the common homage which is paid to all.

What, then, is the characteristic which is common to all, and which makes them saints without making them like one another? What is the necessary, essential, invariable sign of saintliness? Is it not the ardent and unremitting desire of a human soul to accomplish within itself the divine will? That man is a saint who honestly and with all his soul and power seeks to learn what is God's will in regard to him, and who, when he has learnt it, has only one desire and thought—to do God's will, braving all things even unto death.

It is by virtue of this absolute submission to the divine will that Joan of Arc attains to saintliness. Her wonderful patriotism is of a very peculiar and rare kind, for she loved France in God. Patriotism, however, is not necessarily based upon

religion. Other ages have seen noble-hearted women and heroic children giving up their lives to stay the alien invader without being animated by any religious sentiment. These were patriots without being saints. They are well worthy of our admiration, if only because they have known how to brave death; but their heroism is not saintliness. Saintliness comes from God alone.

It was in God that Joan loved France, just as so many other saints have loved the poor in God. Indeed her passionate love for France resembles that love for the poor by which so many saints have been consumed. The France of 1429 was poor among the poor[162]; and Joan saw "the great distress" into which the kingdom had fallen with the same pitying eyes with which she watched the naked and famished vagrants passing along the road. Her patriotism, based upon love, was neither arrogant nor aggressive; it claimed for France neither conquests nor dominion; it ignored those delusive words, "glory" and "prowess," and was content if France should one day be at peace, happy, free, and should be restored once more to herself and to her king—and to God from whom the king held her. Joan's patriotism threatened no one; it allowed to strangers in their own countries the same rights which it claimed for Frenchmen in France. But (she said) those rights must be granted. It is God's will; and our just cause is His. Joan of Arc in fighting for France believed that she was fighting for God so long as the enemy held our soil and imposed his king upon us in place of our own. And when like hypocrites they said to her, "God does not love the English then?" she replied, "God loves the English when they are in their own country. He does not love them in this country which they have unjustly taken possession of. It is not the English that God hates, but injustice."

God is justice itself, and so Joan fought for God, for the right, and for France without distinguishing between these three causes. Those who have represented her as a virgin warrior, an heroic amazon, altogether misunderstood the story of her life. Joan never loved war; she made war in obedience to God, who had pleased

[162] Thus Martin le Franc depicts her in these beautiful lines from the *Champion des Dames*: "Il m'est avis que je la voie, / Elle, jadis reine puissante, / Errant sans sentier ni sans voie, / En habit de pauvre servante! / Toute couverte de ruine, / Noire de coups et de battures, / Criant le meurtre et la famine, / Jetée aux pries aventures." (I seem to see her, once a powerful Queen, wandering aimlessly without a guide, clothed like a poor serving-maid! Ruined, bruised with blows, proclaiming murder and famine, fallen upon most evil days.) It was this France, vagrant, naked, dying, desperate, that Joan of Arc loved, comforted, revived, and saved.

to choose her for that purpose. She fought with enthusiasm because she felt the breath of God upon her and rejoiced in abandoning herself to that inspiration; but she fought without pleasure. She threw herself into twenty fights, but she never struck a single blow. Surely, then, hers was not a really warlike spirit. Gentle, humane, easily moved to tears, compassionate towards the vanquished as towards all who were afflicted, she fought as would have fought the angel who appeared to her and encouraged her in her battles; terrible and calm, like the angel Michael, bearing in her hand the sword of God, of justice, and of right. But in her heart was peace, and we can see no trace in her of the warlike frenzy which distinguishes the true soldier—frenzy with a fine flower of passion, but rooted in savagery and barbarism.

And so she deserves ever to be regarded as the incarnation of all that is purest and most blameless in patriotism, and of all that is most submissive to God and obedient to his call in saintliness. This double glory adorns her brow for all time. She loved her country even unto death; and she gave to that love for a transitory object the sacred character of an imperishable and divine love, by indissolubly uniting God and France in the same devotedness, the same sacrifice, and the same martyrdom.

Appendix

Decree Concerning the Cause for the Beatification and Canonisation of the Venerable Servant of God, Joan of Arc

On the 18th May 1869, upon the occasion of the annual festival celebrated at Orleans in honor of Joan of Arc, Mgr. Dupanloup, Bishop of Orleans, with twelve other bishops, addressed to the Holy Father a petition for the purpose of obtaining the canonisation of Joan of Arc. Pius IX replied by requesting the Ordinary to proceed to a preliminary enquiry.

This was conducted at Orleans, commencing in 1874 and concluding in 1888. The results of the enquiry were laid before the Congregation of Rites at Rome on the 27th January 1894, when the vote was favorable to the introduction of the cause. On the same day His Holiness Pope Leo XIII affixed his signature to the conclusions of the Congregation, and the following decree was published:

Decree concerning the Orleans cause for the Beatification and Canonisation of the Venerable Servant of God, Joan of Arc, Virgin, known as the Maid of Orleans

The Question being

Should the commission for the introduction of the cause in the circumstances and for the purpose in question be signed?

God who, as the Apostle says, "calleth those things which be not as though they were," as in former times he had, in his designs, chosen Deborah and Judith to confound the mighty, at the beginning of the fifteenth century raised up Joan of Arc to restore her country's fortunes which had been almost destroyed by the desperate war between the French and English, and at the same time to reclaim the liberty and glory of afflicted religion.

She was born in Lorraine[163] on the 6th February 1412, of parents who were of humble station but remarkable for their traditional piety. Trained in good morals, she was distinguished from her earliest years by every Christian virtue, and especially by the angelic chastity of her life. While still a little girl, fearing God in the simplicity and innocence of her heart, she assisted her parents in their rustic labors; in the house her fingers worked the spindle; in the fields she followed her

[163] See above.

father and sometimes willingly drove the plough. Nevertheless the pious child was daily growing in heavenly grace.

When she had attained the age of seventeen, it was made known to her through a vision from on high that she must go and seek Charles, the Dauphin of France, to reveal to him a secret which she had received from God. The good and simple maiden, sustained only by the spirit of obedience and animated by a wonderful charity, at once *put her hand to the great work*, and having left her country and her parents and gone through the innumerable dangers by which her road was beset, appeared before the king at the town of Chinon; and with a frank and virile spirit disclosed to him, and to him alone, what she had learned from heaven. She added that she had been sent by God to deliver the besieged city of Orleans, and then to conduct the prince to Rheims where, Jesus Christ being proclaimed Supreme King of France, Charles would receive in His place coronation and the insignia of royalty. The king marvelled when he heard these things, but, in order to proceed with the greater prudence and safety in so important a matter, he sent Joan to Poitiers to be examined by a committee of most illustrious men assembled there, among them being the Archbishop of Rheims, chancellor of the kingdom, the Bishops of Poitiers and Maguelone, and eminent doctors, both of the secular clergy and of the regular clergy. All these men shortly afterwards agreed in sending Joan back with a striking testimonial addressed to the king, in which they testified to her faith, piety, simplicity, and virginity, and acknowledged her divine mission.

And then, to the wonder of all beholders, this young girl, who knew the use of neither helmet nor buckler, mounted a horse, brandishing in one hand a sword and carrying in the other a standard whereon was depicted the image of the Redeemer, plunged into the fatigues and perils of war and fearlessly sprang into the midst of her enemies. It is difficult to realise her bravery in action and her patience in bearing the insults and mockery of her foes, and the tears and fasts and prayers which she offered to God first of all to obtain the deliverance of Orleans, and then, after other victories of the French arms, when she had restored and secured the kingdom's rights, to remove from the future, with the help of God, all the dangers which threatened the public peace and prosperity or were able to disturb the religion of her ancestors.

Always accompanied by her confessor, Joan took every means to remove from the army whatever might corrupt morals or incite to evil, and had recourse to the

holy priests to encourage the piety of the soldiers. But the most powerful means of all was the example of the Maid herself, who was almost angelic in the exercise of all the virtues, and especially in the love which animated her for God and for her neighbor. This love was so strong even towards enemies that not only did Joan never wound anyone with sword or lance, but, to the wonder of all who beheld her, she raised, succoured, and cared for the wounded enemies whom she saw stretched upon the ground.

At last, bearing everywhere the part of an active leader, she raised the siege of Orleans and brought peace to the terrified inhabitants. To Joan should also be attributed the fact that the whole country watered by the Loire, the territory of Troyes and the city of Rheims, where at length the Dauphin Charles was solemnly crowned, returned to their allegiance to the king.

In return for so many and such great services, all kinds of suffering were, by the will of God, who wished to prove his servant, inflicted upon the Maid. Abandoned or betrayed by her own friends, she fell into the cruel hands of her enemies, who sold her for a money price. Loaded with chains and tortured day and night in her prison in a thousand ways, she was at length, by a crowning crime, burned at the stake as one tainted with heresy and a backslider—the iniquitous sentence of judges who were in league with the schismatical Council of Basle.[164]

Fortified by the Sacrament of the Holy Eucharist, in the midst of the flames she kept her eyes fixed upon the cross, and, ceaselessly repeating the name of Jesus, won the precious death of the just. Her death, which, according to report, was signalised by heavenly prodigies, excited to such a degree the admiration of those who witnessed it that her enemies were terrified.

Several returned from this horrible spectacle striking their breasts. The executioner publicly declared the innocence of the Maid whose death he had caused. Men came to their senses, communed with themselves, and upon the very scene of the execution began to venerate the saintly character of Joan. It was to prevent the people from keeping relics of her that her ashes and her heart, which had remained untouched in the midst of the flames and from which the blood was still flowing, were together thrown into the river by her enemies.

When Charles VII had recovered possession of his kingdom and order had been restored in the public affairs of France, Pope Calixtus III, upon the petition of

[164] See above. In the text the words are: *Qui schismatico Basileæ concilio studebant.*

the mother and brothers of Joan herself, appointed apostolical judges to revise the trial by virtue of which the Maid had been condemned to the stake. These judges, after having heard a hundred and twenty witnesses of all ages and conditions of life, pronounced a judgment, on the 7th July 1456, by which the former sentence was annulled and the Maid's innocence was declared.

The fame of her saintliness having been confirmed during four centuries without interruption, it finally came to pass, in our own time, that the customary enquiry into this reputation for saintliness and virtue was held in the ecclesiastical court of Orleans. This enquiry having been duly carried out and forwarded to the Holy Congregation of Rites, our Holy Father, Pope Leo XIII, was pleased to allow that the question as to the signature of the commission for introducing the cause of the servant of God should be submitted (and it was submitted) at the ordinary meeting of the same Holy Congregation.

Consequently, at the instance of the Right Reverend Bishop of Orleans and of the Right Reverend Arthur Captier, Superior General of the Society of St Sulpice, the postulator of the cause, and after a consideration of the letters in support written by a great number of Most Eminent and Right Reverend cardinals of the Holy Roman Church, and bishops, not only of France but of diverse distant countries, letters to which a great many leading members of the clergy, and as it were, the entire Catholic world, have given their adherence, at the ordinary meeting of the Holy Congregation held at the Vatican on the day mentioned below, the following question was proposed for discussion by the Most Eminent and Right Reverend Cardinal Lucide-Marie Parocchi, Bishop of Albano and Reporter of the cause, namely: *Should the commission for the introduction of the cause in the circumstances and for the purpose in question be signed?*

And the said Holy Congregation, having maturely weighed all the facts and having heard the Reverend Father Augustin Caprara, Promoter of the Holy Faith, thought fit to reply: *The commission ought to be signed if it please His Holiness*, 27th January 1894.

All these things having been reported to our Holy Father Pope Leo XIII by me, the undersigned, cardinal prefect of the said Holy Congregation, His Holiness, ratifying the rescript of the Holy Congregation, has deigned to sign with his own hand the commission for the introduction of the cause of the Venerable Servant of God, Joan of Arc, Virgin, on the same day of the same month of the same year.

Cajetan, Cardinal Aloisi-Masella, *Prefect of the Holy Congregation of Rites*

Vincent Nussi, *Secretary to the Holy Congregation of Rites*

Colophon

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