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JUST RECEIVED, A MOST BEAUTIFUL BOOK.

Table listing books for sale: 'Glories of the Sacred Heart, by Cardinal Manning, 12 mo., 300 pages, \$1.00' and others.

AGENTS for the DOMINION. CATHOLIC PERIODICALS.

Table listing various Catholic periodicals and their prices, such as 'New York Tablet' and 'Freeman's Journal'.

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. SADLER & CO., Catholic Publishers, 275 Notre Dame Street, Montreal.

THE LION OF FLANDERS; OR, THE BATTLE OF THE GOLDEN SPURS.

BY HENDRIK CONSCIENCE.

CHAPTER X.—(CONTINUED.)

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 dungeon-walls,—to risk your very life for him and me! Ungrateful 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."

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 head 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 emotion 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 her 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—

"Take this," she said, "from the hands of your grateful sister; let it serve to remind you of her who will never forget your noble deed; it is my own favorite color."

again or not. At last, passing his hand within his shirt of mail, he drew from under it his lost reserve, a neck-lace 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 neck-lace 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, however, 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 his lips, and by this device threw first ten, and then twelve.

"You have lost again, friend Jehan," he exclaimed. A tremendous blow of Jehan's fist was the answer. Blood gushed from the Breton's nose and mouth, and for a moment he stood stunned and motionless, so violent was the shock.

"You're a cheat, a thief!" shouted Jehan, now giving full vent to his fury; "have I not seen how you wadded 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 reproach which the new-comer cast upon the combatants sufficiently indicated him to be 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, Messire de Cressines," was the answer.

"Remember, not a word spoken," proceeded the officer. "And remember, too, that the house to which this citizen will conduct you is under the special protection of the governor; the first that lays a finger upon any thing therein will bitterly repent it. Now, follow me."

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

The girl hurried upstairs to the chamber of Maria, 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 shoulders and descended the stairs, where she found De Cressines still in the entrance-hall. Two male servants, who had been awake 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 governor-general, the Lady Matilda de Bethune 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 becometh 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."

Matilda 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.

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

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

While Matilda was fastening her dress about her, the door opened, and the waiting-maid entered.

"Madam," she said, addressing herself to Maria, "the French knight desires to know whether the Lady Matilda is yet ready, and whether it is permitted him to present himself before her?"

"Let him come," was the unhesitating answer. Messire de Cressines had followed closely upon his messenger, and now made his appearance. He bowed respectfully to the ladies; and his compassionate 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," answered 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."

"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 cheeks. Often was the bitter word "farewell" repeated, 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 entreat you, whether you are 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 palfrey; 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 solemn stillness. Messire de Cressines rode at Matilda's side, scrupulously restraining, 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 power, 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 de Chastillon; but it is by no means impossible that it may have, in the first instance, proceeded from a still higher authority; for Compiègne 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 dungeons 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 Damapierre. 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 reproaches 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 becometh one of my noble father's race?"

"You need 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 journey's 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.

(TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.)

He WAS A WINOWER.—The cars were running through a deep cut, whose rocky walls echoed 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 requested 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 contempt 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 that cut, and you've no idea how it brought back old times, and revived me." The passengers forgave him