



VOL. XXVII. MONTREAL, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1876. NO. 18.

JUST RECEIVED, A MOST BEAUTIFUL BOOK. Glories of the Sacred Heart, by Cardinal Manning, 12 mo., 300 pages. \$1.00. We have also his late works, Sin and its Consequences. 1.00. Internal Mission of the Holy Ghost. 1.25. Temporal. 1.20. Free by mail on receipt of price.

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JUST RECEIVED, SERMONS BY THE LATE REVEREND J. J. MURPHY, who lost his life at the fire at Back River on the night of December 4th, 1875. We have just received from our Agents in England a consignment of SERMONS on VARIOUS SUBJECTS, given by THE LATE REV. J. J. MURPHY, IN 1871. Price, \$2.00. Free by mail on receipt of price from D. & J. SAILLER & CO., Catholic Publishers, 275 Notre Dame Street, Montreal.

TO MARY IMMACULATE. Hall, wonderful one! Who rising from a darkened world Where sin and hell's foul mists were curled, Shone, sparkling as a sun. Of wondrous one, thou stood'st alone Among the works of God's great hand; O radiant one, whose pure light shone Ere He created heaven or land.

THE LION OF FLANDERS; OR, THE BATTLE OF THE GOLDEN SPURS. BY HENDRIK CONSCIENCE. CHAPTER XVI.—(CONTINUED.) Deconinck's first care was for the safe removal of the Lady Matilda, for which he speedily made all necessary arrangements; and then, after a short audience with her, he mounted his horse and disappeared in the direction of Ardenburg.

main at the camp, and then betook himself to the tent where the bodies were laid out. As soon as he had entered, he had all present depart, and shut himself in alone with the dead. More than one leader came up to ask for orders or instructions from his chief, but all in vain; to their loudest entreaties for admission no answer was returned. For some time they respected his sorrow, and waited patiently till he should appear; but when, after hours of expectation, still no sound was heard nor sign given from within the tent, then a terrible fear came over them. They dreaded, they dared not say what. Was Breydel dead?—Had he perished of grief, or peradventure by his own hand?

While thus they anxiously speculated, suddenly the tent opened, and Breydel issued forth; but without seeming to take any note of their presence. No one spoke; for the Dean's countenance had that in it which chilled the heart and silenced the tongue. His cheeks were deadly pale, his eyes wandered vaguely around; and many remarked that two of the fingers of his right hand were red with blood. No one ventured to approach him; an inexpressible ferocity flashed forth in his glances, each one of which sank as an arrow into the soul of him on whom it fell. Above all, the blood which clung to his fingers caused a shudder of horror in the beholders; whence it came they could well divine. Ghastly thought! but doubtless he had laid his hand upon his mother's breast, and that blood came from the heart which had so dearly loved him; that fearful touch it was which filled him with his frenzied thirst for vengeance, and lent him the superhuman strength to take it. Thus he wandered speechless through the wood, till the shades of evening falling upon the encampment concealed him from his comrades' eyes.

Arrived at Ardenburg, Deconinck placed his two thousand clothworkers under the command of one of the chief men of the guild, and despatched a messenger with instructions to Dean Lindens. The needful measures taken for concentrating the three divisions at St. Cross, he again mounted, and proceeded straightway to Bruges, stabling his horse at a roadside inn not far from the gate, and entering the city on foot. Impediment to his progress there was none; the gates were not yet closed; but the evening was far advanced, and no soldiers were to be seen save the sentinels upon the walls; a dead and awful stillness reigned in all the streets through which he had to pass. Soon he stopped before a house of mean appearance behind the church of St. Donatus, and would have knocked; but on approaching for that purpose, he perceived that the door was gone, and its place supplied by a piece of cloth hung over the entrance. He was evidently well acquainted with the inmates, and familiar with its interior arrangements; for, lifting up the hanging, he stepped forward without the slightest hesitation through the shop into which the doorway opened, and on into a little chamber behind it. The shop was quite dark; the room which he now entered was doubtfully lighted by a small lamp, the flickering rays of which, however, enabled him to discern at a glance the state of things within.

The floor was strewn with the fragments of shattered furniture,—a woman sat weeping by a table, with two young children pressed against her bosom, amid alternate sighs and kisses, as thanking heaven that they at least, her best and dearest portion of this world's goods, were spared to her. Further on, in a corner, but half-illuminated by the lamp's pale beams, sat a man, with his head resting on his hand, who seemed to be asleep. Alarmed at Deconinck's unexpected apparition, the woman clasped her babes still closer to her breast, while a loud cry of terror escaped her lips. The man started up, and hastily grasped his cross-knife; but in a moment recognized the Dean. "O master!" he exclaimed, "what heavy burden did you lay upon me when you ordered me not to leave the city! By God's grace we have escaped the massacre; but our house has been pillaged, we have seen our brothers murdered by the hangman or the soldier; and what to-morrow may bring, heaven alone knows. O, let me quit this place, I pray you, and come out to you at Ardenburg."

"The gate shall be opened at the appointed hour; fear not," answered Gerard, coolly and resolutely. "You give me your word on it?" "My word on it." "Good evening, then, worthy friend. God be with you!" "His angels attend your steps, master!" The guildsman returned to his wife, and Deconinck left the house. He proceeded to the neighborhood of the Town Hall, and knocked at the door of a magnificent mansion, which was immediately opened to him. "What will you, Fleming?" asked the servant. "I wish to speak with Messire de Mortenay." "Good; but have you arms? for you folks are not to be trusted." "What is that to you?" replied the Dean. "Go, and tell your master that Deconinck would speak with him."

"What! you Deconinck? then 'tis sure you have some mischief in hand." With these words, the servant hastily departed; and in a few moments almost as hastily returned, invited Deconinck to follow him upstairs. The door of a small cabinet was opened and closed again, and the Dean of the Clothworkers stood before the French Governor of Bruges. De Mortenay was sitting beside a table, on which lay his sword, helmet, and gauntlets; he regarded his visitor with no small astonishment, while Deconinck, with a low obeisance, opened his errand. "Messire de Mortenay," he commenced, "I have put myself in your power, trusting in your honour, and feeling sure, therefore, that I shall not have to repent of my confidence." "Certainly," answered De Mortenay; "you shall return as you have come."

"Your magnanimity, noble sir, is a proverb among us," resumed the Dean; "and it is on that account, and that you may see that we Flemings know how to respect a generous enemy, that I now stand before you. The Governor De Chantillon has condemned eight innocent men of our citizens to the gallows, and has given up our town to the fury of his soldiery; you must acknowledge, Messire de Mortenay, that it is our bounden duty to avenge the death of those who have thus suffered; for what had the governor to lay to their charge, except that they refused obedience to his despotic will?"

"The subject must obey his lord; and however severely that lord may punish disobedience, it is not for the subject to sit in judgment on his acts." "You are right, Messire de Mortenay, so goes the word in France; and as you are a natural-born subject of King Philip the Fair, it is fitting that you should execute his commands. But we free Flemings—we can no longer bear the galling chain. The governor-general has carried his cruelty beyond all bounds of endurance; be sure that ere long blood shall flow in torrents, and that, if the fortune of war goes against us, and the victory is with you, at least it will be but a few wretched slaves that are left you; for we have resolved, once for all to conquer or to die. However, be that as it may, happen what will,—and it is to tell you this that I am come,—not a hair of your head shall be injured by us; the house in which you abide shall be to us a sanctuary, and no Fleming shall set his foot across its threshold. For this Deconinck pledges you his faith and honour." "I thank your countrymen for their regard," replied De Mortenay; "but I cannot accept the protection which you offer me, and indeed shall never be in a situation to require it. Should I ever be such as you prophesy, it will be under the banner of France, and not in my house, that I shall be found; and if I fall, it will be sword in hand. But I do not believe that things will ever come to such a pass; as for the present insurrection, it will soon be at an end. But for you, Dean, do you make haste away to some other land; that is what I counsel you as your friend."

"No, Messire, I will never forsake my country, the land in which the bones of my father rest. I pray you, consider that all things are possible, and that it may yet be that French blood shall be poured out like water; when that day comes, then bethink you of my words. This is all that I would say to you, noble sir. So now, farewell; and may God have you in His keeping!" As De Mortenay, when left to himself, pondered over Deconinck's words, he could not but feel an anxious foreboding that some terrible secret lay hidden under them; he resolved therefore that he would the very next day warn De Chantillon to especial vigilance, and himself take extraordinary measures for the security of the city. Little dreaming that what he feared, and thought to provide against, was so near at hand, he now retired to his bed, and soon fell asleep in all tranquillity.

Breydel himself had his place deep in the interior of the wood; beside him reclined one of his comrades, whom for his well-tried courage he especially affected; and thus, in suppressed whispers, the two discoursed together as they lay: "The French dogs little expect the rousing up they will get this morning," began Breydel; "they sleep well; for they have seared consciences,—the villains! I am curious to see the faces they'll make when they wake up and see my axe, and their death upon its edge." "Oh! my axe cuts like a lancet; I whetted it until it took of a hair from my arm; and I mean to blunt it this night, or never sharpen it again." "Things have gone too far, Martin. They treat us like so many dumb beasts, and think that we shall crouch beneath their tyranny. They fancy we're all like those accursed Lilyards; but they little know us."

"Yes, the bastard villains cry, 'France for ever!' and fawn upon the tyrants; but they shall have something for themselves too; I didn't forget them when I took so much pains about sharpening my axe!" "O, no, Martin, no; no Flemish blood must be shed. Deconinck has strictly forbidden it." "And John van Gistel, the cowardly traitor! is he to come off scott-free?" "John van Gistel is to hang; he must pay for the blood of Deconinck's old friend. But he must be the only one."

"What! and the other false Flemings are to escape scatheless? Master Breydel, Master Breydel, that's too much for me; I cannot await with it." "They'll have punishment enough; disgrace will be their portion; shame in their hearts, and contempt on the lips and countenances of all good men. Were it nothing, think you, that each comer should throw his sword, and traitor in your face? That's what remains for them." "Faith, master, you make my blood run cold; a thousand deaths were better than that. What a hell upon earth for them, if only they had one spark of the true Fleming in their souls!" "They were now silent for a few moments, listening attentively to a sound as of distant footsteps which caught their ears; but it soon died away, and then Breydel resumed: "The French savages have murdered my poor aged mother, I saw with my own eyes how the sword had pierced her heart through and through,—that heart so full of love for me. They had no pity on her, because she had given birth to a right unbending Fleming; and now I will have no pity on them; so shall I avenge my country and my own wrongs together."

"Shall we give quarter, master? Shall we make prisoners?" "May I perish if I make a single prisoner, or grant a single man his life! Do they give quarter? No, they murder for murder's sake, and trample the corpses of our brethren under their horses' hoofs. And think you, Martin, that I, who have the bloody shade of my mother ever before my eyes, can so much as look upon a Frenchman without breaking into a fit of downright madness? Oh, I should tear them with my teeth, were my axe to break with the multitude of its victims! But that can never be; my good axe is the long-tried friend and faithful partner of my life."

"Listen, master, again there's a noise in the direction of Damme. Wait a moment." He put his ear to the ground, then raised his head again: "Master, the weavers are not far off," he said; "may be some four bowshots." "Come, then, let us up! Do you pass quietly the ranks, and take care that the men lie still. I will go and meet Deconinck, that he may know what part of the wood is left for his people." In a few moments four thousand weavers advanced from different sides of the wood, and immediately lay down upon the ground in silence, according to the orders they had received. The stillness was but little broken by their arrival, and all was soon perfectly quiet again. A few men only might have been seen to pass from company to company, bearing the order to the captains to meet at the eastern end of the wood.

Together, accordingly, they all repaired, and grouped themselves round Deconinck to receive his instructions, who proceeded thus to address them: "My brothers, this day's sun must shine upon us as freemen or light us to our graves. Arm yourselves, therefore, with all the courage which the thought of country and liberty can kindle in your bosoms; bethink you that it is for the city in which the bones of our fathers rest, for the city in which our own cradles stood, that we are this day in arms. And remember,—no quarter! Kill, is the word; death to every Frenchman who falls into your hands! that not a root of foreign tares may remain to choke our wheat. We or they must die! Is there one among you that can entertain a spark of compassion for those who have so cruelly murdered our brothers, on the gallows and under the hoofs of their horses? for the traitorous foes that have imprisoned our lawful Count in foul breach of faith, and poisoned his innocent child?"

A low, hollow, terrible murmur followed, and seemed to sullen for a moment under the over-arching branches. "They shall die!" was the universal response. "Well, then," pursued Deconinck, "this day we shall once more be free. But that is not enough; we shall still need stout hearts to make good our freedom; for the French king will soon have a new army in the field against us; of that doubt not." "So much the better," interrupted Breydel; "there will only be so many more children weeping for their fathers; as I do now for my poor murdered mother. God rest her soul!" "The interruption had broken the flow of Deconinck's harangue; least, therefore, time might fail him, he proceeded at once to give the necessary instructions: "Well, then," he said, "now hear what we have to do. As soon as the clock of St. Cross strikes three, you must get your men upon their feet, and bring them into the road in close order; I shall be on before you under the city-walls, with a body of my own people. The gates will almost instantly

be opened to us by the Clawards inside; do you then march in as quietly as possible, and each of you take the direction I shall now give you. Master Breydel, with the butchers, will occupy the Spey Gate, and then all the streets round about Snaggar's Bridge. Master Lindens, do you take possession of the Catherine Gate, and advance your men into the adjacent streets up to Our Lady's Church. The carriers and shoemakers are to occupy the Ghent Gate, and from thence to the Castle. The other guilds, under the Dean of the masons, will hold the Damme Gate, and all the neighbourhood of St. Donatus' Church. I, with my two thousand men, will proceed to the Bouverie Gate and cut off the whole quarter from the Asses' Gate, including the Great Market-place. When once we have surprised all the gates, then each keep your stations as quietly as possible; for we must not wake the French up before all is ready. But as soon as ever you hear our country's cry—'The Lion for Flanders!' let every man repeat it, that you may know one another in the darkness. And then, at them! Break open the doors of all the houses where the French are quartered, and make as short work as you can of them."

"But, master," remarked one of the captains, "we shall not know the French from our own townspeople, finding them, as we shall, almost all in bed and undressed." "Oh, there is an easy way to avoid all mistakes on that score. Whenever you can't make out at the first glance whether it's a Frenchman or a Fleming, make him say, 'Schild en vriend!' (shield and friend). Whoever cannot pronounce those words properly has a French tongue, and down with him!"

"At this moment the clock of St. Cross resounded thrice over the wood. "One word more," added Deconinck hastily. "Remember, all of you, that Messire de Mortenay's house is under my special protection, and I charge you to see it most strictly respected; let no one set his foot over the threshold of our noble foe's dwelling. Now to your companies with all the speed you can; give your men the necessary orders, and in all things do exactly as I have told you. Quick! and as little noise as possible, I pray you." Thereupon the captains returned to their companies, which they immediately led forward in order to the edge of the road, while Deconinck advanced a large body of weavers to within a very moderate distance of the city-walls. He himself approached still nearer, and endeavoured with his eye to penetrate the darkness; a burning portiere, the end of which he concealed in the hollow of his hand, shed its red glow from between his fingers. So he walked on, keeping a sharp look-out, till at last he espied a head peering over the walls; it was that of the clothworker Gerard, whom he had visited the evening before. The Dean now produced a bundle of flax from under his garment, laid it upon the ground and blew vigorously upon the port-fire. Soon a clear flame shot up, and gleamed over the plain, and the head of the clothworker disappeared from the wall. A moment more, and the sentinel who was posted on the rampart fell heavily forwards, with a single sharp cry, and lay dead at his feet. Then followed a confused noise behind the gate,—the clash of arms mingled with cries of the dying; and then all was still,—still as the grave.

The gate was opened; in deepest silence the guildsmen defiled into the city; and each captain drew off his company to the stations assigned him by Deconinck. A quarter of an hour later all the sentinels on duty at the gates had been surprised and cut off, each guild had taken up its position, and at the door of every house occupied by a Frenchman stood eight Clawards, ready to force an entrance with hammers and axes. Not a single street was unoccupied; each division of the city swarmed with Clawards, eagerly awaiting the signal of attack. Deconinck was standing in the middle of the Friday Market-place; after a moment of deep thought, he pronounced the doom of the French with the words, "The Lion for Flanders! Whoso is French is false; strike home!"

This order, the doom of the alien, was echoed by five thousand voices; and it is easy to imagine the fearful cries, the appalling tumult that followed. The Clawards, thirsting for revenge, rushed into the bed-chambers of the French, and slaughtered all who could not pronounce the fatal words, "Schild en vriend." In many of the houses there were more Frenchmen than could be reached in so short a time, so that many had time to dress themselves hurriedly, and seize their weapons; and this was the case especially in the quarter occupied by Chantillon and his numerous guards. In spite of the furious rapidity of Breydel and his comrades, about six hundred Frenchmen had collected in this manner. Many also, although wounded, contrived to escape from the fray; and the number of the fugitives was thus so much increased, that they resolved to stand, and sell their lives as dearly as they could. They stood in a compact mass in front of the houses, and defended themselves against the butchers with the energy of despair. Many of them had crossbows, with which they shot down some of the Clawards; but the sight of their fallen companions only increased the fury of the survivors. De Chantillon's voice was every where heard animating his men to resistance; and De Mortenay was especially conspicuous, his long sword gleaming like a lightning-flash in the darkness. Breydel raged like a madman, and dealt his blows right and left among the French. So many of the foe had fallen before him, that he already stood raised some feet above the ground. Blood was flowing in streams between the dead bodies; and the cry, "The Lion of Flanders! strike home!" mixed its terrible sound with the groans of the dying. Jan van Gistel was, of course, amongst the French. As he knew that his death was inevitable if the Flemings gained the victory, he shouted incessantly, "France! France! hoping thus to sustain the courage of his troops."

(TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT)