

CLE

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1876.

JUST RECEIVED,

A MOST BEAUTIFUL BOOK.

VOL. XXVII.

Glories of the Sacred Heart, by Cardinal Man-

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REVEREND J. J. MURPHY.

who lost his life at the fire at Back River on the

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THE LION OF FLANDERS:

OR, THE BATTLE OF THE GOLDEN SPURS.

> -:-0-:-BY HENDRIK CONSCIENCE.

As Breydel had said, a considerable group of

1.11

clothworkers stood about the door. All had gowns and caps of the same form as their Dean, though here and there might be perceived a young journeyman, with longer hair, and something more of ornament about his apparel. This, however, was but an exception; for the company kept strict discip-line, and did not permit in its members much of idle display.

Jan Breydel spoke a few words more with Deconinck in an under tone, and then left him in high satisfaction.

Meanwhile the Clothworkers had opened a pas sage for their Dean as he approached; and all respectfully uncovering their heads, followed him into the hall.

CHAPTER VII.

The Lilyards had made unusual preparations for giving a magnificent reception to their new prince whose favour they hoped by this means to earn. No cost had been spared; the fronts of the houses were hung with the richest stuffs the shops could furnith; the streets were turned into green avenues, by means of trees brought in from the neighbour-ing woods and fields, and all the journeymen of the different companies had been employed in erecting triumphal arches. On the following day, by ten o'clock in the morning, all was in readiness.

In the middle of the great square stood a lofty throne, erected by the Carpenters' Company, and covered with blue velvet, its double seat adorned with gold fringe, and furnished with richly worked cushions; two figures, Peace and Power, stood by, which with united hands were to place crowns of olive and laurel on the heads of Philip the Fair and Joanna of Navarre. Hangings of heavy stuffs descended from the canopy, and the very ground of the square was covered with costly carpets for some distance round.

At the entrance of the Stone' Street stood four columns painted in imitation of marble, and on each of them a trumpeter, dressed as a figure of Fame, with long wings and flowing purple robes.

Over against the great shambles, at the beginning of the Lady Street, was erected a magnificent triumphal arch with Gothic pillars. Above, at the apex of the arch, hung the shield of the arms of France; lower, one on each pillar, those of Fland-ers and the city of Bruges. The rest of the avail-able space was occupied with allegorical devices, such as might best flatter the foreign 'lord. Here might be seen the black lion of Flanders humbly ringing under a lily; there were the heavens with lilies substituted for stars; and many other like images, such as a spirit of base truckling had suggested to these bastard Flemings.

If Jan Breydel had not been kept in restraint by the Dean of the Clothworkers, the people would certainly not have been long scandalised by these

do not let your blood beil over: here we are at tenance that the pomp of her entry had filled her Clothworkers' Hall."

cast her haughty looks over the conquered people; who filled the windows, and had even climbed upon the roofs of the houses in order to look on at the magnificent show.

On the other side of the king rode his son, Louis Hutin, a young prince of good dispositions, and who carried his greatness unassumingly. He regarded these new subjects of his house with a compassionate air; and the eyes of the citizens ever found a gracious smile upon his countenance. Louis possessed all the good qualities of his father, unalloyed by any of the vices that might have been looked for in the son of Joanna of Navarre.

Immediately after the king and queen came their personal attendants, gentlemen of the chamber and ladies of honour; then a numerous cavalcate of nobles, all magnificently arrayed. Among them might be distinguished Enguerrand de Mariguy, De Chattillon, St. Pol, de Nesle, De Nogaret, and many others. The royal standard and numerous other banners waved merrily over this princely com pany.

Last of all came a body of men-at-arms, or heavy cavalry, some three hundred strong, all of them armed from head to foot in steel, and with long lances projecting above their heads. Their heavy chargers, too, were steelbarbed from counter to cruhper.

The citizens, every here and there gathered into groups, looked on in solemn silence; not a single cry of welcome ascended from all that multitude, no single sign of joy could any where be seen. Stung to the soul at the coldness of this reception, Joanna of Navarre was still more irritated at the looks of scorn and hate which she could perceive from time to time were turned upon her.

As soon as the procession reached the market-place, the two figures of Fame, planted on the pedestals, put their trumpets to their mouths and blew a blast of welcome that resounded throughout the square ; upon which the magistrates and other Lilyards (of whom, however, there were but few) raised the cry, "France ! France ! Long live, the king! long live the queen !"

Still more intense was the inward rage of the proud queen, when not a single voice from the people or the companies joined in this cry, and all the citizens stood motionless, without giving the slightest sign of respect or . pleasure ! Still, for the moment she swallowed her wrath, and contrived so to command her features, that nothing of what she felt was perceptible on her countenance.

A little on one side of the throne was stationed a group of noble ladies, mounted on the most beautiful palfreys; and all, in honour of the occasion, so bedecked with jewelry that the eye could hardly bear to rest upon them.

Matilda, the fair young daughter of the Lion of Flanders, had her place in the front row, and was the very first that fell under the queen's eye. She was most magnificently attired. A high pointed dresses of the magistrates; after which they left and who will have to execute my will." hat of yellow silk, copiously trimmed with ribbons the scaffolding. They immediately took to horse "It is needless, madam, for you to t hat of yellow silk, copiously trimmed with ribbons of red velvet, sat lightly and gracefully upon her head; from under it fell a flowing mantilla of the finest lawn, which, shading her cheeks, covered neck and shoulders, and reached down behind below her waist; while, suspended from its point, and fastened there by a golden button; flutt-red a transparent veil bespangled with thousands of gold. and silver points, which hung down upon her palfrey's back, and waved to and fro, following her movements as she turned her head. She wore au upper garment of cloth-of-gold, reaching only to the knee, and open at the breast. where it showed a corset of blue velvet laced with silver. From beneath this vestment descended a robe of green satin, of soch length that it not only covered her feet, but reached down over the flank of for palfrey so as at times even to swcop the ground. An almost magical effect was produced by the stuff, which changed its colour with every movement of the wearer; st one moment it would seem, as the sun shone upon it, all yellow, as if it were woven of gold, then it would turn to blue, and then, again, it would shade off into green. On her hosoin where the two ends of a string of the finest pearls met, shone a plate of beaten gold, with the Black Lion of Flanders artistically carved upon it in jet. A girdle, also bespangled with gold, and with silk and silver tassels, was fastened round her waist by a clasp, in which flashed two rubies of

"It is Matilda, the daughter of Robert de Bethune."

And with these words he put his finger to his lips, as a sign to the queen to dissemble and keep silence, -- a sign which she well understood, and accepted with a smile,—a smile full of treachery, hatred, and revenge.

Any one who might have been observing the Dean of the Clothworkers at this moment could both ave failed to perceive the steadfastness with which his eye was fixed upon the queen: not the slightest shade had come or gone upon her brow, but Deconinck had noted it down upon the tablet of his memory. In her features he had plainly defined her anger, her wishes, and her plans; he knew moreover, that De Chatillon was chosen to be the instrument of her designs; and he immediately occupied himself in devising the readiest means for defeating their attempts, whether made by stratagem or by force.

The king and queen now dismounted from their horses, and ascended the throne which had been erected for them in the middle of the great square. Their exquires and ladics of honor arranged themselves in two rows upon the steps ; the knights remained on horseback, and drew up round about the scaffolding. When every one was in his place, the magistrates came forward with the maidens who were to represent the city of Bruges, and offered the foreign rulers the keys of the gates upon a costly velvet cushion. At the same moment the two figures of Fame blew a fresh blast upon their trumpets, and the Lilyards agaia cried, "Long live the king! Long live the queen !"

All this time a dead silence reigned among the citizens; it seemed as though they affected indifference, that their dissatisfaction might be only the more thoroughly apparent; and in this they fully attained their aim, for Joanna was already turning in her miad how she might most effectually punish these insolent and disloyal subjects.

King Philip, who was of a less irritable temper received the magistrates most affably, and promised to bestow his best consideration on all that might tend to the prosperity of Flanders. And this promise was no mere feigning; he was a generous prince and true knight, and might, under other circumstances, have been the blessing of his people both in France and Flanders. But there were two causes which completely neutralized all his good qualities. The first and worst of these was the in-fluence of his imperious wife, who, whenever his better nature was about to prevail, came in like an evil spirit to turn him from good to evil. The other cause was his prodigality, which drove him on to use all means, whether good or bad, in order to provide for its gratification. Even now, his plaus and resolves were all for the good of Flanders; but what could that avail, when Joanna of Navarre had already otherwise determined?

After the delivery of the keys, the king and queen remained for some time listening to the ad- am about to commit the government of Flanders,

"Messire de Chatillon," she said, giving him her hand to rise, "it seems that you do not pay much attention to my wishes. Did I not appoint you to come to me long ore this ?"

NO.

"True, madam; but I was detained by the king my master. Believc, I pray you, my illustrious niece, that I have been upon burning coals, so earnest was my desiro to fulfil your royal pleasure."

"I thank you for your good will, Messire; and I am desirous this very day of rewarding you for all your faithful services."

"Gracious princess, it is itself a great boon to me to be permitted to follow and serve your majesty. Only let me always and every where accompany you. Let others seek office and power; for me, your presence is my best joy ;-I ask for naught besides."

The queen looked with a contemptuous smile upon the flatterer; for she knew too well how much his heart belied his words. With a peculiar emphasis, therefore, she continued :

"But what if I were to set you over the land of Flanders ?"

De Chatillon, who had not reckoned on so speedy an attainment of his great object, almost repented of his words; and for the first moment knew not what answer to make. He soon recovered himself, however, and said :

"If it should please your majesty to give me so great a proof of confidence, I should not for a moment venture to oppose myself to your royal will; but should thankfully, and as a good subject, accept the gift, kiss your gracious hands with love and reverence,"

"Listen, Messire de Chatillon," cried the queen impatiently; "I did not send for you to hear fine speeches; you will therefore greatly obliged me if you put all such aside, and tell me without circumlocution or disguise, what you think of our entry to day. Has not Bruges given the Queen of France and ot Navarre a reception beyond all she could have looked or hoped for?"

"I pray you, my illustrious niece, leave these these bitter jests, for the scorn that has been done you has touched me to the very heart. A vile and contemptible people has defied you to your very face, and your dignity has met with a grievous affront. But be not troubled; all is in our power now, and we shall soon find means to tame these insolent subjects, and bring them to their senses."

"Do you know your niece, Messire de Chatillon? Do you know how jealous is Joanna of Navarre ?" "In truth, madam, with the noblest and most laudable jealonsy; for to wear a crown, and not to maintain its dignity, is to deserve to forfeit it.--Your princely spirit is the object of universal admiration."

"Do you know, too, that it is no paltry vengeance that satisfies me? The punishment of those that have affronted me must be commensurate with my dignity. Both as a queen and woman I must be revenged: that is enough for you, to whom I

CHAPTER VI.-(Continued.)

"No !" cried Breydel, " that must not be! They are already beginning to be insolent and despotic more than enough. They plunder all the country round about, and treat us burghers as though we were their slaves."

"So much the better, Master Jan ! so much the better l'

"So much the better! what do you mean by that Say, master, have you turned your coat? and do you mean to use your fox's wit to betray us? I know not, but it seems to me that you begin to smell very strong of lilies!"

"No, no, friend Jan | but just bethink yeu, that the more there is to irritate, the nearer is the day of deliverance. If they cloked their doings a little, and ruled with any show justice, the mass of the people would sit down quietly under the yoke till they grew accustomed to it; and then, adieu, once for all, to our hard-won liberties! Know that despotism is freedom's nursing-mother. If, indeed, they ventured to make any attempt upon the privileges of our town, then I should be the first to exhort you to resistance ; but even then not by means of open force,-there are other means surer and better than that."

"Master,", said Jan Breydel, "I understand you you are always right, as though your words stood written upon parchment. But it is a bitter pill to me, to have to put up so long with those insolent foreigners. Better the Saracen than the Frenckman! But you are right enough ; the more a frog blows himself out, the sooner he bursts ! After all, I must confess that understanding is with the Clothworkers."

Well, Master Breydel, I, for my part, acknowl-edge that it is the Butchers that are the men of action. Let us ever put these two gifts, caution and courage, together, and the French will never find time to make fast the irons about our feet."

A bright smile on the face of the butcher acknowledged his satisfaction at this compliment.

"Yes," he replied, " there are fine fellows in our company, Master Peter ; and that the foreign rascals shall know, when 'the bitter fruit is ripe.' 'But now I think of it, how shall we keep our Lion's daughter from Queen Joanna's knowledge ?"

dav."

will be under arms; so will you, with your Butchers. What can the Frenchmen do' then? Nothing, as you know. Well then, to-morrow I will put the 'You know. Lady Matilda in a conspicuous place, where Joanna of Navarre cannot but notice her. Thin I shall be able to judge from the queen's countenance what her thoughts use, and bow far we have to fear for Joanna of Navarre, upon a dun-coloured pulfrey, her our precious thargen in the local and local and the annarel all bare historicald, silver and lewels. A"

"The very tilling, Master Peter'!" You he'th very long tilling dress of cold-stuff, secured in front with line heavy 'fills' to the provide she spoke aloud; so, as to be heard, now, haster de to compose hereif; and standing truts in or more the provide she she work with its thous by the nobies about her, and is seen in ber pallered in front with list to be to the provide she spoke aloud; so, as to be heard, here the form, and standing truts in the passage, she is to the provide she spoke aloud; so, as to be heard, here the form, and is she work with its thous is the work with the knew with the concelederation, and the work were is a line is to the meaning and the with the concelederation with the concelederation. It work the work is the work were is a line is to the work with the work is the work with the work is the work is the work wis the work is the work were is the work is the work were is the

A8 swallowed his indignation, and looked on in dark and desperate endurance. Deconinok had convince ed him that the hour was not yet come. The Cathelyne Street was hung throughout its

whole length with snow-white linen with long festoons of foliage, and every house of a Lilyard bore an inscription of welcome. On little four-cornered stands burned all kinds of perfumes in beautiful chased vases, and young girls strewed the streets with flowers. The Cathelyne gate, by which the king and queen were to enter the town, was decked on the outside with magnificent scarlet hangings; there, too, were placed allegorical pictures lutended to glorify the stranger, and to throw scorn upon the lion, the ancestral emblem of victory. Eight angels had been secretly planted on the gatehouse to sound a welcome to the prince and aunounce his

arrival. In the great square stood the companies, armed with their 'good days,' and drawn up in deep file along the houses. Deconinck, at the head of the Clothworkers, had his right flank covered by the egg market; Breydel, with his Butchers, occupied the side towards the Stone Street ; the other companies were distributed in lesser bodies along the third side of the square. The Lilyards and princi-pal nobles were assembled ou a richly decorated scaffolding immediately in front' of the town-hall. 'At eleven o'clock, the angels who were stationed upon the gatehouse gave the signal of the king and queen's approach, and the royal cavalcude at last passed through the Cathelyne gate into the town.

First rode four beralds on magnificent white horses from whose trumpets hung the banners of their master, Philip the Fair, with golden lilles on a bluefield. They sounded a melodious march as they went, and charmed all hearers with the perfection of their pluying.

Some twenty yards after the heralds came the king, Philip the Fair, on a hosse of majestic figure and paces. Among all the knights about him there was not one that approached him in beauty of features 12 His black hair flowed in long waving locks upon his shoulders; his complexion vied with that of any lady for softness and clearness ; while Its light brown hue imparted to his countenance "We will show her here opeuly in the light of an expression of manly vigour. His snill was sweet, and his manner remarkably captivating Ludy Matilds? You can never mean that in your s und sersies! I think you must have something most perfect knight of his day; and thence his sur-wrong in your upper works." Added to this, a lofty stature, well-formed limbs, "No; not yet, at any rate: To morrow, at the of Le Bel, or; as we translate it, the Fair. His entry of the foreign mast rs, all the Clothworkers dress was richly embroidered with gold and silver; yet not 'overloaded with' orusment; it was clear that good taste, and not love of display, had guided the selection. The silvered helmet which glittered on his head bure a large plume, which fell down behind him to his horse's croup

Beside him rode his consort, the imperious our precious charge." And the work with the second of gold silver; and jewels. "A" "The very thing, Master Peter II You are in very long-riding dress of gold stuff, second in front with

grent value The harness of the palfrey, profusely curiched as it was with stude, drops, and insuels of gold and silver, corresponded is magnificence with the dress of the rider; and with like splendour were the other ladies attired in changing stuffs of every varied hue under heaven.

Theiqueen, with her retinne, rode slowly up, and urned her eyes with spiteful curiosity upon these Flemish dames, who glittered so brilliantly in the sun's rays. As soon as she had arrived within a certain distance, the ladies rode up to her at a stately pace, and greeted her with Imany courtly speeches ; Matilda alone was silent, and regarded Joanna with a stern sunbending countenance. It was impossible for her to show honour to a queen who had thrown her father into prison. Her feel ings were plainly traceable on her features, and did not escape Joanna's notice. She looked, Matilda imperiously in the face, thinking to make the Flomish maiden quail beneath her frown ; but in this, she found herself mistaken; for the young girl proudly threw back glance for g ance, without lowering her eyelids; even for an instant, before the angry queen, whose displeasument the sight; of so much might. ficunce had now become ton great to the one al ed, With evident annayance she turind her horse's. head, and exclaimed, while casting a look of scorn upon the band ufalidies. Second all Look you, gentlemen, Isthought that Is alone wasiqueen in France; but methinks our Flemish traitors whom we hold, in prison are princes one and ally for h ret I see their, wives and daughters,

dressed outslike queensland.princesses 3, 14 1.000 dresse words she spoke sloud; so as to be heard.

again ; and the cavalcade rode slowly through other streets on their way to the building called the Prince's Court, where . banquet was prepared for them, to which the chief men of Bruges and the principal Lilyards had also been invited. Meanwhile, the members of the companies returned to their homes, and the public festival was at an end.

Night had now set in; the guests had long since departed, and queen Joanna was alone with her waiting-woman in her chamber. Already she had laid aside a great part of her cumbrous magnificence, and was busied in disarraying herself of all her jewellery. The hasty movements of her hands, and the irritable expression of her countenance, evinced the most violent impatience. The attendant in waiting could do nothing aright, and got from her mistress only sharp and angry words; necklaces and carrings were thrown hither and thither, as things of naught; while expressions of annoyance flowed incessantly from her mouth.

In a loose white robe the enraged queen kept pacing her chamber to and fro in deep thought while her flaming eyes wandered fiercely around At last her attendant quite disconcerted at her strange manner and violent gesticulations, approached her, and respectfully inquired :

"Will your majesty be pleased to remain up any longer? Shall I go for a fresh light?"

To which the queen answered impatiently :

"No, there is light enough ! Cease to annoy me with your tiresome questions. Leave me alone; begone, I tell you ! Go to the anteroom, and wait there for my uncle De Chstillon. Let him come to me forthwith-go!"

While the damsel proceeded to execute the orders thus rudely given, Joanna sat down by a table and rested her head upon her hand. In this post tion she remained for some minutes, thinking upon the insult she had received ; then, rising, she paced the room with hasty steps, at the same time vio-lently gesticulating with her hands. At last she spoke in a suppressed voice :

"What I this paltry insignificant people to put scorn upon me, the queen of France! an insolent girl to stare me out of countenance! And shall I quietly put up with such an affront?"

A tear of anger glistened upon her burning check Suddenly sgain she raised her head, and laughed with the malicious joy of a fiend as she continued :

"O ye insolent Flemings! you do not yet know Joanna of Navarre ! you know not how fearfully her vengeance can fall! Rest and sleep without dread in your rash sccurity! I know of means that will give you a fearful awakening. What a cup of blt-terness shall my hand mix for you! What tears shall I not make you shed! Then at least you shall know my power ! Crawl before me you will, and supplicate me, insolent slaves | but you shall not be heard ! With joy shall I set my foot upon your stubborn necks. In vain shall you weep and cry, for Joanna of Navarre is, inexorable. That you know not yet, -- but you shall know it."

Heating her attendant's steps in the passage, she

"It is needless, madam, for you to trouble yourself further about this matter; be assured that your vengeance shall be complete. Peradventure I shall even exceed your wishes; for I have to avenge not only the affront to you, but also those which are daily offered to the crown of France by this rebellions and headstrong people."

"But, Messire de Chatillon, do not, I pray you, lose sight of sound policy. Be not too hasty in drawing the noose fast about their necks; break their spirit rather by gradual humiliation. Above all, fleece them bit by bit of the wealth which supports their obstinacy; and then, when you have them fairly in the harness, press down the yoke so tight upon their necks, that I may be able to feast my eyes upon their slavery. Be in no hurry; I have patience enough, when the end can be more effectually reached thereby. And the better to succeed, it will be advisable to take first opportunity of removing one Deconinck from his place of Dean of the Clothworkers in this city, and to take care that none but our friends are admitted to offices of power."

De Chatillon listened attentively to the queen's counsel, and secretly admired her skill in the crooked ways of policy; and as his private revenge was equally interested in the establishment of despotism, he was highly delighted at being able to gratify at once his own passions and those of his niece. With evident joy he replied :

"I receive with gratitude the honor which your majesty confers on me, and will spare nothing to carry out the counsels of my sovereign lady as a true and faithful servant. Have you any further commands for me?"

In putting this question he had the young Matilda in view. Do Chatillon knew that she had drawn upon herself the queen's enmity, and was convinced she would not be long without feeling its effects. Joanna answered :

"I think it might be as well to have away that daughter of Messire de Bethune into France ; she seems full of Flemish pride and obstinacy; and I shall be pleased to have her at my court. Enough said ;- you understand me. To-morrow I leave this accursed land; I have had more than enough of their insolence. Raoul de Nesle goes with us; you remain here as Governor-General of Flanders, with full power to rule the land at your discretion, and accountable only to ourselves for your fidelity. "Say rather at the discretion of my royal niece,"

interposed De Chatillon, in a tone of flattery. "Be it so," said Joanna; "I am gratified by your devotedness. Twelve hundred men-at-arms shall remain with you to support your authority. And now it is time for us both to go to rest, my tair

uncle; so I wish you good night." "May all good angels watch over your majesty," said De Chatillon, with a profound bow; and with these words he left the chamber of the evil-minded

Queen: Contractor with the second system.