"Doubt not," she insisted, "you shall have it tomorrow."

It was then evening, but she at once mounted her horse and began preparations for an assault. Her energy cheered the soldiers, who were weary of inaction. They dragged the cannons into position, and brought bundles of wood, doors, furniture, everything they could lay hands on, to fill up the fosse. They worked far into the night—leaders, pages, men-at-arms alike—Joan directing them "better than two of the best captains could have done."

Through that night there was great excitement within Troyes. The people had heard of Orleans and Jargeau; they could see and hear Joan's preparations. At last they asked loudly why they, French by birth, should risk their city and their lives for England. A council was held, and the heads of the garrison and the city agreed to surrender. Early next morning, just as Joan was giving the signal for the assault, the city gates were opened.

The next day, Sunday, the King entered the town in state, attended by Joan and his nobles.

They left Troyes, and approached Chalons on the 15th, and at some distance from the town were met by a number of citizens who had come to offer their submission.

At Chalons, Joan had the great joy of meeting friends from Domremy. She asked them many questions about her home, and they looked with wonder at the girl who lived familiarly with princes, and yet spoke and behaved as simply as ever she had done in the days of her obscurity. One of them inquired whether she feared nothing.

"Nothing but treachery," was her foreboding answer.

When the people of Reims heard that Chalons had submitted, and that Charles was within four leagues, they sent deputies to tender their obedience, and that same day, Saturday, July 16th, Charles entered the city.

Preparations were at once made for his coronation, and early next morning four nobles went to the abbey of St. Remi to escort thence the ampulla containing the sacred oil which a dove had brought from heaven to the saint. The abbot, in full canonicals, carried it to the cathedral, where the Archbishop of Reims received it from him, and set it on the high altar. Below the altar stood the Dauphin, attended by the nobles and clergy who acted as proxies for the peers of France who should have been with him. By his side was Joan, holding her sacred banner. The ceremony was performed according to the ancient rites, and when it was over, Joan knelt at the feet of Charles, her King indeed now, crowned and anointed.

"Gracious King," she said, "now is fulfilled the pleasure of God, whose will it was that you should come to Reims to receive your worthy coronation, showing that you are the true King to whom the kingdom should belong." As she spoke she wept, and all who were in the church wept for sympathy. Among those who witnessed her triumph was her father, who had come to Reims to see her. The good man was honourably treated; the corporation of the town paid his expenses, and when he returned to Domremy, gave him a horse for the journey.

After his coronation, when Charles was bestowing honours and rewards on his followers, Joan asked him for one favour, which he granted readily—freedom from taxation for her native Domremy and the adjoining

village of Greux. For herself she wanted nothing, except what she had already claimed and failed to receive, what the King never gave her—his trust.

She had given a king to France, now she had to give France to her King. She longed to be again at work. Every day of waiting was a day of pain to her. Now that her King was crowned, she would have him press forward to Paris, defy the English, and startle the disloyal French into loyalty; but the evil advice of his courtiers and his own indolence made him catch at every excuse for delay.

During the northward march of the army, people from every place on the road crowded to welcome Joan and the King, crying, Noel, Noel, and singing *Te Deums* before them. Joan was first. They were glad to have a French King again, but their chief love and enthusiasm were for her, the heroic girl in shining armour, with her calm face and gentle voice. The common folk called her "the angelic"; they sang songs about her; images of her were put up in little country churches; a special collect was said at mass, thanking God for her having saved France; medals were struck in her honour, and worn as amulets. The people pressed about her horse, and kissed her hands and feet. She was often vexed by this excess of homage, which brought upon her the displeasure of many churchmen.

Near Crespy, as she, riding between Dunois and Regnault de Chartres, passed through the welcoming crowd, she said:

"What good people! I have yet seen none so joyful at the coming of their prince. May I be so happy as to die and be buried in this land!"

"Oh, Joan," said the Archbishop, "in what place do you expect to die?"

"Wherever it shall please God," she answered, "for I know not the place nor the hour any more than yourself.

Would to God that I might return now, and lay down my arms, and go back to serve my parents, and guard their flocks with my sister and brothers, who would be right glad to see me." She must often have longed for her home, but never except this once did she express her longing. She had a rare reticence for one so young and simple. "She spoke little, and showed a marvellous prudence in her words."

Joan greatly desired the King's arrival before Paris, believing that his mere presence would make its gates fly open like those of Reims and Soissons. The King's folly and the ill-will of his favourites were not Joan's only troubles. The army before Paris was not like that chosen army she had led to Orleans, a company of men "confessed, penitent," who for the time seemed purified from evil desires, and followed her as to a holy war. Such a state of things, fair to the eye, but born only of the froth and ecstasy of religion, could not last, as the Maid in her young confidence perhaps expected. She had now to grieve because of her soldiers' habits of blasphemy and pillage.

On the morning of September 8th, the festival of the Virgin's nativity, they advanced to attack the city. They were divided into two corps. One, led by Joan, Gaucourt, and Retz, went at once to the assault. The attack began about noon; the bastion of the St. Honore gate having been set on fire, its defenders were forced to abandon it, and the assailants, headed by Joan, passed the outer fosse. She climbed the ridge separating it from the inner fosse, which was full of water, and from that place summoned the city to surrender. She was

answered with jeers and insults and a shower of missiles, amid which she carefully sounded the fosse with her lance, and found that it was of unusual depth. At her bidding the men brought faggots and hurdles to fill it up and make a resting-place for their ladders, but while she was directing them, an arrow wounded her in the thigh so severely that she was forced to lie down at the edge of the fosse. She suffered, as she afterwards confessed, agonies of pain, but she never ceased to encourage her men, bidding them advance boldly, for the place would be taken. The place would have been taken, but the captains who were with Joan, seeing that the hours went by and the men were struck down without achieving much, ordered a retreat. The trumpets sounded; the men withdrew, Joan, desperate in her sorrow, clung to the ground, declaring she would not go until the place was won. At about ten o'clock Gaucourt had her removed by force and set upon her horse. She was carried back to La Chapelle, suffering in body, suffering more in mind, but still resolute.

"The city would have been taken!" she insisted. "It would have been taken!"

Joan spent four weary months—how weary we conjecture chiefly from what we know of her character and her aspirations. Occasionally she rode with a few followers to visit some town where she was known, but generally she was with the Court, a sad and unwilling spectator of its festivities. Sad only because of her unfulfilled mission: had she been suffered to work it out, to see France delivered, she would doubtless have taken pleasure in show and gaiety. She was at home and happy with knights and ladies, and took a frank delight in rich garments and fine armour. She was no bigot;

her sanctity was altogether wholesome: it was an exalted love for God, for France and the King, unsoured by any contempt for the common life of humanity.

Wherever she went she visited the sick, she gave all she could in alms, she was devoted to the services of the church and to prayer. The people, who knew of her greatness and saw her goodness, treated her with a reverence that was akin to superstition. They brought rings and crosses for her to touch, and so turn into amulets.

"Touch them yourselves," she would say, laughing, "they will be just as good." Some believed that she had a charmed life, and need never fear going into battle.

Joan grew desperate. Sad voices from beyond the Loire were calling her. She was greatly wanted there, and the King—her King whom she had crowned—did not want her, cared nothing for her nor for his people's trouble. She asked counsel of her other voices, of her saints, and they neither bade her go nor stay; they told her only one certain thing, that before St. John's day she would be taken. If so—if indeed, as she herself had said, she was to last only a year—then the more need to hasten with her work. One day at the end of March she left Sully with a small company, as if going for one of her usual rides. She did not bid farewell to the King, and she never saw him again.

It was a time of sad forebodings for her. A story goes, that one morning, after hearing mass in the church of St. Jacques, she went apart and leaned dejectedly against a pillar. Some grown people and a crowd of children came about her—she was always gentle to children —and she said to them:

"My children and dear friends, I tell you that I am sold and betrayed, and that I shall soon be given up to

death. Therefore I entreat you to pray for me, for never again shall I have any power to serve the King or the Kingdom of France." She was not "sold and betrayed" yet; that was to come.

Depression could not make her inactive. She went to Crespy for reinforcements, but hearing that the siege of Compiegne had begun, she hurried back there on the night of April 23rd, with about four hundred men. She entered the place at sunrise, and spent the chief part of the day in arranging a sortie, to be made before evening. Compiegne, situated on the south bank of the Oise, was connected with the opposite shore by a bridge, from which a raised causeway went over the low river meadows to the hill-slopes of Picardy.

Late in the afternoon, Joan, with five hundred foot and horsemen, made a short charge. Then Joan's troops feared to be cut off from Compiegne, to be left in a country dotted with the enemy's camps, and most of them turned, panic-stricken, and fled towards the city.

The English gained the causeway, and the archers stationed there dared not shoot on them for fear of hurting their own people. The guns of Compiegne were useless, for friends and foes were mingled in a confused struggle. Joan tried to rally her men:

"Hold your peace!" she cried to some who spoke of retreating. "It depends on you to discomfit them! Think only of falling upon them!"

But her words were in vain. All she could do was to cover the retreat, and that she did valiantly, riding last, and charging back often. Thanks to her a great part of the fugitives got safely into the city, while others reached the boats; but the English pressed towards the gate to cut off the retreat of the remainder, and Guil-

laume de Flavy, afraid, as he said, lest in the confusion they might rush into the town itself, ordered the drawbridge to be raised, and the portcullis lowered. There was no escape for the Maid now. She and a little devoted band that kept with her fought desperately, but they were driven into an angle of the fortifications; many fell in defending her.

Compiegne remained shut. The city to whose help she had come at dawn saw her lost at its very gates before sundown, and made no effort to save her. Five or six men rushed on her at once, each crying:

"Yield to me! Pledge your faith to me!"

"I have sworn and pledged my faith to another than you," she said, "and I will keep my oath."

She still struck at those who tried to seize her; but an archer came behind her, and, grasping the gold-embroidered surcoat that she wore, dragged her from her horse. She fell, exhausted and overcome at last, and the man who had pulled her down carried her to his master.

She was taken to Margny, and thither flocked the English and Burgundian captains, "more joyful than if they had taken five hundred fighting men." In this very month of her capture, it had been found needful to issue proclamations against English soldiers, men of the old conquering race, who had refused to come over to France for fear of the Witch. And now here was the Witch, vanquished, powerless, her armour soiled in the fight, her magic banner fallen away from her. The chiefs could hardly believe their good fortune, but her sad presence was there to assure them of it, and they came and gazed on her.

The weeks went by, and no one stirred to help her.

Her captors' scruples were overcome, and before winter she was bought and sold. John of Luxembourg got ten thousand livres—two thousand dollars.

Hitherto we have seen Joan, a gracious figure always—better always and nobler than her surroundings—but never yet solitary in goodness and nobleness. Other figures have been grouped about her, gracious also in their degree, worthy to divide with her our sympathy, and to have some share in our love. Now they are all gone from her. Father and mother, village friends and kinsfolk, devoted comrades and adoring people, are all shut away from her for ever. The old life is over.

She is desolate, and worse than alone; to the darling of the saints, loneliness would be no such terrible punishment. Wrong and horror crowd upon her. Her honour and her life are in the hands of men evil by nature, or turned to evil by hatred, or greed, or fear. Here and there a judge speaks some word in favour of banished justice, but those feeble flashes leave no light in the gloom. The light shines all on Joan. The pure maiden, the noble heroine, stands out, heaven-illumined, against the darkness. Her sorrow and her endurance of it crown and sanctify her. Piteous though her fate be, we almost forget to pity her, for compassion is well-nigh lost in reverence and wonder.

On her arrival at Rouen, Joan was taken to the castle, and put into an iron cage that had been made to receive her; and, as if its bars were not enough, she was chained in it by her neck, her hands and her feet. After being kept thus for several days, she was transferred to a gloomy chamber in one of the towers, where she was fettered to a great log of wood during the day, and to her

bed at night. Both by night and day she was guarded by five English soldiers of the lowest and rudest class, three of whom were always with her, while the other two kept the door outside.

Once given over to the Church, she should have been placed in an ecclesiastical prison, and guarded by women. For this right she pleaded often, and her plea was supported by several of her judges. But the English would not lose their grip of a captive who had cost them and lost them so much, and Pierre Cauchon, Bishop of Beauvais, had too great fear of displeasing them to advise such a simple measure of decency and justice.

Joan had visitors in her prison. English nobles whose nobility did not keep them from insulting a woman and a helpless captive, came to stare and jest at her. Warwick and Stafford came one day, and with them a man who might well have shrank from looking her in the face—the Judas of Luxembourg. He told her he had come to ransom her, on condition that she would not again take up arms against England. She answered him scornfully, as he deserved:

"In God's name, you but mock me, for I know you have neither the will nor the power to do it;" and she added, "I know that the English will kill me, thinking to have the kingdom of France after my death; but were they a hundred thousand Goddams more than they are, they should not have the kingdom."

Cauchon refused the Maid's just request for counsel to advise and defend her during her examination. But he was not merciful enough to leave her to the guidance of her own wise brain and true heart. According to the bad custom of the Inquisition, he sent her a sham