

## Joan of Arc

(Continued from page 1.)

difficulty that she obtained audience to de Baudricourt, for she was but a raggedly-dressed, poor peasant girl. It was her fixed conviction that she alone could liberate France that gained her admission. At length she convinced the captain. He gave her men's clothes, a horse and an escort, and after a perilous journey of eleven days she came safely into the presence of the Dauphin.

From the first the chief advisers were strongly against any encouragement of the visionary, or dealings of the super-natural. She was even made fun of by the younger members of the Court, who were deprived of their normal sport because of their expulsion from Paris. Charles, however, was more serious. Touched by her sincerity, he took the girl aside. Her story impressed him, but more than he had to be impressed before this girl could be turned over to her military command. She went before all the ecclesiastical wisdom, the university and the local parliament; she was plying with a constant succession of questions by all who cared to assail her with them, but no one could find anything against her.

The decision to equip her for war came at last, and she took her place with the military leaders. She reformed the undisciplined army. She inspired it. Volunteers flocked to her side, she over-ruled the counsel of old soldiers, and her generalship was always right. In three months she had raised the siege of Orleans, taken Troyes, won the battle of Patay, and led the Dauphine to his crowning at Rheims.

This the voice had promised her, and she wished to return to the simplicity of her home, but the King forced her to stay. She advised him not to make peace until France was free from English invaders, but he was weak and sought the path of least

resistance. He was lazy, hesitating and timorous. It is not surprising that, hampered by foolish orders, Joan was betrayed into the enemy's hands. She was trying to regain the town of Compiègne, but a party of Burgundians reached the bridge before her and, cut off, she was made a captive.

She was purchased from the Burgundians for a king's ransom, some £15,000 in our money, and led to her trial as a witch. Before the English could try her the Paris University had claimed her as a proper victim for the inquisition. Charles made no attempt to ransom her. From end to end of France not a finger was raised to help her. Those who did not condemn her kept quiet. The English were no better than the French; they at least had the excuse of being the enemy.

As a captive the messages still came to her. To Jeanne the messages might have meant liberty, but they meant relief in another way. The sunshine of her life was over, and now the long shadow of the bitter storm was to come.

In Paris, bonfires were lighted to show the joy of the people, the Te Deum was sung at Notre Dame. At the court of Charles the counsellors amused themselves with another prophet from the hills who was to rival Jeanne's best achievements, but never did so. Only the towns that she had delivered had a tender thought for her.

Without the intervention of the French, the English were left to do their own willing with the captive. Her trial was in every way illegal. The lawyers who were brave enough to demand right were coerced into silence. She was submitted to subtle questioning, she was insulted and treated like a common prisoner. Her prison guard was of the roughest element.

Against her they could find nothing tangible. She had not carried even a sword. Only the lily banner of France protected her. She had not harmed a soul.

But they falsified her evidence and sent a spy as her confessor. They took her to the torture chamber, but she told them that even if she were to be torn limb from limb she could tell them nothing more.

At length, in 1431, a year after her capture, this innocent maid, who was not yet nineteen, was led out to die. "I would rather be beheaded seven times than burned," she told them. But her appeals fell on deaf ears. She had been condemned as a relapsed heretic, a daughter of perdition, and as one she must die—at the stake.

A paltry sermon was muttered, she took the last sacrament, still believing that her voices came from God. A

the clang of swords and trumpets of rescuing knights as she had pictured but by the sole hand of God.

Thus died the Maid of Orleans. The remorse that followed is well known. Twenty years after the martyrdom of Jeanne, long after Paris and all that had been lost had been regained, a new trial was appointed to revise the decision of the old. In the same palace a full and complete reversal of judgment was given. Her whole career was re-examined in detail, and her name expunged from the role of shame on which it had been entered. This remarkable and unique occurrence, does not seem to have received any enthusiasm. Perhaps France felt too guilty. Only in the last century has it come to any glory.

"I have no desire," says Mrs. Oliphant in "Jeanne d'Arc," "to lessen our guilt, whatever cruelty may have been practised by English hands against the Heavenly Maid. And much was practised—the iron cage, the chains, the brutal guards, the final stake, for which may God, and also the world, forgive a crime fully and openly confessed. But it was the French wits and French ingenuity that tortured her for three months and betrayed her to her death. A prisoner of war, yet taken and tried as a criminal, the first step in her downfall was a disgrace to two chivalrous nations; but the shame is greater upon those who sold her than upon those who bought; and the greatest of all upon those who did not move Heaven and earth, nay, did not move a finger, to rescue her. And indeed we have been the most penitent of all concerned; we have shrived ourselves by open confession and tears. We have quarrelled with our Shakespeare on account of the Maid, and do not know how we could have forgiven him but for the notable and delightful discovery that it was not he after all, but another and lesser hand that endeavoured to befoul her shining garments. France had never quarrelled with her Voltaire for a much fouler and more intentional blasphemy."

### MUSIC LECTURES FOR SCHOOLS.

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MR. DOUGLAS TAYLER.

—S. P. Andrew, photo.

priest who sought to comfort her was hustled away by soldiers, who exclaimed, "Wilt thou have us dine here?"

Jeanne was no abstract heroine. She felt every pang to the depth of her natural, spontaneous being. She called to the saints, but they did not answer her; she was shamed in the sight of men. Then the executioner stepped in and seized the victim. He said afterwards that the method of fastening her to the stake was cruel, for the English had caused a high scaffold of plaster to be made so that the witch might be clearly seen, and this made it difficult for him to hasten the end.

From amid the smoke and flame that began to reach to the clouds came suddenly a great cry, "My voices have not deceived me; they were of God." She had seen and recognised at last. Here was the great victory that had been promised—though not with

### Order of Presentation.

**FOLLOWING** are the five episodes and the incidental music as will be presented at 1YA:—

Overture, organ solo, with trumpets: "Vision de Jeanne d'Arc Meditation" (Gounod)—Paul Manaia.

Episode 1. Domremy; The Voices. Entr'acte "Kamennoi-Ostrow" (Part 1) (Rubenstein — arr. Herbert)—Bunswick Concert Orchestra.

Episode 2. Paris. The Victories. Entr'acte, Coronation March from "Le Prophete" (Meyerbeer)—Berlin State Opera House Orchestra.

Episode 3. Rheims. The Coronation.

Entr'acte, Meditation from "Thais" (Massenet)—Edith Lorand Orchestra.

Episode 4. Rouen. The Trial and Condemnation.

Entr'acte, "Symphony in D Minor, First Movement" (Part 1) (Caesare Franck)—Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra.

Episode 5. Rouen. Execution and Death.

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