

The Northwest Review.

"AD MAJOREM DEI GLORIAM."

VOL. 2.

WINNIPEG, MANITOBA, SATURDAY DECEMBER 25, 1886.

NO 53

M. C. CLARKE L. D. S. DENTIST—OF FICE, 324 Main Street up-stairs. Teeth extracted without pain.

J. A. McCAUSLAND, DENTIST—ARTIFICIAL Teeth from a single tooth to a full set. Best set, upper or lower, \$15. Vitalized Air for painless extraction of teeth, safe and harmless. Office, 372 Main Street, Winnipeg.

GOOD BOARD AND COMFORTABLE ROOMS at 815 Main Street, near C. P. R. Depot, meals at all hours. Good stabling & storage Room for farmers & others coming to the town.

DR. DAUGLEISH, SURGEON DENTIST, New York Graduate. Nitrous Oxide Gas given for painless extraction. Office over Whitehead's Drug Store, 474 Main Street, Hours—Day and Night.

DR. DUFRESNE, Physician, Surgeon and Obstetrician COR. MAIN AND MARKET STS. Opposite City Hall. Winnipeg, Man.

McPHILLIPS & WILKES, Barristers, Attorneys, Solicitors, &c Hargrave Block, 326 Main St. J. G. McPHILLIPS. A. E. WILKES

M. CONWAY, General Auctioneer and Valuator Rooms Cor Main & Portage Aves.

Sales of Furniture, Horses Implements &c., every Friday at 2 p.m. Country Sales of Farm Stock, &c., promptly attended to. Cash advanced on consignments of goods. Terms liberal and all business strictly confidential.

MUNSON & ALLAN, Barristers, Attorneys, Solicitors, &c. Offices McIntyre Block, Main Street, Winnipeg, Manitoba. J. H. D. MUNSON. G. W. ALLAN

McPHILLIPS BROS., Dominion Land Surveyors and Civil Engineers. J. McPhillips, Frank McPhillips and R. C. McPhillips. ROOM 10 BIGGS BLOCK, WINNIPEG.

DANIEL CAREY, Barrister, Attorney, Solicitor and Notary Public. Commissioner for Quebec and Manitoba. 2 OMBARD STREET WINNIPEG.

BECK & McPHILLIPS (Successors to Royal & Prud'homme) Barristers, Attorneys, &c. Solicitors for Le Credit Foncier Franco-Canadien. OFFICE NEXT BANK OF MONTREAL. N. D. Beck LL.B. A. E. McPhillips

D. HALLEN FIRST-CLASS TAILOR AND CUTTER. Repairing a Specialty. Prices Most Reasonable. 54 McDermott St. Winnipeg

WINE, LIQUORS & CIGARS FOR THE HOLIDAYS

RADIGER & Co 477 MAIN STREET

have on hand a large and well assorted stock specially selected for the HOLIDAY trade at LOWEST PRICES.

RICHARD & Co IMPORTERS OF WINE, LIQUORS AND CIGARS 1365 MAIN STREET WINNIPEG

HARDWARE

J. H. Ashdown, Hardware Importer Invites Inspection of the Large Assortment of

Heating and Cooking Stoves and Ranges PARLOR HEATING STOVES

burn Coal or Wood Kitchen Utensils in great variety. Some Novelty this season. No Egg Beater, New Gravity Strainer, Lady in er Pan, Quilt new, see them

J. H. Ashdown, 476, 478 Main WINNIPEG

PREFACE TO THE LION OF FLANDERS

The work which is now presented to the American reader has been very popular in England and on the continent of Europe, where it has been honored by translation into most of the modern languages. The English press has been unanimous in commending it to the public and one of the critics declared that, in "graphic pictures of national heroism and touching narratives of domestic tenderness, it excels almost every thing of its kind since Scott penned his Ivanhoe and Heart of Mid Lothian. This is very high praise; but we are of opinion that our readers will find the commendation sustained by the work itself.

The subject is well chosen from the heroic period of Flemish history, when the whole nation arose as one man to throw off the oppressive and hateful yoke of France. Flanders was the England of the thirteenth century. It then comprised the south of Zealand, part of the French department du Nord, and the whole of the Pas de Calais or Artois. It was the centre of the commerce and industry of the north of Europe; and Brugues was no unworthy rival of Venice. Its cities were opulent and magnificent; but divided by hereditary quarrels and clashing interests. There were feuds between city and city, feuds between the great commercial cities and the country towns, feuds of classes, feuds of trades, feuds between the burghers and the nobility, feuds between the people and their counts.

Thus wealthy, Flanders was, as Michelet says, "the natural temptation of both France and England; and thus weak; it could offer but slight resistance to the attacks of these rapacious governments. In the quarrel between Edward I, and Philip le bel, Guy de Dampierre, Count of Flanders, had taken part with England, and had formed, in conjunction with some of the great fiefs of France, a formidable league against their suzerain. Philip invaded Flanders, accompanied by Charles de Valois, his brother, and Robert d'Artois, his cousin. When Edward was recalled to make head against Wallace, the Flemings became an easy prey. Their country was occupied by French troops; and the conquerors proceeded to divide their rich spoils.

It is at this date, about 1298 that the tale opens.

Philip le Bel brought his queen to see the rich and famous cities of Ghent and Brugues; and de Chatillon was left as governor-general, with a charge to curtail by degrees their liberties and rights, and to "cure them of their proud and insolent wealth." This charge he executed with more zeal and good-will than prudence; and M. Conscience paints very vividly the slowly gathering anger of the people—muttering at first to itself in secret, then bursting forth here and there in resistance to some act of more flagrant oppression and extortion—at length triumphing in a wild and irresistible explosion, in the massacre of Brugues and the bloody victory of Courtrai. It is a subject full of dramatic interest, and it is handled with singular originality, vigour, and tact. On the one side, we see the brilliant chivalry of Philip le Bel, Chatillon, and Roul de Nesle, Robert d'Artois, the Counts of Tancerville and Dreuix, and all the great historical names of France, pouring into Flanders, secure of an easy victory, and counting on an abundant harvest of booty; on the other side are the simple, unadorned leaders of the industry of Flanders, butcher, and brewers, clothworkers and locks smiths, craftsmen of every kind, men whom the French regarded with a supercilious scorn, but strong in the sense of a righteous cause, burning with indignation against the oppressor and alien, all their powers elicited and enlarged by the grandeur of the struggle, and all their feuds and rivalries for a time fused in the glow of a common patriotism and a common thirst of revenge. The author has thrown a remarkable dignity around these popular leaders. Peter de Coninck especially stands out—and the details of his character are historical—as the head and soul of the whole movement; prudent and wary, full of courage and confidence, noble and disinterested, a man of one passion and one aim, a worthy associate of the noble band of

patriots, the William Tell of this grand effort for liberty and fatherland.

The character of Jan Breydez, too, is a noble one, and evidently a favourite with the author. Bold to rashness, yet docile as a child to the counsels of Deconinck; loving fighting for his sake, but never striking a blow except in defence of right,—he and his butchers represent the sinew and strong right hand of the whole struggle.

The plot is conducted to the final catastrophe with masterly skill; but we refrain from anticipating the reader's pleasure in following its development.

Never, perhaps, has the passion of love been delineated with such exquisite delicacy and feeling tenderness. It occupies a subordinate place in the narrative; but it is treated with unrivalled skill. The presence and graceful influence of Matilda are felt unobtrusively throughout the great tragedy, and qualify its terror and its strangeness. And after the terrible defeat, which almost exterminated the knight-errand of France, there is something soothing in the justice which ends her vicissitudes of hope and despair, and effaces the memory of her sufferings in the fulness of their compensation. Another effect, contrived with consummate art, is the air of mystery with which the Lion of Flanders is, vested. His presence at the critical moment of the fight, and his disappearance after it is won, are touches of a master's hand.

We have said, that these episodes and accompaniments of the great action of the story relieve its horrors; for, indeed it is a scene of horror. The Flemings, crushed and trampled down by their oppressors, rose with an irresistible might of patriotism indeed, but with a wild thirst for revenge also which no number of victims could slake. They took a dire revenge for the exactions and insults of their tyrants; and this is, no doubt, the great ethical drawback of the story; but it pertains to the very main of history, and disfigures every great popular movement. M. Conscience has, to some extent, lessened its force. He makes us feel the enormity of the injustice which thus fearfully recoiled on its perpetrators. In his sketch of the influence under which Deconinck's character was formed, he intimates the principles on which alone these convulsions of society can be rightly interpreted and judged. He regards the Flemings as charged with a mission to avenge the oppression of their country, as instruments of the divine Nemesis for the chastisement of the oppressor.

We should add, perhaps, that the appellation "historical romance," which the author has conferred on this narrative, bears a somewhat different meaning with him from that which is current amongst ourselves. It is not simply a romance founded upon history, in which the historical events is but a thread on which the incidents of love and adventure; which are the real story, are strung. It is, on the contrary, a portion of real history, chosen for a definite end. The author would make his readers feel what Flanders once was, what Flemings once dared to do. He paints his grand historical picture as gracefully as may be; but it is the subject itself, and not accessories, on which he would fix attention. He has not gone in quest of character—he found them to his hand in his country's annals; nor of incident—he had but to select and combine into an artistic whole his ample materials. His subject abounds in dramatic interest of its own. He has but informed with the glow and warmth of real life an historical sketch, given with the utmost fidelity, fullness, and accuracy. Indeed, so far as accuracy is concerned, whether of his literal detail of expression, the Lion of Flanders may be read by the side of Michelet, or any other historian, with out further variation of statement than naturally arises out of a change in the point of view from which its subject is regarded. Its merit lies in its being a studious and faithful reproduction of the old Flemish chronicles. It is this which gives it such varied interest, and so sustained and singular an energy;—it is but the chronicles interpreted with finished art; their quaint, grim tapestry figures quickened into passionate life.

And thus the finished study which has made this tale of lasting value as a history, has given it its originality with vividness and individuality as a work of art. In his quest of truth, the author has found the most valuable elements of dramatic contrast and effect.

The style of M. Conscience in this tale bears, too, the impress of this careful study. It is vigorous and impassioned, picturesque and simple. We may congratulate our Flemish neighbors on this precious memorial of a period to which they may well revert with honorable pride, and into which they may be excused for retreating from the stern necessities of the present. And it is fitting, that the story of this great successful patriotic struggle should be rendered yet more precious in their estimation by being rehearsed to them in their own ancient, vigorous, and expressive language.

The present translation has been made from the Flemish, and, with the exception of some unimportant omissions, is a very literal rendering of the original.

THE LION OF FLANDERS

OR, THE
Battle of the Golden Spurs.
BY
HENDRIK CONSCIENCE
Translated from the Original Flemish
CHAPTER I.

The east was reddening with the first doubtful rays of the morning sun, still enveloped with the clouds of night as with a garment, but at the same time making a perfect rainbow in each drop of dew; the blue mist hung like an impalpable veil on the tops of trees, and the flowercrops opened lovingly to the first beams of the new daylight. The nightingale had more than once repeated his sweet descent in the glimmering dawn; but now the confused chirping of the inferior songster overpowered his entrancing melody.

Silently trotted a little band of knights along the plains of West Flanders, near the small town of Rousselare. The clang of their arms and the heavy tread of their horses broke the rest of the denizens of the woods; for ever and anon sprang a frightened stag from out the thicket, and fled from the coming danger as on the very wings of the wind.

The dress and arms of these knights were alike costly, as becometh nobles of the very first rank, and even greater still than they. Each wore a silken surcoat, which fell in heavy folds over the body; while a silver helmet beplumed with purple and bright blue feathers decked his head. The steel scalework of their gauntlets, and their gold inlaid knee pieces, flashed brightly in the beams of the rising sun. The impatient foam-besprinkled steeds champed their shining bits, and the silver studs and silken tassels which ornamented their trappings glanced and danced right merrily as they went.

Though the knights were not armed in full battle harness, yet it was easy to see that they were by no means unprovided against a possible attack, for the sleeves of their shirts of mail were not hidden by the sleeveless surcoat. More over, their long swords hung down at their saddlebows, and each one was attended by his squire, bearing his ample shield. Every knight bore his cognisance embroidered upon his breast, so that at a glance the name and descent of each might easily be known. At that early hour of morning the travellers were little inclined for conversation. The heavy night air still weighed upon their eyelids, and it was with the utmost difficulty that they struggled against sleep. All rode onwards in silence, wrapped in a kind of dreamy half slumber.

from the expression of his countenance, that the company to which he was acting as guide was not to his taste. Doubtless his heart was full of some secret design; for from time to time he cast upon the knights a look of peculiar meaning. Lofly of stature, and of unusual strength of build, he stepped along so quickly that the horse could hardly keep pace with him at a trot.

They journeyed on thus for a while, till at last one of the horses stumbled over the stump of a tree, so that it came upon its knees, and had well-nigh fallen over altogether. The knight fell forward with his chest upon his steed's neck, and was as near as possible measuring his length on the ground.

"How now?" exclaimed he in French; "my horse is gone to sleep under me?" "Yes, Messire de Chatillon," answered his neighbor, with a smile, "that one of you was asleep is plain enough.

Rejoice over my mishap, evil jester 'that you are,' retorted de Chatillon; asleep I was not. For these two hours past I have had my eyes fixed on those towers yonder, which are certainly bewitched; for the farther on we ride, the farther off they seem to be. But so it is; the gallows will be one's portion ere one hears a good word out of your mouth."

While the two knights thus twitted one another, the others laughed right merrily at the accident, and the whole cavalcade woke up out of its somnolency.

De Chatillon had meanwhile brought his horse upon its legs again; and, irritated with the quips and laughter which resounded from every side at his expense, drove his sharp spur (after the manner of the time he wore but one) fiercely into the animal's side, which thereupon first reared in fury, and then rushed headlong among the trees where within the first hundred yards of its career, it dashed itself against the stem of a gigantic oak, and sank almost lifeless to the ground.

Well was it for De Chatillon that, as the shock came, he fell or threw himself sideways from the saddle, notwithstanding this, however, he seemed to have a severe fall, and it was some moments before he either moved hand or foot.

His comrades came round him, dismounted, and carefully raised him from the ground. The one among them who had been the readiest to make merry over his former mishap seemed now of all the most tenderly concerned for him and bore on his countenance an unmistakable expression of real sorrow.

"My dear Chatillon," he sighed out, "I am heartily grieved at this. Forgive me my idle words, believe me, there was no harm meant."

"Leave me in peace," cried the fallen knight, now somewhat recovering himself, and breaking loose from the arms of his companions, "I am not dead this time, my good friends all. Think you then, that I have escaped the Saracens to die like a dog in a Flemish wood? No God be praised I am still alive. See, St. Poll, I swear to you that you should pay on the spot for your ill-timed gibes, were we not too near in blood for such reckoning between us."

"Come be reasonable, my dear brother, I pray you," replied St. Poll. "But I perceive you are hurt, you are bleeding through your coat of mail."

"Ah, look," said he, quickly reassured "this is nothing, a mere scratch. But I do believe that Flemish rascal has brought us into these accursed roads on purpose; I will enquire into the matter and if it be so, may I forfeit my home but he shall hang on this very oak of mischief."

TO BE CONTINUED.

The Boston Pilot says: "The Rev Augustus Tolton, the colored priest, rector St. Joseph's church, Quincy, Ill. speaks German as fluently as he does English and Italian. His penitents are not confined to his own race, for some white people also seek him as a confessor. The colored preachers in that vicinity have been badgering him considerably and recently he challenged them to a public debate on matters of controversy, but they would not risk their reputation in a dispute with him, fearing their occupation would be gone if they were discomfited."