

THE QUINCENTENARY OF JOAN OF ARC

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IN the great gallery of Versailles stands the white marble figure of a maiden, young and slender in her knightly armour, her peaked face bent pensively earthward, a sword hilt clasped between her strong hands. It is Jeanne d'Arc—Maid of Orleans—by whom the fifteenth century is dominated as completely as the thirteenth by St. Francis of Assisi, although her active public career lasted less than two years. During that time she was instrumental in saving her country from complete subjugation by an alien power. She is one of the striking marvels of history, illustrating the immense, incalculable influence of personality upon the course of events; for five hundred years ago all the important forces said to determine the trend of human affairs—nationality, economic aggression, dynastic ambition, military skill and diplomatic adroitness—seemed to converge to destroy the French crown. This year, just five centuries after her martyrdom, her countrymen have once again paid the most elaborate and solemn tribute to her memory. It is appropriate that at such a time, in other countries whose interest is different but also keen, the quincentenary should be noted. For this purpose one may rapidly recall the sequence of certain very familiar, and yet still somewhat mysterious, events.

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Jeanne D'Arc was born on January 6th, 1412, the daughter of Jacques and Isabelle D'Arc—honest, industrious, pious cottagers living in Domrémy on the borders of Lorraine, some one hundred and twenty-five miles southeast of Paris. A large part of France was then under the dominion of England; for when William, Duke of Normandy, became by right of conquest King of England, at the Battle of Hastings, his possessions became a heritage of the English Crown. With Normandy as a stronghold, by means of war and international royal marriages, vast French territories were gradually acquired by succeeding English sovereigns.

During the reign of the hopelessly imbecile Charles VI (1380-1422)—for whose diversion playing cards were invented—a struggle for the regency broke out between his uncle, Duke of Burgundy,

and his brother, Duke of Orléans, while the evil Queen Isabel of Bavaria ground the peasants for her wild revels at Court. Weakened by decades of faction and civil war, with all sense of unity and cohesion lost, France seemed left to the mercy of the foreign invader. Following the tremendous victory of Agincourt, by the terms of the Treaty of Troyes, Katharine, daughter of Charles VI, was given in marriage to Henry V of England, and on the death of the French monarch the succession was settled on his son-in-law to the exclusion of his own son, Charles. Two years later the popular Henry V died, but his infant son, on the death of his grandfather Charles VI, a few months later, was acknowledged and crowned in Paris as King of France and England; with his uncle, Duke of Bedford, acting as Regent in France. All northern France, as well as Burgundy and Gascony in the extreme south, acquiesced, but the great central region, between the rivers Loire and Garonne—still animated by the French national spirit—refused to recognize the validity of the Treaty of Troyes, and had the Dauphin proclaimed as Charles VII at Mehun.

During the next seven years the loyalist troops, assisted by their Scottish allies, under the Duke of Orléans—head of the feudal nobility and uncle of the Dauphin—were so utterly routed as to be demoralized, and discouraged; so that the Duke of Bedford determined to cross the Loire and subjugate these rebellious provinces by besieging the city of Orléans, which commanded its passage. Meanwhile the spiritless young Dauphin “merely a handsome prince, well-languaged, full of pity for the poor, and with a very sincere piety” wandered listlessly from town to château where he could count on the loyalty of the people; for he hated the sight of battlefields, and had inherited his father’s weak mind with his mother’s love of luxury and ease. The doom of France thus seemed sealed, when the stream of destiny was diverted into a wholly different direction by the sudden emergence from obscurity of an illiterate peasant girl of about seventeen years of age—The White Maid of Domrémy!

One who knew Jeanne D’Arc as a child describes her as “modest, simple, devout, who went gladly to church; worked, sewed, hoed in the fields and did what was needful about the house.” Within sight of her doorsteps was the gloomy oak forest whence, according to legend, the ancient seer, Merlin, had decreed should come “a marvellous maid for the healing of the nations”. This, in later years, had become crystallized—through the wickedness of Queen Isabel—into the prophecy that “a maid who is to restore France, ruined by a woman, shall come from the marshes of Lorraine.”

According to her own testimony, Jeanne was between thirteen and fourteen years of age when, sitting one summer day sewing in her father's garden, she saw a shining light in the direction of the church, and heard a voice say

Jeanne, sois sage et bonne enfant, va souvent à l'église

three times: "so she knows it for the voice of an angel". The second vision was more definite, for she beheld the majestic forms of St. Catherine and St. Margaret, while the Voice announced itself as that of the Archangel Michael, and intimated that Heaven had chosen her to aid the King of France, that she must wear male attire, take up arms against the English, and that all conduct of the war would be ordered by her advice. Enraptured with gratitude to the Most High for electing her as an instrument of His will, she swore to remain unmarried and dedicate herself entirely to her mission. When she had refused the suit of a young yeoman, warmly encouraged by her parents, her lover, thinking to make her retract her vow to virginity, cited her before a legal tribunal for breach of promise; but Jeanne conducted her own case successfully, showing that she already possessed great firmness of character, and a reputation for honour and veracity.

After repeated defeats of the Dauphin's troops, word came in October, 1428, that Orléans—key to the South—was invested by a joint army of some ten thousand Burgundian and English soldiers, resolved to reduce the city to surrender through the horrors of famine. Jeanne's fervent devotion became kindled to the highest pitch as her "Voices" now clearly indicated her two-fold mission—first, to raise the siege of Orléans, and secondly to conduct Charles VII to Rheims—then in the hands of the English. At the command of her "Voices", and in spite of the most determined opposition of her family, in February, 1429, Jeanne sought aid from Robert de Baudricourt, Governor of Vaucouleurs, who was at last persuaded to procure her an audience with the Dauphin at the Castle of Chinon; where he had almost decided to abandon Orléans to its fate, and so permit the foe to pénétrate the very heart of the kingdom.

Fully escorted, and equipped in a dark cloth tunic reaching to her knees, high boots and leggings, with the black cap of a page, Jeanne rode forth from the "Gate of France" on a big white horse to arrive, eleven days later, at the Court. Many of the Dauphin's Councillors were averse to his receiving "a mad enthusiast", but others thought in such a critical moment no promised means for the deliverance of France should be spurned. On entering the

vast hall of the château, lighted by fifty torches and crowded with knights, nobles and armed barons, to test her powers she was directed to Charles de Bourbon, in his princely robes, as being the Dauphin. Quietly the peasant girl waited till Charles VII entered, very plainly dressed, and then advancing, knelt in obeisance saying "God grant you life, gentle Dauphin. The King of Heaven sends me, Jeanne the Maid, to succour you and your kingdom, and to conduct you to Rheims to be crowned." Though much impressed with Jeanne's absolute sincerity and perfect confidence, the craven Dauphin yet refused to act until he learned that "For six weeks she has been examined by clerks, churchmen, men of the sword, matrons and widows. Nothing has been found in her but honesty, simplicity, humility, maidenhood and devotion. She may go therefore with the army under honorable superintendence."

Jeanne resided in the neighbouring city of Tours—a rich and loyal town held by the Dauphin's mother-in-law, Queen Yolande of Anjou—while her knight's suit of finest steel, heavily plated with gold and richly ornamented with engraved designs, was being forged by cunning smiths. At the direction of her "Voices" a messenger was sent to procure from a vault behind the altar of the Church of St. Catherine at Fierbois a rusty sword, marked with five crosses—said to have belonged to the redoubtable Charles Martel, grandfather of Charlemagne—and found precisely where she stated. A banner also was provided, especially designed for the maid according to directions given her, she said, by St. Margaret and St. Catherine, and executed by the Dauphin's Scottish painter, James Polwarth or Poulvoir; this banner, happier than herself, was never captured! Upon a white linen ground, strewn with the fleurs-de-lis of France, stood the figure of our Saviour in Glory, holding the round world in His hands, with an adoring angel on either side; while below were inscribed the names, "Jesus, Maria." This banner was generally upheld by the strong young arm of the maid herself, for the saints had said "Take the standard from the hand of God, and bear it boldly;" and with a girl's dread of bloodshed, she was glad that its support prevented her from using the sword which hung at her side.

Attended by a brave knight, D'Aulon, as her esquire, and a good old friar for confessor, two heralds and two pages, Jeanne, clad in complete male attire but with uncovered head, and mounted on a white charger, made her entry into Blois at the head of more than five thousand men; and though the Dauphin knew that at least three of the strongly fortified towns en route to Orléans were in the hands of the English, yet faith in the divine mission of the

maid had so increased that orders were now given that nothing should be done without her sanction. It seemed a wild adventure, possible only in a primitive age, when irrational confidence blinded the English, irrational despair paralyzed the French, and irrational credulity held all in its grasp.

Jeanne instantly began to reform the morals of the camp by expelling all bad characters and calling on the soldiers to prepare for battle by confession and prayer; cards, dice and other implements of gambling were burnt; and a band of priests, marching in advance of the troops, held a religious service twice daily beneath the sacred banner of the Maid of Domrémy, now indeed the Oriflamme of France!

Such was the appearance of the force which arrived on the third day from Blois before the beleaguered city of Orléans, whose garrison had been so weakened by famine that negotiations for surrender had already begun. At 8 p. m. on April 29th, 1429, accompanied by two convoys bearing food supplies for the besieged, to the stirring march "Robert the Bruce" played by her Scottish guard commanded by Sir Hugh Kennedy of Ardstinchar, Jeanne entered Orléans, to be warmly welcomed by the French General Dunois and brave LaHire. Clad in her light armour—sparkling with chastened light—and waving her standard aloft, she appeared to the stricken inhabitants to be the angel of both peace and war. Priests and people threw themselves at her horse's feet to try to touch even her spurs; but she bade them lead her to the church of the Holy Rood, where a *Te Deum* was sung as thanksgiving for the relief of the city, and then retired to rest in a private house—still kept in good preservation.

Her presence, with reinforcements, inspired the garrison with fresh loyalty and enthusiasm, but Jeanne's first step was to have three different letters tied to arrows and shot, by skilled archers, over to the English Generals, demanding their surrender and departure from France "as the King of Heaven enjoins and commands you by me, Jeanne, the Maid." The Burgundian and English forces, regarding her as a sorceress, treated the communications with scorn; so during the next week Jeanne, standard in hand, led and directed a series of engagements; in one of which, when scaling a ladder against an English fort, she was pierced through the corselet by an arrow in the neck, and fell into a moat beneath, but was rescued by her countrymen. Plucking the weapon from the wound with her own hand, and having it quickly dressed, she again headed the troops against her opponents, who quailed with astonishment at the sudden reappearance in arms of

one they considered hurled to death. This strengthened their belief that she was aided by Satanic power. The result was a decided victory for the French, followed by such aggressive storming of the English camps that in less than seven days the siege of Orléans was entirely raised, and this country maid of seventeen had accomplished a feat which had baffled the wisest soldiers for seven long months!

Next day the *Te Deum* was chanted in the Cathedral, attended by Jeanne, for now the first part of her mission was fulfilled; and in recognition of the heroism of "La Pucelle" or "The Maid of Orléans,"—by which name she is chiefly known in France—the grateful city set apart May 8th to be for ever held sacred as a holiday. General Dunois, her admiring chronicler, also relates that on this same Sunday Jeanne ordered him to set up an altar on the ramparts in full view of both French and English armies, where Mass was celebrated with full ceremonial, and both friend and foe bent the knee in worship. At its close the English, having lost between seven and eight thousand men before Orleans, retreated in orderly fashion to other towns still held by them on the Loire, leaving behind, for want of means of transport, their baggage, the sick and wounded.

Two days later the Maid rode into Tours to induce the Dauphin to start at once for his coronation at Rheims, and thus fulfil the divine command ever ringing in her ears; but as usual met with excuses from the impotent Charles. Jeanne's hardest task was not in battle, but to incite the Dauphin to action, and her piteous cry "I have but a year and a little more in which to finish all my work" had been the burden of all her warnings when wearied by the innumerable councils of his advisers. At length, on June 29th, the army set out for the North—capturing Troyes and Châlons en route according to Jeanne's orders—and on July 16th, 1429, the Dauphin made his triumphal entry into Rheims with the Maid riding at his side, and being, in reality, the chief attraction to the people. Early next day, while trumpets sounded a fanfare, the long deferred rites took place in the ancient minster of Notre Dame, when the Archbishop, after administering the coronation oath, crowned and anointed Charles VII with the holy oil said to have been brought by an angel to St. Remy, and by which henceforth every King of France must be consecrated in his own city of Rheims. With unfurled standard in hand, the Maid stood beside the Dauphin, close to the altar, during the ceremony—also witnessed by John Kirmichael, the Scottish Bishop of Orleans—and after the coronation fell to her knees begging, now that her two-fold mission had been

accomplished, that he permit her return home to Domrémy; but she had become far too precious to be spared from active duty.

Nothing but extraordinary success had been hers during less than four months from her first interview in March with the Dauphin; and although realizing she was no longer obeying any divine behest, Jeanne was too loyal, and possibly too doubtful of the King's conduct, unless she were there to incite to further action, to refuse continuing her work of delivering France wholly from the English. Strangely enough, it seemed as if the fulfilment of the actual letter of the task assigned by her "Voices" was the pinnacle of her success, for from the moment of the consecration at Rheims clouds began to gather over the youthful head of the Maid, till they burst in thunder at a stake!

II

This simple-hearted girl declined all honours for herself, beseeching only that henceforth her native village might be free from any kind of taxes; and the official document granting this exemption, dated July 31st, 1429, was in force until the storm of the Revolution—nearly four centuries later—for on the registers of taxes was always written against the name, Domrémy—"Nothing—for the Maid's sake!" The following Noel, King Charles VII ennobled Jeanne and all her family, granting armorial bearings to her two brothers in recognition of her services. Not again however, did the valiant Maid know victory, for during an attack on Paris—being a shining mark for English arrows in the royal gift of a gold-embroidered coat of crimson velvet worn over her armour—she was badly wounded in the leg, but continued to give orders to the army. Other defeats of the French followed, while the King wasted time making truces with the enemy in order to avoid fighting; and now her "Voices" warned Jeanne daily that she would be captured before Midsummer Day.

At the battle of Compiègne (May 23rd, 1430) Jeanne was seized by Burgundian soldiers and led into the camp of Jean de Luxembourg, who first sent her to his strong castle of Beaulieu, but after an attempted escape removed her to the château of Beaufort, where she remained till the end of September, being kindly treated by his three gentle kinswomen. The English hailed her capture with bonfires and a solemn thanksgiving service in Notre Dame, Paris; but, fearing the adoration with which the French populace regarded her, they determined on her death. Through Cauchon, Bishop of Beauvais—in whose diocese the Maid was seized—a ransom of six thousand francs was paid to Luxembourg

for "Jeanne, La Pucelle, said to be a witch and certainly a military personage, leader of the hosts of the Dauphin." They now incarcerated her at Crotoy, a fortress on the Somme. Jeanne was next conducted to Rouen—where the young Henry VI of England and his court were assembled—to be confined in the great tower of the castle, still shown as her prison. The story of her seven months captivity here "in a dark cell, fettered in irons," and watched day and night by five guards, is even more tragic than its sequel; and her "beau pays"—for which she had fought, striven and bled—seemed to have utterly forgotten her existence, which must have been the bitterest drop in that cup of sorrow which she was yet to drain to the dregs.

As there was no Archbishop of Rouen at that time—a post which her enemy, the Bishop of Beauvais hoped to win through English influence—Cauchon conducted the ecclesiastical tribunal, attended by nearly one hundred doctors of divinity, canons and masters of the university, to try Jeanne for wearing male attire; as a witch and a heretic; for being in league with demons; and for pretending that her mission to reinstate Charles VII as King of France had been revealed to her in visions from Heaven. On February 21st, 1431, the Maid, having already undergone six examinations, was led into the Hall of Judgment of Rouen Castle, laden with chains, but still clad in her page's black suit, which she refused to change "without leave from God." Though the poor girl's whole learning comprised her "Pater" and "Ave," she was not permitted any advocate or defence; but she retained remarkable self-possession, being sustained by conscious innocence and her saints' assurance:—"Have good courage; take thy martyrdom cheerfully, and thou shalt soon be delivered, and shalt come at last to the Kingdom of Paradise." To this she added sadly that she but waited for the will of her Lord.

While the English may blush at their share of the cruel persecution and death of Jeanne D'Arc, it is only just to remember that the relentless Bishop of Beauvais, the public accuser—a Canon of the same diocese—and the doctors of divinity were all her own countrymen. The twelve articles drawn up by the learned judges declared that Jeanne's "Voices" were either human inventions or the work of devils; that she was blasphemous towards God, impious towards her parents and schismatic as regarded the Church. This indictment the University of Paris gladly confirmed, though all Rouen knew that the real reason for such antagonism was that she—a mere girl—had revived a dying cause in relieving beleaguered towns and thus put to shame the might of English arms. Before delivering her over to secular power, however, it

was desirable to obtain her public avowal of the justice of her condemnation; so on the anniversary of her capture a year previously the Maid was led to the cemetery of St. Ouen, where two scaffolds were erected. On one stood Cardinal Beaufort of Winchester—a great-uncle and Regent for Henry VI in England; the Bishop of Beauvais and other prelates; and from the other Dr. Erard hurled denunciations, ending with the statement that unless she submitted to the will of the Universal Church, instant death was her portion. She finally signed, with a cross, an expression of repentance for her faults before God, as read; but finding later that an English secretary had tricked her into a disavowal of her "Voices", and saying that her evidence was false, she repudiated the forced abjuration, and so her fate was doomed.

A week later (May 30th, 1431) Jeanne was taken, well-guarded, in the executioner's cart to a scaffold erected in the market-place of Rouen where, before her judges, the Bishop of Beauvais sentenced her as a relapsed heretic, and abandoned her to the secular authorities to be burnt. Garbed in the white robe of a penitent, the ill-fated, nineteen-year old maid, was bound to the stake, and after a mitre was placed on her head, inscribed in large letters:—"Herétique, Relapse, Apostate, Idolâtre"—a scroll was affixed to the scaffold enumerating the crimes of which she was accused. As the flames mounted, her confessor, Brother Martin l'Advenu, at her request, held a Cross before her closing eyes; and many in that vast concourse of English and French spectators were moved to tears as, still protesting her innocence, she uttered her dying words:—"My Voices were of God: they have never deceived me. Jesus, Jesus"!

Her blackened corpse was shown to the people, and then a second fire was kindled to reduce the body to ashes which, as a final English taunt, were gathered up and thrown into the Seine. It is hard to forgive the apathy with which Charles VII endured the captivity and death of Jeanne D'Arc, without whose energetic measures he would probably have lost all title to be King of France; but his own death from voluntary starvation through dread of being poisoned by his son, the monster, later Louis XI, was almost as tragic as that of the young martyr who, six years earlier, had been formally pronounced innocent of all charges. That "the deeds of the Maid are worthy of admiration rather than of condemnation" was the verdict of an ecclesiastical court headed by the Archbishop of Rheims. The ceremony of the Beatification of Jeanne D'Arc took place in St. Peter's, Rome, on April 18th, 1909, when she was solemnly declared by Pope Pius X "to shine as a new star destined to be the glory, not only of France, but also of the whole Church."

III

There is scarcely a figure in all history that makes a greater appeal to the imagination than does this simple country girl, who has been the subject of such distinguished biographers as Lamartine, Anatole France, Maxwell-Scott, Andrew Lang, and Thomas de Quincey; the tragedies of Schiller and Lomet; dramas by T. Taylor and Bernard Shaw; operas by Balfe, Verdi and Tschaikowski; an historical novel by Mark Twain; and many poets, including Southey and our own Theodore Roberts. Her name is as much revered and connected everywhere in Rouen as Shakespeare with Stratford; and upon the pedestal of the Cross—erected where the stake stood in the market-place—is an inscription acknowledging her services to the State, a part of which may be translated:

The Maiden's sword protects the royal crown
Beneath her sacred care the lilies safely bloom.

As might be expected, Charles VII failed to keep his promise to build a church at Domrémy if the Maid expelled the English from France; but the people of Lorraine, in gratitude, erected a Basilica, which was consecrated in 1926 with much pomp. The main altar is considered a particularly fine work of art, while its walls are decorated with six frescoes by Boutet de Monvel, illustrating the chief events in the career of La Pucelle. Over the doorway of the small cottage in which she was born may still be seen the carved escutcheons containing the royal arms of France with the device "Vive le Roy Loys"; and the armorial bearings granted by Charles VII to the Maid—a drawn sword of silver, the point of which supports a royal crown. Within stands her statue, armour-clad—a replica of one erected in Orléans also executed by Princess Marie d'Orléans, daughter of Louis-Philippe—and exhibiting a modesty of attitude so befitting her simplicity of character.

Innumerable towns and cities have monuments to her memory, notably the equestrian statues in Rheims; Chinon with her horse leaping over fallen foes; Orléans; the three massive figures in Paris always flower-decked on her fête day; the pathetic "Jeanne D'Arc, Prisonnière" by Barrias at Bonsecours, where attention is riveted by the manacled hands and eyes wide-open, as if in amazed protest at her lot; several in the Louvre and Luxembourg Galleries, of which probably the most familiar is the kneeling figure of Henri Chapu. A carving in wood (Musée du Cluny, Paris), incontestably of the fifteenth century, shows La Pucelle on horse-back, with visor raised; but her most authentic portrait—revealing much beauty and spirituality—is the statue of St. Maurice, now in the Musée

du Trocadero, Paris, for which, tradition says, Jeanne served as a model to a sculptor working for a church of that name during her stay in Orléans.

Time rights all wrongs, and as an act of tardy justice and atonement for England's share in her persecution, a splendid statue representing the Maid of Orleans in full armour and holding a drawn sword aloft, was erected and dedicated (1923) in Winchester Cathedral, in the presence of the French Ambassador. It stands in a niche looking down upon the tomb of Cardinal Beaufort, who, it is said, wept at her martyrdom, while his secretary exclaimed "We are undone; we have burned a saint"!

Even the New World—unknown at that era—has paid tribute to her fame with statues at Washington, and the massive bronze equestrian figure—twenty-five feet in height—placed (1915) on Riverside Drive, New York City, at a cost of thirty-five thousand dollars, raised by popular subscription; its pedestal being made in part from eighteen tons of stone brought from her Rouen dungeon.

Rightly is this heroine enshrined in the Pantheon at Paris—devoted to those who have merited national recognition—by the mural frescoes of Jules Eugène Lenepveu depicting "The Vision of Jeanne D'Arc", "Leading the Assault of Orléans," "Assisting at the Coronation of Charles VII at Rheims," and "The Martyrdom at Rouen". The simple grandeur of her story has always been a rich motive to painters, but no modern artist has been more profoundly impressed than Boutet de Monvel—a native of Orléans—whose wonderful picture book in colour dealing with the Maid's prowess remains unexcelled. Chicago now has his chef d'oeuvre, "Trial of Jeanne D'Arc (1431) in the Castle of Rouen" when, facing her judges with the nobility of transparent virtue, as recorded by Jules Michelet, the inspired peasant girl warned the Bishop of Beauvais: "You say that you are my judge; think well what you are about, for of a truth I am sent from God, and you are putting yourself in grave danger."

Sir J. E. Millais depicts the Maid, fully equipped in armour, dedicating her soul to God as she had already vowed her body to her country; D. G. Rossetti, at the ecstatic moment when she kisses the sword, said to have been used by Charlemagne, and discovered by the courtly De Metz according to her instructions; Opie, declaring her mission to her countrymen and Michel "The Blessing of the Standard of the Maid" and "The Last Communion in her Prison Cell." "The Victorious Entry into Orleans inspired J. J. Scherrer and Fred Roe, and a tapestry (1640) representing

"The Coronation of Charles VII at Rheims," still exists in the Château d'Espènel, at Jarnel, Garonne; while Etty, Rowland Wright, Sir Frank Dicksee, Joy, Ingres, Lematti, C. A. Lenoir, Frank Craig, Bartolini, P. Carrier, Benouville, Henner and many other painters have commemorated her exploits on canvas. Undoubtedly one of the most popular is "Jeanne D'Arc écoutant ses Voix" by Bastien Le Page (Metropolitan Museum, New York) in which a young girl, garbed in red peasant dress, occupies the right fore-ground in a listening attitude, with eyes raised heavenward and her face illumined with light from above; while against the wall of a small dwelling behind may be dimly discerned the figure of a youth in armour, partially concealed by the tangled branches of the tree-tops.

Innocent of the martyrdom of Jeanne d'Arc, sharing in her glory, and recalling the saying of Allain Chartier that "The ancient league between France and Scotland is not written on parchment, but graven on the living flesh; traced not with ink, but with blood," the "Land of the Thistle" gladly participated in the Tournament of "la Bonne Lorraine" held in 1929 in honour of the fifth centenary of the raising of the siege of Orléans. To commemorate the rôle played by the Scots side by side with the Maid in that campaign—and also on such battlefields as Baugè, Verneuil, Rouvray and Patay—it was decided to offer the historic town a bow of Scottish yew to which was attached a chain with a silver plate inscribed:—"Presented to the City of Orléans by the Franco-Scottish Society" in memory of the Scottish comrades-in-arms of Joan of Arc;" while the three arrows were decorated with the colours of "Auld Scotia"—blue and white. Accompanied by a splendid bagpiper, the large delegation from Scotland—led by the president of the Society, Lord Stair, and including Lord Cassilis (a direct descendant of Sir Hugh Kennedy, who commanded this guard of Jeanne d'Arc) and augmented by members of the Caledonian Society of Paris bearing their gift of a Scottish flag—were cordially received in the Great Hall of the magnificent Hotel de Ville by the Mayor of Orléans and the municipality. The party was then conducted into the room where François II, the young husband of Marie Stuart, died, on a wall of which in a glass case were placed the bow and arrows as a tribute to that heroism and fidelity which during centuries gained for Scottish Archers the honour and responsibility of being body-guards of the Kings of France.

During the past two years France has commemorated the Maid with extraordinary éclat, for in the towns traversed, on the bridges crossed, and on the walls of the châteaux visited by La Pucelle

have been placed marble plaques, ornamented with her figure; and the participation of French-Canada is also inscribed on a dozen of these memorials, notably at Tours. In May of this year the Roman Catholics of the world observed her martyrdom; and, as during the Pageant of Orléans, one saw at the Rouen celebration a representative of King George V by the side of the President of the French Republic, with the Archbishop of Westminster atoning by his presence for the injustice of the Cardinal of Winchester on May 30th, 1431.

This autumn a fine equestrian statue of the Maid, saluting Canada with her sword, will be unveiled on the heights of Berger-ville, Quebec, in grateful homage to one who, as a French-Canadian writes "by saving France enabled Canada to be founded." Around the base of the monument are large bronze figures representing such outstanding personages of early Canadian history as Mgr. de Laval, the first Bishop of Quebec; the Venerable Mother Marie de l'Incarnation, foundress of the Ursulines; Mother Catherine de Saint-Augustine, the first of the Augustines; Father Dolbeau, the first Recollet priest in New France; Jeanne Mance, foundress of the Hotel Dieu of Montreal; Jacques Cartier, the discoverer of Canada, supplied by the Province of Quebec; Samuel de Champlain, the founder of Quebec; Louis Hebert, the first farmer in Canada; the Venerable Mother Marguerite Bourgeoys, foundress of the Congregation of Notre Dame; Maisonneuve, founder of Ville Marie (Montreal), presented by that city; Jean de Brebeuf, the martyr; and Abbé de Queylus, the first Sulpician. A special commemorative volume is in preparation, to mark the occasion with contributions from Georges Goyau of the French Academy; Mgr. Henri Débout, the great historian of Jeanne d'Arc; Canon Thellier de Poncheville, of Paris; Mgr. Camille Roy, of the Quebec Seminary; the Hon. Thomas Chapais; and M. Jean Bruchesi, of the University of Montreal.

The Maid is described by contemporaries as physically and mentally extraordinarily healthy and hardy; of magnetic personality, intensely devout—neither neurotic nor introspective—and possessed of that courage which braves the danger nature shrinks from at the call of duty. Jeanne D'Arc was no impostor, having absolute faith in her preternatural revelations, which were possibly only the workings of an ardent and imaginative temperament, swayed by those two powerful emotions—religious and political enthusiasms. "Consilio firmata Dei"—"Sustained by the Counsel of God"—was the apt motto upon the Coronation medal struck for her on July 17th, 1429; while the following lines, written on

Charlemagne by L. U. Masilene, seem equally applicable to The White Maid—Heroine and Saint of France:—

There never ceases in this world of ours
Work for the good and noble. God decides
The issues and the limits of all powers.
O'er history and life, He, sole, presides.
He penetrates with organizing force
Epochs and institutions; every change
Receives from Him the order of its course,
And States derive their sovereignty and range.