THE LION OF FLANDERS.

BY HENDRIK CONSCIENCE CHAPTER VIII. CONTINUED.

"Ha! ha! Seize him!" repeated Breydel, with a laugh; "who will seize me, I should like to know? Take notice that the commons are at this moment about to make themselves masters of the building, and that each and every one of you shall answer with his life for the Dan of the Clathworkers. You shall soon see quite another dance, and to quite another

tune too;—that I promise you."

Meanwhile some of the rergeants in
waiting had drawn near and setzed the Dean of the Butchers by the collar, while one of them was already uncoiling a place of cord with which to bind him. a piece of cord with which to bluck him. Breydel, intent upon what he was say ing, had hitherto taken but little notice of these preparations; but now, as he turned away from the Liyards, he per ceived what the officers were about; and sending from his chest a deep sound, like the suppressed roaring of a bull, he casth is flashing eyes upon his assailants. and cried:

ants, and cried : Taink you, then, that Jan Breydel, a free butcher of Bruges, will let him-self be bound like a calf? Ha! you

ill wait long enough for that! And with these words, which he uttered in a voice of thunder, he struck one of the officers so violently with his heavy fist upon the head, that the man measured his length on the then, while the rest stood stupefied with astonishment, he rapidly forced his way through them to the door, prostrating several of them right and left as he passed. In the doorway he turned round upon the Lilyards, and again exclaimed:

ou shall pay for it, insolent Irels! Wha! bird a butcher of Bruges! Woe to you, accursed tyrants! Hear me! the drum of the Batchers' Guild shall beat your death march!"

More he would have said; but being no longer able to hold his ground against the multitude that was pressing upon him, he descended the stairs, uttering threats of vengeance as he

An indistinct sound like the roar of distant thunder, now fell upon the ear from the other side of the city. The Lilyards turned pale, and trembled at the coming storm; nevertheless, being determined not to release their prisoner, they strengthened the grard about the building, so as to secure it against assault, and retired to their hones, protected by an armed escort.

hour afterwards the whole city was in insurrection; the tocsin sounded and the drams of a'l the guilds best to arms. The distant groan of the coming storm had given place to the formidable howl of a present tempest. Win dow-shutters were closed; doors were fastened, and only opened again for the grown men of the family to pass out in arms. The dogs barked flercely, as though they had understood what was going on, and joined their hourse voices to the angry shouts of their mas ters. Here the people were grouped in masses; there they ran hither and thither with hasty steps; some armed with maces or clubs, others with hal berts. A nong the streaming multi-tude the butchers were easily to be re cognized by their flashing pole-axes the smiths, too, with their heavy sledge hammers on their shoulders, were con spicuous among the rest at the place of meeting, which was near to the Cloth workers' Hall, and where already a formidable body of the guilds stood drawn up in array. The multitude kept constantly increasing, as each new comer ranged himself under his proper stand-

At last, the assembly being now sufficiently numerous, Jan Breydel mounted the top of a waggon, which by chance was standing in the street, and flourishing his heavy pole ax about his head, in a stentorian voice thus ad-

dressed the throng:
"Men of B uges! the day has arrived when you must strike for life and liberty! Now we must show the trait-ors what we really are, and whether there is a pound of slave's flesh to be They have Master Deconinck in their dungeon; let us release him, if it cost us our blood. This is work for all the guilds, and a right good treat

And while his fellows were obeying the word of command, he himself stripped his sine wy arms to the shoulder and sprang from the wagon, crying:
"Forward! Deconinck forever!"

" Deconinck forever! was the uni versal cry. "Forward! Forward!"
And, like the surging waves of a stormy ocean, the angry multitude rolled onward towards the Prince's The streets resounded with the cry of " Death to the tyrante! " the terrible clash of arms might be heard, mingled with the baying of the dogs, the heavy toll of the bells, and the roll of the drums; the citizens seemed possessed one and all with sud

den fury.

At the first approach of their frantic hurried as their flight was, it was not rapid enough to save them all; in an instant more than ten corpses lay on the

ground in front of the palace.

Impatient of each moment's delay, and furious as an enraged lion, Breydel mounted the stairs by three steps at a time, and meeting a French servant in one of the passages, hurled him head long among the people below, where the unhappy victim was received on despatched with clubs and maces. Soon the whole building was filled with the people. Breydel had brought with him several of the smiths, and the line several of the dungeons were speedily.

At the some moment, and in equal the Clothworkers and Burchers

search after him, they hurried off in detachments to the houses of the principal Lilyards, forced them ope broke and destroyed every thing in them: but of the Lilyards themselves not a single man was to be found; they had all foreseen the visit, and had been too prudent to awsit their coming. Just as Bieydel was about to leave

Just as Bieydel was about to leave the palace, with thoughts full of des-pair and vengeance, an old grey headed fuller came up to him, and said: "Mister Breydel, you know not how to search. There is another dungeon at the further end of the building, as I

have good reason to know; for at the time of the great disturbances, one nortal year of my life did I lie there. It is a deep underground hole; be pleased to follow me."

Accordingly, Breydel, with several others, followed the old man; and they passed on through many passages, till they reached a small iron door. Here their guide took a sledge hammer from the hand of a smith who was with them. and with a stroke or two broke the lock; but the door still refused to open. Then, in a transport of impatience, Breydel snatched the hammer from the fuller, and struck the door such a blow. that all the fastenings by which it was imbedded in the wall became loose, the door fell from its place, and at once afforded them ready entrance into the

dungeon. In one corner stood Deconinck, fas sooner did Breydel perceive him, than in a transport of joy he sprang towards him, clasping him in his arms, as a brother that had been lost, and was

ound again.
'O master!" he cried, "how happy

is this hour to me! I knew not till no w how much I loved you!"
"I thank you, my brave fried," was Deconinck's answer, while he cordially returned the butcher's warm embrace; I knew well that you would not leave ne in the dungeon; I knew that Jan Breydel's was not the heart for that. No! he that would see a Fleming of the true metal, let him look at you

Then turning to the bystanders, he explaimed in a tone of feeling that touched the hearts of all who heard

" My brethern, this day you have delivered me from death! To you be-longs my blood; to the cause of your freedom I devote every faculty of my being. Regard me no longer as one of your Dans of Guild, as a Clothworker living among you, but as a man that has sworn before God to make good your liberties against their foes. Here in the dark vaults of these dungeons, let me record the irrevocable oath. My blood, my life, for my beloved

country ! A cry of "Long live Deconinck !" overpowered his voice, and long re schoed from the walls. From mouth to nouth the cry passed on, and soon re sounded over the whole city. The very children lisped out, "Long live

A file soon relieved him of the chain with which he had been fastened to the wall, and the Dean of the Cloth workers proceeded along with Jan Breydel into the vestibule of the palace; but the irons on his hands and eet still remained, and were no sooner perceived by the people than cries of fury again rose from every mouth. Every beholder's cheek was wat with tears at once of joy and rage, and again with still greater energy, resounded the cry, "Leng live Decontact".

And now the Clothworkers pressed about their Dean, and, in their exalta tion, raised him aloft upon the bloodstained shield of one the soldiers whom they had killed. In vain Deconinck resisted; he was obliged to allow him self to be carried in triumph through

all the streets of the city.

Strange sight it was—that tumnltuous procession. Thousands upon tuous procession. Thousands upon thousands, armed with such weapons as the moment had offered—axes, knives, spears, hammers, clubs, -ran hither and thither, shouting as if possessed. Above their heads, upon the buckler, stood Doconinck, with the fetters on his hands and feet; beside the pavement was red with blood. Soon all effectual resistance of the Lilyards was at an him marched the Butchers with hared arms and flashing axes. More than an hour was thus consumed; at last Deconinck called to him the Deans and other principle officers of the guilds, and informed him that he must immed iately confer with them upon a matter of the greatest importance to the com mon cause; he desired them to as semble at his house that same evening, in order to concert together the necessary measures.

He then addressed the people, thank ng them for their services and for the honor they had shown bim; the irons were removed from his bands and feet, and amid enthusiastic acclamations, be was conducted by his fellow-citizens to the door of his houe in the Wool street.

CHAPTER IX.

Next morning, before sunrise, John Van Gistel, with his Lilyards, stood ready, armed at all points, in the vegetable market, and with them, in battle array, some three hundred menat arms of their retainers. The stricture of the retainers of their retainers. The stricture of the retainers of their retainers of their retainers. The stricture of the retainers of their retainers of the retainers of At the first approach of their france's assailants the guards of the Prince's Court fled in every direction, and left the building wholly undefended. But finally, to coerce the guilds into complete subjection. The sel'-same day plete subjection. The sel'-same day De Chathion was to make his entry into the disarmed city, and to establish once for all, a new form of government the points of the halberts and instantly despatched with clubs and maces. Soon the whole building was filled with

doors of the dungeons were speedily broken open; but, to the dismay of the liberators, all were empty; Deconinck was no where to be found. Then they swore in their fury fearfully to avenge his death.

No sooner had the Clothworkers and Bu chers with detachments from some of the other trades, stood drawn up in arms alone, knowing as he did the indemitable spirit of the men of Bruges. Half an bour after his arrival, St. Pol with his division appeared in the distance, the points of their spears and bridge much half an arrival, St. Pol with his division appeared in the distance, the points of their spears and bridge much half an arrival, St. Pol with his division appeared in the distance, the points of their spears and bridge much half are the points of their spears and their spears and the points of the points of their spears and the points of the points of their spears and the points of the point No sconer had the Clothworkers at a little distance from their corps, heard that their Dean had disappeared than their rage became perfectly ungo ing's work. It was finally settled that vernable. Instead of making further the Clothworkers and Butchers were

to fall upon the Lilyards, while the men of the other guilds should make themselves masters of the city gates, which they were forthwith to close, in order to cut off from the enemy all

Hardly was the plan of operations agreed upon, when the morning bell began to sound from the church of St. Onatus, and the tramp of John Van Gistel's horses was heard in the dis-tance; upon which the men of the guids at once set themselves in motion, and marched upon the Lity ard, all in the deepest silence. It was upon the great market-place that the upon the great market-place that the two hostile bodies first caught sight of each other; the Lilyards just turring the corner of the Bidle street while the Guildsmen were still in the Flemish street. Great was the aston ishment of the French party at finding their secret discovered; nevertueless, as good knights and men of valor, they determined to persevere, and still confident of suc ess.

The trumpets soon gave forth their inspiriting tones, and horse and rider dashed in heading charge upon the citizens who had not yet extricated themselves from the defile of the Fiem ish street. The levelled spears of the Li yards were met by the halberts of the Clothworkers, who in serried phalanx awaited the shock. But how great soever the courage and address of the Guildsmen, their unlavorable position made it impossible for them to hold their ground before the terrible on-slaught. Five of their front rank fell dead or wounded to the ground, and so gave the enemy's horsemen the apportunity of breaking their array; three of their divisions were already driven back; the bodies of the Clothworkers strewed the pavement; and the Lilystrewed the pavement; and the safets ards now deeming themselves masters of the fleid, triumph ntly raised their manly glow overspread their cheeks.

"Mounticle St. Denis! and the heart of every citizen burned and the heart of every citizen burned." war cry: "Mountjoie St. Denis! France! France!" Deconinck in the front held his ground valiantly, halbert in hand, and for some time alone to support the whole shock of the enemy, the narrowness of the street preventing the main body from taking their share in the fight. But th Dean's exhortations and example could not long uphold the fortune of the day the French party pressed forward with redoubled efforts upon his van, and drove it back with confusion upon the

All this had passed so rapidly that already many had fallen, before Master Breydel, who, with the men of his guild, stood at the farther end of the street, was aware of what was going on; at last a movement ordered by Do-coninck opered the ranks, and showed him at once the whole position of things, and the danger of the Clothworkers. Muttering some unintelli-gible words he turned to his men, and cried in a loud voice :

" Forward, Butchers I forward I" As if beside himself, he dashed on-ward through the opening made by the Stothworkers. - he and his men after nim, against the enemy. At the first ow his axe hit through beadplate and skull of a horse; the second laid the rider at his feet. The next instant he strode over four corpses; and so be fought onward, until he himself re-ceived a wound on his left arm. At the sight of his own blood, he became as one possessed; with a hasty glance at the knight who had wounded him, he cast aside his axe, and stooping be neath the lance of his adversary, with headlong fury sprang upon the horse, and grappled body to body with the rider, who, firmly as he sat, could not resist the maddened force of Breydel, and, falling from the saddle, rolled with his assailant upon the ground. While the Dean of the Butchers was thus occupied in satisting his vengeance, his comrades and the other Guildsmen had fallen in a mass upon the main body of the Lilyards, and had already cast many of them under their ground contested; men and horses, dead and dying, lay piled in heaps, and

Soon all effectual resistance on the part of the Lilyards was at an end; they were driven back into the market place; and the Guildsmen being now at liberty to deploy, and avail them selves of their superior numbers, it became evident that their object was to surround their enemies, and that for this purpose they were extending their right wing towards the egg market. Upon this the knights, seeing them-selves defeated, turned their horses, and fled from the destruction that awaited them, — the Butchers and Clothworkers following them with shouts of triumph, but without much effect; for, well mounted as they all were, they were soon beyond the reach

of pursuit. By this time the sound of the trum pets and the tamult of the battle had given the alarm throughout the city; all its inhabitants were in motion, and thousands of armed burghers filled the

in the market-place, the governor general, De Chatillon, presented him fail. They awaited patiently the first beams of the morning son, to fall apon the people and disarm them; then, without more ado, to hang Deconinck and Breydel as rebels, and, of Bruges in snoh cases, and was thereaccording to the old custom of the mer of Bruges in such cases, and was there fore well provided for that event. His brother, Guy de St. Pol, was ordered to follow close upon him, with a numerous body of infantry, and all the engines necessary for storming the place. While waiting for this rein forcement, he was already planning his assault, and looking out for the weak points of the fortifications. Although he saw but few people upon the ramparts, he did not deem it expedient the blades of their halberts glancing from afar in the sun's early rays, while an impenetrable cloud of dust indicated

the progress of the machines, with the orses that drew them.

The small number of the citizens

who were in charge of the walls watched the approach of their numer-ous assailants with fear and trembling. As they saw the heavy battering machines brought up, the hearts of al were filled with the saddest forebod ings, and the unwelcome tidings speed ily circulated throughout the whole ily circulated throughout the whole ciry. The armed Guildsmen were still prated about the castle, where the intelligence of this new force disturbed them in their operations. Leaving, therefore, a sufficient detachment to continue the blockade of the Llyards, the main body hastened to the walls to meet the danger that now threatened them in that quarter. It was not without deep anxiety for the fate of their peloved Bruges that they perceived the French soldiers already busily engaged in setting up their battering engines.

The besiegers carried on their opera tions for the present at a considerable distance from the walls, quite out of now shot, while De Chatillon with his men at arms covered the workmen against a sally from the town. Soon ofty mov-able towers, with draw-oridges, by which to reach the walls, vere seen rising within the French lines; battering rams and cataoults were also in readiness; and every thing portended sad woes to Bruges.

But, great as the danger was, no coward fear was visible on the count enacces of the Guildsmen. Anxiously and closely they watched the fee; their hearts beat hard and fast, and their breath shortened, as first the hostile squadrons met their sight; but that was soon over. Their eyes still bent upon their enemies, they blood flow more freely in their veins ; a within him with the noble fire of heroic wrath.

One man there was that stood joyous even to mirth upon the rampart : his restless movements, and the smile which flitted over his countenance, spoke of impatient anticipation, and of a moment long looked for and at last found. Ever and anon his eye, for a moment, quitted the enemy to rest upon the pole are in his stalwart grasp, and then he would tenderly and fondly caress the deadly weapon with his hand —Jan Breydel knew not what fear

And now the Deans of all the differ nt companies surrounded Deconick. and waited in silence for his counsel, th might almost be said, his orders. He, after his manner, was in no haste to give his opinion, and gazed long in deep thought upon the French position. tion, till the restless B eydel impatiently exclaimed :

"How now, Master Deconinck, what may you? Shall we make a sally and have at these French fellows they are, or shall we let them come on, and pitch them into the ditch ?"

Still the D an of the Clothworkers made no answer; still be stood plunged in thought, his eye fixed upon enemy's works, and scanning curiously the great engines of assault with which they were so abundantly pro-vided. The bystanders strained their eyes and wits to anticipate from his countenance what his speech would be; naught, however, was discernible but calm and cool reflection. Deconinck's heart, meanwhile, with all its selfpossession and courage, was not one of those that were elate with hope and confidence. He saw plainly that it would be impossible finally to resist the force of the besiegers; the gigantic cataputs and lofty moveable towers gave the French considerable advantage over the citizens, who were totally unprovided with any equivalent

end, sad as it was, the one only poss be means of safety; and, turning to his fellow deans, thus slowly spoke: to his fellow deans, turns slowly speed.

"Comrades, our need is urgent! Our city, the flower of F anders, has been traitorously sold over our heads, or rather behind our backs; and now our turns of the selection." only safety is in prudence. only safety in private or in the control of the con is bitter blame for the rash and recktess citizen who brings danger upon his country without need or without hope.

Here, now, no resistance can avail us "What? what?" interrupted impetuously Jan Breydel; "no resistance can avail us? What words are those? and what spirit are they of?"

what spirit are they of?

'Even of the spirit of prudence and true patriotism," answered Deconinck.

'We, as beseems good Flemings, can well die sword in hand upon the smoking ruins of our city,—can fall with a shout of joy amid the bleeding corpses of our friends au fellows. We are shout of joy amd the bleeding corpses of our friends and fellows. We are men; but our wives, our children!— can we expose them, helpless and deserted, to the excited passions of our enemies?-to their vengeance, and worse still? No! courage has been given to man, that he may protect the defenceless ones of his kind. We must surrender!"

At this word the bystanders started, as though a thunder bolt had fallen amidst them; and from every side looks of agger and suspicion were directed against the Dean. To some, his advice sounded even like treason; all regarded it as an insult. One universal cry of astonishment burst from their

Deconinck met with unaltered mien their indignant looks, and calmly re

"Yes, fellow citizens; however much it may affl at your free hearts, it is the only way that remains to save our city

from destruction." Jan Breydel, meanwhile, had listened to the words of the Dean in a very fever of impatience; and now, seeing that many of their fellows were wavering, and half inclined to consent to a surrender, his indignation burst all

exclaimed, "that breathes a word of surrender, I will lay a corpse at my Welcome a glorious death upon the body of a foe, rather than life with dishonour! Think you that I and my butchers are afraid? Look at them yonder, with their arms bared for the ight! How bravely their hearts beat, and low they long to be at their day's work! And shall I talk to them of surrender They would not understand the word. I tell you, we will hold our own; and he whose heart fails him may keep house with the women and children. The hand that would open you gates shall never be lifted again; this arm shall do

justice on the coward!"

Fuming with rage, he hastened off to his guildsmen; and pacing up and down in front of their ranks:

"Surrender! We surrender!" he exclaimed again and again, in a tone of mingled anger and contempt; and at last, in reply to the auxious questions his comrades, he thus broke forth: "Heaven have mercy on us, my men! My blood is ready to bol over at the thought; it is an insult, -n intolerable insult! Yes; the Clothworkers

would have us surrender our good towa to the French villains yonder; but be true to me, my brothers, and we will die like Flemings! Let us say to ourselves, The ground we are treading upon has often been red with the blood of our fathers, and it shall

be stormed, and so given up to are and own heart's blood,—and that of the word. He resolved therefore to reaccursed foreigner! Let the coward that hath no stomach for the fight de part; but he that will cast in with us, let him cry. 'Lib with us, let him cry, 'Liberty

death!"

As he ceased to speak, one universal shout arcse from the band of the Bu chers, and the terrible word "death!" three times repeated, reverberated through their ranks like a hollow echo from the abyss. "Liberty or death! was the cry which issued from seven hundred throats; and the cath by which they bound themselves. from seven hundred throats; and the oath by which they bound themselves to live or die together was mingled with the grinding sound of their axes as they whetted them upon their steels.

Meanwhile, the assembly of the Deans, or at least the greater part of them, convinced by the reasoning of Deconiack, and terrified at the sight of the angines of assault which now steed

Deconlack, and terrified at the sight of the engines of assault which now stood ready within the hostile lines, were disposed to submit to necessity, and to open negotiations with the enemy with a view to the surrender of the town; but Breydel, restless and suspicious, soon perceived their intentions. Raging like a wounded lion, and with words half-choked with fury, he rashed up to Deconinck; while his Butchers, easily comprehending the cause of his sudden movement, broke their racks, and followed him in wild disorder. and followed him in wild disorder.

'Slay! slay!' was the savage out-ory; 'death to the traitor! death to

oninek !" Not small was the peril in which the Dean of the Cloth workers now stood, Nevertheless, he saw the furious crowd approach without the slightest mark of approach without the signtest mark of terror upon his countenance; its ex-pression, indeed, was rather that of deep compassion. With folded arms he coolly awaited the onset of the Butchers, while ever from out that caging throng arose the terrible cry,
"Death to the traitor! — already was
the axe close to the great leader's head, and still he kept his ground namoved, like some giant cak which defies the utmost violence of the storm. From the bastion on which he was standing he was standing ne tranquilly looked down upon the frantic multitude, as a ruler might look

from his judgment-seat upon his people. Suddenly a remarkable change over the countenance of Breydel; he seemed as though paralysed, and his axe fell powerless at his side Seized with an irresistible admiration of the courage of the man whose com abhored, he thrust aside the foremost of the guilasmen, whose axe was already raised over the head of the Dean, and that so roughly, that the stalwart outcher measured his length along the

ramparts. "Hold, my men! hold! he exclaimed in a voice of thunder, while at the same time he placed himself in front of the Dean; and swinging his heavy axe around him, he warded off the attacks of his comrades The latter, perceiving the intentions of their chief, immediate ly lowered their arms, and with threat-ening murmurs awaited the event. Meanwhile a fresh incident occurred,

which greatly assisted Breydel in queiling the tunult which he had raised, by drawing off the attention of the excited crowd to another querier. A herald from the French lines made his appearance at the foot of the rampart on which the occurrences just narrated were taking place, and with the usual forms made proclamation as follows:

"In the name of our mighty princs, Philip of France, you, rebellious sub-

jects, are summoned by my general, De Chatillon, to surrender this city to his mercy; and you are warned, that if within the space of one quarter of an hour you have not answered to this summons, the force of the storming-engines shall overthrow your walls, and every thing shall be destroyed with fire and sword."

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