

FIFTH EDITION.

JOAN, THE MEDIUM;

OR

THE INSPIRED HEROINE OF ORLEANS.

BY

MOSES HULL.

Author of "The Question Settled," "The Contrast Between Evangelicalism and Spiritualism," "Which, Spiritualism or Christianity," "The Spiritual Alps, and How We Ascend Them," "The Real Issue," "All About Devils," "Jesus and the Mediums," "Death and its To-Morrow," "The Devil and the Adventists," Etc., Etc.

"Strength and honor are her clothing; she shall rejoice in time to come."—Prov. xxxi. 25.

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INTRODUCTORY.

Over thirty years ago the thought occurred to the writer of the following pages that there was more of Spiritualism in history than the world suspected. At that time was begun a careful investigation into the history of the lives of those men and women whose names stand out in history like suns amongst the asteroids. A search was begun to see whether he was justified in that thought.

This search was rewarded by finding that such men as Buddha, Socrates, Jesus, Mohamet, Luther, Jacob Boehme, Swedenborg, John Wesley, Richard Corvoso and hundreds of others who startled the world, were what would to-day be called mediums.

Though an ignorant prejudice has kept women from coming to the front as they should have done; yet, in spite of great opposition a few of them have stepped forward and assisted in making history. The women who have enrolled their names to be handed down to succeeding genera-

tions, were all mediums of more or less power. Among those of the later centuries, who might be mentioned, are Joan of Arc, the heroine of this effort, Ann Lee, Mary Fletcher, Joan Southcot, Eliza W. Farnham, and several of the world's best poets, including Mrs. Sigourney, Mrs. Hemans, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, and Alice and Phebe Carey.

The study of the characters above mentioned brought out discourses delivered only a few times, on Luther, and on Swedenborg; in which their mediumship was especially brought to the front. Meantime the demand for lectures on Biblical Spiritualism became so great that time could not be found for frequent repetitions of the supernatural facts in the lives of these great men; yet the interest in them was such that the thought of bringing out before the public the mediumistic portions of their lives has not yet been abandoned. A lack of time and means, and a hope that some other worker would feel called upon to do the work, is all that has kept it back until this time.

In the early sixties I began to refer, in debates and lectures, to the heroine of Orleans as a grand medium. The matter grew on my hands until it culminated in a lecture, which was delivered many

times, and the wish was nearly always expressed that the facts there used could be given to the world in pamphlet form. In 1882, I was induced to issue a two-thousand edition of a book on the subject, containing nearly all there is in this. — The edition was soon exhausted, and has been out of print for some time. In one respect at least it did a good work ; it set many of our best lecturers to lecturing on the subject, bringing out many of the facts which will be found here.

The time was when this history was new to Spiritualists generally; now it is seldom one goes to a place where spiritual meetings are kept up that there are not in the course of the year one or more lectures of more or less merit delivered on Joan of Arc.

This is as it should be; the time has come when preachers of Spiritualism should instruct their hearers more in history. The spiritual movement should every day grow more educational. Nothing strengthens the facts and phenomena of to-day as the proof that they are not something “ new under the sun.” When the world learns that history backs us in all the phenomenal parts of Spiritualism, then it sees that opposition to it weakens their

hold on all history, and many times tends to the overthrow of their own faith.

It could not be expected that Joan would be other than superstitious. She lived in a superstitious age, and among a superstitious people; she could not have done her work if she had not cemented herself to the people by endorsing and practicing the common superstitions. In her day the church was supreme; and had she departed from its practices she would have had a bigger job on her hands than the conquering of the English and taking the Dauphin to Reims to be crowned.

It was necessary that the people believe in her "voices," and the first command they gave her proved their loyalty to the church as well as to the cause of Charles VII. "Jennie, be a good girl and go often to church," was the first message she received.

I wonder if it is superstition in me to believe, or egotism to relate that I have had many messages purporting to come from the martyr of Rouen, first asking me to give the facts to the world as I understand them; and since the first pamphlet was written, thanking me for writing this; and especially for holding her up before the world as a medium.

That writer and readers may prove as faithful to their every trust as the girl whose history is here partially given did to hers is all that can be desired.

AUTHOR.

29 Chicago terrace, Chicago, July 4, 1894.

JOAN
THE MEDIUMISTIC HEROINE OF ORLEANS,
OR
SPIRITUALISM IN FRANCE
NEAR FIVE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

CHAPTER I.

Reasons for Writing—Few Eulogies on Women—Why so Few Women Come to the Front—Zhône d'Arc—The Maid and Jesus Compared—All Sides Should be Read—Domremy, its Location—Why its People Trusted in God—A French Prophecy—A Virgin to Save France—Jacques d'Arc,—Jeanne's Mother, Her Early Childhood—The Partisan's Oak—The Fairies—Jeanne's Charity—Signs of Mediumship—First Vision; its Results—A Second Vision—She Talks to her Mother—Opposition From Parents—Her Father Threatens to Drown Her—Tries to Force Her to Marry—Her Uncle to the Rescue.

Three considerations induce me to take my pen at this time. The first is to put woman in her proper place before the world. Second, to in some measure reply to the charge that Spiritualism is a modern invention to deceive and cheat mankind;

and third, to present a little history with which the world is not generally familiar.

Except when woman has been considered as a mother, a sister, a daughter, or "something sweet to think of," few eulogies have been written or orations pronounced in her behalf. As yet the world has only begun to develop out of the era of muscle into that of brain. Man's muscles are larger, heavier and stouter than those of women, therefore man has taken the precedence, and men instead of women have figured as soldiers, sculptors, artists, statesmen and orators. Bibles and histories have almost totally ignored woman.

If a woman has attempted to come to the front she has been almost universally opposed, not only by men, but by members of her own sex, who could generally discover in her ambition a lack of womanly modesty if not something worse. The world has not as yet fully out-grown the Pauline instruction for women, "if they would know any thing, to learn of their husbands at home."

Men who have stepped on the stage of life and done grand things have never lacked for eulogists; thus, from David, the Hebrew shepherd boy, who killed his antagonist with a pebble picked out of a

brook, down to Ulysses S. Grant, every warrior has been covered with garlands of praise.

Now that we are entering upon woman's era, as well as upon an age of spiritual power, it seems appropriate, whether as a nation we are ready to honor living women or not, that a few who have long since thrown off flesh and blood, be led to the front. I will commence with Jeanne d'Arc, sometimes called Joan of Arc, but always known as the Maid of Orleans. The real pronunciation of the name is Zhone d' Arc.

This is not written as a succinct history of the Maid of Orleans; the leading idea being to bring her mediumship, her communion with spirits, her devoted life, and her ignominious death before the public, and to ask those who do not believe in Spiritualism to account for her peculiarities.

Without any intention of appearing blasphemous or irreverent, or without designing to detract from the common reverence for Jesus, the writer of this would express his honest conviction that the subject of this essay was quite as wonderful in her mediumship as the Nazarene; she did as much for the world as he did, and died more ignominiously and unjustly and at the hands of a more wicked mob than did the so-called world's savior.

The reader is asked before getting too deeply into this subject to indulge the statement that no one can understand the life of Joan of Arc, from simply reading one author on the subject. Should you read only Lamartine or Michelet you would get the French side of the story, and would form a very unfavorable opinion of the English. Should you read only Hume, Dickens or Bartlett, you would get the other side of the story and would necessarily conceive a hatred for the way the French treated their savior. The reader who is after a thorough knowledge of the subject is advised by all means, to read all the above mentioned authors and beside, to read Henri, Martin, DeQuincy, Grimke and others.

It is not the province of this little work to speak of the causes of the war between the English and the French, nor yet of the alliance between the Burgundians and the English. It is only with the Maid of Orleans that we are now interested.

Domremy, a village among the hills in that portion of France recently ceded to the Prussians is the place where the heroine of Orleans and Reims first saw the light. Of all locations on earth this was perhaps the one place for such prodigies as Jeanne d'Arc to be born. For hundreds of years before the birth of this girl, Domremy had, as

Michelet says, enjoyed "all the poetry of war," not that its people were constantly in battle, but there never was a day when there were no apprehensions. Being located on the line and in fact at the cross-roads between Burgundy and that portion of France which was loyal to the King; armies were constantly passing and repassing; neither the King of France nor the Duke of Burgundy was able to afford the people protection; first one army and then the other went foraging through the country and compelling the people to submit in turn to the king and the duke.

Being entirely without earthly protection the people learned to trust in God. They continually called upon and looked for some supermundane power for deliverance, and constantly and devoutly believed that through some miraculous interposition, God would not only save Lorraine but that through that province the alliance between England and Burgundy would be broken and all France be saved.

Long before Jeanne's birth a French prophet had foretold that France would be saved by a virgin, and all through the Province of Lorraine the people believed this virgin was to be born in one of its four Domremy's. Almost every patriotic French

woman who became a mother did so with both the prayer and the fear that her child might be the virgin born to save her country; prayer because of the intense desire to see their country saved, and fear because they instinctively felt that France would make a martyr of her savior. This thought which filled the air may have been one of the causes of Jeanne's peculiarities.

Jeanne's father, Jacques d'Arc, was a mild, honest, intelligent but illiterate Champagnoise, he was simple and yet like all the Champagnoise, very shrewd.

Jeanne's mother was a more than commonly intelligent religious enthusiast; her first name was Isabella, for her second name she was called *Rome*; this latter name was given her in consequence of her numerous visits to Rome, in order that she might get from the mouths of the church dignitaries the traditions and doctrines of the church.

While Jeanne's two brothers spent their time in the fields with their father she spent most of hers at home sewing and spinning with her mother. Though Jeanne never knew one letter from another she drank in all the traditions of the church. Her religion and her patriotism were not *items in* her life, on the other hand her life was merely an

item in her devotion to religion and her country; she knew no life outside of them.

All her idle time was spent in either hearing or repeating church traditions. When a stranger came to her father's house she always made it a point to get from him all the knowledge she could of the condition of her country; stories of the oppressions upon the French by the English and the Burgundians made upon her a lasting impression.

There was near her father's house a wood known as the *partisans oak*, and in that wood one particular tree which had on numerous occasions especially during the last hundred and fifty years, borne *human fruit*; that is to say, for a long time Domremy had been a bone of contention; and under the army when either party passed through, the opposers of the army were hung to that particular tree; so that there were few in Domremy who could not look back to some one of their ancestors or relations who had been hung to that tree.

Thus with all classes this tree became a kind of Mecca, hallowed by the lingering presence of the spirits of patriots who had paid the penalty of their patriotism by hanging from its limbs. The church appointed certain days for saying mass under it, for the souls of those whose lives had been

choked out under its branches. The children used to weave garlands and decorate the tree. There were also traditions about the oak and particularly that one tree being haunted. The spirits of those executed there had been frequently seen in the wood insomuch that it got the name of the 'Fairie's Oak.

Bartlett says:

"It was a common rumor in Domremy that this tree was frequented by the fairies—her own God-mother told her that she had heard them discourse with her own ears beneath the tree; so testified many of the old people of the village, and in the eyes of the devout the tree became a wonderful, a hallowed object; once every year the priests with villagers marched to the tree and around it, singing solemn psalms and saying solemn prayers. The young people also hung its boughs with choice garlands, and danced in its cool shade to pleasant music. Jeanne's temperament was quite fitted to appreciate such a spot, so prone, so ready to believe anything marvelous, so imaginative, the spot became to her the haunt of spirits; to her spiritual eyes the place was peopled with fairies, she saw them upon the banks of a beautiful stream, she heard their delicious music in the shade of the solemn tree. *Her* ear, so finely made, could hear the fairy music, when grosser ears heard naught but the rustling of the leaves; the fairy tree was to her the threshold of the invisible world. In the misty summer evenings she could see the fairies come and dance there as others had done before her."

These stories Jeanne used to hear with the most intense interest, and her chief delight was to col-

lect her mates together under this tree, and then relate to them its traditions. All these things may have combined to assist in her early spiritual development

All the moments of Jeanne's childhood not spent in working with and for her mother, or in conversing with other grown people or the children, on the traditions of the church, or the state of France, were spent in actual charity, this was abundantly proven both when King Charles sent a commission to Domremy to investigate her claims to inspiration and when, on the occasion of her being tried for her life, a commission was sent to her childhood home to get facts against her; the favorable report of the committee who went on purpose to get an unfavorable report came near causing them to lose their heads. She not only made it her business to hunt up every sick chamber in her native village but she would take her knitting and sit beside them and with words of comfort beguile away their pain. Signs of mediumship began to manifest themselves in Jeanne when she was very young. Sarah M. Grimke says:

"She was but eight years old, when already all these signs were manifest in her. She seemed like the ancient sybils, marked from infancy with the fatal seal of sadness, of beauty and of isolation among the daughters of men. She loved every-

thing that suffered, the birds and the animals, which she regarded as endowed with affections like ourselves, but not gifted with words to express them. They seemed to her like being condemned by God to live with men in a kind of purgatory, having perfected in them only the power to suffer and to love. She was attracted and spell-bound by all that was sublime and melancholy in nature. She delighted in the chime of church bells and to induce the ringer to prolong the angelus, she gave him skeins of woolen yarn to contribute to the autumn gathering of the poor."

As John who was "in the spirit on the Lord's day" heard behind him a voice and turned to see the speaker and saw one whom he describes as wearing a golden girdle; as having snow white hair, etc, [See Rev, ix: 11-16.] So when the subject of this sketch was less than thirteen years old, being in her father's garden one day about noon, the sun shining brightly, she was attracted by a light which she said was above its brightness and turning to it, saw two of the most beautiful and resplendant objects she had ever beheld; when she turned, one of them spoke and said: "Jeanne be a good and obedient girl and go often to church." The apparition vanished before she could make any reply. She said, "O mother the music of that voice exceeds anything I ever heard, not excepting your own voice."

From this time forward the whole tenor of her

life seemed to be changed; although no one in this world, with the possible exception of her mother, mistrusted her mission, and no spirit had revealed it to her; yet as birds feel and foretell the approaching rain, she seemed to feel her mission; she seemed to feel that these messengers who had appeared to her were preparing her for something.

A settled look of sweet and plaintive sadness fastened itself upon her features; something in the tones of her voice seemed to tell her friends that a kind of prehensile power was discovering to her, her life-work. But our heroine was not long left to grope in the dark. Though she feared and trembled when she went into her father's garden, something *would*, every day, irresistibly draw her to that hallowed spot; she always went hoping that saints would and that they would not appear to her.

She was not long to be held in suspense; meandering again through the garden, she again heard the voice and turned and saw the radiance, and in the midst of this ineffable effulgence stood two noble figures one of which said, "Jeanne go to the succor of the King of France and thou shalt restore his kingdom to him." At first overcome both by the visitants and the message she was unable to

peak; in a few moments however, she regained possession of her faculties, and, trembling like an aspen leaf, she fell upon her knees, and with bowed head replied: "Monsieur, I am only a poor girl, I know not how to ride or to lead an army." The heavenly vistant replied: "Go to M. de Baudricourt, Lord of Vaucoleur, and he will conduct thee to the king; St. Catherine and St. Margaret will be thy aids."

After remaining stupefied and in tears sometime, other angels seemed to come and comfort her; she told her mother that, "sainted women dressed in white, amid countless lights, and with voices soft and musical and moving unto tears, came and comforted her." When they left she wept more than before they came, she said; "O mother, I so longed for them to take me with them." Bartlett says:

"Wonderful and majestic forms floated in the sky past her, and mysterious language was addressed to her. It was promised France should be delivered, and through her aid. These sights and apparitions became more and more frequent and more definite in their import. The spirits that came were generally those of St. Catherine and St. Margaret, the guardian saints of the Domremy church; Michael, the archangel, at one time came to the lovely maid."

On her trial several years after she said: "I saw him with these eyes as plainly as I see you now;"

when closely questioned again, she replied: "Yes, I do believe firmly, as firmly as I believe in the Christian faith, and that God has redeemed us from the pains of hell; that these voices come from him and by his command.

After these visions, and after some months of almost constant communion with the angels. "Jeanne determined, as did one of old, not to be disobedient unto the heavenly vision." When she told her parents, they manifested the most hostile opposition. Her father particularly, threw everything possible in her way; he even told his son to drown her rather than suffer the disgrace of having their sister go into the army; and finally said, she should not go, he would drown her with his own hands first. He went so far as to get a young man to claim her hand in marriage, and to swear that Jeanne had in her childhood days promised to marry him. It was supposed that the maid, so modest and timid, would not dare open her mouth in church before her ecclesiastical judges, and that they would force her into marriage; but in this they had mistaken her character and power. The timid girl's timidity left her; she faced her accusers and spoke so sincerely and truthfully, and so thoroughly convicted her father and her would-be husband of in-

trigue that the judges without a moment's hesitation, decided the case in her favor.

Her uncle finally came to see her, and, after hearing her story, and witnessing many of her tests, became a convert. Under plea of having a sick wife, who needed Jeanne as a nurse, he got her away from her home to his own house. He soon became almost as enthusiastic as herself. She told him that the saints had told her to go to Vaucoleur, that the King's captain, Baudricourt, would see that she was conveyed to the king.

CHAPTER II.

Jeanne's Uncle and the Captain—Jeanne Goes to Vaucoleur—Makes Converts—Is Introduced to Baudricourt—Makes a Prophecy—Is this the Devil?—The Maid and De Metz—The Duke of Lorraine Sends for Her—Another Prophecy Fulfilled—The Maid's Advice Not Taken—The King Learns his Mistake—Jeanne Starts for the King—Dangers of the Journey—Opposition From the King's Advisers—The Dauphin's Efforts to Deceive the Maid—A Test to the Dauphin—A Prophecy Fulfilled—A Weak Dauphin—The Maid Before the Doctors—A Sign Demanded—Multitudes Converted—Her Judges Surrender—A Nation in Tears of Joy—Jeanne Receives her Commission—Angels Find a Sword for Her.

The Uncle in the midst of winter made the trip to Vaucoleur to see the captain, but that old soldier was not to be trapped by a girls whims, nor yet by one in league with the devil. He gave the peasant-uncle a most chilling reception and according to some authors advised him to horse-whip his niece, and send her home. According to others, to box the damsel's ears and return her to her parents.

Jeanne was not to be discouraged even by this; her voices had told her he was to give her a safe conduct to the King and she believed them. She immediately quitted and forever, her native village and started off on foot for Vaucoleur.

In good time she, accompanied by her uncle, reached the city, attired in the coarse red dress of a shepherd girl. She and her uncle took up their lodgings at the house of a wheel-right. The family soon took a great liking to the maid and became strong believers in her mission. Her reputation grew in the city, insomuch that she found no trouble in inducing some one to take her and introduce her to the Lord of Vaucoleur. Michelet says:

"She got herself taken to Baudricourt and said to him in a firm tone, that she came to him from the Lord, to the end that she might send the dauphin word to keep firm and to fix no day of battle with the enemy, for his Lord would send him succor in Mid-Lent. * * * The realm was not the dauphin's but her Lord's; nevertheless, her Lord willed the dauphin to be King in trust. She added that despite the dauphin's enemies he would be King, and that she would take him to be crowned."

This talk thoroughly astonished Baudricourt and perhaps more than ever before, did he conclude she must be possessed of the devil. He immediately consulted the priests, many of whom confirmed him in his doubts. The Cure however went with Lord Baudricourt to the wheel-rights house, where Jeanne was stopping, and commanded her in the name and by the authority of the church to depart, if sent by the devil.

She however did not depart, and the multitude began to believe in her. Admiring crowds flocked

around her and listened with eagerness to catch every word that fell from her lips.

Occasionally one who really believed in her and her mission would talk the opposite for no other reason than to see what answer she would make; one DeMetz, a nobleman, met her in the street one day and said: "Child, what are you doing here? must we not submit to seeing the King expelled and to ourselves becoming English?"

The maid replied:

"I am come here to ask Sire de Baudricourt to send me before the dauphin; he has no care for me, or for words of mine; and yet it is needful that before mid-lent I should stand in the dauphin's presence, should I in reaching him wear through my feet and have to crawl upon my knees. For no one upon this earth, neither King, nor Duke, nor daughter of the King of Scots* no one but myself is appointed to recover this realm of France. Yet I would more willingly remain to spin by the side of my poor mother, for war seems no work for me. But I must go because my Lord and master so wills it."

"And who is the Lord your master?" said DeMetz. "The King of Heaven," she replied.

DeMetz immediately became inspired with the divinity of the girl's mission and told her that he would see that she was taken to the King.

During this time Baudricourt had become more

*The son of the dauphin was expected to marry the daughter of the "King of Scots," and thus it was hoped that an alliance could be formed which would save France.

than half convinced that the enthusiastic maid was indeed as she professed to be, an instrument in the hands of the spirit world. He had caused a record of all her sayings and doings to be conveyed to the dauphin, afterward King Charles the VII. He had several interviews with her. He had caused many of the ecclesiastical authorities, among them the duke of Lorraine to see her. The duke was ill and desired to see her on his own behalf; all the consolation he got was, that if he would have it well with him hereafter, he must appease the wrath of his God by becoming speedily reconciled to his wife, for he had but a few more days to live. Notwithstanding her prophecy was against the duke he believed in her and encouraged her. She was right, he lived only a few days.

Jeanne had sent word to the King not to allow the army to go into battle, for it would go ill with the French. In another talk with Baudricourt, she had said, "a battle is now being fought at Herring's, and it is going badly with the French."

Time proved that her prophecy was true, and that her advice should have been taken. This so far settled matters that the King sent a message for her to repair to his Court at Chinon. Baudricourt who at first wanted her whipped and returned to

her parents, gave her a sword, and the citizens subscribed and bought a horse for her.

Jeanne being commanded by her voices to assume male attire did so; and on February 13, 1429, in company with seven men Jeanne started on her journey of several hundred miles to see the King, A dangerous and frightful journey it was in any aspect of the case.

1st. It was in the bitter cold of winter.

2nd. The streams were much swollen and must be forded.

3rd. They had long patches of woods filled with straggling soldiers to go through.

4th. The male attire was the only protection against outrage even from the seven men with whom she traveled.

History says nothing of any attempts of any of her party to outrage her person, but, it informs us, her companions lost faith in her, and came to regard her as insane and caused an ambuscade to be laid for her life. Michelet says: "it was only by a miracle that she escaped."

By the time the maid arrived at Chinon the matter of receiving her was re-considered and a well developed opposition was organized against her, and for several days it was a question whether she

could be admitted into the presence of the King. Her enemies adjourned indefinitely from time to time her visit to the dauphin.

Indeed it was an unheard of proceeding and a dangerous undertaking to admit her. The dauphin's father had died insane. Now, if he went into consultation with a crazy girl it would not only bring the contempt of England, but of the French, including his own generals on him. But the story of her wonderful visions had reached the besieged city of Orleans, and a delegation had come from there to urge the King to accept her services as a last resort, otherwise she probably would not have had a hearing.

At last the dauphin sent for her to come into his presence, but he determined if she were not what she professed to be, to confound her. Though she was led to believe her interview with the King was to be private or nearly so, when she came into his presence she beheld more splendor than she had supposed could exist on earth.

In the hope of disconcerting her if possible, he was at the time of the reception, surrounded by his entire court. The hall in which the reception occurred was lighted with fifty torches; there were present a brilliant array of nobles and over three hundred Knights—every one curious to see the

witch; the sorceress, or the inspired maid as the case might be. Jeanne was at this time only eighteen years old, and is described as being beautiful, finely built and possessing a sweet and melodious voice.

The King disguised himself as a courtier, while one of his subjects took his place as King. The girl entered the room, and only advanced one step toward the one who was playing King, she turned, and found in the crowd of courtiers the real dauphin, she fell before him and embraced his knees, but he told her she was mistaken, and squarely denied being the dauphin; she gently reproached him for trying to deceive her "for," said she, "thou art the dauphin." "Gentle dauphin, I am Jeanne la Pucelle," said she, "the King of Heaven sends me to you, to say, that by my efforts you shall be crowned at the city of Reims, and shall be made Lieutenant of the King of Heaven who is the real King of France,

La Martine says:

"Joan advanced, confused, dazzled, and hesitating. Among the crowd she sought with timid glance the one to whom she had been sent, she recognized him without questioning any one, modestly approaching him fell upon her knees. 'It is not I who am the King of France,' said the dauphin, pointing to one of his courtiers, 'There is the King,' but Joan replied

with great earnestness, 'By my God, gracious prince you are the King and none other.' Then in a solemn voice she added 'Most noble lord, the King of Kings decrees through me that you shall be consecrated and crowned—in the city of Reims, his vicegerent over the kingdom of France.'

At these words the whole court was struck with awe. The dauphin himself was deeply moved but he wished still further evidence, and leading her aside into the embrasure of a window, he communed with her in a low voice respecting a matter which troubled his conscience, and made him doubt his right to the throne. He had never mentioned the subject to any one, it was of a kind to make his mother blush, and rob him of a crown. The life led by Isabella of Bavaria made it uncertain whether the dauphin was really the son of Charles VI. The inspired answer of Joan was inaudible to the by-standers but they saw by the countenance of the dauphin the pleasure and relief that it gave him. Often, and very recently too he would shut himself in his oratory and pray God with tears, to reveal to him in some way, whether he was indeed the heir to the kingdom, if so, to restore to him his inheritance; if not, to grant him a safe asylum among the Spaniards or the Scots, his only friends. 'I tell thee from God,' insisted Joan, raising her voice and saluting him, that thou art

the true son of the king and the rightful heir.

Bartlett after relating the substance of the above in his own style, adds, that she said: "Gentle dauphin, why will you not believe me, I tell you that God has pity on your people for St. Louis and Charlemagne are on their knees before him praying for you and them."

Thus is Jeanne's Spiritualism recognized by every author. I may here add Jeanne's confessor after her death, told that in one of her confessions to him she told him that in this private *tete a tete* with the dauphin she told him that he had in the morning of that very day, prayed to God to give him evidence of his right to the throne of France, and if he had no right to the throne to vouchsafe to him a safe retreat to Scotland.

This was not by any means the only test the King got on that occasion; when one of his body guard said in a coarse jesting manner: "by my God but she's pretty, how I should like to have her;" she turned upon him and said: "Thou profanest the name of thy God, and art so near thy end." In a very few moments from that he attempted to ford a river and was drowned.

Alas, the dauphin was only a weak man; in every sense of the word he was a weak man. He re-

quired to be convinced anew every day of the girl's mission, no evidence satisfied him for more than a few hours. Again and again he lost faith and required some new test. He doubted his own ability to decide as to the source of her power and if he had the ability he preferred to dally with his mistresses rather than to take the trouble to investigate anything.

On one of these dark occasions he turned her over to the doctors of divinity; he had her conducted to the University and Parliament at Portiers to pass a critical examination from that school of divinity physicians. The doctors, in order to confound her, plied her again and again with questions, but in this she was triumphant. Michelet says:

"The Archbishop of Reims, Chancellor of France, President of the Royal Council, issued his mandate to the doctors and to the professors of theology, the one priests the other monks, and charged them to examine the Pucelle.

The doctors introduced and placed in a hall the young maid, she seated herself at the end of the bench and replied to their questioning. *She related with a simplicity that rose to grandeur, the apparition of angels with which she had been visited and their words.*"

A single objection was raised by a Dominican, but it was a serious one. "Jeanne, thou sayest that God wishes to deliver the people of France, if such be his will he has no need of men at arms?"

She was not disconcerted; "Ah, my God," was her reply, "the men-at-arms will fight and God will give the victory."

Another was more difficult to be satisfied, a Limousin, brother Seguin, professor of theology at the University of Poitiers, a very sour man, says the chronicle. He asked her in Limousin French, what tongue that celestial voice spoke? Jeanne answered, perhaps a little too hastily: "A better than yours." "Dost thou believe in God?" said the doctor, in a rage, "now God wills us not to believe in thy words except thou showest a sign." She replied: "I have not come to Poitiers to show signs or work miracles; my sign will be the raising of the siege of Orleans, give me men-at-arms, many or few, and I will go."

Meanwhile it happened at Poitiers, as at Vaucouleurs, her earnestness and enthusiasm siezed the hearts of the people. In a very short time all were for her. Women, ladies, citizens, wives, all flocked to see her at the house where she was staying with the wife of an advocate to the parliament, and all returned full of emotion; men went there too, counselors, advocates, old hardened judges, who had suffered themselves to be taken thither incredulously, when they had heard her, wept even as the

women did, and said, "The maid is of God."

The examiners themselves went to see her, with the king's commissioners, and upon their recommencing their tedious examination, quoting learnedly to her and proving to her from the writings of all the doctors, that she ought not to be believed.

"Harken," she said to them, "there is more in God's book than in yours. * * * I know neither A nor B, but I came commissioned by God to raise the siege of Orleans and have the dauphin crowned at Reims. * * * First, however, I must write to the English and summon them to depart, God will have it so; have you paper and ink? write as I dictate to you:

"SUFFORT, GLASSIDAS AND LA POULE:—I summon you on the part of the King of Heaven to depart to England." * *

They wrote as she dictated; she had won over her very judges. They pronounced as their opinion, that it was lawful to have recourse to the young maiden. The Archbishop of Embrum, who had been consulted, pronounced similarly, supporting his opinion by showing how God had frequently revealed to virgins, for instance to the Sibyls, what he concealed from men; how the demon could not make a covenant with a virgin, and recommended it to be ascertained whether Jeanne were a virgin. Thus being pushed to extremity, and either not being able, or being unwilling to explain the delicate distinction between good and evil revelations, the doctors humbly referred a

ghostly, [spirituell] matter to a corporeal test and made this grave question of the spirit depend on woman's mystery.

As the doctors could not decide the ladies did; and the honor of the pucelle was vindicated by a jury, with the good Queen of Scicily and the King's mother-in-law at their head."

While this farce was being enacted a committee had gone from the King to Domremy to investigate the girl's home character; they brought a most favorable report, both as to the girl's character and mediumship. Now time was precious, Orleans must have help immediately or go to the English. Jeanne received her commission and all haste was made to get her on the field of battle.

All France by this time had become inspired with her enthusiasm and nearly all believed she was inspired with supernatural power. The monks and medicants became preachers of her mission. Jeanne was soon panoplied in white armor and mounted on a beautiful black horse, with her battle-ax and the sword of St. Catherine at her side; for although Baudricourt had presented her with a sword her voices told her to send to a certain church, and there among certain rubbish would be found the long lost sword of St. Catherine. The finding of

the sword was another added to the numerous tests the girl gave of being under some power not known to ordinary mortals. In her hand she bore a tall white standard tastefully and beautifully decorated with *fleurs de lis*.

On this subject, Charles Dickens, one of the most skeptical writers of his or any other age said:

"She said there was an old sword in the cathedral of St. Catherine, Fierbois, marked with five crosses on the blade; which St. Catherine had ordered her to wear. Now nobody knew anything about this sword, but when the cathedral came to be examined, which was immediately done, there, sure enough, the sword was found.

CHAPTER III.

Demoralization of the Allied Forces—The Source of the Maid's Power—Purified the Army—La Hire's Prayer—Volunteers Rush to the Army—Jeanne Given Absolute Power—Charlemagne and St. Louis Helping—A Wind that is Not Ill—The Maid Lands in Orleans—Enthusiastic Reception—Jeanne's Abstemiousness—Her Appeal to Glasdale—Glasdale's Insolence—Voices Awake Her and Call her to Battle—Victory at St. Loup—The Maid's Mercy Toward Prisoners—French Generals Form a Conspiracy Against the Maid—They are Defeated—She Foretells a Wound—Fish Story—The Maid Beats Sire de Gaucourt—English Stampede—The Maid Wounded—Her Saints Appear—Glasdale Called upon to Surrender—Death of Glasdale—Retreat of the English—A Week's Work.

To see this girl mounted and prepared for battle was to be inspired with the idea that she was born to conquer. The French and the English were alike affected with the contagion. Indeed, there is little doubt but that this contributed toward her success.

It may also be stated that at this time the English and the Burgundian armies were both sadly demoralized. Many English soldiers had deserted and were deserting the army, and their places were being supplied by renegade Frenchmen, who, to keep from starving to death, had enlisted in the English army, but who could not be entrusted in any

engagement. The English army was also terribly scattered, with little or no communication between its various divisions. Orleans being a large and hungry city, might be expected to second any movement made for its deliverance ; so that all in all an easy victory might be expected

In the city of Orleans was a formidable array of talented French generals, each with a squad of soldiers ready to do their bidding. The trouble was there was no unity of action among the officers.

No one could make a move that would not be opposed by all the others. Anything that could unite these leaders and their armies, might reasonably be depended on to raise the siege. This Jeanne accomplished ; do you ask how? I answer:

1st. Her numerous tests made all of them believe in the divinity of her commission—heaven had sent her.

2d. She was a religious enthusiast, and they all had unbounded confidence in their religion and their church.

3d. She was a virgin, and in this age there was a superstitious reverence for such.

They did not believe it possible for a devil or an evil spirit to have any communication with a virgin. Not only this, but they believed that virgins gen-

erally had much more power with God and the saints than ordinary mortals had ; and that now and then a virgin had miraculous power. Such was their reverence for this one that they would attempt to do anything she would command.

Jeanne's devotion to purity, to cleanliness, and to a high state of morals also made its impression. She did not say, as Gideon of old intimated of his army, that it was too large to be used as a conquering army, but she did say it was too corrupt, too profligate. She refused to go into battle with it ; she was to fight as a medium, and her army must be pure. She drove the prostitutes out of the army, she stopped profanity, she required every soldier to go to confession and to mass, and to go through certain religious ceremonies for purification.

One of her generals, La Hire, did not believe it possible for a man to be a soldier without being profane and wicked. He said: "God himself would become a dissolute outlaw, were he to turn soldier." He said God was acquainted with his weakness. Instead of going through the regular forms of prayer, he had a habit of falling upon his knees and praying, "Sire God, do for La Hire as thou wouldst have La Hire do for thee, if thou

wert a captain and La Hire were God." When Jeanne's order against profanity was issued, he told her that it was absolutely impossible for him to live without swearing, whereupon she conferred on him the special privilege of swearing by her banner, a privilege he prized and enjoyed as long as she lived.

"Her army of original blue beards," says one writer, "was turned into an army of saints. With her they commenced, and unreservedly, a new life. Where was she leading them? Little did it matter to them. They would have followed her, not to Orleans only, but just as readily to Jerusalem."

Thus our girl-medium-soldier starts for the seat of war. The people became almost insane with enthusiasm. The small army with which she starts more than doubles on its march to Orleans. Deserters flock back to the army, and volunteers come in, armed with anything they can get to fight with, ready under the soldier-girl to do anything she may command, even to the laying down of their lives.

A new spirit of power and patriotism seizes every French man and woman, insomuch that it is an open question whether they were not all more or less under the same power that controlled the girl.

On this point Bartlett says:

"The army saw her with hopeful hearts, their enthusiasm was so great, that from the depths of despair they sprung to

exultation. They believed that God was about to rescue them and France from destruction. Thousands who had deserted the ranks came pouring back, and voluntarily assumed the instruments of war. Six thousand soldiers were thus drawn up to receive her. The dauphin was not there, for such was his devotion to pleasure that he had retired to the castle of Chinon; but the great French captains were there, such as the Marshal de Broussac, the Admiral de Culant, La Hire, De Retz, and De Lore. Although it had never yet been defined the exact position Joan was to occupy, yet the strange, the wild enthusiasm, of the army, at once set the matter at rest. The renowned chiefs at once placed her at the head of the forces, and she was acknowledged by the soldiers as their highest authority.

"The very first act of Joan, and it indicates the real piety of her heart, was an attempt to reform the morals of the camp. The women of ill-fame who remained in it were sent away with good advice, and the men were called upon to prepare for battle by confession and prayer. Father Pasquerel, every night and morning, bore aloft her holy banner, and herself and the priests of Blois walked in procession through the town, singing hymns and calling upon sinners to repent. Jeanne's enthusiasm was such that no one could resist its influence. Hundreds of the rough soldiers followed her to mass, and among them the swearing, wicked, but courageous, La Hire."

The first night of camping Jeanne lay down all armed on the ground, with no female attendant, and no other shelter except the broad, blue heavens; of course, she rested but little, and as a result was somewhat indisposed next day; but as to danger she could not be made to comprehend what it

meant. Her most daring, dashing deeds were the most successful. Her generals sometimes prevented her from carrying out all the, to them, seemingly dangerous undertakings commanded by her voices. In her march to Orleans she and her saints were determined that the army should cross the river and advance on the English side, and thus approach the city through the English bastiles, in this her generals, very much to her disgust, prevailed against her.

Du Nois, from the besieged city, came to meet her with her army and provisions for the great city. When she saw him she said:

"I bring you the best succor mortal ever received—that of the King of Heaven. It is no succor of mine, but from God himself, who, at the prayer of St. Louis and of St. Charlemagne, has taken pity on the town of Orleans, and will not allow the enemy to have at the same time the duke's body and his city."

At 8 o'clock on the evening of April 29th she entered the city, though when she launched her boats to cross over to the city the wind was blowing a hurricane against her, and all advised her not to go. As soon as she had started the wind turned and blew her boats, laden with provisions, into the city. Whatever we may think of this, she and others at that time regarded it as a kind of special providence.

In crossing to the city she sailed in immediate range of the enemy's guns, but, as she had prophesied, the English were so appalled that not a shot was fired.

The city turned out almost *en masse* to meet the maid, some striving to speak to her, others to touch her, others to touch her horse, others to bow before her, and still others to get a sight of her; so great was the crowd that it seemed almost impossible for her to pass through the streets. Some believed they were gazing on a kind of deity, certainly a creature above physical wants, as she was very abstemious, seldom eating anything more than a crust of dry bread dipped in water, and never drinking anything but water, except that occasionally she would allow a few drops of wine to be put into the water in which she dipped her bread.

Jeanne made no stop in her journey through the city until she got to a church, where she stopped and went in to offer a tribute of thanks for what had been done. She then repaired to the house of the treasurer of Orleans, where by a special request she took up her residence and roomed with one of the treasurer's daughters. A writer says:

"She found at the home selected by her as a residence a superb entertainment prepared for her, but she refused to

accept it, and dipping a slice of bread into some wine and water, she ate it, and retired to rest. All these little incidents were treasured up by the people; her form, her conduct, everything pertaining to her was carefully noticed. They saw that she was gentle, and beautiful, and pure of heart, as well as heroic and brave; saw that in every possible manner she studied their comfort and happiness, and they were quite willing to fall down in reverence and love at her feet."

Before making an attack on the besiegers of Orleans, she felt it her duty to advise them to withdraw—to go back to their own country. She always did everything in her power to prevent the shedding of blood. She went to the English bastiles on the north, and demanded of those who held them to go back to England, but Glasdale, who commanded the fortifications, overwhelmed her with abuse, calling her coward, prostitute, and other like epithets.

It is probable that Glasdale supposed her to be a witch, sorceress, or something of the kind, hence his abuse. Determined to give them a chance for their lives, she ordered an archer to shoot a second letter over into the English camp, but they treated it with contempt. She had an aversion to the shedding of blood, and only did it as a last resort.

In order to prevent the effusion of blood she even went so far as to propose a personal contest

with Glasdale, and that upon that issue all questions should be settled. Glasdale detained her herald and threatened to burn every herald she sent to him; this did not disconcert her in the least, she held some of Glasdale's men and threatened retribution.

On the fourth day she conveyed a second supply of provisions to the city, she going out to meet it, and personally superintending its arrival. The weather being hot and she fatigued, she lay down to rest; she had only dropped to sleep, when her voices came and awoke her. She sprang to her feet, exclaiming: "My horse, quick, my horse! The voices tell me to march against the enemy. Arm me." While her esquire was arming her, she heard a great noise in the street, and the report came to her that the English were chasing the French and shedding their blood. She exclaimed:

"My God! the blood of our people is flowing! Why was I not awakened sooner? O, that was ill done!"

She ran down stairs; a page was loitering at the door and she said with vehemence:

"You naughty boy, why did you not come and tell me that the blood of France was flowing? Quick, my horse."

In a moment the horse was brought and she mounted and called for her banner, which being handed her through a window, she galloped toward the scene of the conflict. As she came near the battle she saw the wounded and exclaimed :

“ Ah! I never have seen the blood of Frenchmen flow without my hair standing on end.”

She at once rode into the thickest of the fight, waving her white banner in the breeze; this always inspired French soldiers. Wherever she saw a fainting or retarding battalion, there she rushed as fast as her horse could carry her, and with shouts of victory encouraged them. At the end of three hours St. Loup was won by the French. The heat of the battle had so terribly enraged the French soldiers that in spite of all the maid could do, they put nearly all the English soldiers, whom they had captured, to death. Jeanne threw herself upon her knees before the French soldiers, and plead for the lives of the English prisoners, and even went so far as to disguise some of them and take them out of danger.

The next day being a church holiday, the maid had it strictly observed, she spending the entire day in exhorting the soldiers to repentance and

purity of life. This was one of the occasions on which La Hire prayed:

"O God, I pray thee that thou wouldst do this day for La Hire, as thou wouldst La Hire should do for thee, he were God, and thou wert La Hire."

Perfect success having attended the maid in every move she made from the time she left Domremy, it was easy for any one to predict a straight, short and easy road to victory. The officers of the French army could not fail to see that her success was so great there would be but little to do in the future except to demand the capitulation of the different English bastiles.

They also saw that such conquests gained by this girl would in no way reflect credit upon their past or present generalship. The question with them now was how to get rid of the maid, in order to themselves claim the honor of having saved France, and from this time onward they steadily worked against her, until they finally betrayed and sold her, and had her put to death.

Notwithstanding the bitter opposition developed against her, her enemies did not accomplish their purpose until after she had accomplished hers, which was the raising of the siege of Orleans, the

crowning of the dauphin at Reims and the salvation of the Kingdom of France.

As before intimated, the day after the battle of St. Loup was Ascension day (May 5). The army officers well knew her religion, or it may be her superstition, would not allow her to counsel with them on that day ; as that was holy time she would spend it in religious duties and in preaching to the soldiers ; so they held a council without her.

The girl, in spite of their determination that she should go into no more battles, went into another and took the Bastile des Augustins; this was a hard battle and she was wounded, but she conquered.

The French generals now fully determined that the only remaining English bastile to be surrendered to make the raising of the siege complete, should not be taken by this girl; they would at all hazard prevent her attacking it. They must get rid of her and take at least one bastile without her ; but her voices kept her posted as to their plans

"Hearken," she said; "you have been to your council and I to mine. Be assured that the council of God will hold good and that the council of men will perish."

They first tried persuasion, and then they tried the strength of the army, but she was too much for all of them. The chiefs were aware that if she

were not inspired and under superior powers, she at least had the whole army under her control, and they could do nothing against her by positive combat, so they first tried persuasion. All this was to no effect, she turned to her chaplain and said.

"Come to-morrow at break of day, and quit me not; I shall have much to do; blood will go out of my body; I shall be wounded."

The next morning at daybreak, when she was getting ready for battle, her host, Jacques Boucher, held up a nice shad, and said :

"Stay, Jeanne, let us eat this before you set out to battle."

With a smile, she replied :

"Keep it until night, when I return after having taken Tournelles, and I will bring you a *godden* to eat it with us."*

She was as good as her word ; after the battle was over that night an English soldier ran to her, praying her to protect him from the fury of the French soldiers. She asked her chaplain to pull off his priestly robe, which she put on the prisoner,

*GODDEN is an abridgement of God-damn. The French could not generally understand English, but they could understand that the above expression occurred in nearly every sentence spoken by nearly every English soldier, so they abridged it and called the English "goddens."

and in that disguise took him to eat the fish with her.

But we are ahead of our story. Finding, as before intimated, that Jeanne could not be dissuaded from going into battle, the governor of the city, Sire de Gaucourt, stationed his army to prevent the maid going to battle, but she met him and said to him :

“You are an ill man, but whether you will or not, the men at arms shall come and shall conquer as they have conquered before.”

By this time her soldiers had become so aroused that they would have torn him to pieces, if he had not surrendered.

Jeanne pressed onward; the generals saw there was no other way but for them to fall into line, which they did. The English soldiers, when they saw the approach of the maid, became so terror-stricken that their officers could do nothing with them. They thoroughly believed the devil was in the maid, and that it was certain death to fight against her. Though Glasdale and a few of his soldiers fought bravely, the other divisions could neither be persuaded nor driven to sustain him.

The maid entered into the hottest of the fight, waving her banner and shouting encouraging words

to her soldiers. At twelve o'clock, at noon, seeing the ardor of her soldiers beginning to cool, she seized a ladder, and planting it against a wall, began to ascend it. The army, astonished at her daring and courage, revived its enthusiasm, but in a moment an arrow from the English army struck the maid, giving her a flesh wound between the neck and shoulders. She fell, and as the English were about to take her prisoner, the French rallied and rescued her. She was disarmed and carefully laid on the grass. With her own hand she pulled the arrow out of her flesh ; a few silent tears fell from her eyes. Suddenly she declared a vision of her saints had appeared to her, and from that moment she was consoled.

The wound was dressed, and the maid, after spending a few moments in prayer, mounted her charger, and led her army to victory. The historian says :

"The French troops were almost entirely disheartened when they saw Joan borne from the field, and had ceased to fight, but when they saw her coming back their spirits ran high, and they remembered that she had predicted that she would be wounded, and their faith in her divine mission was greater than ever. They led on to battle again with the fiercest enthusiasm.

"The English were astonished and terrified to see the maid once more sound the onset ; they supposed that she was half dead from the effects of her wound and fall. Many of the

soldiers looked upon her as a supernatural being and declared they saw in the air, fighting by her side, the patron saints of Orleans and the Archangel Michael on white chargers.

"With such a superstitious belief among the soldiers, it was impossible for the chiefs to fight with advantage; they could not impart confidence in the English army. In the meantime the French troops fought courageously against them. A fresh body of town's people advanced to the broken arch at the opposite end of the fort and kept up a terrible fire.

"Sir William Glasdale, the English commander of the fort, at last drew in his forces from the outer bulwarks and concentrated his full strength upon the 'Tournelles' or towers. At that time he was in sight of Joan, who cried out to him: 'Surrender, surrender to the King of Heaven! Ah! Glasdale, your words have foully wronged me, but I have great pity on your soul and the souls of your men.' But the English captain would not heed her summons to surrender, but pursued his way, accompanied by his bravest knights, along the draw-bridge, when a cannon-ball from a French battery struck it where they were, and precipitated them all into the stream and the perished in it.

"The French now pressed into the bastille without meeting any resistance; three hundred of the brave garrison were already killed and the remaining two hundred were made prisoners of war."

When it was nearly night the maid, as she had predicted in the morning, returned to Orleans by the bridge. Her conduct during the day had been glorious. Even those who doubted and scoffed at the idea of her divine mission, could not deny that in martial courage and intrepidity she surprised

every captain in the French army; they therefore were obliged to respect her. But the great body of the soldiery and the people worshiped her as a messenger from heaven, as the savior of France. *They were now thoroughly convinced* that she was in league with the angels. Her courage and endurance had been superhuman ; their faith in her was therefore firm and strong.

Of course the maid returned, as usual, a victor, the bells of the churches rang out in praise of her conquest; the "*Te Deum*" was chanted and soldiers and citizens rejoiced together. The English had now lost the last ray of hope; they held a council and decided to raise the siege.

The next day, Sunday, May 8, 1429, they abandoned and set on fire all their fortifications, and retreated in good order, leaving behind their sick and wounded and all their baggage. The French soldiers were anxious to pursue them, but the maid forbade it. Her words were: "Let them depart, and let us give thanks to God," and, saying this, she herself led the way to mass.

To this day the 8th of May is made a holiday in Orleans, the people celebrating the raising of the siege by marching through the principal streets and going into the great cathedral and chanting the *Te*

Deum, and listening to a sermon on the Maid of Orleans. Thus, in seven days from the time the maid arrived in the city, was the siege raised; her sign was fulfilled, and she was proved to be inspired to do a certain work.

CHAPTER IV.

Still a Lack of Confidence—The Maid Reads the King's Thoughts—Selles and Jargeau Taken—The Maid Wounded—Surrender of the Earl of Suffolk—Stampede at Patay—The Maid Baffles the Cowardly Generals—Troyes Surrenders—On to Reims—Coronation of the Dauphin—Address of the Maid—What Three Months had done—The Maid Pleads to go Home—The King Refuses Her Request—She Regards Herself as No Longer Inspired—Cowardice and Jealousy—The Maid Wounded Again, Resolves to Lay Aside Her Implements of War—The King Persuades Her to Again Lead the Army—The King Retreats—A Historian's Views—Another Victory—Robber Captured—Eloquent Extract from De Quincy—Bartlett on the Situation—The Battle of Compeign—The Maid Captured—Was She Betrayed?—De Flavy a Traitor—The King under Suspicion—All Foretold.

The first part of the maid's mission being accomplished, it would seem that there could be little doubt and no opposition with regard to the second part; but there was. The battle with the dauphin and with the officers of the French army was to be fought over again. The truth is, their faith in the Maid did not come till her work was done and her spirit friends had advised her to retire; they then literally drove her on to defeat, capture and death.

Now that the siege was raised, the very sign that the Maid had announced to the doctors at Portiers, she justly felt that more confidence should be placed in herself and her guides. She urged



Charles to put himself under her guidance; she asked him if he could not see that she was sustained by the powerful arms of departed saints.

One authority says:

“When Joan was before the King she kneeled down and clasped him by the feet, saying: ‘Gentle dauphin, come and receive your crown at Reims; I am greatly pressed that you should go there; do not doubt that you shall there be worthily crowned as you ought.’ It happened that the King in his own thoughts, and also three or four of the chief men and captains around him, deemed it would be right if not displeasing to the said Joan to inquire what her voices said to her. She saw their thoughts and said: ‘In the name of God I know right well what you think, and desire to ask me of the voice which I heard speak touching your being crowned, and I will tell you truly. I had set myself to prayer as I am wont to do, and I was complaining because I was not believed in what I said; and then I heard the voice declare: “*Daughter*, go forward: I will be thy helper—go!” And when that voice comes I feel so joyful as is wondrous to tell.’ And while speaking these words she raised her eyes to heaven with every sign of gladness and exultation.”

Bartlett says:

“The dauphin, notwithstanding Joan’s miraculous success at Orleans, was unwilling to undertake the expedition to Reims. He could not as yet have faith in her mission, or he was too indolent and effeminate for the undertaking. He was not worthy of such a subject as Joan of Arc.

“Far better would it have been for France if she had occupied the throne instead of the pleasure-seeking Charles. With little or no sympathy from the dauphin or the officers of the

army Jeanne pursued her way onward. Though she preferred to go directly to Reims, she yielded to the decision of the dauphin and the army officers and went to take Selles first."

Next the Maid took Jargeau; at the taking of this strongly fortified place she was severely wounded. She with her own hands planted a ladder against one of the walls and began the ascent of it, when a large stone was rolled down upon her. For a while she was apparently dead, but while in this condition her heavenly visitants came to her; she soon sprang to her feet shouting "Forward! Forward! the Lord has delivered them into our hands!" Whereupon the French seemed inspired with new vigor and soon took the town; even the Earl of Suffolk surrendering himself as a prisoner. Here again she had hard work to restrain the soldiers from killing the prisoners, but with a few biblical texts, such as "Wouldst thou slay those whom the Lord has delivered into thy hands?" she succeeded. Jeanne with the army marched from town to town, many of the towns surrendering as soon as she approached. At Patay resistance was offered, but the English were so dispirited, and were so firm in their belief that Jeanne had help either from God or the devil, that they fled in wildest confusion. By this time the rank and file of the army had so thor-

roughly taken up Jeanne's cry of "On to Reims!" that the indolent, pleasure-loving King could no longer resist. And so, with an army of twelve thousand soldiers, under command of the Maid, he started for Reims.

At Troyes the army met resistance: the city was strongly fortified and well defended, and the result was the King and some of his brave (?) men wanted to turn about and go home: they said they were neither prepared to fight nor to besiege the place.

Another council was held without the Maid, but while the council was in session, a knock was heard at the door, and the Maid walked in among the cowardly counselors. She gravely related to the King and his council the reasons they had to believe in her, and boldly challenged them to show a prediction of hers thus far but that had met its accomplishment. Then she said: "The city is yours if you will only remain before it three days longer."

"We would willingly wait six, did we but know you spoke the truth."

"Six!" said she, "it will be ours to-morrow."

Her prediction was, as in every other case, true.

Under the command of her voices, she sprang

upon her horse, and commanded the soldiers to collect everything of a combustible nature they could find, and pile it against the wall and set it on fire. The people of Troyes beholding her exertions and fully believing her to be under the influence of spirits—many of them believing that they saw swarms of white butterflies hovering around her standard — became affrighted, and immediately sent a proposition to surrender.

From this the army marched via Challons, which surrendered without a shot being fired, to Reims, which they reached on the 16th day of July. The people marched out almost in a solid body to meet the army and sang praises. The last prophecy of the girl had been fulfilled, only the one thing remained to be done, that was to march into the grand cathedral and anoint the dauphin as King Charles VII.

The next day this was done; thousands assembled in the massive old cathedral at Reims, and the dauphin stood before them and was crowned with the same crown which had been placed on the heads of so many of his ancestors. He was anointed with "holy oil," which had been kept in a cruse in that town for centuries for the purpose. He was now King of France. Michelet says :

"Charles VII. was anointed by the archbishop, with oil out of the holy ampula brought from Saint Remy's by the archbishop, conformable with the antique ritual, he was installed on his throne by his spiritual peers and served by lay peers, both during the ceremony of the coronation and the banquet which followed. Then he went to St. Marculple's to touch for the king's evil. All ceremonies thus duly observed, without the omission of a single particular, Charles was at length, according to the belief of the time, the true and only king. The English might now crown Henry, but in the estimation of the people this new coronation would only be a parody of the other."

At the moment the crown was placed on the head of Charles, the Pucelle threw herself on her knees and embraced his legs with a flood of tears. All present melted into tears as well. She is reported to have addressed him as follows :

"O, gentle King, now is fulfilled the will of God, who was pleased that I should raise the siege of Orleans and should bring you to your city of Reims to be crowned and anointed, showing you to be true King and rightful possessor of the realm of France."

The Pucelle was in the right; she had done and finished what she had to do, and so, amidst the joy of this triumphant solemnity, she entertained the idea, perhaps the presentiment, of her approaching end. When, on entering Reims with the King, the citizens came to meet them, singing hymns, " Oh, thou worthy, devout people ! " she exclaimed, " if

I must die, happy should I feel to be buried here." "Jeanne," said the archbishop to her, "where, then, do you think you will die?" "I have no idea; where it shall please God. I wish it would please him that I should go and tend sheep with my sister and brothers, * * they would be so happy to see me. * * At least, I have done what our Lord commanded me to do." And raising her eyes to heaven she returned thanks. "All who saw her at that moment," says the old chronicle, "believed more firmly than ever that she was sent by God."

To the humble peasant girl was granted the honor of standing with banner unfurled beside her King during the coronation service. Honor, I say, yet the honor was the other way; while she would be an honor to any cause or in any place, the King was a disgrace to himself, his coronation, and his crown.

When on trial for her life, Joan was asked why her banner should have been thus honored, she answered: "It had shared the danger, it was right it should share the glory." On this answer Bartlett comments as follows:

"Ah! yes, poor peasant girl, thou wert right; and as she stood there amid her glory, who did she see among that grand audience? She saw her uncle Laxart and her father Jacques

d'Arc, two plain and honest peasants, who had traveled thus far to witness her triumph. What must have been her reflection as she stood there? In three months' time she had raised the siege of Orleans and crowned Charles at Reims! Three months before she had made the prediction and was laughed to scorn, and here she stood triumphant! Was she not filled with pride? No; she was full of joy, to be sure, but also full of tears. She thanked God most devoutly for what was done, and ascribed to him all the glory of the result; she was but a humble instrument in his hands."

Now the Maid felt that her work was done, her inspiration did not ask her to go further. The presence of her father, brother and uncle in that audience brought to her childhood reminiscences, and, perhaps, gave her something of a homesick feeling. She longed to be released from the presence of kings, nobles and warriors, and to again enjoy her pleasant home and the presence of her mother and sister. She now pleaded with the King to let her return with her father. I have already quoted Michelet's reference to this. Bartlett says she said:

"Gentle King, now is fulfilled the pleasure of God, who willed that you should come to Reims and be anointed, showing that you are the true King, and he to whom the kingdom should belong." She paused for a moment, and then added: "I wish that the gentle King would allow me to return towards my father and mother, keep my flocks and herds as before and do all things as I was wont to do."

Never once, while there was anything for her to

do, had she allowed herself to think wishfully of her childhood's home; and her old associates. Now that her work was done she pleaded in vain for the King to release her. The King, after taking counsel of his cabinet, entreated her to remain with the army, and used every possible argument to induce her to stay. Fearing to displease the King, and feeling that her life must go for the good of France, she consented to stay; though never after the coronation of the King did she regard herself as inspired or especially under the control of saints. The voices had accomplished the work they had for her to do and now left her to her fate.

When King Charles marched on toward Paris, "this was," says Michelet, "contrary to the advice of the Pucelle, her voices warned her to go no farther than St. Denis; the city of royal burials, like the city of coronations, was a holy city, beyond, she had a presentiment, lay a something over which she could have no power."

The worst of all was the King and the generals, who almost forced the poor girl into a campaign when her inspiration told her not to go, acted the part of cowards and deserted her. It might not have been wholly cowardice on the part of the officers; they were very jealous of the Maid, and

longed to get her out of the way. At the battle before Paris she, being deserted by the King and the generals, led the army across the first ditch, and as she was in the act of sounding the second she was wounded in the thigh, and her armor-bearer by her side was killed.

Even when wounded and suffering from pain and loss of blood she would not retreat, but as long as she was able to stand upon her feet she urged the army on. Loss of blood finally compelled her to seek a quiet retreat and endure her pain and shed her tears in silence and alone. As she lay there unthought of by the pleasure-loving King and jealous-hearted and ungrateful generals, she fully resolved to lay aside her armor and sword, and never use them again.

In the course of the night she was found by a soldier, who took her to St. Denis, where her wounds were dressed. She repaired to the church, and there on her knees returned thanks to God, the Virgin Mary, and the martyrs, for past inspirations and victories, and publicly hung her arms before the shrine of St. Denis, and declared the resolution she had made, never to use them again. O, poor wounded and heartsick girl, could you have kept that resolution it would have been well for you!

Here a glimpse of the shadow of coming events fell upon you, and your hitherto trusting soul was filled with a premonitory gloom.

When the news of Jeanne's second and public resolution reached the ears of the King of France, he took fright, and sent his leading generals, those who had slighted and abused Jeanne, to entreat her to recall her resolution, it was the only salvation of France.

The poor girl's religion had taught her that under any and all circumstances, she must obey the King—she dared not refused. She took her armor down to make one more attempt at the reduction of Paris. This she could easily have accomplished had the King, after overpersuading her to again take her position at the head of the army, stood by her ; but filled with an unaccountable cowardice and an unquenchable infatuation for women he immediately began a retreat. He retreated from several towns where the people were willing, waiting and anxious to declare their allegiance to the newly crowned King the moment he should appear before them with an army. Not only the Maid but the army thought his conduct strange. David W. Bartlett quotes Sismond as follows :

“It is probable, that but for the king's supineness, he might

on the first assault have made himself master of his capital, and his sudden retreat to Chinon everywhere depressed and deadened the enthusiasm of the people. The unwarlike citizens who throughout the towns of Champaign, of Picardy and of the Isle of France were now raising or conspiring to throw off the English yoke, well knew that if they failed, there would be no mercy for them, and that they would perish by the hangman's hands, yet they boldly exposed themselves in order to replace their King on his throne and this King, far from imitating their generosity, could not even bring himself to bear the hardships of the camp or the toils of business for more than two months and a half, he would not longer consent to forego his festivals, his dances, or his other less innocent delights."

Though the army went into winter quarters, Jeanne several times distinguished herself for bravery during the winter. At the siege of St. Pierre le Montier when the troops were retreating she reanimated them and led them on to victory. She also headed an expedition against a robber and pillager, whom she captured and handed over to the authorities to be executed.

Jeanne's work was now done; in the language of De Quincy, "what remained for her was to suffer," and here I cannot refrain even at the expense of appearing tedious from quoting from this truly eloquent author:

"But she, the child that at nineteen had wrought wonders so great for France was she not elated? Did she not loose as men so often *have* lost all sobriety of mind when standing

upon the pinnacle of success so giddy? Let her enemies declare. During the progress of her movement, and in the centre of ferocious struggles, she had manifested the temper of her feelings by the pity she had everywhere expressed for the suffering enemy. She forwarded to the English ladies a touching invitation to unite with the French as brothers in a common cause against the infidels (The Mohammedans of Palestine), thus opening the road for soldierly retreat. She interposed to protect the captive or wounded; she named over the excesses of her countrymen; she threw herself off her horse to kneel by the dying English soldier, and to comfort him with such ministrations, physical and spiritual, as his situation allowed. She sheltered the English that invoked her aid, in her own quarters.

"She wept as she beheld stretched on the field of battle, so many brave enemies that had died without confession. And as regarded herself her elation expressed itself thus: On the day when she had finished her work she wept; for she knew her task was done, her end must be approaching.

"Her aspiration only pointed to a place which seemed to her more than usually full of natural piety, as one in which it would give her pleasure to die. And she uttered between smiles and tears, as a wish that inexpressibly fascinated her heart, and yet was half fantastic, a broken prayer, that God would return her to the solitudes from which he had drawn her, and suffer her to become a shepherdess once more. It was a natural prayer, because nature has laid a necessity upon every human heart to seek for rest, and to shrink from torment. Yet again it was a half fantastic prayer, because from childhood upwards, visions that she had no power to mistrust and these voices sounded in her ear forever, had long since persuaded her mind that for *her* no such prayer could be granted. For well she felt that her mission must be worked

out to the end, and that the end was now at hand. All went wrong from this time.

"She herself had created the *seeds* out of which the French restoration should grow: but she was not suffered to witness their development, or their prosperous application. More than one military plan was entered upon which she did not approve. But still she continued to expose her person as before."

Spring returned, and with it the campaign opened. The King during the winter had grown more reckless and pleasure seeking than ever, and the generals more jealous of the Maid. Bartlett says:

"The French officers were so jealous of the Maid of Orleans that they seemed at all times to avoid going into the field with her. They seem to have been desirous of witnessing her defeat, and therefore took means to insure it. Such treatment of one who had saved their nation from utter ruin, cannot be condemned too severely.

"Several skirmishes took place, and in several of them Joan acted with a wonderful courage and intrepidity, in all she behaved herself wisely and bravely. So bravely did she conduct herself, that the Duke of Gloucester was obliged to issue a proclamation, to give courage and assurance to the English under his command. All that Joan needed was a good and well officered army, and with it she would have driven the English from France in three months. But the King and his council loved pleasure better than independence."

The Fortress of Compiegn, commanded by Guillaume de Flavy, was besieged by the English and the Duke of Burgundy. Gillaume de Flavy made

a noble stand, but the King of France refused to go to his rescue; Jeanne, though her forces were weak and demoralized, went to his rescue, and after a weary day's march headed an attack on the allied forces of the English and the Burgundians. Twice she drove them from their intrenchments, but as the opposing armies received new recruits, she commanded a retreat, she herself taking the position of rear guard. When the army retreated through the town gate it was closed, leaving her in the hands of the enemy.

The English now surrounded the Maid, but she fought with undaunted courage until finally a soldier coming up behind her grasped her overcoat and captured her. Michelet, who always puts the matter in the best possible light for the French, says:

"The Pucelle, who had remained in the rear to cover the retreat, was too late to enter the gate, either hindered by the crowd that thronged the bridge, or by the sudden shutting of the barriers. She was conspicuous by her dress, and was soon surrounded, seized and dragged from her horse. Her captor, a Picard archer—according to others, the Bastard of Vendome—sold her to John Luxembourg. All English and Burgundians saw with astonishment that this object of terror, this monster, this devil, was, after all, only a girl of eighteen. That it would end so, she knew beforehand; her evil fate was inevitable, and, we must say the word, necessary. It was necessary that she

should suffer. If she had gone through this last trial and purification, doubtful slanders would have interposed amidst the rays of glory which rest on that holy figure; she would not have lived in men's minds the *Maid of Orleans*."

This all sounds well, but the gates were probably closed on purpose and in fulfillment of a contract. And an argument on the necessity of her sufferings to retain her glory is a poor substitute for a plain statement of facts concerning French treachery.

Poor girl! forced by her spirit friends to save her country, she is now, after having filled her mission, to spend the remaining days of her young life in a gloomy prison, and finally to die an ignominious death upon a scaffold.

Probably the sorest reflection the poor girl had was that she had been betrayed. She had obeyed French generals and her King in remaining with the army, when the saints, who had always before given her advice, were silent; and now she had been betrayed by the French general, Gillaume de Flavy, and at the very time when she was exposing her life to save his. De Flavy's own wife murdered him on account of her detestation of this wicked act. On her trial she proved her husband's guilt beyond a doubt, and was pardoned on that account. The history of the world records but few acts so

base. Judas, the betrayer of his Lord, never was so wicked. Even the French writer, Michelet, is compelled to acknowledge that.

“The probability is that the Pucelle was bargained for and bought, even as Soissons had just been bought. At so critical a moment, and when their young king was landing on French ground, the English would be ready to give any sum for her, but the Burgundians longed to have her in their grasp, and they succeeded. It was to the interest not of the duke only and of the Burgundian party in general, but it was, besides, the direct interest of John Ligny, who eagerly bought the prisoner.”

Even Charles VII. must have been concerned in this bargain. The historian says he took no steps to deliver her. He had prisoners in his hands and could have protected her by threatening reprisals.

It is not presumed that her betrayal took her un-awares; she had foreseen and foretold it. Once she said to the dauphin:

“Employ me, I shall last but the year.”

At another time she said to her pastor:

“If I must die soon, tell the King and our lord from me to found chapels for the offering up of prayers for such as have died in defense of the kingdom.”

Once more she said: My good friends, I will tell you of a surety, there is a man who has sold me; I am betrayed and shall soon be given up to death.

Pray to God for me, I beseech you; for I shall no longer be able to serve my King or the noble realm of France."

At her trial she was asked: "Did your voices command you to make the sally out of Compeign, in which you were taken?" She answered:

"The saints had told me I should be taken before midsummer; that it behooved so to be; that I must not be astonished, but suffer all cheerfully and God would aid me. * * * Since it has so pleased God, it is for the best that I should be taken."

To the Count de Ligny, when he went to her and told her he had come to hold her to a ransom on certain conditions, she said:

"Ah, my God, you are laughing at me; I know you have neither the will nor the power. I am convinced that these English will put me to death in the hope of winning the kingdom of France. But though these goddens (god-damns) were a hundred thousand more than they are to-day, they would not win the kingdom."

CHAPTER V.

The Maid Sold to the Church—She Attempts to Escape—Prisoner Caged and Chained at Rouen—The Maid Terribly Abused—The Bishop of Beauvais—Treacherous Detectives—English and French Unite Against the Maid—A Disgraceful Trial—History did not Dare to do the Maid Justice—The Bishop Preaches to Jeanne—Her Reply—Jeanne Relates Her Experience—She Warns Her Judge—Efforts to Prove Her a Witch—Examination Resumed—Efforts to Entrap Her—Do the Saints Hate the English—Were the Saints Naked—Another Attempt to Prove Her a Witch—Remarkable Prophecy.

Now that they have the Maid in prison, what is to be done with her? Her captors wanted money; the Burgundians bid on her; the English bid; but the church, as is usual in such cases, outbid them all and bought her, paying as much as the state would have paid for a prince or a king taken as a prisoner of war, and, at the same time, agreeing to either put her to death or surrender her to the English to be executed by them as a prisoner of war; thus in any case her death was guaranteed—she must either die as a witch, heretic or a rebel against Henry, the young rival of Charles VII. The Maid was first imprisoned at Beaurevoir; then taken to Arras, thence to Le Crotoy. She made two attempts to escape, in one of which she came near

losing her life, she then promised to make no more attempts in that direction.

In November, 1430, she was surrendered to the care of the English, to be first tried by the church, and in case the church failed to convict her of heresy, or witchcraft, or both, to deliver her up to the state to be executed, she was to be tried and executed by the English.

The English took her to Rouen, where were young King Henry and all his chiefs; here an iron cage was made for her, and she was fastened in it, and chained a wild beast.

Probably the world never, before or since, witnessed such treatment of a prisoner. Not only was she blackguarded, cursed, kicked, and knocked down by her guards, but they even went so far as to attempt by physical force to violate that virginity, which to her was more sacred than life itself. Even the Sire de Luxemburg after trying to make her believe he had come to offer a ransom for her, when she exposed him, attempted to thrust his dagger through her, and would have done so had he not been prevented by the Earl of Warwick. Bartlett states the matter as follows :

"Connected with this desire to ruin the cause of King Charles, there was an intense personal hatred of Joan; she had

caused their shame and defeat, and they longed to wreak vengeance upon her. It would seem as if her womanhood should have protected her from the insults and cruelties which even a common prisoner is only subjected to under extraordinary circumstances; but she did not receive the attentions, the rights to which a prisoner of war is entitled; she was abused by the common soldiers, who, when she was in the field, fled before her courage, but now that she was in chains, like all cowards, became rough and cruel towards her; officers of the army, even the most prominent leaders, did not hesitate to conduct themselves in a manner unheard of among gentlemen; the Earl of Stafford actually drawing his dagger upon the poor girl. But if she was then obliged to suffer all these indignities, history has done her and them justice; while her name is glorious, theirs has come down to us covered with shame.

"The English renounced any rights over the Maid which they possessed, from the fact that she was a prisoner of war, that they might try her before an ecclesiastical tribunal for witchcraft. To give an appearance of fairness to the trial, they thought it best to bring her before a French bishop, if one could be found ready to sell himself to the English cause. Such a man was found in the person of Pierre Cauchon, Bishop of Beauvais. Joan had been made a prisoner within the bounds of his diocese, and upon that pretext he presented a petition for her trial as a witch; the university of Paris was also influenced by the English to join with him in the petition. The judges were appointed, first the inhuman bishop of Beauvais, and second the vicar general of the inquisition, Jean Lemaitre by name. These two men, heartless and sold to the English, were to decide the fate of the Maid of Orleans. One hundred doctors of theology were called in to sit with them, but they could simply give counsel, they could not vote."

Now that it was settled that she was to have an

ecclesiastical trial, every unfair means that could be thought of was brought into requisition to condemn her. Enemies under the pretense of being friends were sent to her, in order to, if possible, extort some kind of confession from her, or to at least get her to drop a word which might aid in securing her conviction; some in order to entrap her came pretending to be priests and in full belief in her inspiration and hearty sympathy with her every movement. This all proved of no avail.

A commission was sent to Domremy, her childhood home, to find evidence against her; but the commission returned with the word that her praise was in everybody's mouth; they were convinced that she was pious and sincere. The Duke of Bedford secreted himself where he could watch her every movement and hear her every word; false advisers who pretended to have suffered everything in the holy cause of France were sent to her. Persons fully bent on her ruin tried by every possible means to get her to admit something they could use against her; every art of the most cunning, designing and skillful detectives was brought into requisition to try to entrap this young and unsophisticated country girl.

Add to all this the fact that she was entirely

without earthly friends, that she had not one counselor except the angels, and one of the world's greatest wonders is, that they did not succeed. But the blots and stains of this inhuman conduct toward one of the world's mediums do not all belong to England, France must bear her share of this sin. Lord Mahan justly says :

“ But when we find them urged by some French writers at the present day as an eternal blot upon the English name, as a still subsisting cause of national resentment, we may perhaps be allowed to observe in self-defense, that the worst wrongs of Joan were dealt upon her by her own countrymen. Her most bitter enemy, the bishop of Beauvais, was a Frenchman, so was his colleague, the vice-general of the inquisition, so were both the malignant Estivet and the perfidious L'Oiseleur, the judges, the accusers and the spy.”

This is all true, but even this English writer did not tell the worst. Where was King Charles at this time? She had not only saved his cabinet and his kingdom, but his worthless life ! With one stroke of his pen he could have saved her, and yet he did not do it; he was an infamous, lecherous, pleasure-loving coward.

Probably the greatest mockery of justice ever known on earth, not excepting the trial of Jesus before Pontius Pilate, was the trial of the Maid of Orleans. It commenced February 21, 1431, and

terminated in her execution on the 30th of the following May.

The accounts received of her trial and death are all incomplete and mutilated ; it was twenty-four years after her death before a papal bull declaring her innocence, rendered one life's safe who would dare tell the truth concerning the matter ; a word favoring the Maid would subject the manuscript to the flames and the author to the dungeon. As much as it is to be regretted, writers of to-day can only give such facts concerning her trial as her enemies permitted to come to light ; could we have had a history of this tragedy written by some one inspired with the truthfulness and sublimity of the mission of this beautiful girl, it would show the character of that trial in an unenviable light.

Even the one-sided report permitted by the bishop of Beauvais, the Caiaphas of this occasion, records her as saying, when he forbid the secretaries to write her answers to certain questions, "Alas, you write everything against me, but you will not register anything in my favor."

The trial was opened by the bishop of Beauvais, who in a short speech exhorted the Maid "with mildness and charity," to answer truly the questions they should ask ; he admonished her to resort to no

subterfuges, thus would she shorten her trial and ease her conscience.

Jeanne promised that so far as her answers went, they should be truthful, but there were certain questions she could not answer; there were matters in her visions and revelations which had been given her for her King, concerning which she would make no answer even to keep them from taking off her head.

She was pale and tottering, her health had broken down under her long confinement in a dark, damp, cold and gloomy cell, with bad and insufficient quantities of food; and she complained of the great weight of the chains on her wrists, ankles and waist. She was answered that she had made two attempts to escape, and therefore she must submit to the chains though they were uncomfortable. She answered :

“ Yes, she had not promised that she would not escape, and when she heard that French blood was flowing, that even little children were to be put to death, she had felt such an anxiety for the cause of France that she had endangered her life to get away.”

After weary hours of examination and cross-examination she promised to speak the truth on every point where the secrets of her God and King were

not involved. Then she confessed that from the age of thirteen she had heard voices and seen lights in her father's garden ; that these voices had been her counsel; that they had sent her to Baudricourt of Vaucoleurs, then to Chinon to see the dauphin ; to Orleans to raise the siege, and to Reims to crown the dauphin as Charles VII. She told how that for a long time she had resisted these voices but finally submitted to be guided by them.

She related the fact that the dauphin had been pointed out to her by inspiration, when in a crowd of his courtiers; but when asked what secret she told the dauphin that made a convert of him, she refused to tell; because in so doing she would have revealed the King's doubts concerning his legitimacy. When asked how these celestial beings pointed the King out to her she said: "Excuse me, but I cannot answer that."

At the opening of the next session, the bishop again exhorted her to tell the truth, whereupon she delivered an exhortation to him which must have stung his guilty soul; she said :

"My Lord, you say that you are my judge, think well of the responsibility you have assumed: you are not my judge, you are my enemy; I came from God ! Leave me to the judgment of him who sent me; beware of what you do for I am in truth the envoy of God. Place not your soul in peril."

The judges, or assessors, as they were called, who were to find her guilty and condemn her to death, numbered one hundred, though sometimes not more than two or three, and often not more than seven of them were present at her examinations. This morning they came to their duties fully determined to prove her a witch.

The only witnesses called during the whole trial except herself, were soldiers, whose only testimony was, that they could not by any possibility have feared one who was not a witch as they did her.

In order to get some avowal from her by which she might be condemned as a witch, the examination was resumed as follows :

“ Jeanne, how do you feel this morning ? ”

“ As you might expect,” she said, making a significant exhibition of her heavy chains.

“ Do you still hear interior voices ? ” “ Yes.”

“ When did you last hear them ? ”

“ Yesterday, and again to-day.”

“ What were you doing when they spoke to you ? ”

“ I was asleep and they awoke me.”

“ You threw yourself on your knees ? ”

“ No, but I blessed them for their consolation, and entreated them to sustain me in my distress.”

“Did they tell you that they would save you from your present peril?”

“To that I have no answer.” The bishop pressed her to answer this question, and again she warned him that he was periling his soul by being at once her judge and her enemy. Finally, she said :

“Little children say that persons have been hung for telling the truth.”

The bishop next asked : “Do you think yourself in God’s grace?”

With the answer to this question her accusers had made sure of their prey; if she said no, she confessed that she was not God’s instrument, then, of course, she was of the devil; but if she said yes, she proved herself proud and presumptuous; for in that age they believed that of all persons, the one who answered such a question in the affirmative was the farthest from grace.

“It is,” she answered, “a great matter to reply to such a question.”

Among the hundred doctors who were trying her case, was Jean Fabry, who had remaining in his soul a spark of humanity, he interposed :

“So great a matter that the prisoner is not bound in law to answer the question.”

This was too much for the grace of the bishop of Beauvais; and in a rage he commanded the doctor to be silent—some historians say that he so far fell from grace that he swore at the doctor—and repeated his question:

“Do you know yourself to be in the grace of God?” “If I am not,” she replied, “may it please God to vouchsafe his grace to me, and if I am, may it please God to keep me there.”

After a moment's pause, she continued: “Ah! if I knew that I were not in God's grace I should be the most wretched being in the world. * * * But if I were in a state of sin no doubt the voices would not come to me. * * * Would that every one could hear them like myself.”

The simplicity and humility of this answer utterly disconcerted her accusers so that they were compelled to take a new tack, and they asked:

“Do these saints of yours, Margaret and Catherine, hate the English?”

This was asked with the intention that if she replied in the affirmative they would condemn her as a blasphemer; but if she answered in the negative, they would demand the reason why she was commanded to make war against a people whom God did not hate. Her reply baffled them when she

said: "Whatever God loves they love, and what he hates they hate."

"Does God, then, hate the English?" said the bishop, in an enraged tone of voice. Though Jeanne was alone among enemies, surrounded by English and in chains, she was a heroine, she replied :

"Whether God loves or hates the English I have no knowledge, but one thing I do know, that is, that they shall be driven forth from the realm by the King of France, all except those who die on the field."

They next referred to her apparitions, hoping to get some word out of her by which she could be condemned as a witch. She again related with child-like simplicity the appearance of Saint Margaret and Saint Catherine, but they insisted on knowing the exact revelations these saints made. Her answer was :

"The revelations were addressed to the King of France and not to those who dare thus interrogate me."

"Were these saints of yours naked?"

"Think you the king of heaven has not the wherewithal to clothe his messengers?"

"Tell us by what evidence you convinced the dauphin?"

"I have no right to speak of anything touching the King, go and ask him." On the following day when she was again led out of her dungeon, the first question asked was :

"Have your voices predicted your escape?"

"That has nothing to do with my trial; my trust is in God, his will be done."

"Were you not asked to lay aside your military suit and assume the garments of a woman?"

"Yes; but I cannot change my dress but by the command of God. My friend, the daughter of the Lord of Luxembourg, who conjured her father not to deliver me up to the English, entreated me to do so, and also the ladies of Beaurevoir, whilst I was a prisoner in their castle. I told them I had not God's permission, and that the time had not yet come. If I could have done it innocently I would have complied."

"Were not prayers offered in your name in the camp and in the cities?"

"If prayers were offered up in my name I was ignorant of it, and certainly never would have given my consent; if they prayed *for* me there surely was no crime in that. Many it is true rejoiced to see me, and kissed my garments, my arms, and whatever came within their reach; but it was because I never

treated them illy, and even protected them as much as was in my power from the calamities of war. The women and girls touched my ring with theirs, but I see nothing sinful in that. At Reims, Chatteau and a few other places, mothers selected me to stand god-mother for their children, and I consented, but I worked no miracles. The child I stood for at Quagney was very ill, and the girls carried it to Notre-Dame to pray for its restoration to health; the child gave signs of life, its lips moved, it was baptised and died immediately."

They next made an attempt from circumstances connected with the "fairy tree," in Domremy; failing in this, they undertook to prove that she found a peculiar virtue in her banner, they asked:

"When you first took this banner, did you ask whether it would make you victorious in every battle?"

"I procured the banner that I might not be obliged to use the sword; the voices told me to take it, and that God would help me."

"Which gave the greatest help, the banner to you or you to the banner?"

"The victory was from God alone, whether it belonged the banner or to me."

"Was the hope of victory founded on the banner or yourself?"

"It was founded on God, and on naught beside."

"Had another person borne the banner, would success have followed!"

"That I don't know. I refer my victories to God?"

"Why were you chosen rather than another?"

"It was God's pleasure that a simple maid should put the foes of the King to flight."

"Were you not wont to say that all the standards made in the image of yours would be fortunate?"

"I said, assault the English boldly, and I will lead you."

"Have you ever been where the English have been slain?"

"Yes; why did they not leave France and return to their own country? My voices reveal many things to me aside from my trial. Mark well my words; the King will reconquer the whole realm of France. In less than seven years the English will abandon a greater prize than Orleans. They will be driven out of France. I know this as certainly as I know that you sit there before me—it will come to pass within seven years. I am only sorry it will be so long delayed."

In this the girl was right; Paris fell into the hands of the French in 1436. Her fearlessness, and the boldness of her predictions awed her judges; they saw that hers was not a mere passing enthusiasm; her great faith had come to stay. Doubt! she did not what it meant; never once during the whole progress of her trial could she be led into an admission of the possibility of a failure of what her voices had promised should be brought to pass.

CHAPTER VI.

The University of Paris to the Rescue—Reason why the English Demanded her Death—Another Trap Set—Jeanne's Prayer—She falls Dangerously Ill—Persecuted During her Sickness—The English fear Death will Cheat them—Brutal Soldiers in her Cell—The Indictment—The Church Labors to Overthrow its own Faith—Erard's Sermon—Does she Recant?—A Church Forgery—She Resumes Male Attire—The Reason—The Scaffold—Last Words to the Bishop—A Sermon—She Asks for the Cross—What a Soldier Saw—What we Owe to the Maid.

The report thus far given, though much abridged, contains the substance of all that was said and done as far as the trial had proceeded. From day to day the trial went on, much after the same order. When relieved from these judges her situation was deplorable indeed. Evans says:

"The question of Joan's guilt or her innocence was unimportant, however, to her enemies, they had resolved upon her death. If she could be executed with a show of justice, of course they would be pleased, but it was not to administer justice that they commenced prosecution. It was to convict her of witchcraft and to execute her as a witch. Her inhuman judges, therefore, drew up against her twelve articles of accusation. These were presented to the university of Paris, which body eagerly gave in its confirmation."

Michelet says:

"The Jews never exhibited the rage against Jesus Christ which the English did against the Pucelle. It must be owned that she wounded them in the most sensible [sensitive] part, in the simple but deep esteem they had for themselves.

"At Orleans, the invincible men at arms, the famous archers, Talbot at their head, had shown their backs; at Jargeau, sheltered by the walls of a fortified town, they had suffered themselves to be taken; at Patay, they had fled as fast as their legs would carry them, fled before a girl. * * * This was hard to be borne, and these taciturn English were forever pondering over the disgrace. * * * They had been afraid of a girl, and it was not very certain but that, chained as she was, they felt fear of her still. * * * Though seemingly not of her, but of the devil, whose agent she was; at least they endeavored to believe, and to have it believed so."

Jeanne's judges, who at first presumed on the girl's simplicity, now determined to attack at once her patriotism and her conscience. Here they had no doubt of success, as, let her do as she would, she could be condemned, and still the appearance of justice be maintained. The Inquisition, having its headquarters in Paris, was owned by the English; to fall into its hands would be certain death, while to refuse to submit the case to the Inquisition when requested to do so, would be rebellion against the church, consequently heresy and death; on the other hand, to submit to that tribunal would be treachery to her king and to her country.

When asked what she would do, she replied :

“I leave myself in the hands of my supreme judge.”

While this answer was both humble and sublime, it put the whole responsibility of whatever was done into the hands of her judges. “Will you submit to our holy father the Pope?” they asked.

“Lead me to the Pope and he shall have my answer in person: but what God has revealed to me neither bishop nor pope can take from me.”

“If you do not believe in the church you are a heretic and must be burned at the stake.”

“Ah! if the flames were already kindled I could only say what I have said.”

“If the general council were here would you submit to them?”

“You cannot draw another word from me.”

“Then we will put you to the rack.”

“You can tear me limb from limb, you can separate my soul from my body, but you cannot draw from me any different statement from what I have made.”

Not another word could they get out of her that day, she seemed nearly wild with despair and gave herself up to prayer, the burden of which was:

"Most merciful God, I entreat thee by thy passion, that if thou lovest me, thou wilt inspire me with such answers as I ought to make to these ecclesiastics. I know well what I should say regarding my life; but as to the rest, I hear nothing from my voices."

Her dungeon, gloomy and damp; her chains, cold and heavy; and more than all, her mental conflict, conspired to bring on an illness which brought her very near to death's door, and for a time interrupted the public examination. Even in this condition her persecutors could not let her alone; the bishop even carried his cruel persecutions into her cell.

As she lay in the damp dungeon, loaded with chains, burning with fever and suffering the most intense pain, the bishop went in and demanded that she should submit her cause to the general council. "And what is that?" she asked.

"Is is an assembly of all Christendom," replied Isambart, a monk, and one of the assessors. "There are as many belonging to your party as to the English."

"Oh!" replied the sick girl, "if there are any on our side in that meeting, then I am willing to submit to the Council of Basle."

"Hold your tongue, by God," shouted the enraged bishop, and turning to the notaries told them

not to note down her willingness to appear before that body.

“Alas!” said the poor girl, as her eyes filled with tears, “you write everything against me, but you will not register a word in my favor.”

Isambart fared hard for showing this favor to the suffering maid. No sin, in the eyes of this French and English combination against the girl, was equal to speaking friendly either to or of her. Now that the maid seemed near her end the English were in great trouble lest death should cheat them of the pleasure of further torturing and finally burning this poor friendless girl. The Earl of Warwick said to her physicians:

“See her and cure her by all means, the King would not have her by any means die a natural death, he has purchased her at too high a price. She must be burnt alive.”

The bishop once more went to her and warned her at the peril of her soul to be reconciled to the church.

“It seems to me,” she replied, “that I am near death if it should be so. God’s will be done. I only ask to confess my sins and be buried in consecrated ground.” This the bishop told her could not

be done. "I appeal to the Lord; may the righteous pray for me."

Notwithstanding every prospect was against her, Jeanne recovered; as she grew convalescent, every indignity possible was heaped upon her. Grimke informs us that:

Three soldiers slept in her chamber; they talked loudly of satisfying their lusts before her execution. She trembled in secret at the threatened outrage, and guarded vigilantly her man's apparel, determined to guard her chastity unto death. One day, through a touching feeling of modesty, she prayed that if she was condemned and stripped, as was the custom, they would grant her the favor of a long garment when she was executed. "Indeed," she added, "I believe that God would work a miracle rather than that I should be so debased."

In order to doubly insure her death they consulted the university at Paris, they drew up an indictment against her which could be summarized as follows:

1. The girl is wholly the devil's.
2. She was impious in regard to her parents.
3. She thirsted for Christian blood.

The bishop of Contances wrote the bishop of Beauvaise:

"I consider the accused wholly the devil's; she is without virtue and humanity; her assertions are so heretical that though she revokes them she must nevertheless be held."

The historian comments as follows:

"It was a strange spectacle to see these theologians, these doctors, *laboring with all their might to ruin the very faith which was the foundation of their doctrine*, and which constituted the religious principles of the middle ages in general, belief in revelations, in the intervention of supernatural beings. * * They might have their doubts as to the intervention of angels, but their belief in the devil's agency was implicit."

On the 24th of May the prisoner had so far recovered as to be able, without immediate danger to her life, to be dragged from her dark dungeon to be further tormented. Two scaffolds were erected for the occasion; on one of them sat Cardinal Winchester, the two judges, and thirty-three assessors and their scribes. On the other was Jeanne, bound hand and foot and fastened to a post by a chain, surrounded by notaries, whose duty it was to take down every word she uttered, and executioners armed with instruments of torture and ready to put her to the rack.

Beneath and surrounding these scaffolds were the executioner and his cart ready to bear her off to death, several thousand English soldiers and an immense concourse of superstitious people thirsting for the blood of one whom they had been led to believe was a witch. A celebrated preacher, Erard by name, delivered an exhortation to the girl, and

a sermon to the crowd; he endeavored by every art to wring from the girl some confession that would condemn herself and throw discredit on the coronation of King Charles. If it could be made out that a witch took Charles to Reims to be anointed King of France, by the devil, then the English Henry's chances would be good.

He denounced the maid in the most abusive terms, yet, "as a sheep is dumb before the shearer, so she opened not her mouth." By and by he turned upon King Charles, calling him a schismatic and a heretic; this was more than the devoted girl's nature could endure, and with death staring her in the face she cried out:

"On my faith, sir, with all due respect, I undertake to tell you and to swear on pain of my life, that he is the noblest Christian of all Christians, the sincerest lover of the faith and of the church, and not what you call him."

"Stop her mouth," shouted the bishop with an oath; and the officers commanded her to be silent. Had the King been worthy of such a subject, Jeanne would have lived to a good old age.

The bishop then read her a form of abjuration, which he demanded her to accept on pain of her life. All they could get from her was her consent to submit to the Pope.

"The Pope is too far off," said the bishop. "Let her be burnt," said the preacher.

With this, the secretaries, the executioners, and



the populace, all of whom had been struck with her beauty, her modesty and her apparent humility, plead with her to sign. She was promised that if she would sign a confession of her heresy she should be remanded to a church prison to spend her days. Finally a confession of not more than six lines was written, stating not that she had been deceived or deceived the people, but simply that *it seemed* to her that she was led by spirit voices; to this she put her cross. This was her recantation—and all of her recantation.

This was all done to make sure of her death as a heretic; they could not put a heretic to death for the first offense, but after recanting heresy, a second offense was punishable with death. When, after she continued in heresy, *six pages* of recantation was read as hers, she manifested no surprise, and quickly recanted her recantation. Bartlett says,

“The wretches, however, who urged her to sign were not desirous of saving her life, but of an opportunity of playing a trick on the hapless maid. By deceit they secured her name, *not to the paper which had been read to her*, but to another which contained a full confession of all the crimes with which she had been charged. This was exhibited to the people to convince them of Joan's guilt, and to disgrace her in their sight, while she in her dungeon was entirely unconscious of the base deception which was practiced upon her. She was now, according to this virtually forged confession, submissive.

The bishop then passed sentence upon her, which was that she was to remain in prison the rest of her life, with the bread of grief and the water of anguish for food."

This recantation so enraged the English who determined on her death, that the lives of the judges were in danger; the judges, to save their lives, said: "Be quiet, this sentence will be reversed."

She promised the bishop, among other things, that she would "be good," and resume her female costume, provided he would bring her a long gown.

A historian says:

"Her male costume, which had been adopted because it was positively necessary upon the battle field, was now thrown aside. Her judges commanded it. But as she sat in her lonely cell one day, there entered an English lord; he made a base proposal to her, aye, not only that, he attempted violence. A struggle ensued and when the infamous nobleman left and the officers entered, she was found with her lace torn and she was herself in tears. This last outrage upon her honor was too much, and her courageous spirit trembled. *In her trouble the voices whispered to her again, telling her to resume her male costume, for it was a protection against the ruffians by whom she was surrounded, a safeguard to her honor.* She therefore reassumed her military dress and was discovered in it by the officers. This was a sufficient pretext for the Bishop of Beauvais, he repaired at once to her prison to be convinced of the fact; when he was satisfied he asked:

"Have you heard the voices again?"

"She replied: 'I have, St. Catherine and St. Margaret have reproved me for my weakness in signing abjurations, and com-

manded me to resume the dress which I wore by the appointment of God.' "

Her fate was sealed; for the bishop now pronounced her a *relapsed heretic*; nothing now remained but to execute her.

The next morning at break of day, Martin L. Advernce, who has been introduced elsewhere under the name of Isambert, was sent to inform her that her time had come, and to prepare her for death. When the news was first broke upon her she was appalled and overcome by its cruelty, and for a few moments gave way to feelings of despair—under the circumstances it did not seem to her, as it would not to you or me, reader, that:

"Ever the right comes uppermost,
And ever is justice done."

In a few moments she had found relief in tears and she grew calmer; she made her last confession to the one priest who had on two occasions tried to befriend her; then, as the necessity for wearing man's apparel was forever past, she clothed herself in female apparel and prepared to go and dwell with those with whom she told her mother long before, she longed to make her home. She started for the place of execution guarded by eight hundred soldiers; on her way she met the priest who had on

several occasions gone to her cell to deceive her in order to get some words or confession from her that would enable him to betray her into the hands of her enemies; he fell before her feet and piteously begged her forgiveness.

At the place of execution were three scaffolds; on one was the episcopal and royal chair, the throne of the cardinal of England and his prelates; on another was to figure the preacher, the judges and the ballii; the third was a large scaffolding groaning under its weight of fuel in which the poor girl's body was to be consumed.

The Bishop of Beauvais was charged not to take his eyes off his victim, and to proceed slowly and deliberately with every part of the execution, so as by some means to wring some word from her that would help the cause of England against France. He did not succeed, but the moment she saw him she said:

"Bishop, I die through you * * * Had you put me in the prisons of the church and given me ghostly [ecclesiastical] keepers, this would not have happened, * * * and for this I summon you to answer before God."

This speech brought tears to the multitude, including even the bishop.

Of course this devilish tragedy most not be en-

acted without being sanctified by a sermon. Nicolas Midy was the orator of the day. What more appropriate text could be taken than the one selected: "Whether one member suffer all suffer with it." The argument of the sermon, all told, was, "To save the church this wicked member must be cut off."

The sentence of death was now read to her. Here she again shed tears and declared her innocence; the whole audience, bishops, judges, soldiers and all wept with her. She asked for a cross, and an English soldier whittled one out of a rough stick and gave it to her; she kissed it and pressed it to her bosom, but her priest ran into an adjacent church and got a crucifix and held it before her as long as she breathed. A mitre was placed on her head, on which were written the words: HERETIC, RELAPSER, APOSTATE, IDOLATER.

The executioner, after kneeling and asking her forgiveness, applied the torch; just then her eyes met those of the bishop, and she once more said: "Bishop, it is you who have brought me to this; I die through you."

The flames began to spread and climb nearer to her, when she discovered the danger her priest was in she begged him to go down. "You are in dan-

ger," she said, "go down, go down." He descended and still held the cross before her.

Again, just as the flames reached her, she saw the bishop and exclaimed: "O bishop! the voices were right; *I hear them now*; in saving my King I have done the will of my God."

As her head bent forward in death, she was heard to lisp the one word, *Jesus*.

Ten thousand stout-hearted men wept like children; an English soldier had laid a wager that Jeanne's last sight on earth would be a view of himself casting fuel into the fire in which she was burned; he undertook to carry out his threat and fell fainting; his comrades took him into an inn and gave him some spirits, which revived him sufficiently so that he said: "I saw a dove fly out of her mouth when she expired." These were his last words, for he expired.

The executioner went to Jeanne's priest that same day and said: "I have burned a saint; there is no forgiveness for me."

Now, reader, I have given you a brief outline of the principal events in the life of the Maid of Orleans. Does this convince you of her devotion and of her mediumship? She was superstitious; she

must have been, the world would have accepted nothing else.

How much do we owe this girl? Had she not saved France, that country would to-day be in the same condition as Ireland. England, when we were weak, undertook to place us in Ireland's condition, but France, redeemed by the Maid of Orleans, sent General Lafayette with an army of Frenchmen to save this country; thus, probably, even we are somewhat indebted to the MAID OF ORLEANS.

[THE END.]

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