

### CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

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## JUST RECEIVED,

VOL. XXVII.

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" " Gatholic Review,	**	3	20
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## THE LION OF FLANDERS:

OR,

from

THE BATTLE OF THE GOLDEN SPURS.

-:-0-:-BY HENDRIK CONSCIENCE. ----:-0-:-----CHAPTER X .--- (CONTINUED.) her; answering with ready sympathy her most trivial questions, and comforting her with the hope of a happier future. Adolf meanwhile had left the room, to inform his sister of the journey he was about to undertake, and to give directions for horse and armour to be in readiness. He had also charged a confidential servant to inform Deconinck and Breydel of his absence, that they might keep closer watch over their young princess ; a precaution, however, which was not, in fact, necessary; since Diederik die Vos had already concerted measures with them to that end.

As soon as the young knight returned, Diederik rose from his seat : "Now, Sir Adolf," said he, "we have not much time to spare; allow me, therefore, before we set out, to throw a little more age into your countenance. Sit down, and let me have my own way, and fear not; I shall do nothing that will harm you."

Adolf accordingly took a seat in front of Diederik, and leaned his bead backwards. Matilda, quite at a loss to understand the scene before her, looked on in astonishment; with curious eye she followed Diederik's fingers, as he traced many a deep line on Adolf's youthful visage, and darkened its complexion. Her astonishment increased, as at every stroke of the pencil Adolf's countenance gradually changed its expression, and assumed something that reminded her of her father's features. At last the work was completed, and Diederik desired his patient to stand up and show himself.

"There, it is done," said he; "you are as like the Lord Robert now as if the same mother had borne you; and if I did not know the work of my own hands, I should make my obeisance to you as to the noble Lion in person."

As for Matilda, she could only look from one to the other in speechless wonder, hardly able to believe her eyes, so like her Father did Adolf stand before her.

"Sir Adolf," now proceeded Diederik, "if you would secure success to your generous enterprise, we shall do well to start without delay, lest perchance, should an enemy or an unfaithful servant see you in your present guise, you not only risk your life, but risk it fruitlessly." The reasonableness of this caution was obvious,

and the young knight immediately assented. -"Farewell, noble lady !" he exclaimed, "farewell! Think sometimes of your servant Adolf." But what words can describe the maiden's emo-

tion as she heard these few and simple words ?-Hitherto she had looked only at the bright side of Adolf's chivalrous undertaking; she was once again to behold her beloved father! But now at once the thought flashed upon her, that this happiness was to be purchased by the absence, perhaps the loss, of her good brother-for so she called the knight. A pang shot through heart; but she was sufficiently mistress of herself to suppress her tears ; and loosening the green veil, which formed a portion of her head-dress-

grateful sister; let it serve to remind you of her mouth, and for a moment he stood stunned and who will never forget your noble deed; it is my motionless, so violent was the shock.

again or not. At last, passing his hand within his shirt of mail, he drew from under it his last reserve, a necklace of fine pearls with richly-wrought clasps of gold.

"There," he exclaimed, holding it out so that all might see, "I will stake these pearls against what you have won from me to-night. It is as fair a necklace as ever shone upon the neck of a Flemish lady! If I lose this, I have not a stiver left of the whole booty !"

The Breton took the jewel into his hand, and scanned it curiously. "Well, here goes," he cried; "how many throws?"

"Two," replied Jehan ; " you throw first." The necklace lay upon the table, and over against it a heap of gold pieces. All eyes were fixed on the dice as they rolled, while the hearts of the players beat high with excitement. At the first throw, the fickle dame Fortune seemed to be taking Jehan into favor again, for he threw ten, and his adversary but five. But, while preparing to throw again, and full of hope that he might this time retrieve his losses, he suddenly observed that the Breton secretly put the dice to his mouth, and moistened one side of them. He was now immediately convinced that it was not ill-luck, but foul play, that had hitherto made him the loser. He took no notice, bowever, merely calling to his adversary,

"Come, why don't you throw? you are afraid now, I suppose !" "Not I," replied the Breton, as the dice rolled

from his hand upon the table, "the game is not lost yet See there, twelve !"

And now it was Jehan's turn ; he threw only six -so with an air of joy and triumph the Breton tucked the necklace under his mail, and Jehan stood aside from the table, with bitterness and vengeance in his heart, but sufficiently master of himself to put a good face on the matter, and even, with feigned good humour, to wish the winner luck with his prize. But for all this he was not at all disposed to let his adversary off so easily. While the Breton was in conversation with another of his comrades, Jehan whispered something in the ear of those who stood next to him, and then called across the table. "Now, comrade, as you have cleaned me out, you must give me another chance. I will set my share of this night's earnings against an equal sum ; what

say you ?" "Done; I'm always ready."

Jehan took the dice, and in two casts threw eighteen. The other now took them up, and seemed, talking all the while, to hold them carelessly in his hand; the soldier who stood beside Jehan narrowly watched him; and now they distinctly noticed how the Breton again brought the dice to to his lips, and by this device throw first ten, and then twelve.

"You have lost again, friend Jehan," he exclaim-ed. A tremendous blow of Jehan's fist was the "Take this," she said, "from the hands of your answer. Blood gushed from the Breton's nose and

resistance, for we are prepared to use force if necessary."

The girl hurried upstairs to the chamber of Marin, whom she forthwith awoke. "Lady," she exclaimed, " make haste and rise, the house is full of soldiers."

"What say you ?" cried Maria, terrified, " soldiers in our house! What is it they want?"

"They come to carry off the Lady Matilda, at this very instant. Make haste, I pray you; for she is asleep, and I fear every moment lest they should enter her chamber."

In too much haste and astonishment to answer, Maria threw a loose dressing-gown, over her shoul-ders and descended the stars, where she found De Cressines still in the entrance-hall. Two male servants, who had been awoke by the girl's scream, had been arrested and detained by the soldiers.

"Sir," said Maria, addressing herself to the officer in command, "please to inform me why you thus enter my brother's house by night."

"Certainly, noble lady. It is by order of the go-vernor-general, The Lady Matilda de Bethuna must accompany us without delay. You need be under no apprehension, however, as to the treatment she will receive; for I pledge you my honour that not a word shall be addressed to her otherwise than as beseems her rank."

"O, sir!" replied Maria, "I wonder to see you employed on such an errand; for I have always heard you spoken of as an honourable knight."

"I can assure you, lady, that the employment is not to my taste; but, as a soldier, I have no choice but punctually to obey the orders of my general. Be pleased, therefore, to bring down to us the Lady Matilda; we can delay no longer, and you must yourself see that escape is hopeless."

Maria did, in fact, see too plainly that the blow was neither to be evaded nor resisted, and had she yielded to her fears she would have wrung her hands in despair; but she had sufficient self-command to suppress her feelings before the stranger, though as her eye lighted on the Fleming, who stood by in one corner of the hall, her whole countenance assumed an expression of ineffable contempt Master Brakels' heart quailed beneath that look of scorn ; he trembled too for the vengeance which he saw hanging over his head, and retreating a few steps, seemed as though about to make his escape by the doorway.

"Keep an eye on yonder Fleming, that he does not give us the slip," cried De Cressines to his men; "after betraying his own friends, he may likely enough play us false too."

In an instant Brakels was roughly seized by the arm, and dragged into the midst of the soldiers, who scemed to take delight in showing their contempt of the traitor, even while they were profiting by his treachery.

Meanwhile Maria had again ascended the stairs; and with heavy heart entered the chamber of her young friend. For a moment she stood in silence before the bed, and contemplated the unhappy Matilda as she slept --- flept indeed profoundly, yet not peacefully. Her breath came heavily and hurriedly; ever and anon, with a convulsive motion of her hand, she seemed striving to repel some threatening vision; and amid many inarticulate sounds might be distinguished the oft-repeated name of Adolf, which she uttered in the tone of one who

into a dungeon. Be it so; there is a Judge in heaven, and Ho will not forget me !"

"Quick, now, and put on the riding-dress; for I hear the soldiers approaching."

the door opened, and the waiting-maiden entered. "Madam," sho said, addressing herself to Maria, "the French knight desires to know whether the Lady Matilda is yet ready, and whether is is permitted him to present himself before her?"

"Let him come," was the unbesitating answer. Messire de Cressines had followed closely upon his messanger, and now made his appearance. He bowed respectfully to the ladies; and his compas-sionate looks sufficiently testified his distaste for the commission with which he was charged.

"Noble countess," he commenced, "bear with me if I call upon you to accompany me without further delay. I assure you I have already allowed you all the time that it is possible for me to grant."

"I will follow you, Messire, on the instant," an-swered Matilda; " but I trust that I may rely on your knightly honour to secure me against any unworthy treatment."

"I swear to you Lady," replied De Cressines, deeply moved by her resignation, "that so long as you are in my charge, you shall meet with nothing but respect."

<sup>a</sup> But your soldiers, Messire ?" "As for my soldiers, lady, not a man among them, I assure you, shall address one word to you. Let us now be going."

Anxiously and tenderly the two friends embraced one another, while tears trickled down their checks. Often was the bitter word "farewell" ropeated, and the last embrace given, only to be commenced anew. At length they left the room, and began to descend the stairs.

"Messire," said Maria, earnestly, " tell me, I ontreat you, whither are you conducting my unhappy friend ?"

"To France," he replied ; and then turning to his soldiers :

"Mark my words well," he said, in a voice of stern command: " let no unseemly word pass the lips of any of you in this lady's presence. It is my will that she be treated in every respect as becomes her noble rank; bear this well in mind, or ......; you know me. Now let the horses be brought round." The horses came; the last word, the last embrace were exchanged amid sobs and tears : Matilda was lifted upon her pelfrey; Master Brakels and the two servants were released; the party hastened away through the streets of Bruges, and were soon far beyond its walls."

The night was dark, and all nature seemed to slumber in soleran stillness. Messire de Cressines rode at Matilda's side, scrupplously refraining, however, from intruding upon her grief by any attempt at conversation; so that probably the entire journey would have passed without the interchange of a word, had she not herself broken silence by asking:

" Is it in your rower, Messire, to give me any information as to the fate which awaits me? And may I inquire by whose command I am thus forcibly removed from the residence I had chosen ?" " The order was given to me by Messire do Chatillon; but it is by no means impossible that it may have, in the first instance, proceeded from a still higher authority; for Complegne is the place of your destination." "Ah, so I might have imagined! It is Joanna of Navarre from whom this blow comes. It was not enough that she should imprison in her dungcons my father and all my kindred ; her vengeance was not complete while I remained. Oh, Messire, you have an evil woman for your queen !" "A man should not dare say that in my presence with impunity, lady; nevertheless, it is true that our queen deals hardly with the Flemings, and especially with the house of Dampierre. From my heart I grieve for Messire Robert ; still I may not hear my princess blamed." "Forgive me, Messire; you speak like a true knight, and your fidelity demands my esteem. I will vent no reproches against your queen, and will even deem myself fortunate that in my calamity I have fallen into the hands of one who has the heart of a true and honourable knight" "I should have rejoiced, noble lady, could I have been your conductor throughout the entire journey; but that is a pleasure which is denied me. It is but for some short quarter of an hour more that I shall have you under my charge; you will then proceed under other escort. That circumstance, however, can make no change for the worse in your condition ; no French knight will fail to remember what is due to your sex, your rank, and your misfortunes." " True, Messire, the nobles of France have ever borne themselves courteously and honourably towards us; but what assurance have I that I shall always be escorted in such wise as beseems one of my noble father's race ? "Younced be under no apprehension on that score, lady. I am now conducting you to the Castle of Male, where I am to deliver you over to the custody of the castellan, Messire de St. Pol. So far only does my mission extend." The conversation continued till they found themselves in front of the castle, which for the present was their journeys end. The warder announced their arrival from the station above; the gates opened, and prisoner and escort passed on into the interior of the fortress.

Her eyes were now fastened upon him with an expression of deep emotion ; then, raising him from

the ground, she said : "Adolf, my good brother, how shall we be ever able to repay your self-devotion? Well do I know all that you have done to soften my hard lot. Have I not seen that my well-being has been the one constant subject of your thoughts? And now you are about to take my father's place within his dungeonwalls,-to risk your very life for him and me ! Un-gracious that I have been,-thankless as I must have seemed, -how have I deserved so much ?" An unusual fire sparkled in the eyes of the young

knight, and communicated itself to his speech. In the exultation of his feelings, he exclaimed : "Does not the ancient blood of the Counts of

Flanders flow within your veins? Are you not the beloved daughter of the Lion,-of him who is the glory of our common country, the benefactor to whom I can never sufficiently express my gratitude? My blood, my life, are devoted to your illustrious house; and all that the Lion of Flanders loves is sacred to me."

While Matilda was still regarding him with astonishment, a servant came to announce the arrival of the stranger priest. Immediately after, the father himself entered the apartment.

"Hail to thee, illustrious daughter of the Lion, our lord !" he began, making a lowly reverence, and at the same time throwing back his cowl.

The sound of his voice instantly attracted Matilda's attention. She eyed him with a close scrutiny, and anxiously taxed her memory to recall the name of one whose accents sounded so familiar to her ear. Suddenly she seized him by the hand, and with eyes flashing with delight passionately

exclaimed : "Heavens ! I see before me my father's bosom friend! I thought that all besides Sir Adolf here had descried us; but now, thanks be to God, He has sent me a second protector !"

Diederik die Vos stood aghast; his art had failed before a woman's eye. With an air of something like chagrin, he threw off his beard, and now stood in his own character before his youthful friends; then turning to Matilda,

"In truth, lady," he exclaimed, "I must allow that your sight is sharp and piercing; I may now as well resume my natural voice. I had rather, indeed, have remained unrecognised ; for the disguise which you have penetrated is of the last necessity for my noble master's weal. I pray, therefore, be careful how you drop a bint of who I really am; it might cost me my life, and, what is of greater moment, defeat the mission I have in hand; but if our hopes do not deceive us, your sorrow will soon be over. Nevertheless, should your father's captivity be even yet prolonged, we must not cease to put our trust in the justice of Heaven. Meanwhile, I have seen the Lord Robert, and conversed with him. His lot is much alleviated by the courtesy of the castellan in whose charge he is; for the present, therefore, your heart may be at ease regarding him."

"Buttell me all he said, Sir Diederik ; describe his prison to me, and how he occupies his time; that I may have the pleasure of picturing it all to myself, since as yet I cannot see him."

Thereupon Diederick began a minute description | luck can't go one way for ever."

own favorite color."

The knight received the pledge on bended knee, and with a look which bespoke his thanks, he

pressed it to his lips. "Lady," he said, " so great a reward exceeds my poor deserts; but the day may come when it shall be given me to pour out my blood for the House of Flanders, and to show myself not unworthy of your gracious favor."

"Come, a truce to compliments," cried Diederik; 'it is time we were gone."

With pain the youth and maiden heard the summons. Each spoke but one word more :

"Farewell, Matilda !"

"Farewell, Adolf !"

The two knights hurried away; and passing out into the court-yard, mounted with all despatch. A few moments later and the streets of Bruges resounded with the hasty tramp of two horses, the last echo of which was heard under the gate towards Ghent.

CHAPTER XI.

In the year 1280 a terrible conflagration had caused the ruin of the old town-hall in the marketplace of Bruges; the wooden tower with which it was surrounded had perished in the flames; and all the charters and muniments of the city together with it. But in the lower part of the building which this citizen will conduct you is under the some massive walls had resisted the general destruction, and some few chambers were still left standing, which were now used as a guardhouse.--At present these half-ruined apartments were the chosen rendezvous of the French garrison; and there they whiled away their time in play and

revelry. A few days after Adolf of Nieuwland's departure, eight of these foreign mercenaries found them. seves together in one of the inmost recesses of the ruin. A large lamp of coarse earthenware shed its yellow rays upon their swarthy faces, while a thick still retained traces of decorative painting; an image of Our Lady, with the hands broken off, and the features defaced by time or violence, stood at

one of the chamber. At a heavy oaken table sat four solders, intent upon the dice with which they were playing; others stood by, looking on and following with interest the chances of the game. It was evident, however, that some other game was afoot than that in which these men were engaged ; for, with helments upon their heads and swords in their belts, they had all the appearance of being prepared for action.

Soon one of the players rose from the table, at the same time angrily dashing down the dice upon it, "That old Breton's hands are not clean !" he exclaimed; "else how should I lose fifty times running? A plague on the dice! I'll have done with them."

"He is afraid to go on," cried the winner, with a provoking air of triumph. " What the fiend, Jehan! surely you, are never cleaned out yet, man! Is that the fashion in which you face the enemy ?" "Try once more, Jehan," said another; "the in a frightened tone.

The soldier addressed as Jehan stood for some

"You're a cheat, a thief !" shouted Jehan, now giving full vent to his fury; "have I not seen how you wetted the dice, and so won my money of me by false play? you shall give back all I have lost to-night, or by heaven-"" But the Breton, now recovered from his stupor,

gave him no time to finish his speech, but rushed upon him, sword in hand, with a volley of oaths

and curses. Jehan, too, was ready for the fight, and swore vehemently that he would have the Breton's blood. Already the blades flashed in the lamplight and a bloody issue seemed inevitable, when suddenly an additional actor, also in military equipment, appeared upon the scene.

The look of mingled command and reproof which

the new-comer cast upon the combatants sufficiently indicated him to be one one of their officers ; and no sooner were they aware of his presence, than with abashed looks they slunk aside, the curses died away upon their lips, and the swords were hastily returned to their scabbards. Jehan and the Breton eyed one another in a manner which showed that they did postpone the termination of their

contest to a more convenient season; meanwhile they followed the example of the rest, and drew near their commander, who now spoke: "Are you ready, men ?" he asked.

"Ready, Messiro de Cressines," was the answer. "Remember, not a word spoken," proceeded the officer. "And remember, too, that the house to especial protection of the governor; the first that lays a finger upon any thing therein will bitterly repent it. Now, follow me,"

The citizen alluded to, and who was about to serve as conductor to the French soldiers, was no other than Master Brakels; the same whose unpat-

riotic behaviour had caused him to be expelled from the guild of the Clothworkers. The whole party once in the street, Brakels took the lead, and silent. ly led them through the darkness to the Spanish Street, and the mansion of the Nieuwlands. Here the soldiers ranged themselves close to the walls, smoke curled upwards from its flame, and hung on either side of the door, drawing their very breath sullenly in the groinings of the vault. The walls cautiously so fearful were they of giving the alarm. cautiously , so fearful were they of giving the alarm. Master Brakels tapped very gently, as though on an errand which required caution, In a few moments a woman's voice from within inquired who it was that knocked at so late an hour.

"Quick, open I' replied Brakels. "I come from Master Deconinck with an urgent message for the Lady Matilda. Bo quick, for there is danger in every moment's delay."

At this reply, the servant, suspecting no treason, immediately undrew the bolts, and opened the door with all the speed she could command; but what was her alarm when, at the heels of the Fleming, she saw that eight French soldiers had forced their way into the hall. With a scream which resounded through the house, she endeavoured to make her escape; but in this she was prevented by Mes-

sire de Cressines, who seized her by the arm, awed her into silence by his threatening gestures. "Where is your mistress, the Lady Matilda ?" he asked, in a tone of perfect coolness.

"My lady retired to her chamber two hours ago, and is now asleep," stammered out the waiting-maid

"Go to her," pursued De Cressines, "and bid her, is a good knight and a noble gentleman." rise and dress herself; for that she must go with "The fated hour, then is come. I must leave

calls for help in danger. Tears flowed from Maria's eyes; for the spectacle moved her inmost heart, which was still more deeply touched by the thought of the sad awakening so soon to follow. But, painful as it was to be the bearer of evil tiding, there was no time to be

ost; a few moments' delay might fill the chamber with rude soldiers. To spare her friend a worse shock, she must hasten to startle her from her slumbers; taking, therefore, Matilda's hand, she roused her with the words :

"Awake! awake! dear friend; I have that to say o you which will not brook delay."

At Maria's first touch the maiden started from ber sleep in alarm, opened wide her eyes, and regarded her friend with mingled doubt and terror. " Is it you, Maria?" she exclaimed, hastily pass-ing her hand over her cyclids; "what brings you to

me at this strange hour ?"

"My poor friend!" cried Maria, bursting into tears, "you must get up and let me dress you. Nerve yourself as best you can, and above all make haste. A great misfortune has befallen you."

In her bewilderment Matilda rose from her bed. fixing a look of anxious inquiry upon Maria, who immediately began dressing her, sobbing bitterly the while, and making no answer to the terrified girl's repeated questions, till, at the moment of handing her a long riding-dress, with a painful effort she said,

"You are about to take a journey, dear Matilda! May St. George protect and keep you!"

"What means this, my Maria? Ab, now I see what lot awaits me! My sad dream, then, was a true one; for, even as you awoke me methought I was being carried off to France, to Joanna of Navarre. Now is all hope gone from me! never again shall I behold my beloved Flanders! And you, my father, never again, in this world, shall you embrace your child !"

Overcome with grief, Maria had sunk into a chair; her voice, inarticulate with sobs, was unable to offer a word of comfort, when she felt her neck encircled by Matilda's arms, and heard her tender accents sounding in her ear:

"Weep not for me, sweet friend. Sorrow upon sorrow is nothing new to my sad heart; and for the house of Flanders there is left no joy, not even neace."

"O hapless, yet ever-noble girl!" Maria at last found words to say: "you know not that the French soldiers who are to carry you hence already guard the house !"

At these word Matilda turned pale, and an evi-dent shudder passed over her frame. "Soldiers !" she exclaimed, "am I then to be exposed to the insolence of ruffian hirelings ! Save me, Maria! O God | that I might now die! My father! my father! you know not what insults are offered to your blood !"

"Be not thus terrified, my Matilda; their leader

(TO BY CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.)

HE WAS A WIDOWER .- The cars were running through a deep cut, whose rocky walls reechoed the noise of the train with startling effect. A pale dejected looking man sat by one window, through which came a deafening roar. A lady on the next seat expressed her dislike of the noise in such terms, that a gentleman requsted the pale man to lower his window. The pale man refused to do it, and sat drinking in the confusion of the sounds with an expression of great satisfaction. As soon as the cars stopped, the passengers expressed their con-tempt of the pale man for his rudeness. The pale man stood up in his seat and said : "Gentlemen, I didn't want you 'to think me a hog, but I've been married for eleven years, and last month my wife died: I've lived a terribly lonesome life since then until'I heard the noise of the cars coming through Thereupon Diederick began a minute description luck can't go one way for ever." of the castle of Bourges ; and related circumstanti: ally to the lady all that be thought could interest moments as if in doubt whether to try his luck in the instant. She will do well to attempt no you, Maria: and the wicked Joanna will cast me, too 

y to the lang all that he thought could interest in ones with the second with a second with the second second with a second with