THE LION OF FLANDERS.

BY HENDRIK CONSCIENCE

CHAPTER XXII.

The French general had pitched his camp in a broad piain at a short dis tance from the city of Lille, and the tents of his countless warriors covered a space of more than two miles in ex-The breastwork which surround ed the host might have led a distant spectator to imagine that he saw before him a fortified city, had not the neigh ing of horses, the cries of soldiers, the smoke ascending from their numerous smoke ascending from their unitarity after a thousand fires, and the fluttering of a thousand flags, betrayed the presence of a military camp. The part assigned to the nobles and knights was easily distinguished by the splendour and costliness of its standards and embroidered ban-ners; and while their velvet pavilions glowed with every color of the rainbow. the rest of the camp showed only the ordinary tents of canvas, or huts of straw. It might have been matter of straw. It might have been most did not perish of hunger, for in those days armies seldom took stores with them; yet they were supplied in such over flowing abundance, that corn was suffered to lie about in the mud, and the most valuable articles of food were everywhere trampled under foot. The French took the best means at once to supply their own wants and to deepen the hatred with which the Flemings regarded them. They scoured the country day by day in large bands, plundering and laying waste on all sides; for the furious soldiers well understood the wishes of their general, Robert d'Artois, and their way was Robert d'Artois, and their way was traced by countless deeds of violence and devastation. As a symbol of the sweeping desolation with which they threatened Flanders, they had tied small brooms to the points of their spears; and their conduct amply redeemed their pledge, for in all the southern part of the country there remained not a house, not a church, not a mained not a house not a church, not a castle, not a monastery, scarcely a tree standing—all were ruthlessly razed and

Thus the French commenced their exous course, no fear or apprehension of defeat occurred to them, so confidently did they rely on their overwhelming numbers. Flanders was doomed to a memorable destruction; they had sworn On the same morning on which Guy had bestowed on Deconinck and Breydel the meed of their loyal good service, the French general had invited his most illustrious knights to a sump tuous banquet. The tent of the Count d'Artois was of unusual length and a Artons was of unusual length and breadth, and divided into many com partments; there were rooms for the knights of his suite, rooms for the squires and standard-bearers, rooms for culinary purposes, rooms for all the various personages of his train. In the middle was a spacious saloon, capable of containing a large number of knights, and used alternately for revelry and for the deliberations of the council of war. The silk with which the tent was covered was powdered with fleurs de les at the entrance hung the shield of the ouse of Artois, and outside, on a small eminence, waved the royal standard of France. The saloon was hung with rich tapestry, and rivalled a palace in

At the upper end of the table sat Count Robert d'Artois. He was still in the flower and full vigour of life, and a scar which traversed his right cheek, at once gave evidence of his bravery and imparted to his countenance a more forbidding expression. Although his face was disfigured by deep wrinkles and stained with dark spots, yet his eyes gleamed like a fire from under his dark eyelashes with manly ardour and energy. His manner was harsh, and denoted the fierce and unrelenting man of war.

Close to him, on his right hand, sat Sigis, king of Melinde; age had silvered his hair and bowed his head, yet was pany he felt his martial arder return and boasted that he would yet perform glorious feats of arms. The counten ance of the old man inspired respect; it bore the impress of goodness and gentieness. Certainly the good Sigis would never have taken arms against the Flemings had he known the real state of the case; but he had been per suaded, as many others had been, that they were bad Christians, and worse than Saracens, and that it was a good work in the sight of God to chastise

and exterminate them.

On the left hand of the Count sat Balthasar, king of Majorca, an impetu ous and daring warrier, the gaze of whose dark eyes it was scarcely possi-ble to endure. A wild gladness lighted up his features: for he hoped now to re-conquer his kingdom, which had been seized by the Moors. Near him sat De Chatillon, the late Governor General of Fianders, the man who, as the tool of Queen Joanna, was the cause of all this disturbance. His was the guilt that so many Frenchmen had been put to death in Bruges and in Ghent; and on his tyrant head lay the blood of all that bered how disgracefully he had been expelled from Bruges; he craved no petty revenge; and he sat with joy in his heart and smiles on his face, for he held it impossible that the Flemings could oppose the combined might of so many kings, princes, and counts. Next to him, and like him, eagerly thirsting for revenge, was his brother, Guy de St. Pol. There might be distinguished also Thibaud, Duke of Lorraine, be tween Messires John de Barlas and Re-nauld de Trie; he had come to the aid of the French with six hundred horse and two thousand archers. On the left side of the table, next to Messire Henry de Ligny, sat Rodolf de Nesle, a brave and noble hearted knight; on his face and noble hearted knight; on his face were depicted displeasure and sorrow; it was evident that the feroclous threats which the knights were uttering against of Raoul de Nesle, was married to William van Dendermonde, one of the middle of the right side, between Louis de Clermont and Count John Massire d'Artois." answered Ro. Flanders were not to his taste. About the middle of the right side, between Louis de Clermont and Count John d'Aumale, sat Godfrey of Brabant, who had brought the French five hundred horse. Near him sat one whose gigan-

tic form might well strike the beholder with astonishment; it was the Zee-lander, Hugo van Arckel; he raised his with astonisment; it was the Zeelander, Hugo van Arckel; he raised his head proudly above the surrounding knighte, and his powerful frame sufficiently indicated how terrible an advers ary he must be en the battle field. For many years he had had no other abode than the camp. Everywhere known and renowned for his feats of arms, he and renowind tor in least of arms, he had gathered around him a troop of eight hundred intrepid men, well ac enstomed to war; and with them he roved from place to place wherever there was fighting to be done. Many a time had he decided a battle in favor of time had he decided a battle in tayor of the prince whom he was aiding; and he and his men were liberally covered with wounds and scars. War was his element and his life; peace and repose were unendurable to him. Now he had joined the French host, because many of his old companions in arms were there; impelled only by love of fighting, he recked little for whom or in what

Besides these were present, amongs others, Simon de Piedmont, Louis de Beaujeu, Froald, governor of Douay, Alin de Bretagne. At the further end of the table, and apart from them, was a group of knights. It was the least nonorable place; and as the F.ench would not admit them to their company, would not admit them to their company, they had found themselves obliged to occupy it. And truly the French were in the right; they were contemptible beneath contempt; for while their vassals, as genuine Fleming, were asserting their country's cause, these their feudal lords were banqueting with the foe! What blindness could lead these degenerate traitor's to tear, like these degenerate traitor's to tear, like vipers, the bosom of their mother? They were marching under a hostile banner to shed the blood of their banner to shed the blood of the soil brethren and bosom friends on the soil for fatherland; and for of their common fatherland; and for what? that the country which gave them birth might be made a land of slaves, and humbled beneath the yoke of the alien. They had time to feel that shame and contempt were their portion, and to feel at their hear's the gnawing worm. The names of these recreants have been handed down to posterity: amongst many others, Henry van Bautershem, Geldof van Winghene, Arnold van Eyckhove, and his eldest son, Henry van Wilre, William van Redinghe, Arnold van Hofstad, William van Cranendonck, and John van Raneel, were the most conspicuous.

The knights ate off silver dishes, and drank the choicest wines from cups of gold. The goblets which were placed before Robert d'Artois and the two kings were larger and more costly than the rest; their coats-of arms were cun-ningly graven upon them, and their rims shone with rare and precious gems During the meal, a lively conversation went on amongst the knights on the position and prospects of the expedi-tion; and from its tone the fearful doom

of Flanders might easily be gathered.
"Most undoubtedly," answered the general to a question of De Chatillon, they must be all exterminated. These cursed Flemings can be tamed only by fire and sword; and why should we let such wretched boors live? Let us make a thorough end of them, messires, that we may not again have to stain our swords with their plebian blood." "Right!" said John van Raneel, the

Lilyard; "you say right, Messire d'Artois. We must make no terms with the seditious rascals; they are too rich and would soon give us trouble again Already they refuse to recognise us who are sprung from noble blood, as their rightful lords: they seem to think that the wealth which they gain by their industry makes their blo still. They have built houses in Bruges and in Ghent which surpass our castles in magnifipence; and is not that an insult to us? Certainly, we will endure

it no longer."
Unless we wish to have a fresh outbreak every day,' remarked John van Cranendonck, 'fall the craftsmen must be put to death; for the survivors will never be quiet; and therefore I am of opinion that Messire d'Artols ought

nave slain all our vassals?" asked the ourly Hugo van Ackel with a laugh. By my troth, we shall have to plough our land ourselves; a goodly prospect,

Ha!" answered John van Raneel: 'I have a good plan to remedy that. When Flanders shall be cleansed of this stiff necked race, I mean to bring French peasants from Normandy, and

establish them on my lands."
"And so we shall make Flanders a
genuine province of France; that is a
very good notion, and I will mention it to the king, that he may urge the other feudal lords to take the same course. I pledge myself that it will not be at "Surely not, messire. Do you not

think it a bright and excellent plan?' "Yes, yes; and we will carry it out too; but let us first begin by making a dean sweep of the ground."

The features of Rodolf de Nesle were

working with inward emotion. The conversation greatly displeased him, for his noble heart revolted against such ferocity : and he exclaimed with

"But, Messire d'Artois, I take leave to ask you-are we knights or not? and is it seemly that we should set to work after a worse fashion than Saraas? You are carrying your ferocity of ar; and I assure you that we shall become a scorn and a by word to the whole world. Let us attack and defeat the Flemings; that will be sufficient for us. Let us not call them a herd of boors; they will give us trouble enough;

boors; they will give us trouble enough; and then, are they not in arms under the son of their prince?"

"Constable de Nesle," cried d'Artois in anger, "I know that you are exceedingly fond of these Flemings. It is a love which does you honor, of a truth!

It is your dangeter, unraly, who has in-

"Messire d'Artois," answered Ro-dolf, "although my daughter dwells in Flanders, that does not hinder me from being as good and true a Frenchman as

any one here present—my sword has given sufficient proof of that; and I shall have to demand a reckoning at your hand for the scorfful words you have uttered before these knights. But what now lies nearest my heart is the honor of knighthood itself; and I tell you that you are imparilling it by

your conduct."
"What mean you?" exclaimed the general; "is it not true that you wish

general; "is it not true that you wish to spare these seditious traitors? Have they not deserved to die, since they have put to death seven thousand Frenchmen without mercy?"

"Beyond a doubt they have deserved death; and therefore will I avenge on them the honor of the crown of my prince; but they shall find their death only on the hattic-field and with average. only on the battle field, and with arms in their hands. I appeal to these knights whether they deem it fitting that we should stain our swords by doing the work of executioners on poor

unarmed people while they are peacefully pioughing their fields."

"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; the us recallect measures, that we have 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 nonorable warfare."

"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 valn. Are we to allow our soldiers to be butchered, our king to be set at naught and put to shame and then spare the lives of these das-tard rebels? No, that shall never be I know the commands which I have re-ceived, and I will both obey them and cause them to be obeyed."

" Messire d'Artois," interposed Ro dolf 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 honor of knighthood; the king himself has no right to stain my sword with dishonor. And hearken, messires, whether I am right or not: this morning early I went out of the camp, and found everywhere 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 honorable warriors?"
Having uttered these words, he rose

from the table, raised a portion of the hangings of the tent, and continued, pointing to the country: " Look you, messires, turn your eyes in all directions; everywhere you behold the flames of this atrocious devastation; the sky is blackened with smoke; the whole country is in a conflagration. What does such a war as this betoken? It is worse than if the ruthless North men had come again, and turned the world into a den of robbers."

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

"This has lasted too long; I can n 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 prevent it. This strife of words discom poses me much, and I beseech Messire the Constable to speak no more in this we will all do the same : for no disgrace can redound to us from the excesses our soldiers. Let us now end this angry dispute; and each man see that e does his duty."
Then raising his goblet, he cried:

"To the honor of France and the ex-ermination of the rebels!" Rodolf de Nesle repeated, "To the

onor of France." and laid a significan words, so that every one might see that he would not drin to the extermination of the Fiemings Hugo van Arckel placed his hand And what are we to do when we the goblet which stood before him: he neither raised it from the table no spoke a word. All the others repeate the words of the general exactly, an ollowed his example.

For some little time the countenance

of Hugo van Arckelhas assumed a per liar expression; disapprobation a displeasure were depicted on it. length he looked fixedly at the gene as though he had made up his mind

brave him, and exclaimed:
"I should do myself dishonor were
now to drink to the honor of France. At these words the face of Robe d'Artois glowed with wrath; he struc the table so violently with his goble that he made all the drinking-vesse ing, and shouted:

Messire van Arckel, you shall drie "Messire van Arcke, you san drug to the honor of France; it is my will." "Messire," replied Hugo with im-perturbable coolness, "I drink not t the devastation of a Christian land Long have I warred, and in many lands yet never have I found knight wh would defile his conscience with and base atrocities.

"You shall do my behest; I will it I bid you."
"And I will not," snswered 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 then no longer, for I will no longer serve in your camp, so our contention is at an

These words caused an unpleasant These words caused an uppleasant sensation in all the knights, and even in the general himself; for the departure of Hugo would be no light loss. The Zelander meanwhile drew back his chair, threw one of his gloves on the table, and exclaimed with increasing

anger:
"Messires, I aver that you are liars

"Mossires, I aver that you are liars! I scorn you all to your laces! 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 eagerly 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 heed to my counsel. You, Count Robert, are not at this moment master of your life. Were you to fall, the army of your

Were you to fall, the army of your prince would be deprived of its leader, and consequently exposed to disorder and consequently exposed to disorder and disorganization; you cannot resolve to risk this. And now, Messire van Arckel, I ask you, have you any doubt of the bravery of Messire d'Artois?"

"No, truly," replied van Arckel; "I acknowledge Messire R bert to be a fearless and valiant knight."

"Well, then," continued the king, "you hear, general, that your personal hour is not called in question; there

nonor is not called in question; there remains to you only the honor of France to av n e. I counsel you both to post-

battle. I pray you speak, messires, is not my counsel wise and prudent?' "Yes, yes," answered the knights; unless the general will grant to one us the favor of taking up the glove his stead."

"Silence!" exclaimed d'Arto's ; "I will not hear of it." Messire Van Arckel, do you agree o this ?'

That is no business of mine; I have thrown down my glove, and the general has taken it up; it behooves him to fix the time when he will give it back to

"Be it so," said R bert d'Artois; and if the battle do not last until sunset, I shall come in quest of you that ery evening."
"You may spare yourself the trouble,"

answered Hugo; "I shall be at your ide before you are aware of it."

This was followed by threatenings on both sides; but they proceeded no further, for Sigis interposed with the

" Messires, it is not fitting that w should longer discuss this matter. Let us once more fill our goblets, and forget all bitter animosity. Be seated, Mes-sire 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 apply hearing."

With these words he left the tent, and called his eight hundred men to gether; and in a very short time one might have heard the sound of trumpets and the clanging armour of a departing band. The same evening he reached the camp of the Flemings, and we may imagine with what joy he was received by them; for he and his men had the

reputation of being invincible, and, ineed, 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 tomerity, 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 everything indicated that he had ridden in great haste. The knights looked at with curiosity, while he drew 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 ex

treme peril we are in."
"Speak, then," cried d'Artois, impatiently; "cannot Messire van Lens nold out the cleadel of Courtral against a handful of foot soldiers?"

"Permit me to say, that you deceive yourself, noble lord," replied the mes-songer. "The Flemings have no cou-temptible 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 out a day to bring aid to Messire van Leds, every Frenchman in Courtral will perish; for there are no longer any means of escape. Messires van any means of escape. Messires van Lens, De Mortenay, and De Rayecourt 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 desploable people. You, herald, remain in 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 en campment here with all haste."

All now left the tent to obey the command of the general, and from every part of the camp resounded the flourish of trumpets summoning the dispersed troops, the tramp of horses, and the clash of armour; a few hours later the tents were struck, and the baggage-waggons packed—all was in readiness. Here and there a number of soldiers were occupied in plunder; but in so large a camp this excited no attention. The captains placed them selves 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 pommel 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 Barles, their cap-

tain, a brave warrior, role here and there between the ranks to encourage them and keep them in order.

The second band was under the com-mand of Reginald de Trie, and con-sisted of three thousand two hundred heavy c valry. They were mounted on horses of unusual height and on horses of unusual height and strength, and carried each a broad and flashing sword on his right shoulder; armour of unpolished iron protected their bodies. Most of them were from

cheir bodies. Most of them were from Orleans.

Messire the Constable de Nesle led the third band. First came a troop of seven hundred knights, with glittering armour on their bodies, and graceful 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 embroiderand more than two hundred embroide ed 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 thou sand horsemen, with battle axes on their shoulders, and long swords hang-

ing 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, bearing spears, from the kingdom of Navarre; and 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

Navarre. Robert Count d'Artois, general-inchief of the army, had taken the middle division under his especial command. All the knights who had brought with them no soldiers, or had enrolled them in other companies, were with him; and the kings of Majorca and Melinde ode at his side. Amongst the others t was easy to distinguish Taibaut 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, Mare chal de Brabant, Robert de Montfort, and a countless number besides, who had formed themselves into a company magnificence and splendour; the belms of the knights were covered either with silver or with gold, and their coats of mail were advened with golden studs, by which their joints were secured. The burning rays of the sun fell on the glittering steel of their among and appropriate

ng steel of their armour, and surround ed this peerless band as with a glowing fire. The swords which hung dangling at their saddle-bows 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 five 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 crossbow-men their defensive armour was simply breastplate of steel and a flat square nelmet; small quivers full of bolts were suspended at their girdles, and long swords hung at their side. The second was composed of six thou-sand men with clubs, studded at the end with horrible seel points. The with their long axes; and all these men were from Gascony, Languedoo and Auvergne. Messire James de Chatillon, the

governor-general, commanded the sixth band. It consisted of three thousand two hundred horse. On the banderoles of their spears they had painted burn ing brooms, the emblems of the purifi-cation of Flanders; and their horses were the heaviest of the whole army. Then followed the seventh and eight 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, with his own vassals, seven hundred horsemen, who formed the ninth band. The tenth and last was entrusted to ay de St. Pul; he was charged with paggage. Three thousand four hun dred horsemen of all arms rode in ad vance; then followed a multitude of foot-soldiers with bows and swords. whose number might amount to sever thousand. On every side ran men with blazing torches, in order to set fire to every thing within their reach. Beevery thing within their reach. Be-hind came the endless succession of baggage-waggons, with the tents and camp furniture and stores.

The French army, divided into ten-bands, and exceeding sixty thousand strong, marched slowly through the country, and took the road to Court-trai. It is hard to conceive how far this numerous host reached; the van was already far out of sight ere the rear had rear had left the entrenchments. Thousands of banners fluttered in the breeze above the marching host, and the sun was reflected with intolerable brightness from the armor of the val-iant bands. 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 heast was enough as the statement of the statement peast was spared; as the chronicles of beast was spared; as the carcentees of the time bear record. The following day when the flames were spent, and the smoke dispersed, there was neither man nor work or trace of man, to be seen; from Lille to Donay and Cour-trai, Fianders was so fearfully devas-tated, that the French vandals might boast with reason they had swept it as

for encamping. After a short deliberation, they turned a little to the right, and pitched their tents on the Pottel. and pitched their tents on the Pottelberg and in the adjacent fields. Measire d'Artois, with the two kings, and a few distinguished knights, took possession of a castle called Hoog Mosscher, close to the Pottleberg. They placed numerous sentinels on guard, and then betook themselves in peace and without suspleion, to rest; for they were too confident in their numbers to entertain any apprehension of an attack.

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 lown 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 on the walls. As there was reason to fear that the Castellan yan Lens, would make a sortie into the city dur would make a sortie into the city dur-ing 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 right. Inevitable death seemed to threaten them: on the one side the Castellan Van Lens, with his ruthless soldlers might fall on them at any moment; on the other they saw the small number of their countrymen opposed to the 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 think 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 twoand-thirty thousand horsemen to dealt with.

The Flemish commanders calculated with perfect coolness the chances of the coming battle; great as were their valor and reagerness, they could not conceal from themselves their critical position; heroism does not prevent a man from seeing the dark and threatening side of things, nor does it drive out the inborn dread of death; but it inspires a man with might to vanquish and to brave all depressing and disheartening forebodings :- fur ther than this the soul cannot push its empire over the body. For themselves the Flemings had no fear; but their hearts were full of agonizing auxiety 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 asylum, even in the event of the French be coming masters of Courtrai. When this and other preliminary matters had been arranged, the knights re turned to the camp.

The French general, Robert d'Artois was a brave and experienced soldier; but like many others of his country-men, he was too rash and self-confident. He deemed it quite unnecessary to take against the Flemings, so certain was he that his first attack would throw them into hopeless confusion. 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 shough they were quartered in friendly city. Trusting to their num-berless cavalry, they thought that nothing could resist them; where had they been a little less thoughtle they would have first inspected the deld of battle, and disposed their van and rear accordingly. They would then have found that the ground between the two camps was not at all atted for the action of cavalry; -but why should they exercise a superfluous caution? Was the Flemish army worth it? Robert d'Artois thought

The Flemings were drawn up on the Groeningen 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 prook, which, though now then a but a narrow water-course, was then a broad stream; and its shelving marshy bands opposed an insurmountable ob stacle to the French cavalry. Their light wing rested on the portion of the walls of Courtrai near St. Martin's Church, and round the left ran a tribu-tary of the Groeningen brook, so that the Flemings were posted, as it were, on an island; and any attempt to dis-lodge them must needs be difficult and perilous. The space which separated them from the French army was a sucthem 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 Fench cav alry 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 are accounted the poor ground, and at every step the poor animals sank up to their knees in the

with a besom.

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 the general to select a suitable spot sive confidence renders men blind.