## THE LION OF FLANDERS;

THE BATTLE OF THE GOLDEN SPURS.

BY HENDRIK CONSCIENCE.

----:-0-:----CHAPTER XXII.- (Continued.)

"He is right," exclaimed Hugo van Arckel, with loud and angry voice; "we are fighting like the very Moors. The very proposal is a disgrace to us; let us recollect, messires, that we have to do with Christian men. Besides, Flemish blood flows in my veins, and I will not suffer my brethren to be dealt with like dogs; they offer us battle in open and fair field, and we must fight with them according to the laws of honourable warefare."

"Is it possible," replied d'Artois, "that you can defend these base boors? Our good prince has made trial of all other means to reclaim them; but all have been in vain. Are we to allow our soldiers to be butchered, our king to be set at nought and put to shame, and then spare the lives of these dastard rebels? No, that shall never be! I know the commands which I have received, and I will both obey them and cause them to be obeyed."

"Messire d'Artois," interposed Rodolf de Nesle with angry impetuosity, "I know not what commands you have received, but I declare to you that I will not obey them unless they accord with the honour of knighthood; the king himself has no right to stain my sword with dishonour. And hearken, messires, whether I am right or not: this morning early I went out of the camp, and found every where the tokens of the most revolting rapine and devastation. The churches are burnt to the ground, and the altars descerated; the dead bodies of young children and of women were lying exposed in the fields to be devoured by ravens. I ask you, is this the work of honourable warriors?"

Robert d'Artois became livid with anger; he moved himself impatiently in his chair, and cried :

"This has lasted too long; I can no longer permit any man to speak thus in my presence. I know well enough what I have to do; Flanders must be swept clean, and it is out of my power to

Then raising his golden goblet, he cried: " To the honour of France and the extermination

of the rebels!" Rodolf de Nesle repeated, "To the honour of

France," and laid a significant emphasis on the words, so that every one might see that he would not drink to the extermination of the Flemings. Hugo van Arckel placed his hand on the goblet which stood before him; but he neither raised it from the table nor spoke a word. All the others repeated the words of the general exactly, and followed his example.

For some little time the countenance of Hugo van Arckel had assumed a peculiar expression; disapprobation and displeasure were depicted on it. At length he looked fixedly at the general, as though he had made up his mind to brave him, and exclaimed:

"I should do myself dishonour were I now to drink to the honour of France.

At these words the face of Robert d'Artois glowed with wrath; he struck the table so violently with his goblet, that he made all the drinking-vessels ing, and shouted:

"Messire van Arkel, you shall drink to the hon-

our of France; it is my will."
"Messire," replied Hugo with imperturbable coolness, "I drink not to the devastation of a Christian land. Long have I warred, and in many lands; yet never have I found knight who would defile

his conscience with such base atrocities." "You shall do my behest; I will it; I bid you." "And I will not," answered Hugo. "Hearken, Messire d'Artois, you have already said that my soldiers demanded too high pay, and that they cost you too much; well then, you shall pay them no longer, for I will no longer serve in your camp, and

so our contention is at an end." These words caused an unpleasant sensation in all the knights, and even in the general himself; for the departure of Hugo would be no light loss. The Zeelander meanwhile drew back his chair, threw one of his gloves on the table, and exclaimed

with increasing anger: "Messires, I aver that you are all liars! I scorn you all to your faces! There lies my glove; take it up who lists, I challenge him to mortal combat."

Almost all the knights, and amongst them even Rodolf de Nesle, snatched cagerly at the glove; but Robert d'Artois threw himself so eagerly upon it, that he seized it before the others. "I accept your challenge," said he : "come, let us go."

But at this moment the old king Sigis von Melinde arose, and waved his hand in token that he wished to speak. The great veneration with which both the combatants regarded him restrained them and they stood still in silence to hear him. The old man spoke thus:

"Messires, let your angry passions subside awhile and give head to my counsel. You, Count Robert, are not at this moment master of your life. Were you to fall, the army of your prince would be deprived of its leader, and consequently exposed to disorder and disorganisation; you cannot resolve to risk this. And now, Messire van Arckel, I ask you have you any doubt of the bravery of Messire d'-

"No, truly," replied Van Arckel, "I acknowledge Messire Robert to be a fearless and valiant knight."

"Well, then," continued the king, "you hear, general, that your personal honour is not called in question; there remains to you only the honour of France to avenge. I counsel you both to postpone the combat to the day after the battle. I pray you speak, mossires, is not my counsel wise and

"Yes, yes," answered the knights; unless the general will grant to one of us the favour of taking up the glove in his stead." "Silence!" exclaimed d'Artois; "I will not hear

" Messire van Arckel, do you agree to this?" "That is no business of mine; I have thrown down my glove, and the general has taken it up; it behaves him to fix the time when he will give it

back to me." "Be it so," said Robert d'Artois; "and if the battle do not last until sunset, I shall come in quest

of you that very evening." "You may spare yourself the trouble," answered Hugo; "I shall be at your side before you are aware

This was followed by threatenings on both sides but they proceeded no further, for Sigis interposed with the words: "Messires, it is not fitting that we should longer

discuss the matter. Let us once more fill our gob-lets, and forget all bitter animosity. Be sented, Messire van Arckel.'.
"No, no!" cried Hugo; "I sit here no longer,

I leave the camp immediately. Farewell, messires; we shall see one another again on the battle-field Meanwhile, may God have you in His holy keep-

with these words he left the tent, and called his eight hundred men togother; and in a very short through the country; and took the road to Courtrai. time one might have heard the sound of trumpets It is hard to conceive how far this numerous host | Messire John van Renesse. The remaining Flem-

ings, and we may imagine with what joy he was received by them; for he and his men had the reputation of being invincible, and, indeed, they had

deserved it. The French knights meanwhile had resumed the interrupted banquet, and continued to drink in peace. While they were discoursing of Hugo's temerity, a herald entered the tent, and inclined himself respectfully before the knights. His clothes were covered with dust, the sweat ran from his brow, and every thing indicated that he had ridden in great haste. The knights looked at him with curiosity, while he drew a parchment from beneath his armour, and said, as he gave it to the general,

"Messire, this letter will inform you that I come from Messire van Lens at Courtrai, to report to you the extreme peril we are in."

"Speak, then," cried d'Artois impatiently; "cannot Messire van Lens hold out the citadel of Cour-

trai against a handful of foot-soldiers?" "Permit me to say, that you deceive yourself noble lord," replied the messenger. "The Flemings have no contemptible army in the field; it has sprung up as if by magic; they are more than thirty thousand strong, and have cavalry and an abundant supply of provisions. They are constructing tremendous engines, in order to batter the citadel and take it by storm. Our provisions and our arrows are both exhausted, and we have already begun to devour some of our least valuable horses. If your highness shall delay but a day to bring aid to Messire van Lens, every Frenchman in Courtral will perish; for there are no longer any means of escape. Messires van Lens, de Mortenay, and de Rayecourt beseech you urgently to extricate them from this peril."

"Messires," cried Robert d'Artois, "here is a glorious opportunity; we could have wished for nothing better. The Flemings are all gathered together at Courtrai; we will fall upon them where they are, and but few of them shall escape us; the hoofs of our horses shall avenge our wrongs on this vile and despicable people. You, herald, remain in the tent; to morrow you shall return with us to Courtrai. Yet one toast more, messires; then go and get your troops in readiness for departure; we must break up our encampment here with all baste."

All now left the tent to obey the command of the general. The captains placed themselves at the head of their companies, arranged the cavalry two abreast; and in that order they marched out of the entrenchments.

The first band, which left the camp with banners flying, consisted of three thousand light cavalry, all picked men, armed with huge battle-axes, and carrying long swords hanging from the pom mel of their saddles. These were followed by four thousand archers on foot. They marched onward in a dense mass, protecting their faces from the rays of the sun with their large square shields. Their quivers were full of arrows, and a short sword without a scabbard hung at their girdle. They were mostly from the south of France; but many were by nation Spaniards or Lombards. John de Barlas, their captain, a brave warrior, rode here and there between the ranks to encourage them, and keep them in order.

The second band was under the command of Reginald de Trie, and consisted of three thousand two hundred heavy cavalry. They were mounted on horses of unusual height and strength, and carried each a broad and flashing sword on his right shoulder; armour of uppolished iron protected their hodies. Most of them were from Orleans.

Messire the Constable de Nesle led the third band First came a troop of seven hundred noble knights, with glittering armour on their bodies, and grace-ful banderoles on their long spears; their plumes fell waving behind their backs as they rode, and their coats of arms were painted in various colours upon their armour, Their horses were covered from head to foot with iron, and more than two hundred embroidered banners fluttered over the troop. It was truly the most brilliant band of knights that could be seen, even in that age. After them came two thousand horsemen, with battle-axes on their shoulders, and long swords hanging at their saddle-

bows. At the head of the fourth band rode Messire Louis de Clermont, an experienced warrior. It was composed of three thousand six hundred horsemen nring spears, from the kingdom of Navarre it was easy to see that they were picked and choice warriors. In front of the first column rode the banner-bearer, with the great standard of Navarre.
Robert Count d'Artois, general-in-chief of the

army, had taken the middle division under his especial command. All the knights who had brought with them no soldiers, or had carolled them in other companies, were with him; and the kings of Majorca and Melinde rode at his side. Amongst the others it was easy to distinguish Thibaut II. duke of Lorraine, by the magnificence of his armour. And then there came the gorgeous banners of Messires John, Count of Tancarville, Angelin de Vimen, Ranold de Longueval, Farald de Reims, Arnold de Wexmael, Marechal de Brabant, Robert de Montfort, and a countless number besides, who had formed themselves into a company. This band even surpassed the third in magnificence and solendour; the helms of the knights were covered either with silver or with gold, and their coats of mail were adorned with golden studs, by which their joints were secured. The burning rays of the sun fell on the glittering steel of their armour, and surrounded this peerless band as with a glowing fire. The swords which hung dangling at their saddlebows fell with a sharp and iron clank on the trappings of their steeds, producing a peculiar sound which seemed their fittest martial music. Next to these noble knights followed tive thousand other horsemen, with battle-axes and swords; and this picked troop was accompanied by sixteen thousand infantry, drawn up in three divisions. The first consisted of a thousand cross-bowmen; their defensive armour was simply a breastplate of steel and a flat square helmet: small quivers full of iron bolts were suspended at their girdles, and long swords hung at their side. The second was composed of six thousand men with clubs, studded at the end with horrible steel points. The third was made up of 'helm-cleavers' with their long axes; and all these men were from Gascony, Languedoc, and Auvergne. Messire James de Chatillon, the governor-general, commanded the sixth band. It consisted of

three thousand two hundred horses. On the banderoles of their spears they had painted burning brooms, the emblems of the purification of Flanders; and their horses were the heaviest of the whole army. Then followed the seventh and eighth bands; the former under the command of John Count d'Aumale, the latter under Messire Ferry of Lorraine. Each was composed of two thousand seven hundred horse, men of Lorraine, Normandy, and Picardy. These were followed by Godfrey of Brabant with his own vassals, seven hundred horsemen, who formed the ninth band. The tenth and last was intrusted to Guy de St. Pol; he was charged with the protection of the rear and of the baggage. Three thousand four hundred horsemen of all arms rode in advance; then followed a multitude of foct-soldiers with bows and swords, whose number might amount to seven thousand. On every side can men with bluzing torches, in order to set fire to everything within their reach. Behind came the endless succession of baggagewaggons, with the tents and camp-furniture and

The French army, divided into ten bands, and exceeding sixty thousand strong, marched slowly

banners fluttered in the breeze above the marching, deemed their presence and aid necessary. The horses neighed and champed the bit beneath their heavy burdens; from the crash of arms arose a sound like the rolling of a stormy sea upon the strand; but it was too monotonous to break the stillness of the deserted fields. Wherever the troops had passed, the sky was ruddy with flame, and obscured by dense clouds of smoke. Not a habitation escaped, destruction; neither man nor beast was spared : as the chronicles of the time bear record. The following day, when the flames were spent, and the smoke dispersed, there was neither men, nor work or trace of men, to be seen; from Lille to Douay and Courtrai, Flanders was so fearfully devastated, that the French Vandals might boast with reason that they had swept it as with a hesom.

Deep in the night the army of Messire d'Artois arrived before Courtrai. De Chatillon knew the country very well, for he had long lived in the city; and he was accordingly summoned by the general to select a suitable spot for encamping. After a short deliberation, they turned a little to the right, and pitched their tents on the Pottelberg and in the adjacent fields. Messire d'Artois, with the two kings, and a few distinguished knights, took possession of a castle called Hoog-Mosscher, close to the Pottelberg. They placed numerous sentinels on guard, and then betook themselves in peace, and without suspicion, to rest; for they were too confident in their numbers to entertain any apprchension of an attack.

And thus the French army lay within a quarter of an hour's march of the camp of the guildsmen of Flanders: the advanced pickets could see one another slowly pacing up and down in the gloom.

The Flemings, as soon as they had intelligence of the approach of the foe, had doubled their guard, and issued orders that no man should lie down to rest unarmed.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

The Flemish knights who occupied Courtrai were fast asleep when the tidings of the arrival of the French, passing through the city, and diffusing terror on every side, roused them from their slumbers. Guy commanded the trumpets to sound and the drums to beat; and an hour later all the soldiers lodged within the city were assembled on the walls. As there was reason to fear that the Castellan van Lens would make a sortie into the city during the battle, the men of Ypres were summoned from the camp to watch the French garrison. At the Steenpoort a numerous guard was appointed to keep the women and children within the town; for they were so terrified, that they were bent on fleeing again during the night. Inevitable death seemed to threaten them: on the one side the Castellan van Lens, with his ruthless soldiers, might fall on them at any moment; on the other they saw the small number of their countrymen opposed to the countless hosts of France, and they dared not hope for victory. And truly, but that the heroism and intrepidity of the Flemings blinded them to all thought of danger, they had done well to bethink them of a last parting prayer; for not only did the foot-soldiers in the French camp outnumber those in their own, but there were moreover the two-and-thirty thousand horsemen to be dealt with.

The Flemish commanders calculated with perfect coolness the chances of the coming battle; great as were their valour and eagerness, they could not conceal from themselves their critical position: heroism does not prevent a man from seeing the threatening side of things, nor does it drive out the inborn fear of death; but it inspires a man with might to vanquish and to brave all depressing and disheartening forebodings ;-further than this the soul cannot push its empire over the body. For themselves the Flemings had no fear; but their hearts were full of agonising anxiety for the liberty of their fatherland,—a liberty which was set upon this cast. Notwithstanding, however, the small hope which they dared to entertain, they resolved to accept battle, and rather to die as heroes on the bloody field than survive to endure a debasing slavery.

The youthful Matilda and the sister of Adolf, with many other noble ladies, were sent to the Abbey of Groeningen, where they would find a safe full stature of the heroism of their fathers; asylum, even in the event of the French becoming masters of Courtrai. When this and other preliminary matters had been arranged, the knights

returned to the camp. The French general, Robert d'Artois, was a brave and experienced soldier; but, like many others of his fellow-countrymen, he was too rash and selfconfident. He deemed it quite unnecessary to take ordinary precautions in his proceedings against the Flemings, so certain was he that his first attack would throw them into hopeless confusion .-This rash confidence was shared by all his soldiers to such extent, that, while the army of Guy was preparing for battle in the twilight, the French were sleeping on as unconcernedly as though they were quartered in a friendly city. Trusting to their numberless cavalry, they thought that nothing could resist them; whereas, had they been a little less thoughtless, they would have first inspected the field of battle, and disposed their van and rear accordingly. They would then have found that the ground between the two camps was not stall fitted for the action of cavalry;—but why should they exercise a superfluous caution? Was the Flemish army worth it?' Robert d'Artois thought not!

The Flemings were drawn up on the Greeningen Place. Behind them, to the north, ran the Lys, a broad river, which rendered any attack on that side impossible; in front flowed the Groeningen brook, which, though now but a narrow watercourse, was then a broad stream; and its shelving marshy banks opposed an insurmountable obstacle to the French cavalry. Their right wing rested on the portion of the walls of Courtrai near St. Martin's Church, and round the left ran a tributary of the Groeningen brook, so that the Flemings were or die! posted, as it were, on an island; and any attempt to dislodge them must needs be difficult and perilous. The space which separated them from the French army was a succession of meadows, which lay very low, and were watered by the Mosscher brook, which converted them into a kind of marsh. Thus the French cavalry were obliged to cross two brooks before they could come into action; and this was a very difficult and tedious operation, because the horses' hoofs had no hold on the moist and slippery ground, and at every step the poor animals sank up to their knees in the morass.

The French general took no account of this; he made his plans as though the field of battle were firm and hard ground, and directed the attack in a manner quite at variance with the rules of strategy. So true is it that excessive confidence renders men

Towards break of day, before the sun had shown his glowing disk above the horizon, the Flemings were drawn up in order of battle on the Groeningen Guy commanded the left wing in person, and he had about him all the guilds of Bruges. Eustachius Sporkyn, with the men of Furnes, occupied the centre; the second corps was commanded by John Borluut, and numbered five thousand men of Ghent; the third, composed of the clothworkers and freemen of Bruges, was led by William van Gulick. The right wing, which extended as far as the city-walls, consisted of the butchers, with their Dean Jan Breydel, and the Zeeland men-at-arms; and it was commanded by

host, and the sun was reflected with intolerable eleven hundred horsemen of Namur were stationed brightness from the armour of the vallant bands. In the rear, behind the line of battle: they were not to be brought at once into action, lest they should throw the infantry into disorder.

At length the French army began to prepare for action. A thousand trumpets uttered their shrill voices, with a sound so ominous in the darkness. that the Flemings felt a cold shiver thrill through them. What a cloud of foes was about to burst upon them! But to these valiant men this was nothing,—they were going to die, that they knew; but their widowed wives and their children, what would become of them? At that solemn moment their thoughts reverted to those most dear to them. Fathers thought bitterly of their sons, doomed to iron bondage; sons bewailed in agony their grayheaded fathers, left the helpless prey of tyranny.-Within them were two contending emotions-inflexible resolution and crushing anguish; and when these meet in men's hearts in presence of a threatening danger, they combine and fuse into a transport of rage and fury. And this effect was now produced on the Flemings; their gaze was fixed and unpitying, their teeth were clenched in fierce resolve, a burning thirst made their mouths dry and parched, and their breath came thick and rapid from their panting breasts. An appalling silence reigned throughout the army; no one expressed his apprehensions or feelings to his comrade; all were plunged in thoughts of painful gloom. They were standing thus drawn up in a long line, when the sun rose above the horizon, and disclosed to them the camp of the French. The horsemen were so numerous, that their

spears stood thick as ears of corn at harvest-time. The horses of the advanced columns pawed the ground impatiently, and besprinkled their glittering trappings of steel with flakes of snow-white foam. The trumpets sent their lively tones, like some festal rejoicing, to mingle with the sighing of the trees in the Neerlander wood; and the morning breeze played wantonly with the waving folds of the standards, and with the streamers attached to the spears of the cavalry. At intervals, the voice of the general was heard above this tumult of war; and the war-cry, "Noel! Noel! France! France!" arose from one company; and as it was caught up by each in quick successions, a deafening echo ran through the whole host. The French horsemen were eager, and full of courage; they pricked the sides of their war-steeds with their spurs in order to good them into thereer fury, and then caressed them and spoke to them, that they might the better know their master's voice in the thick of the fight. Who shall have the honour of the first blow? was the thought that filled every mind with eager excitement. This was a great point of honour in those days. Whenever this good fortune fell to the lot of a knight in an important battle, he boasted all his life long, as a proof and token of his superior valour; and hence each one held his horse in readiness, and spear in rest, to rush forward at the word of command, or at the slightest sign from the general.

In the meadows close about the army, the far-extended lines of the French infantry might be seen winding about the fields like the folds of some bideous serpent; the greatest stillness pervaded their ranks.

When Guy observed that the attack was about to commence, he sent a thousand slingers, under the command of Solomon van Sevecote, as far as the second brook, to harass the French outposts and sentinels; then he disposed his various companies into a square, in such a manner that the eyes of all were turned towards its centre. At that point rose an altar of turf, and over it waved the great banner of St. George, the patron of warriors; on its steps knelt a priest, arrayed in the vestments of his office. who proceeded to offer the Holy Sacrifice for the good success of the battle. When the Mass was ended, the priest, still standing at the altar, turned towards the army; and in a moment, inspired by one and the same sentiment, the troops sank to the ground, and received in solemn silence the benediction of the Most Holy Sacrament. The kindle within them, and they felt as if the voice of God called them to a martyr's death. Glowing with kindle within them, and they felt as if the voice of this holy flame, they remembered no more all that to animate the survivors by his own example; but was dear to them on earth; they rose to the an iron bolt from a crossbow pierced the vizor of their breasts heaved more freuly; the blood flowed more impetuously through their veins, and they longed for the battle, as for their deliverance from the oppressor.

And now, as all arose in deepest silence, the youthful Guy sprang from his horse, and standing in the middle of the square, addressed them thus:-Men of Flanders, remember the famous deeds of your ancesters; never did they count their foes. Their invincible courage won for us that freedom of which an alien tyrant would now despoil us. You, too, will to-day pour out your hearts' blood in defence of this sacred heritage and deposit; and if we die, let us die a free and manly people, the never-tamed sons of the Lion. Think on God whose temples they have burnt; on your children, whom they have sworn to slay; on your terrorstricken wives; on all that you love; on all that John de Barles lay weltering in his blood. Thus, you hold sacred; -and so, should we perish, the enemy shall not glory in his victory, for more Frenchmen than Flemings shall fall on the soil of our fatherland. Be wary of the horsemen, strike with your 'good-days' between the legs of the horses, and quit not your ranks. Whose plunders a fallen enemy, whose leaves his appointed post, strike him dead; this is my will and command, Is there a coward among you? let him die by your hands; his blood be upon my head

aloue And then, as if impelled by a sudden and vehement inspiration, he stooped and took some mould from the ground; and placing it in his mouth, he raised his voice and cried,

"By this beloved earth, which I will bear within me to the fight, this day will I either conquer

And the whole host in like manner stooped, and swallowed each a little carth from the soil of their fatherland. This soil, so beloved, seemed to inspire their breasts with a calm concentrated rage and a dark unrelenting yearning for revenge. A low and hollow murmurs, like the rumbling of a tempest in the recesses of a cavern, was heard throughout the excited host; their cries, their oaths, became blended in one terrific mass of sounds, amongst which were distinguishable the words, "We are ready and resolved to die !"

Again and in haste the order of battle was formed, and each returned to his position in front of the Groeningen brook.

Meanwhile Robert d'Artois, accompanied by some French generals, had approached close to the Flemish army to reconnoitre it. His archers were then brought forward and opposed to Guy's slingers, and the outposts exchanged a few arrows and stones while Robert was pushing forward his cavalry. Observing that Guy had disposed his troops in line, he arranged his own in three divisions; the first, under Rodolf de Neslo, was ten thousand strong the second, which he retained under his own command, was formed of the choicest companions, and numbered fifteen thousand picked horsemen; the third, destined for the defence of the camp, he intrusted to Guy de St. Pol. While he was thus preparing for a tremendous attack on the Flemish position, Messire John de Barlas, captain of the foreign companies, came to him, and addressed him in these words:

sud the clarging armour of a departing band. The reached; the var was already far out of sight ere ish knights had no definite post assigned them, men be engaged in the battle; let not the flower of the reached the camp of the Flem- the reached the camp of the Flem- the reached the same evening he reached the camp of the Flem- the reached the same of the reached the same of the Flem- the reached the same of the Flem- the reached the same of the Flem- the reached the same of the r "For God's sake, Messire d'Artois, let me and my

The hands of this Flemish rabble, maddened as they are by rage and despair. I know their customs well; they have left their provisions and munitions in the city. Do you remain here in order of battle, and I, with my light horse, will cut them of from and I, with my light noise, will cut them of from Courtrai, and keep them occupied with a feigned stack. The Flemings are great eaters; and if we can cut off their supplies, they will very soon be compelled by hunger to change their position; and we shall be able to attack them on more favourable ground than this; you will thus destroy all this rabble without shedding a drop of noble blood."

The Constable de Nesle, and many other knights thought this counsel worthy of attention but Robert, blinded by passion, would not even listen to them, and commanded John de Barlas to hold his

During these preparations time had passed away it was now seven o'clock in the morning; the French host were within two slings' cast of the Flemings, Between the French archers and the slingers lay the Mosscher brook, so that they could not come to close quarters; and very few fell on either side. Then Robert d'Artois gave Rodolf de Nesle, general of the first division, the signal to begin the attack.

The horsemen sprang cagerly onwards, and scon came to the Mosscher brook; but here they sank saddle deep in the morass. One stumbled over another; the foremost were thrown from their horses, and either slain by the slingers or stifled in the swamp. The few who contrived to extricate them. selves retreated at full speed, and dared not venture to expose themselves a second time so recklessly. The Flemings meanwhile stood motionless behind the second brook, looking on at the discomfiture of the enemy in silent composure.

When the Constable de Nesle saw that the passage was impracticable for cavalry, he came to Messire d'Artois, and said,

"Of a truth I tell you, count, that we are exposing our men to great danger, by trying to force them over the brook; there is not a horse that either will or can ford it. Let us rather try to entice the enemy from their position. Believe me, you are staking all against fearful odds in this game."

But the general was too far carried away by vexa. tion and anger to pay any attention to this wise council. "Constable," exclaimed he furiously, that is advice befitting Lombards! Are you fright ened at this pack of wolves, or are you of the same breed with them?"

Rodolf, stung by this reproof, and by the insing. ation it conveyed, burst forth in unrestrained wrath, He came up close to the general, and answered with an expression of bitter discain:

"You throw doubt on my courage! you dare to taunt and insult me! But, I ask you, have you courage to go with me on foot and alone into the thick of the foe? I would lead you so far that you would return no more—"

Here some of the knights threw themselves between the angry generals, and endeavoured by every argument to convince the seneschal that the brook was not fordable by cavalry; but he persisted in his refusal to listen to them, and ordered Rodolf de Nesle to renew the charge.

The constable, beside himself with vexation rode furiously with his troop towards the Flemish position. But at the brook all the horsemen of the front rank were thrown from their saddles; each thrust the other deeper into the morass, and more than five hundred perished in the confusion, either stifled in the mud, or slain by the stones of the slingers. Messire d'Artois now saw himself obliged to recall Rodolf; but it was scarcely possible to restore order amongst the survivors, so utterly were they broken and dispirited.

Meanwhile, Messire John de Barlas had found a place at which the first brook could be forded, and had crossed it with two thousand cross bownen. Having gained the open meadow, he drew up his men in a compact mass, and poured such a shower of arrows upon the Flemish slingers, that the sky was almost darkened by them, and a large number of Flemings fell dead or wounded to the ground, hearts of all were deeply stirred by this holy while the French archers continued to make a ceremony; a spirit of lofty self-devotion scemed to steady advance.

> his helmet, and flung him dead to the ground. Then the Flemings, seeing their general struck down, with so large a number of their comrades, and finding their supply of stones fall short, closed their ranks, and fell back on the camp in good order. Only one slinger from Furnes remained standing in the middle of the field, as though he scorned the arrows of the Frenchmen. He stood calm and unmoved, while the arrows flew hissing over him and around him. Slowly and with deliberation he placed a heavy stone in his sling, and measured carefully the distance of the spot at which he wished to take aim. After a few preparatory whirls, he let go the end of the sling, and the stone flew whistling through the air. A cry of anguish burst from the French captain, and in a moment he lay lifeless on the ground,—the stone had pierced his helmet and crushed his skull; and Messire in the first attack, perished the leaders of the two first divisions of the French army. The archers were so infuriated by the disastrous sight, that they threw away their crossbows, grasped their swords, and impetuously pursued the slingers as far as the second brook, which ran in front of the Flemish encampment. At this moment Messire Valepaile, who was standing by the side of Robert d'Artois, sceing the advantage gained by the Crossbowmen, exclaimed,

"O seneschal, the rascally foot-soldiers will, after all, gain the honour of the day. While they are counting the foe, what are we knights doing here? It is foul shame; we are standing still, as though we dared not fight."

"Montjoy St. Denis!" shouted Robert, "Forward, constable! fall on them!"

At this command all the horsemen of the first division gave their horses the rein, and rushed on impetuously and in disorder; for each wished to be the first to strike the blow of honour. So eager was their onset, that they rode over the crossbow-men, and many hundreds of the hapless foot-soldiers were trampled to death beneath the hoofs of the horses, while the remainder fled in all directions over the meadow. Thus the cavalry robbed the French of the advantage which the crossbow-men had gained, and gave the Flemish slingers time to fill up their ranks, and form again in order. Then arose from the prostrate horsemen a groan so fearful, a death-cry so general and so prolonged, that at a distance it might have been taken for the combined shoutings of a triumphant army ; on they rushed, trampling down into the marsh those who had fallen, heedless of their deprecating cries. Scarcely had the shricks of those who first sank died away on the air, when they who had trodden them under foot were in their turn overthrown and trampled down by others; and so the death-wail was continued unceasingly. The companies in the rear, thinking that the action was becoming general, spurred their horses on towards the brook, and thus increased the number of the victims of the seneschal's folly and imprudence.

## (TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR MEXT)

The bull worship of the Egyptians find its parallel in the fox worship of the Japanese; dogs are protected from harm by public edicts in Yedde,