THE LION OF FLANDERS.

BY HENDRIK CONSCIENCE.

CHAPTER XXIII. CONTINUED.

In the meado ws close about the army, the far extended lines of the French infantry might be seen winding about the fields like the folds of some hideous serpent; the greatest stillness pervaded

When Gay observed that the attack was about to commence, he sent a of Solomon van Sevecote, as far as the second brook, to harass the French out-posts and sentinels: then he disposed his various companies into a square, in such a manner that the eyes of all were directed towards its centre. At that point rose an altar constructed of turi, 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 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 hearts of all Holy Sacrament. The hearts of all were deeply stirred by this holy cere mony; a spirit of lotty self devotion seemed to kindle within them, and then felt as if the voice of God called them to a martyr's death. Glowing with this holy flame, they remembered no more all that was dear to them on earth; they rose to the full stature of the heroism of their fathers; their breasts heroism of their fathers; their breasts heaved more freely; the blood flowed more impetuously through the veins and they longed for the battle, as for

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 ancestors; never did they count their foes. Their in-vincible courage won for us that free dom of which an alien tyrant would now despoil us. You, too, will to day pour out your hearts' blood in defence of 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 lave sworn to slay; on your terror-stricken wives; on all that love; on all that you hold sacredso, 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 o the horsemen; strike with your 'good days' between the legs of the horses, and quit not your ranks. Whoso plunders a fallen enemy, whoso leaves his appointed post, strike him dead; this is my will and command. Is there this is my will and command. Is there a coward among you? let him die by your hands; his blood be upon my head alone!"

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

is voice and cried.
"By this beloved earth, which I will

bear within me to the fight, this day will I either conquer or die!" And the whole host in like manner stooped, and swallowed each a little earth 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 mur-mur, 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 barely distinguishable the words, 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 Groenin-

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Meanwhile Robert d'Artois, accompanied by some French generals, had approached close to the Fiemish army to reconnoitre it. His arches were then brought forward and opposed to Guy's slingers, and the outposts ex changed 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 Nesle, was ten thousand strong : the second, which he retained under his own command, was formed of the choicest companies, and numbered aftern thousand picked horsemen; the third, destined for the defence of the rear 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 com panies, came to him and addressed him

in these words:
"For God's sake, Messire d'Artois, let me and my men be engaged in the battle; let not the flower of the French knighthood be exposed to die by the hands of this Flemish rabble, maddened 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 off from Courtrai, and keep them occupied with a feigned at 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 favorable 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 to hold his peace.

During these preparations time had passed away; it was now 7 o'clock in the morning; the French host were within two slings' cast of the Flemings. Between the French archers and the silngers lay the Mosseher 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 Arst division, the signal to begin the attack.

The horsemen sprang eagerly on-wards, and soon came to 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 themselves 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 cavelry, he came to Messire d'Artois,

"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 striking all against fearful odds in this

But the general was too far carried away by vexation and anger to pay any away by vexation and anger to pay any attention to this wise counsel. "Con stable," exclaimed he furiously, "that is advice beatting Lombards! Are you frightened at this pack of wolves, or are you of the same breed with

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

"You throw doubt on my courage you dare to taunt and insult me! But ask you, have your courage to go with ne 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 endeavored by every argument to con-vince the seneschal that the brick was not fordable by cavalry; but he per sisted 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 troops 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 mad, or stain by the stones of the Fiemish 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 dis-

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-bow men. 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, while the French archers continued to make a

Messire Solomon van Sevecote him self had selzed the sling of one of the fallen guildsmen, in order to animate the survivors by his own example; but an iron bolt from a crossbow pierced the vizor of his helmet, and flung him dead to the ground. Then the Fiemings, 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 Franchmen. He stood calm and unmoved, while the arrows flew hissing over him and around him. Slowly and with deliberation he placed a heavy with deliberation he placed a heavy stone in his sling, and measured care fully 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 John de Barlas lay weltering in his blood. Thus, in the first attack, perished the leaders of the two first divisions of the French army. The archers were so infuriated by this disastrous sight, that they threw away their crossbows, grasped their swords, and impetuously pursued the slingers as far as the secon brook, which ran in front of the Flem-ish encampment. At this moment Messire Valepaile, who was standing by the side of Robert d'Artois, sceing the advantage gained by the crossbow-

men, exclaimed. "O seneschal, the rascally o senescial, the rascally foot soldiers will, after all, gain the honor 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.' Mount joy St. Denis!" shouted bert. "Forward, constable! fall Robert.

on them!" At this command all the horsemen of 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 hun-dreds of the hapless foot-soldiers were trampled to dea h beneath the boofs 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 which the crossbow men had time to fill up their ranks, and form again in order. Then arose from the prostrate horsemen a groan so fearful, prostrate horsemen a groan so learly, hold his peace.

During these preparations time had that at a distance it might have been taken for the combined shoutings of a second away: it was now 7 o'clock in taken for the combined shoutings of a triumphant army; on they rushed, trampling down into the marsh those who had fallen, heedless of their de-precating cries. Scarcely had the shrieks of those who first sank died

trodden them under foot were in their turn overthrown and trampled down by others; and so the death-wail was con-tinued unceasingly. The companies in the rear, thinking that the action was become general, spurred their horses on toward the brook, and thus increased the number of the victims of the sene chal's folly and imprudence.

As yet the Flemings had made no

attack upon them; they stood motion less and silent, gazing with wonder and awe on the dismal tragedy enacted be awe on the dismal tragedy enacted be fore them. Their generals proceeded with more skill and more prudence; other warriors would have thought this the fitest moment for a general attack, and so would perhaps have crossed the brook and falled on the French; but Guy, and John Borluut, his chief adviser, would not relinquish the ad vantage which their position gave them.

At length both the brooks were filled with dead bodies of men and horses, and Rodolf de Nesle had the good fortune to force a passage with about a thous and horsemen. He formed them in a close quadron, and shouted, "France France! forward! forward!'

They charged with furious intrepidity into the centre of the Flemish troops; but the latter planted their 'good days 'firmly on the ground, and received the horsemen on the points of these frightful weapons. A large number of the assailants were thrown from their horses by the shot and quickly despatched. But Godfrey of Brabant, who had also crossed the brock with nine hundred horse, threw himself with such impetu osity on the squadron of William van Gulick, that he overthrew both this and the three first divisions, and so broke the line of the Flemings. And now be gan a terrible struggle; the French gan a terrible struggle; the French horsemen had thrown away their spears, and rushed on the Flemings with their long battle swords. The latter de-fended themselves bravely with their clubs and halberds, and dismounted many a horseman; but still the advanage remained with Godfrey of Brabant is men had made a clear space al around them, and there was thus a wide around them, and there was thus a wide breach in the Flemish line. Through this opening poured all the French who had forded the brook, in order to fall on the rear of the Flemish divisions. This was a critical and perilous man envre for the Flemings; were the for they would have had no room to wield their "good days," and would have halberts, clubs, and swords alone; and this would have given the French ar immense advantage: for, being mounted their blows were better aimed, and more deadly in effect; it was easy for them to cleave the heads of those who fought on foot, or to strike them from their bodies.
William van Gulick fought like s

lion; he stood alone with his standard bearer and Philip van Hofstade, surrounded by thir y of the enemy, who strove to capture his banner; but as yet every arm which had been put forth yet every arm which had been put forth to seize it had been severed by his sword. At this moment, Arthur de Mertelet, a Norman knight, sprang over the brook, with a considerable number of horsemen, and dashed at full speed towards William van Gulick. Their arrival crushed the hopes of the Flemings; for the number of the forwards now the great and their superior. was now too great, and their superior ity too manifest; and when the Norman saw William's banner, he charged to wards it with the speed of an arrow, and put his lance in rest to pierce the standard bearer. Philip van Hofstade perceiving the intention, dashed through the French foot soldiers to stay the course of De Mertelet. The shock of the meeting of the two knights was so impetuous, that the lance of each pierced the heart of his antagon ist; warrior and horse were in moment bareft of motion : it seemed as though a preternatural influence had suddenly cooled their rage; one would have thought each was leaning on the spear with all his weight, in order to thrust it deeper, into the body of his anta conist. but this was but for a mi De Merelet's horse made a slight convulsive movement, and the corpses of

both fell to the ground.

Messire John van Renesse, who com manded the r'; ht wing, seeing the dan ger of William van Gulick, left his manded the r int wing, seeing the dan ger of William van Gulick, left his position, and, with Breydel and his guildsmen, fell back behind the line of battle on the rear of the French. Nothing could resist men like the butchers of Bruges; they exposed hemselves to every weapon with naked breast, and before their death scorning axes hewed the legs of the horses, or clave the skulls of their falling riders moment after their arrival, the ground was so cleared that scarcely twenty Frenchmen remained behind the line of Frenchmen remained behind the line of battle. Among them was Godfrey of Brabant, who blushed not to fight against those who were his brethren both by birth and by language. When John van Renesse espied him, he shouted to him:

"Godfrey, Godfrey! your course i

"Apply your words to yourself," replied Godfrey, aiming at the head of Messire John a tremendous blow; but Van Renesse, with a dexterous and rapid movement of his sword from be ow, struck him so violently under the chin that he rolled out of his saddle to the ground. More than twenty butchers fell immediately upon him, and he received innumerable wounds, the last of which was mortal. Meanwhile Jan Breydel and some of his men had pene-trated further and further amongst the enemy, and had fought long enough to win the standard of Brahant . he win the standard of Brabant: he re-gained his butchers, defending his prize at every step with furious cour-ago, and then, tearing the banner in pieces, and throwing its pole scornfully from him, he exclaimed: "Shame and

dishonor to the traitors!"

The men of Brabant burning to avenge the insult, rushed with re doubled rage upon the foe, and made the most extraordinary efforts to gain and to tear in pieces the banner of William van Guliek; but its bearer, John Farrand attracted. John Ferraud, struggled with the strength of madness, with all who dared approach him. Four times was he

thrown to the ground, and four several times d d he rise again, still grasping his banner, though covered with wounds. William van Gulick had already laid dead at his feet a large number of the French; and every fresh blow of his huge broadsword struck down a foe. At length, wearied, covered with wounds, and exhausted by loss of blood, he grew pale, and felt his strength failing him. Filled with anger and wexation, he retired to the rear to refresh himself and rest awhile. the plates of his armor and stripped him of his heavy mail, that he might him of his heavy mail, that he might breathe more freely. In the absence of William, the French had regained some of the ground they had lost, and the Fiemings manifested a disposition to retreat. This threw Van Gulick into an agony of despair, and induced John de Vlamynck to adopt a singular device, which bore witness in its results to the fame of his master's bravery. He hasily put on the armor of Messire William, and threw himself into the thick of the enemy with the cry: "Give way—back—men of France! William van Gulick is here again!" He accompanied these words with a shower of well-directed blows, and stretched a considerable number of the confidence of the confi wildered foe on the ground ; until at length the French gave way, and thus afforded the disordered troops time to

lose their ranks again.
Rodolf de Nesle had thrown himself with the utmost impetuosity on the five thousand citizens of Ghent under John Borlaut ! but the efforts of the cour ageous Frenchmen to break their line were vain. Thrice had the men of were vain. Thrice had the men of Ghent driven him back with prodigious slaughter, and without his obtaining the slightest advantage. John Bor luut thought it too rash to abandon his position in order to pursue the soldiers of Rodolf, and so bethought himself of another plan. He hastily formed his three hind most corps into two new battalions, and posted them behind the line of battle, one close in the rear, and the other further back in the meadow: he then ordered the central division to give way before the next attack of the French. When Rodolf de Nesle had collected his scattered troops, and restored order amongst them, he made another vigorous attack upon the men of Ghent; the centre fell back immediately, and the French, thinking that they had at length broken their line, pushed on with shouts of joy: "N. ël! N. ël! Victory! Victory!"

They pressed forward into the opening made in the line and thought they had now turned the rear of the army, but every where they found walls of spears and halberds. John Borluut now quickly closed the wings of his division, and thus his five thousand men formed a compact circle, and the thousand Frenchmen were caught as in a net. Then began a fearful slaughter; for a quarter of ac hour they were backing, slashing, piercing and trampling down one another; horses and men lay in helpless confusion on the ground, shricking, howling, neighing; -yet they heard nothing, spoke nothing; but proceeded in silence with their work of death.

Rodolf de Nesle continued a long time fighting over the dead bodies of his soldiers, though covered with wounds and besprinkled with the blood of his gallant followers; his death, he saw, was inevitable. John Borluut beheld the heroic knight with profound sympathy and compassion, and cried to him:
"Surrender, Messire Rodolf; I

would fain not see you die !"

But Rodolf was beside himself with rage and despair; he heard, indeed, the words of Borluut clearly, and an emotion of thankfulness touched his heart; but the reproach of the seneschal had filled him with such bitter vexation, that he no longer desired to live. He raised his hand and made a sign to John Borluut, as if to take a last farewell of him, and then the same moment, struck dead two of the men of Ghent. At length, a blow from a club stretched him lifeless on the corpses of his brethren in arms. Many other knights, whose horses had been slain under them, would fain have surren-dered; but no one listened to them, not a solitary Frenchman escaped alive from the net.

Meanwhile the battle raged with equal fury all along the line. Here was heard a shout—" Neel! Noel! Mount joy St. Denis!" and this was an inimation that at that point the French had gained some advantage; and there the cry,—"Flanders! the Lion! all that is French is false! Strike home!

arms; it was heard, low and continuous arms; it was heard, low and continuous like the roll of distant thunder, above the noise of the fight. Spears and clubs flow in pieces; in front of the line the dead lay in crowded heaps.

The wounded had no chance of escape; in laspired them with courage no one thought of rendering them any assistance; and they were either stiffed in the marsh, or trampled miserably to death beneath the hoofs of the horses. Hugo van Arckel meanwhile had penetrated with his eight hundred soldiers, to the very centre of the French army, and was so surrounded by the enemy, that the Flemings had lost sight of him altogether. They fought too valiantly, and kept together too firmly, to allow the enemy to break their small but compact mass; around them lay numbers of the French, and whose dared to come near them explated his temerity by death. At length he his temerity by death. At length he fought his way to the banner of Navarrea and wrenched it from the hands of the standard-bearer. The Navarreas wild with rage, turned upon him, and laid many of his followers low; but Hugo defended the captured banner so well, that the French could not retake it. He had already returned very near to the Flemish camp, when Louis de Forest struck him so tremendous a blow on the left shoulder that his arm was severed, and hung supported only by

the shirt of-mail. The blood gushed in the shirt of mail. The blood gusned in streams from the wound, and the pale-ness of death overspread his features; but yet his grasp of the banner was un-relaxed. Louis de Forest was slain by some Flemings, and Hugo van Arckel reached the centre of the Flemish camp, gathered his ebbing strength to utter once more the cry, "Flanders! Lion!" but his voice failed him, life's blood was drained, and he sank, still grasping the conquered standard,

still grasping the conquered standard, to rise no more.

On the left wing, in front of Messire Guy's division, the conflict was yet more fierce and deadly. James de Chatillon charged the guilds of Furnes with several thousand horse, and had cut down many hundreds of them. Eustachins Sporkyn lay grievously wounded behind the line, and employed his remaining strength in cheering on his remaining strength in cheering on his men and urging them to hold their ground; but the impetuosity of the onset was too great—they were com-pelled to retreat. Followed by a large number of horsemen, De Chatillon broke number of horsemen, De Chatillon broke
the line; and the fight was continued
over the prostrate Sporkyn, whose sufforings were soon ended beneath the
tramp of the cavalry.

Adolf van Nieuwland alone remained
with Guy and his standard bearer;
they were now cut of from the army,
and their death seemed certain. De
Chatillon made most strenuous efforts
to get possession of the great standard
of Flanders; but, although Segher

of Flanders; but, although Segher Lonke, who bore it, had been many times thrown down, De Chatillon could not succeed in his attempt; he waged around it and urged on his men, and dealth his blows in every direction upon the three in vincible Flemings. Doubtless those could not long have continued to defend themselves against such a cloud of foes but they had previously made such good use of their weapons, they stood surrounded and that they stood surrounded and pro-tected by a rampart of slain. Mad with rage and impatience, De Chatillon snatched a long spear from the hard of one of his horsemen, and dashed at full gallop towards Guy. He would in fallibly have slain the Count; for, occupied with so many enemies, he did not notice De Chatillon's approach; the spear seemed to be already piercing his neck between the helmet and the gorget, when Adolf van Nieuwland swung his sword round with the rapid ity of lightning, the spear flew in pieces

and the life of his general was saved. The same moment, and before De Chatillon had time to seize his swore again, Adolf sprang over the heap o terrible a blow on the head, that his cheek, and the part of the helmet which covered it, were severed and fell to the ground. The blood streamed from his wound; still he persisted in defending himself; but two mighty blows from Adoll's sword hurled him from his saddle under the hoofs of the horses. Some Flemings drew him out; and having carried him to the rear, hewed him in pieces, taunting him while with his merciless ferocity.

While this conflict was pending, Arnold van Oudenarde had come to the succour of the left wing, and changed the fate of the battle. The mer Furnes, thus encouraged, returned with them: and soon the French were thrown into hopeless disorder. confusion of the foe was so great, that the Flemings deemed the battle won, and from the whole line poured forth a loud and exulting shout:

"Victory! Victory! Flanders! the Lion! Whoso is French is false! strike all dead!" And over all the battle field raged the butchers, their arms, their bosoms, and their axes smeared with gore, their hair stream ing wildly, their features rendered un-discernible by mire and blood and sweat, yet fixed in a grim expression of bitterest hatred of the French and intense enjoyment of the conflict.

While the first division of the French

second division at a distance from the Flemish camp. As the front of the Flemish camp. As the front of the enemy was not extensive enough to admit of a simultaneous attack with his whole army, he had not thought it were so rusty, that they seemed streaked with red; this was Brother the fortunes of the battle, but tainly victorious; for otherwise, he thought, some of them would have re treated. In the meantime he sent Messire Louis de Clermont with four thousand Norman cavalry through the Neerlander wood, to take the left wing of the Flemings in flank. De Clermont had the good fortune to find firm ground that is French is false! Strike home! had the good fortune to find firm ground to the death!" rose in mighty peals heavenwards—a sign that there some body of French troops was broken and routed.

The Groeningen brook ran with blood and was choked with the bodies of the slain. The mournful wail of the dying was scarcely drowned by the clash of was scarcely drowned by the clash of the strike were broken, and cut to pieces; the others were thrown into confusion, and others were thrown into confusion, and way and retreated. The voice of the youthful Guy, conjuring them by the memory of their fatherland to stand firm, inspired them with courage enough; but this was of no avail: the violence of the attack was too great; and all that they could do, in answer to their general's appeal, was to make their retreat as slow and orderly as possible. possible.

At this moment Guy received so violent a blow on his helmet, that he fell forward on the neck of his horse, and his sword dropped from his hand. In this position, stunned and giddy, he could no longer defend himself; and could no longer defend himself; and would certainly have perished had not Adolf come to his rescue. The young knight sprang in front of Guy, and wielded his sword so skillfully and so valiantly, that the Frenchmen were effectually prevented from striking at the Count. In a short time his arm waxed weak and weary in this desperate conflict; his blows became ever the bewilders.

the meantime Gny had been carried behind the line of battle, and had re-covered from his swoon. He now looked with anguish on the perilous position of his deliverer; and se zing another of his devices and a moment at his side, and fighting with renewed vigor. Many of the most valiant of the Flemings had hastened after him; and the French would have been compelled to retreat, had they not received fresh reinforce. ments by way of the Neerlander wood. The intrepidity of the Flemings could not avail to check the advance of the enemy. The cry "Flanders! the Lion!" was answered by "Noel! Noel! the victory is curs! death to the

The Flemings wavered, broke their ranks, and were thrown into inextricable disorder. The marvellous efforts of ble disorder. The marvellous efforts of Guy failed to prevent their retreat; for there were at least ten hursemen to one Fleming, and the horses either trampled them down or drove them back with an irresistible impetus. Half of them fled before the advancing foe; great numbers were slain, and the re-mainder were so scattered, that they could offer no resistance to the horse-men, and were pursued to the Leye where many of them were miserably drowned. On the banks of this river Guy continued to form a few of his men Guy continued to form a few of his men in tolerable order; but the numbers of the enemy were too disportionately great. The men of Furnes, although their ranks were utterly broken, fought on with a mute and steady desperation the foam stood on their line, the blo streamed over their bodies from num-berless wounds; but their heroic valor was of no avail. Each of them had already slain three or four of the horsemen; yet their numbers diminished moment by moment, while those of the French were continually increasing; and soon there remained but one -one only thought-to die with honor

and avenged.

Guy beheld the destruction of his troops, and deemed the battle lost. He could have wept aloud for anguish; but there was no room for grief heart-a moody rage had taken entire possession of it. In conformity with his oath, he desired to live no longer, and spurred his horse into the very thick of the exulting enemy. Adolf thick of the exulting enemy. Adolf van Nieuwland and Arnold van Oudevan Nedwand and Arthold van Ondernarde kept close to his side; so desperate was their onset, that the foe was appalled by their feats of valor, and the horsemen fell, on all sides, as if by magic, beneath their blows. Yet the Flemings were discomfited and almost all slain; the French continued their shouts of victory; for it seemed that nothing could extricate the remnant of Guy's division from their perilous posi-

tion of Oudenarde, beyond the Gaver brook, an object that gleamed brightly between the trees; it drew rapidly near, and soon two horsemen might be distinguished in full career towards the field of battle. One was evidently a noble knight, as the magnificence of his armour attested. His coat of mail, and all the steel that enveloped both himself and his horse, were covered with gold, and shone with wonderful brilliancy. An enormous blue plume streamed be-hind him in the wind, the reins of his horse were covered with silver plates. and on his breast was a red cross, sur-mounted by the word "Flanders" flashing in silver letters from a black ground.

No knight in the field was so gorge ously arrayed as this unknown; but what excited most attention was his unusual stature. He was at least a head above the tallest of the knights; and he was so powerfully built, in body and in limbs, that he might well have been taken for a son of the race of glants. The horse he rode was of a size and strength proportioned to those of its rider. Large flakes of foam flew from the mouth of the noble beast, and his breath rolled in two dense clouds from his expanded nostrils. army was thus defeated and destroyed, carried no other weapon than a huge the Seneschal d'Artois stood with the eve of steel which contracted strangely

with the golden splendor of his armour. Courtrai the Flemings were in conflict with the French ; he went at once to the stable, took thence two horses, ex-changed one for the rult eaten armour he wore, and spurred the other at his utmost speed towards the battle field. He too was extraordinarily strong and brave; a long sword gleamed in his grasp, and the flash of his dark eye showed that he knew right well how to wield it. He had just fallen in with

showed that he knew right well how to wield it. He had just fallen in with the wondrous unknown knight; and as both were bent on the same errand, they had centinued their ride together. The Flemings turned their eyes hopeinly and joyfully towards the golden knight as he advanced in the distance. They cou'd not distinguish the word. Flanders," and so knew not whether he was friend or foe; but in this their extremity they felt a hope that God had sent them one of His saints, to deliver them. And everything combined to strengthen their hopes—the gorgeous armour—the extraordinary form and stature—the glowing red cross on the breast of the unknown. Guy and Adolf, who were fighting surrounded by foes, looked at each other with beaming joy—they had recognised the golden knight. It seemed to them as though they heard the death doom of the French, so absolute was their confidence in the prowess and skill of the new warrior. They exchanged a look which said:

"O happy chance! there is the Lion."

"O happy chance! there is the Lion

At length the golden knight came near; and before one could ask whom he came to aid, he fell with such impetu-