

the day of doom, no one will give her credence against our united denial; so good even, father I will but take another mouthful of fruit, and mount again. Sweet mistress Cicely must be reconciled to her new condition before the morning."

"Your highness will not refuse another goblet of wine?" said the abbot, filling the two cups again from a crystal flask.

"Not another mouthful," said the duke, smiling and pushing the cup gently away with his hand—"He who has to deal with a woman's anger, or her tears, must go to the encounter with a cool brain. The wine cup may give courage, but never prudence. I do not lack the first, and would preserve the latter. So good even, holy father, the night seems creeping on apace."

With these words Richard of Gloucester settled the plumed hat on his head, shook forward the folds of his short crimson cloak, and went forth, followed by the abbot, who saw his guest mount at the portal, and ride away with a sense of unutterable relief.

"I had no choice," muttered the churchman, as he sunk supinely back amid the cushions of his great chair, and dropped some rich spices that he took from a secret draw of the table, into his wine cup. "He would have put the poor lady away without my aid, and instead of a princely guerdon my head might have found the block. Truly every man's breath is his own property, to give or keep. I do but hold my peace, and many a rood of meadow and pasturage is joined to our domain, with—aye, the you h argued right soundly—that secret is worth keeping which sets a stream of gold flowing into the bosom of holy church. Men say that Gloucester has an open hand for his friends, and a sharp gripe for his enemies, with influence, both in church and council, scarcely second to the king himself. He has a glozing manner; but his frown—our blessed lady preserve me from Duke Richard's frown."

While muttering over this apology to his conscience for the wrong he was doing, the luxurious churchman set his wine cup down before the fire, and watched it with the gloating impatience of an epicure, while the spices slowly ranted on the ruby liquid, and steamed, drop by drop, over the jewels which studded the edge of the goblet.

[To be continued.]

From Arthur's Magazine.

JOAN OF ARC.

AMONG the wonderful episodes to be found in the history of the world, there is none more truly wonderful than the story of Joan of Arc. An English Army is in France—in actual possession of the capital, and two thirds of the whole country—Young king Henry VI. has been crowned in Paris, and Charles, the rightful sovereign, is driven with a handful of retainers, to a remote corner of his dismembered kingdom. There is faction, too, within as well as a foreign foe. The Duke of Burgundy is powerful, and wages a bitter intestine war against all who declare in favour of Charles, a Dauphin, who has been crowned in Poitiers as King of France. Charles and his friends have made a brave resistance, sometimes with success, yet often with defeat; town after town has been taken, and castle after castle, until, step by step they have been driven from the north towards the southern provinces, and often reduced to the greatest straits. The city of Orleans, a post of great importance to Charles, still maintains itself against the besieging army of the Duke of Bedford, regent for Henry VI. but all supplies being cut off, it is in imminent danger of falling into the enemy's hands. The possession of this city is of vast moment to Charles, for lying between those provinces which have submitted to the English, and those which still acknowledge his authority, it serves as a gathering point to his adherents, and a strong hold from whence they can, with advantage, sally out and annoy their enemies. Unless this place is subdued, the English cannot with safety pursue King Charles into the southern part of the Kingdom; the success of his cause is, therefore, solely dependant upon its possession. But, month after month passes away, and the defence grows weaker and weaker. Charles, with his court, is at Chinon, reduced almost to hopelessness. In every contest with the English, his troops are beaten. Orleans can hold out but a brief space longer, and then the Dauphin must retreat rapidly to Languedoc and Dauphiny, where a few faithful adherents are to be found, to make another feeble stand against the enemy.

In this crisis, a humble maiden, the daughter of a shepherd in the obscure village of Domremy, who has been a day dreamer from her childhood, becomes inspired with a wonderful heroism. For years she has imagined that "voices" spoke to her, and that she had seen visions of the Archangel Michael and Gabriel, and St. Catharine and St. Margaret, two saints whose images she had been accustomed to adorn with flowers.

Now she declares that her "voices" direct her to go to Charles at Chinon; to lead on an army and raise the siege of Orleans—and then to conduct the young king to Rheims, where the anointing oil is kept in the sacred Ampulla, that he might there be crowned according to their custom. At first she is treated as one insane, but her importunities at last meet with respect. She is sent to Charles, at Chinon, and is, after some hesitation, admitted to an interview. Every attention and honor are paid to her, and, as she desires, an army is sent under her direction with supplies for the beleaguered city. Mounted on horseback in a complete suit of armour, and carrying her banner, which is white, and fringed with silk, having on it a representation of the Saviour seated on a throne, holding a globe in his hand, with two angels in adoration, one holding a flour-de-lis,

which the Saviour seems to bless, with the words Jesus Maria on the border, she leads the army on and successfully enters, with large supplies, the city of Orleans. From this time forth, under the guidance of the inspired MAID, the French gain victory after victory—the king is conducted to Rheims, and there crowned—the English army is seized with a superstitious dread, and retire in confusion whenever she appears with her charmed banner. Thus are the followers of Charles led on, until they advance even until the siege of Paris. But here the maid is wounded, and the army forced to retire. Still many successes continue to crown the advance of the French Army, until, at the defence of the town of Compeigne, which is besieged by the Duke of Burgundy, in a sharpe contest which takes place beyond the barriers, the Maid is suddenly deserted by her followers. In vain she calls upon them to stand firm; they are in full retreat, and she is left to combat alone with the enemy. She resists bravely but is soon overcome and made prisoner! The English get possession of her, and have her tried as a witch by an ecclesiastical court in France, which condemns her to the stake, and she is burnt to death at Rouen and her ashes scattered on the borders of the Seine, to the everlasting disgrace of both the French and English.

Thus, briefly told, we have the strange history of Joan of Arc. After the crowning of King Charles at Rheims, she desired to go back to her quiet obscurity, having accomplished her mission. But, neither the King, nor his leading councillors, who saw the powerful influence she possessed over the army, would listen a moment to her wish. They were not yet done with her.

Wide have been the differences of opinion that have existed in regard to this phenomenon of the fifteenth century, and almost innumerable the books written on the subject. M. Chausard enumerates upwards of four hundred expressly devoted to the life of Joan of Arc, or including details of her history. During her life, and immediately afterwards the French army believed her miraculously inspired by heaven to lead them on to victory, and considered all the supernatural communications she avowed, to be realities; while the English considered her a witch, and inspired by the devil. So fully was this believed by the latter, that troops actually refused to embark from England for the continent, averring, that they were not afraid to fight any number of Frenchmen, but were not going to enter the lists with Satan.

The truth is, that Joan, no doubt, believed that she heard and saw all that she related, and that she was moved on by a pure and noble love of her country,—that the French, in that superstitious age, were inspired by the belief that they were favoured by heaven, in the person of the invincible Joan: and, that the English, were dispirited and defeated, from like superstitious feelings.

Voltaire and others have attempted to stain the character of Joan by representing her as of the vilest character. But, history has done ample justice to her self devotion, her high sense of honor, and her unsullied virtue. She remained pure, even amid the allurements and temptations of a corrupt court. Hume says of her—"This admirable heroine, to whom the more generous superstition of the ancients, would have erected altars, was, on pretence of heresy and magic, delivered over alive to the flames, and expiated by that dreadful punishment the signal service she had rendered to her prince and her native country."

The trial and condemnation to death of the Maid was a most flagrant outrage on justice and humanity. The rules of the church by which she was tried, could not have found her worthy of death. But, the Duke of Bedford determined that she should not be permitted to live. He, therefore, influenced the unprincipled Bishop of Beauvais to act treacherously towards her. He by false representations, induced her to sign a paper which was actually a confession of heinous and impossible crimes at which she would have shuddered, while, as read to her, it merely contained a promise to submit herself in all things to the Church of Rome, no more to carry arms, or use the dress of men—to adopt the dress of women, and let her hair grow.

Even after this, the Bishop, who feared the consequences to himself if he permitted Joan to be put to death, hesitated. But the Duke of Bedford took forcible possession of her person, and took such influence with the Bishop, as induced him to set about finding a plausible pretext for taking her life. Most inhumanely, a guard of soldiers was placed in her cell, with orders to prevent her from sleeping. In this as will be seen by the following extract, there was a motive. With this extract of the history of Joan of Arc, which gives the eventful life, we close our article.

"Although poor Joan was prevented from taking her rest peaceably, yet human nature cannot endure without sleep. It may be, too, that the hearts of her keepers were not so hard as those of her masters. However this might be, one night she slept soundly. One of the conditions she had agreed to, for the permission to live, was to put on woman's clothes, and this she had done. These clothes were, by the Bishop's orders, removed, and the clothes she had been used to wear when she was free and happy, and had led on the soldiers of her king, to victory, were laid by her side. When she awoke she had no choice but to put them on, or remain the scoff of the rude soldiers. She dressed herself in them perhaps sadly thinking of the days that were past. The bishop was on the watch, and no sooner had he heard that she had done an act contrary to her agreement, than he hastened to make himself a witness of the fact, hurried away, and meeting the Duke of Bedford on his way, told him

to "make himself easy, for the thing was done," proceeded to summon the other judges, and immediately procured a sentence of death on Joan, as one who had a second time disobeyed the orders of the church—as "a relapsed heretic"—and her execution was fixed for the next day.

"On the morning of the 31st of May, 1431, the bishop sent Martin, an officer of the Inquisition, who had been one of the judges, to announce to Joan that sentence of death was passed upon her, and that she would be burned alive that morning. She was startled at the intelligence, and fell into such an agony of grief that even the stern inquisitor was moved to pity at the sight of such misery in one so young, and, as he full well knew, so innocent. He strove all he could to console her, and heard her confession. She then entreated that the sacrament might be given her. Now, as sentence of excommunication had been passed upon her, it was against the rules of the church to permit her to receive the sacrament, and Martin hesitated. He consented, however, to send and consult the bishop, who strange to say, granted his permission, and it was administered to her by Martin. Now, if these men had believed her guilty of all the crimes they had condemned her for, they acted wrong in acceding to her request. It is a very clear evidence that their consciences reproached them for the weak and wicked manner in which they had yielded to the wishes and power of the Duke of Bedford.

"At the hour of nine she was placed in a car between Martin and Lambert, another of her judges, the merciful one who had recommended her to appeal to the Pope. They both offered her all the consolations they could, and entreated her forgiveness for the share they had in her death. She granted it; and thus, uttering bitter lamentations as she went along, so pious that the very English soldiers who guarded her were moved to tears, she was led along to the place of execution, the market place, which has ever since been called by her name. Here her sentence was read by the Bishop of Beauvais. She declared her innocence, and entreated the prayers of all who beheld her. She was then led to the scaffold which had been raised to a mound of earth, that she might be visible to all the people, of whom a vast multitude had collected. Martin still accompanied her in spite of the soldiers, who tried to keep him back. At the foot of the mound she begged for a crucifix; an Englishman who was present broke a stick, and made her a sort of a cross, which she took, kissed, and placed in her bosom; she then ascended the pile, where they bound her to the stake, and set fire to the faggots. Friar Martin still remained by her side exhorting her to put her faith in Christ, and to pray to Him to give her strength, even after the flames had begun to rise, and threatened to set fire to his dress. Joan was the first to perceive his danger and warned him of it. She then requested him to take the crucifix, and standing at the foot of the mound hold it till she saw her light all was over, and continue to exhort her—and thus he faithfully did.

"The pile was ill arranged and burned slowly. Still, in the midst of her torture, she was heard calling on the name of Jesus; and at length, after enduring long and terrible agony, Joan of Arc, the saviour of the French Kingdom, expired, to the everlasting disgrace of both French and English, of her friends and her enemies.

"After her death, the Cardinal of Winchester ordered her ashes to be collected and thrown into the Seine."

No one can read this account of Joan's death, without a strong feeling of pity and indignation. It shows how the lust of power and dominion destroys every humane principle, and makes of men the very demons they effect to exorcise. Among the many, many blots on the page of history, this is one of the foulest.

From the same.

HEAVENLY MUSIC.

"If the music of earth is so sweet, what must be the music of heaven, when all the heavenly hosts unite their voices—ten thousand upon ten thousand."

From the lowly flower to the house of prayer
The voice of music is every where;

'Tis felt in the breath of the weakened rose,—
'Tis heard where the deep blue water flows,—

In the breeze-struck tones of the leafy tree,
In the thronging waves of the swelling sea,—

'Tis heard in the grove where the wild birds throng,—
The heart is fill'd with the power of song!

It has made the cell like a forest bower,
And the bed of death has felt its power;

The human voice hath bid it bless
And the heart responds to its holiness.

Let music speak, and our pride relents,
At the sound of its voice like instruments;

And passion is stilled as it floats along,—
The heart is filled with the power of song!

O then, if such music to earth be given,
How sweet to the soul must be that of heav-

en;

Where the angels join in a countless throng,
To praise the Glory of God in song!

My soul! how long will this prison clay
Confine thy longings for flight away,

To tune thy voice in praise with them,
And bathe in the light of His Diadem!

From the same.

SELFISHNESS.

BY AN UTILITARIAN.

SELFISHNESS is the great bar to human excellence—the great impediment in the road of advancing civilization.—The glorious principle which teaches to "do unto others" as we "would they should do unto" us, is the only available weapon wherewith to contend successfully against this unhappy bias of our nature.

Selfishness displays itself in different ways. It is one of our most insidious foes—it gradually gains possession of all the out works, and is ever alert to install itself in the citadel, in the very stronghold of our minds. It is protean shaped, and comes upon us in every variety of form—appeals to all our foibles—flatters all our vanities, and is one of the most powerful and persevering enemies that poor frail humanity has to contend against. Few, very few there be, who struggle at all against it, and few indeed who have made any approach to victory over it. Selfishness so thoroughly hoodwinks us—makes us so perfectly blind—that the same facts appear different when applied to ourselves or others. That which in ourselves seems perfectly right, shocks our morality if coming from another. We expect concession and consideration, but do not deem it necessary to offer either. In fact, we expect that every one will act towards us as we would have him; but we do not think that it is equally necessary for us to treat others as we would be treated. In all our relations in life we exact too much and yield too little. We have two pair of eyes, one to see what affects ourselves, the other to note that which appertains to our neighbors—two standards of rectitude. The justice enthroned upon our minds is not blindfolded, she is troubled with obliquity of vision, only conquered by this demon of our nature. Unfortunately, the few who have partial are mere victims to their more selfish brethren. A man whose moral visions is sufficiently clear to see equally the mote and the beam, must either be a martyr, or, in self defence, relapse into selfishness. He is imposed upon in every direction—his better qualities tempt the vicious to do him wrong.

It will be objected, that self love is not injurious when under proper control; that it produces in man a desire to aggrandize and ennoble himself, that from such a desire spring all great actions, all scientific discoveries, all public benefits. Even granting that such results sometimes flow from such a source—how small, how few, how insignificant they are, compared with the huge mass of misery that is hourly endured through the operation of selfishness. It is to be doubted even whether such a question is tangible—it is questionable whether any of the great scientific luminaries—any of the benefactors of their species, have thought of their own aggrandizement. Washington, to whom we are so deeply indebted, clearly did it. Sir Isaac Newton was directed in his search after knowledge by a perfect love for it.—Wilberforce struggled to ameliorate the lot of his fellow creatures from pure benevolence; and we cannot but think that all truly great men ever have had, and ever will have a very considerable disregard of public opinion. They must have a standard of excellence at which they seek to arrive—a general good which they desire to accomplish, totally apart and freed from any personal considerations. Selfishness in its worst degree is the invariable accompaniment of narrowed intellect, while the most enlightened and cultivated minds are ever the most free from worldly mindedness.

Let us struggle, then, to conquer this enemy to our peace. The selfish man is never happy; he is everlastingly in trouble, continually thinking that he has been injured, or is in danger of being imposed upon. Let us turn this meddling disturber out of our homes—out from our minds. Let us not only endeavour to free our own minds from the monster, but strive likewise to remove it from that of others, especially in all those who look up to us for guidance and direction, and who profit from, or suffer by our example. In effecting an object, no individual is so humble as not to have the means of aiding it in his own sphere,—each individual has a circle in which his or her example, will produce good or evil. Females—mothers more especially so—let them lend their aid to the good object of chastening our selfishness—let them bear in mind the important fact, that the germs of a child's disposition are formed under their care, that it is in their power to weed the infant garden under their charge, to eradicate the weeds, and tend and cultivate the flowers—to destroy the tares and nourish the wheat under their fostering care, until it ripen and spread blessings wherever it is laid. Our characters are formed in our infancy—one of the greatest living philosophers has asserted that a child learns more between the ages of two and five than all the rest of its life. During that period, the child is entirely under the control of its mother, and it is an acknowledged fact that all eminent men have had maternal relatives of no ordinary character and ability.

We must bear in mind one important fact, that in order to check selfishness in others, it is necessary to crush it in ourselves. Like loadstones, our feelings call into existence similar ones in others—anger excites anger—selfishness calls out selfishness—and our benevolence cannot fail to call into existence benevolent feelings in those around us. Let us then cultivate benevolence, aided by the cheering thought that every bad feeling crushed, and every good one nourished, not only tends to ennoble our own minds, but will ultimately benefit mankind, and advance the progress of universal civilization.