



CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

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NO. 5.

JUST RECEIVED,

Table listing various religious books and their prices, including 'Glories of the Sacred Heart' and 'Internal Mission of the Holy Ghost'.

AGENTS for the DOMINION.

CATHOLIC PERIODICALS.

Table listing Catholic periodicals such as 'New York Tablet', 'Freeman's Journal', and 'Catholic Review' with their respective frequencies and prices.

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.

THE LION OF FLANDERS;

OR,

THE BATTLE OF THE GOLDEN SPURS.

BY HENDRIK CONSCIENCE.

CHAPTER V.—(CONTINUED.)

Already at the appointed hour the Flemish knights, with their old Count, might be seen standing in a spacious hall of the royal palace; but without their arms, which they had had to lay aside in an antechamber. Joy and satisfaction shone upon their countenances, as though they were congratulating themselves beforehand on the promised pardon. Robert de Bethune's alone were quite a different expression from that of all the rest; on it were to be read bitter annoyance and stifled rage. It was only with much difficulty that the valiant Fleming could brook the insolent glances of the French knights; and it was solely consideration for his father that kept him from demanding an account from more than one of them. The violence he was obliged to put upon himself caused a severe struggle in his breast, and from time to time an observant eye might have remarked a convulsive clenching of his fingers, as though grasping something which they endeavored to crush. Charles de Valois stood by the old Count in friendly conversation with him, awaiting the moment when, at his brother's command, he should present the Flemings at the foot of the throne. There were besides many abbots and bishops present in the hall; as also some of the good burghesses of Compiègne, who had purposely been invited to attend the ceremony. While all present were busily talking over the affair of the Count of Flanders, an old pilgrim entered the hall. But little indeed was to be discerned of his countenance; for the broad-brimmed hat, deeply pressed down upon his brow, overshadowed his visage, which was moreover humbly bent downward upon his breast, with the eyes fixed upon the ground. His figure was concealed under a wide upper garment of brown stuff, and a long stick, with a drinking-vessel attached, supported his travel-weary limbs. The prelates, as soon as they observed him, came up to him, and overwhelmed him with all kinds of questions. The old man desired to know how it stood with the Christians in Syria, another, the last news of the Italian war, a third inquired whether he had brought back with him any precious relics of the saints, and many other like questions were put to him, such as his character of pilgrim suggested. He answered as one might who had just returned from those distant parts, and had so many wonders to relate, that all listened to him with interest and respect. Although the most of what he told was serious and even moving, yet ever and anon came an expression from his mouth of such comic force, that the prelates themselves could not refrain from laughter. He soon had a circle of more than fifty persons about him, of whom some carried their veneration for his character so far, that they secretly passed their hands over his ample pilgrim's coat, in the hope of thus obtaining the blessing of Heaven. And yet the mysterious stranger was, in truth, no pilgrim; the lands which he seemed so well to know he had indeed visited in his youth; but that was long ago, and his memory did not always serve him; then his imagination had to stand him instead, and often when he told of the wonders he had seen, he chuckled within himself over the credulity of his hearers. The seeming palmer was, in truth, Diederik die Vos, who possessed in unrivalled perfection the art of disguising himself, and of assuming the most various forms and characters.

Putting no trust whatever in the royal word, and not choosing, as he had told the Count, that King Philip should trap the fox, he had thus disguised himself, in order to escape the danger which he foresaw. And now the king and queen entered the hall, with a numerous train of knights and pages, and took their seats upon the throne. Most of the French knights ranged themselves along the walls; the rest stood together at the farther end of the hall, and near them the citizens who were present. Two heralds, with the arms of France and of Navarre, were stationed, one on either hand, at the foot of the throne. The king gave a sign, and Charles de Valois came forward with the Flemish nobles. Velvet cushions were placed on the ground in front of the throne, and on these the Flemings knelt on one knee, in which humble position they awaited in silence the king's declaration. On Count Guy's right hand knelt his son William; and on his left Walter de Maldeghem, a noble of high rank. Robert de Bethune was not in his place; he remained at some distance, standing among the French knights, and for a while entirely escaped King Philip's notice. Queen Joanna's dress was all brilliant with gold and jewels; on her head was a royal crown, which threw back the sun's rays from its thousand diamonds. Haughty and arrogant, she kept casting round contemptuous looks upon the Flemish nobles as they knelt, and grimly smiled her hate upon the old Count, whom she purposely kept waiting in his attitude of humiliation. At last she whispered a few words in Philip's ear, who thereupon in a loud voice, thus addressed Count Guy: "Unfaithful vassal! out of our royal mercy we have been graciously pleased to cause inquiry to be made about your transgressions, in the hope of finding some ground upon which it might be allowable for us to show you favor; but, on the contrary thereof, we have found that your daughter's imprisonment, with which you excuse yourself, has been only a pretext for your contumacy, and that it is really out of insolent pride that you have disobeyed our commands." As the king uttered these words, amazement and consternation filled the hearts of the Flemings, who now saw themselves in the trap against which Diederik die Vos had warned them; but as Count Guy made no motion to rise, they too remained on their knees. The king went on: "A vassal that traitorously takes arms against his king and liege lord has forfeited his fief; and he that holds with the enemies of France has forfeited his life. You have disobeyed the commands of your sovereign; you have made common cause with Edward of England, our enemy, and with him levied war against us; by all which misdeeds and treasons you have justly forfeited your life. Nevertheless, we will not hastily put in execution such our righteous doom, but will still further take time for consideration thereupon; to which end we have determined that you, and those of your nobles that have abetted you in your contumacy, be held in safe keeping till such time as, in our wisdom, we may come to a final resolution concerning you." But now Charles de Valois, filled with equal grief and astonishment at what he had just heard, came forward, and thus addressed the king: "My liege! you know with what zeal and fidelity I have ever served you, even as if I had been the lowest of your subjects, and none can say that treachery or falsehood has ever sullied with one spot the shield of Charles de Valois. And now it is you, my liege, that are, for the first time, putting shame upon my honor,—upon your brother's honor! Will you make me traitor? Shall your brother have to hide his head under the reproach of a false knight? Remember, sire, that Guy of Flanders came to your court under a safe-conduct from me, and that you make me a liar if you do not respect it!" The Count de Valois had gradually grown excited as he spoke; and such power was there in his flashing eyes, that Philip was on the very point of recalling his sentence. Himself regarding honor and good name as a knight's most precious treasure, he felt in his inmost heart the pain that he was inflicting upon his faithful brother. Meanwhile the Flemings had risen, and were listening anxiously to the pleading of their advocate, while the bystanders awaited the result motionless and terror-struck. But Queen Joanna gave her husband no time to answer for himself. Fearing lest her prey should escape her, and jealous of her brother-in-law's interference, she passionately exclaimed: "Messire de Valois! how can you dare to stand up in defence of the enemies of France, and so make yourself a partner in their treasons? This is not the first time, moreover, that you have taken it upon you to oppose the king's good pleasure." "Madam," retorted Charles sharply, "it ill becomes you to couple such a word as treason with the name of your husband's brother. Shall I stand by in silence and allow you to bring infamy upon my name; and so have it said of me, that it was Charles de Valois that beguiled the hapless Guy of Flanders to his destruction? No, by Heaven, so shall it not be. And I ask you, Philip, my prince and brother, will you allow the blood of St. Louis to be dishonored in me? Shall this be the reward of all my faithful services?" It was easily seen that the king was interposing with Joanna, and pressing her to consent to a mitigation of the sentence; but she, in her implacable hatred against the Flemings, scornfully refused to listen; while, at the words of Charles de Valois, a scarlet glow of fury overspread her countenance. Suddenly she exclaimed: "Ho, guards! Let the king be obeyed! Take the traitors, one and all!" At this command the royal guards filled the hall, through all the various doors that led to it. The Flemish knights allowed themselves to be made prisoners without resistance, which they well saw could avail them nothing, being as they were at once unarmed, outnumbered, and surrounded. One of the body-guard approached the old Count, and laid his hand upon his shoulder, saying: "My lord Count, I arrest you in the king's name." The Count of Flanders looked him sadly in the face; then turned toward Robert and sighed out: "My poor, poor son!" Robert, meanwhile, stood motionless, but with restless eye, amid the French knights, whose looks

were now curiously bent upon him. Suddenly, as though an invisible hand had touched him with a magic wand, a convulsive shiver passed over his whole frame; all his muscles strained convulsively, and lightning seemed to flash from his eyes; then, springing forward like a lion upon his prey, he cried, with a voice that made the very rafters shake: "Villain! do you dare in my presence to lay an ignoble hand upon my father's shoulder? There you shall leave that hand, or I die the death!" And with these words he wrested the weapon from the hand of a halberdier, and dashed forward. A general cry of alarm was heard, and the French knights drew their swords, for at first they were in fear of the lives of the king and queen. This fear, however, was soon over; for Robert's blow was struck. As he had said, he had done; the hand which had ventured to touch his father, lay, with the arm belonging to it, upon the ground, and a stream of blood flowed from the mangled stump. The guards crowded round Robert and endeavored to overpower him, but without success. Maddened with blind fury, he played the halbert in circles round his head, so that not one of them ventured within the range of his weapon. Perhaps some still more fatal catastrophe would have ensued, had not the old Count, anxious for his son's life, called to him in a supplicating tone, "Robert, my brave son! for my sake surrender; do it, I pray you, I command you!" With these words, which he uttered in a tone of the tenderest emotion, he threw his arms about Robert's neck, and pressed his face against his son's bosom. Robert felt his father's hot tears drop upon his hand, and then for the first time understood the extent of his rashness. Tearing himself from the old Count's arms, he dashed the halbert against the wall over the heads of the guards, and cried, "Come on, then, ye miserable hirelings, and lay hold of the Lion of Flanders! fear no longer; he surrenders." Again the guards crowded about him, and now made him their prisoner. While he and his father were being led from the hall, he called aloud to Charles de Valois: "Their is no stain upon your arms; you still are what you have always been, the noblest knight in France; your honour is still unimpaired; bear witness all who hear, that the Lion of Flanders says this." The French knights had put up their swords again into their scabbards, so soon as they perceived that there was no danger for the king or queen. As regarded the arrest of the Lion, they left that to other hands; it was a kind of work in which a noble could not with propriety take part. Very different, meanwhile, were the feelings of the king and of the queen on this occasion. Philip was much depressed, and deeply lamented the step into which he had been drawn. Joanna, on the contrary was full of joy at Robert's resistance, for the offence of wounding the king's servant in the king's presence was so serious, that she felt her schemes of vengeance were greatly advanced thereby. At last the king could no longer suppress his emotion and resentment, and notwithstanding the resistance of his imperious consort, determined to leave the hall. As he rose from his throne, he said: "Gentlemen, this scene of violence has greatly troubled us. Much more pleasing would it have been to us could we have shown mercy, unhappily, the interests of our crown and realm would not admit of it. Our royal will and pleasure is, that you all use your best endeavours that the peace of our palace be no farther disturbed." The Queen now rose also, and was about to descend the steps of the throne along with her husband, when a new incident, at once unexpected and vexatious, prevented her. Charles de Valois had for some time been standing immersed in thought at the further end of the hall. The respect which he owed his king, as well as the love he felt for his brother, long struggled in his heart against the indignation which the late act of treachery excited in him. But at last his wrath waxed uncontrollable, and broke loose; now red, now pale, with every sign of the most violent agitation of mind, he stepped forward in front of the queen: "Madam," he thundered out, "you shall not dishonour me with impunity! Listen, gentlemen; I speak in the presence of God, the judge of us all. It is you, Joanna of Navarre, that exhaust our country's resources by your prodigality; it is you that have ground down the king's subjects by the debasement of the coin, and by extortions and oppressions of every kind; it is you that bring disgrace upon my noble brother; it is you that are the blot and shame of France. Henceforth, I serve you not! Henceforth I renounce you as a false traitress!" With these words he drew his sword from the scabbard, snapped the blade in two across his knee, and dashed the pieces with such violence against the ground, that they rebounded to the very steps of the throne. Joanna was beside herself with shame and fury; her features were distorted with the expression of the most devilish passions, and seemed no longer to have any thing womanly about them. Convulsed with rage, she exclaimed: "Ho, guards, seize, seize him! seize him!" The body-guards, who were still in the hall, prepared to execute the queen's command, and their captain was already drawing near to the Count de Valois; but this was too much for the king, who was sincerely and deeply attached to his brother: "Whoever lays a hand upon Messire de Valois shall die this very day!" he exclaimed. The threat checked the advance of the guards; and De Valois left the hall without hindrance, in spite of the queen's command. Thus ended these scenes of treachery and violence. Count Guy was forthwith imprisoned at Compiègne; his son Robert was conveyed to Bourges in Berry, and William to Rouen in Normandy. The rest of the Flemish nobles were also kept in close custody, each at a different place; and were deprived of the consolation they might have derived from friendly companionship in misfortune. Of all the company, Diederik die Vos was the only one that got back to Flanders, thanks to his

palmer's coat, by means of which he escaped unrecognized. Charles de Valois, with the aid of his friends, immediately left the kingdom, and retired to Italy; nor did he return thence until after the death of Philip the Fair, when Louis Hutin had succeeded to the throne. CHAPTER VI. At the time of which we are writing, there existed in Flanders two political parties violently opposed to each other, and who spared no pains to inflict on one another every possible injury. The great majority of the nobles and those in power had declared in favour of the government as established by France, and thence had obtained with the people the appellation of Lilyards, from the well-known bearings of the royal arms. Why it was that they thus took part with their country's enemies, will presently appear. For some past years, what with extravagant expenditure upon tournaments, what with internal wars and distant crusades, the Flemish nobility had very generally fallen into pecuniary embarrassment, and had thus been compelled to raise money, by granting extensive privileges and immunities to the inhabitants of their lordships, and especially to those of the towns, for which they received very considerable sums. Dearly as the citizens had to pay for their enfranchisement, the sacrifice was soon made good with ample interest. The commonalty, which had formerly belonged with life and goods to the nobles, felt that the sweet of their brows no longer flowed in vain; they elected burghermasters and councillors, and constituted municipal governments, with which their former lords had no power of interference whatever. The different guilds cooperated for the common interest, each under the direction of its dean, who was its principal officer. Freedom and security bore their usual fruits; from all the winds of heaven strangers made their way to Flanders, and commerce flourished with a vitality that would have been impossible under the government of the feudal lords. Industry prospered, the people grew rich, and in the pride of independence and power rose up more than once in arms against their former masters. The nobles, seeing their revenues diminished and their supremacy in danger, strove by all means, fair and foul, to check the rising importance of the commons, but with very indifferent success; for the wealth of the towns enabled them to take the field on at least an equal footing, in order to maintain the liberties they had won, and to hand them down unimpaired. In France things were far otherwise; Philip the Fair, indeed, had once, in his distress for money, summoned the deputies of the third estate, that is to say, of the towns, to the States-General; but any gain to the people from this step was but temporary and the feudal lords speedily recovered whatever ground they had lost. Whatever remained of the Flemish nobility had thus entirely lost their supremacy, and had nothing left but the ordinary rights of proprietorship over their estates. Lamenting their bygone power, they saw no other way of recovering it but by the overthrow of the privileges and prosperity of the commons. As no ray of freedom had yet beamed upon France, where a despotic feudalism still exclusively prevailed, they hoped that Philip the Fair would totally change the state of things in Flanders, and that they should be reinstated in all their former power. To this end they favoured the cause of France against Flanders, and thus obtained the name of Lilyards, as a term of reproach. These were especially numerous at Bruges, which then divided with Venice the palm of wealth and commerce, and were even the burghermasters and other magistrates, through corrupt influence brought to bear upon the elections, all belonged to that faction. The arrest of the old Count, and those nobles who had remained true to him, was joyful news for this party. Flanders was now delivered up into the hands of Philip the Fair; and they hoped that by this means they should succeed in cancelling all the rights and privileges of the commons. But the people at large heard of what had taken place with the deepest dismay; the affection which they had always borne to their native princes was now enhanced by compassion, and there was a universal outcry against the treachery that had been committed. But the numerous French garrisons, which occupied the length and breadth of the land, with the want of unanimity among the citizens themselves, paralysed the Clawards (such was the name given to the patriotic party, from the threatening claws of the Flemish lion); so that, for the present, with all their excitement of feeling, they had no spirit for action, and Philip remained in quiet possession of the inheritance of the Count of Flanders. On the first receipt of the evil tidings, Adolf of Nieuwland's sister, Maria, had proceeded with a numerous retinue of servants and a litter to Wynandael, and brought back her wounded brother to their paternal house at Bruges. The young Matilda, so painfully severed from all of her own blood, was glad to accept the invitation and escort of this new found friend, and to escape from Wynandael, now occupied by the French garrison. The house of the Nieuwlands lay in the Spanish-street at Bruges. At either angle of its gable front rose a round tower, crowned with a weathercock, and commanding all the neighbouring buildings; the arch of the doorway rested on two pillars of hewn stone of Grecian architecture, and over it stood the shield of the Nieuwlands, with their motto, "Pulchrum pro patria mori," having for supporters two angels with palm-branches in their hands. In a chamber away from the street, and quite out of reach of the sound of its unceasing bustle, lay the wounded Adolf on a magnificent bed. Ghastly pale, and worn to a skeleton by the pain and fever of his wounds, he was hardly to be recognised. At the head of his bed stood a small table, and on it a flask and drinking-cup of silver; against the wall hung the breastplate that had fallen before St. Pol's lance; and so been the cause of his wound; beside it was a harp, with its strings loose. All about him was still as death. The window-curtains were half drawn, so that the light in the room was but a doubtful gloaming, and no sound was heard except the painful breathing of the wounded man, and the occasional rustle of a silk dress.

In one corner of the room sat Matilda, silent, and with her eyes fixed upon the ground. Her falcon was perched on the back of her chair, and seemed to participate in its mistress's sorrow; for its head was buried in its feathers, and it showed not the slightest movement. The young girl, formerly so high-hearted and joyous that no grief could touch her, was now totally changed. The imprisonment at one stroke of all that were dear to her had given a shock to her feelings, which caused every thing to appear dark before her eyes. For her the heavens were no longer blue, the fields no longer green; her dreams were no longer interwoven with threads of gold and silver. Sorrow and brooding despair had found the way into her heart; nothing could console her under the torturing image of her beloved father confined in a prison and in a foreign land. After she had thus sat for some time motionless, she slowly rose from her seat, and took her hawk upon her hand. With eyes full of tears she looked upon the bird, and thus spoke in a low voice, while from time to time she wiped away a tear from her pale cheeks: "Mourn not so, my faithful bird; our lord my father will soon come back. This wicked queen shall do him no mischief; for I have prayed so fervently for him, and God is ever just; mourn no more, my darling bird." Warm tears trickled down the maiden's cheeks; for though her words seemed full of hope and comfort, yet her heart was all the while oppressed with the deepest sorrow. In a mournful voice she continued: "My poor hawk, now we can no longer follow our sport in the valleys about my father's castle; for the stranger has his abode in the fair Wynandael. They have cast my unhappy father into prison, and bound him with heavy chains. Now he sits and sighs miserably in the dark cell; and who knows whether the fell Joanna may not even take his life, my darling bird? Then we too will die of grief! The thought, the frightful thought alone deprives me of all strength. There now, sit down; for my trembling hand can no longer bear you." And then, in an agony of despair, the poor child sank back upon her chair; but her cheek grew no paler than before, for long since had its roses faded; and only her eyelids were red with constant weeping. The charm of her features was gone, and her eyes had lost all their life and fire. Long time she sat, sunk in sorrow, and passing in review the long array of gloomy images which her despair had conjured up before her. She saw her unhappy father chained in a damp unwholesome prison,—she heard the clanking of his chains, and the echoes of his sighs of wretchedness in the gloomy vault. The fear of poison too, then so common, or thought to be so, in the mysteries of French statecraft, ever occupied her imagination, and the most frightful scenes followed one another before her eyes. Thus was the poor maiden incessantly tortured, and filled with the most terrible apprehensions. And now a faint sigh was heard from the bed. Hastily Matilda dried the tears from her cheeks, and hurried to the bedside with frightened anxiety. She poured some of the contents of the flask into the cup, raised Adolf's head a little with her right hand, and brought the cup to his mouth. The knight's eyes opened wide, and fixed themselves with a peculiar expression upon the maiden. An intense feeling of gratitude spoke in his languid glance, and an indefinable smile passed over his pale countenance. Since he had received his wound, the knight had not yet spoken intelligibly, nor did he even seem to hear the words that were addressed to him. The latter, however, was not the case. When, in the first days of his illness, Matilda had whispered over him in her gentlest voice, "Get well, my poor Adolf! my dear brother! I will pray for you, for your death would make me still more unhappy here on earth," and other like words, which, unconscious of being heard, she murmured to herself behind his couch,—Adolf had heard and understood all, though totally unable to reply. Meanwhile, during the bygone night there had taken place a marked change for the better in the wounded knight's condition. Nature, after a long struggle, had thrown him into a deep sleep, from which he awoke refreshed and with new life and vigor; the sigh which broke from him at the moment of awaking was louder and longer than any breath which he had yet drawn since he received his wound. And now, to Matilda's no little astonishment, as soon as she had taken the cup from his lips, he thus addressed her, in a distinct, though feeble, voice: "O noble lady!—my guardian angel! I thank my merciful God for the comfort which, through you, He has given me! Am I worthy, lady, that your illustrious hand should thus kindly have smoothed my pillow? A thousand blessings on you, for the tender care of a poor knight!" For a moment the maiden's surprise and pleasure were too much for words; but soon recovering herself, and remarking how much progress he had so suddenly made, in a transport of delight she clasped her hands together, while she gave vent to her feelings in loud cries of joy. "Ha! now, indeed, you will get well, Sir Adolf!" she exclaimed; "now I need no longer be all sadness! now I shall at all events have a brother to comfort me!" (TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.) Somebody advertises in the London Times for a servant girl that fears the Lord and can carry one cwt. Hand maidens that can successfully wrestle with an hundred pound weight are not usually the sort of females that fear the Lord, or anybody else for that matter.—Harford Post. Sowing for the oogabon.—A countryman was sowing his ground, when two smart fellows riding by, one of them called out with an insolent air: "Well, my good fellow, 'tis your business to sow, but we reap the fruits of your labor." The rustic replied: "Tis very like you may; for just now I have sown hemp."