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JUST RECEIVED,

A Most Beautiful Book. Glories of the Sacred Heart, by Cardinal Manning, 12 mo., 300 pages. \$1.00. We have also his late works, Sin and its Consequences, 1.00. Internal Mission of the Holy Ghost, 1.25. Temporal, 1.20. Free by mail on receipt of price.

AGENTS for the DOMINION.

Table listing various Catholic periodicals and their prices. Includes New York Tablet, Freeman's Journal, Catholic Review, Boston Pilot, Dublin Nation, Weekly News, London Tablet, Register, New York Catholic World, Messenger Sacred Heart, London Month, Dublin Review, and American Catholic Quarterly.

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 IV.

The journey which, at the suggestion of Charles de Valois, Count Guy was about to undertake, was a matter of no little risk, both to himself personally and to the whole land of Flanders; for there was only too much reason to believe that the king of France would think all measures good which might secure to him as long as possible the possession of those wealthy provinces. Philip the Fair and his wife Joanna of Navarre had, in order to provide funds for their reckless prodigality, drawn, so to say, all the money of the realm into their treasury; yet for all this, the enormous sums which they extracted from the people did not suffice for their insatiable wants. His unprincipled ministers, above all Enguerrand de Marigny, daily incited the king to levying fresh taxes, raising the already exorbitant salt-duty, and laying the most intolerable burdens on all three estates of the realm, regardless of the murmurs of the people and the frequent symptoms of armed resistance. Again and again he expelled the Jews from France, in order to make them pay enormous sums for permission to return; and at last, when every other means was exhausted, he resorted to the plan of debasing the coin of the realm. This debasement of the coinage was a desperate and ruinous expedient; for the merchants, not choosing to part with their wares for mere worthless counters, left the kingdom; the people fell into poverty, the taxes could not be levied, and the king found himself in a most critical position. Flanders meanwhile flourished by the industry of its inhabitants. All the trading nations of Europe and Asia regarded it as their second country, and carried their goods to its cities, as to the universal market-place of the world. At Bruges alone more money and goods changed hands than in the whole of France; the city was, in truth, a very mine of wealth. This did not escape Philip's observation, and for some years he had been occupied with plans for bringing the land of Flanders into his own possession. First he had laid down impossible conditions to Count Guy, in order to drive him into contumacy; then he had arrested and imprisoned his daughter, Philippa; and at last he had overrun and seized upon Flanders by force of arms. Nothing of all this had escaped the old Count's consideration, nor did he in truth conceal from himself the possible consequences of his journey; but his grief on account of his younger daughter's imprisonment was such as induced him to reject no means, however desperate, which might possibly lead to her release. Doubtless, too, the safe-conduct promised by Charles de Valois had tended considerably to reassure him. And now the old Count set out, with his sons, Robert and William, and fifty Flemish nobles; Charles de Valois, and a great number of French knights, accompanying them on the journey. Arrived at Compiègne, the Count and his nobles were, as usual, lodged, and entertained, by the Count de Valois; until such time as he should be able to arrange for their admittance to the king's presence. This magnificent prince, moreover, so well used his influence with his brothers, that the latter were quite inclined to fall into his views with respect to the Count of Flanders, whom he accordingly caused to be summoned before him at his royal palace. The Count was introduced into a large and splendid hall; at the other end of which stood a throne

with a canopy of blue velvet wrought with golden lilies, and hangings of the like falling on each side to the ground; a carpet, richly embroidered with gold and silver, covered the steps which led up to this magnificent seat. Philip the Fair was pacing up and down the hall with his son, Louis Hutin; behind them followed many French nobles, and among them one to whom the king often addressed his conversation. This favourite was Messire de Nogaret, the same who at Philip's command had ventured to arrest Pope Boniface, with circumstances of special contumely. As soon as Count Guy was announced, the king retired to the steps of the throne, without however, mounting them. By his side stood his son Louis, while his nobles ranged themselves on either hand along the walls. Then the old Count of Flanders drawing near with slow steps, knelt on one knee before the king. "Vassal!" said Philip, "a humble attitude truly befits you, after all the trouble you have occasioned us. You have deserved death, and are, indeed, condemned to die; nevertheless, out of our royal grace, we will now hear you. Stand up, therefore, and speak." Upon this the old Count rose from the ground and said: "My prince, and liege lord! with confidence in your royal justice I have presented myself at your feet, that you may deal with me according to your will." "Your submission," returned the king, "comes late. You have entered into a confederacy against me with Edward of England; you have risen up as an unfaithful vassal against your liege lord; you have had the audacity to declare war against us; and your land has therefore been justly confiscated for your manifold transgressions." "My prince," said Guy, "let me find grace before you. Behold yourself, mighty king, what it is that a father feels deprived of his child. Did I not supplicate you in the deepest woe? Did I not humbly pray you to give her back to me? If your own son, my future lord, Louis who now stands so manfully by your side, if he were taken from you, and cast into a dungeon in a strange land, would not your grief carry you any length to avenge or to release your own blood and offspring? Yes! you have a father's heart, and that will understand me. I know that I shall find grace at your feet." Philip cast a look of tenderness upon his son; at this moment he felt for all that Guy had to suffer, and his heart melted with compassion for the unfortunate Count. "Sir," cried Louis, with emotion, "for my sake be gracious to him; I pray you have pity upon him and upon his child." The king, however, had recovered from him emotion, and now assumed a sterner aspect. "Be not so easily moved by the words of a disobedient vassal, my son," he said. "However, I will not refuse to listen, if only it can appear that what he has done has been for his daughter's sake, and not from contumacy." "Sir," resumed the Count, "your majesty knows that whatever man could do I did, to have my child back; but none of my endeavours availed; all my prayers and supplications were in vain; and even the intervention of the Holy Father was of no effect. What, then, could I do? I flattered myself with the hope of procuring my daughter's deliverance by force of arms; the fortune of war, however, was against me, and the victory was with your majesty." "But," interrupted the king, "what can we do for you? You have given an evil example to our vassals, and if we show grace to you, will they not all rise up against us, and you, perhaps, once more join yourself to their number?" "O my prince!" answered Guy, "let it please your majesty to restore the unhappy Philippa to her father and I swear to you that I shall bind myself with inviolable fidelity to your crown." "And will Flanders raise the contribution we have imposed? And will you duly repay all the costs of the war which your insolence and contumacy compelled us to make against you?" "No sacrifice shall be too great for me to repay your majesty's gracious favour: all your commands shall be humbly and punctually obeyed. But my child, sire, my child!" "Your child?" interposed Philip, hesitatingly; and his thoughts reverted to his wife Joanna, who, he knew, would hardly with good will release from captivity the daughter of the Count of Flanders. Fearing to provoke the wrath of his imperious queen, he did not venture to follow the better movements of his heart; so, without making any absolute promise to Guy on this point, he replied: "The intercession of our beloved brother has done much for you; and, moreover, your hard lot moves me to compassion. You have sinned; but your punishment has been bitter. Be of good hope; I will endeavor to sweeten your cup. Nevertheless, we cannot, on this very day, finally receive you into favour; so great a matter must first have due deliberation. We require, moreover, that you make a public submission in the presence of our vassals here assembled, that you may be an example to them all. Go now leave us, that we may once more consider what we can do for an unfaithful and disobedient vassal." Upon this command the Count of Flanders left the hall; and before he was out of the palace the report was universally current among the French nobles that the king had promised to restore him his land and his daughter. Many wished him joy with all their hearts; others, who had built ambitious hopes on the conquest of Flanders, were inwardly displeased; but as they could not oppose the king's will, they took care that their vexation should not be seen. Joy and confident hope now filled the hearts of the Flemish supplicants; and many a flattering anticipation was entertained of the liberation and renewed happiness of their country. It seemed to them as if nothing could now disturb the good success of their undertaking; since, besides the gracious reception the Count had met with from the king, the latter had moreover given a solemn assurance to his brother, Charles de Valois, that he should deal with magnanimity towards the Count of Flanders, who had suffered so sorely and wept bitterly, how

pleasantly comes a ray of joy into your darkling hearts! How easily do you forget your pains, to embrace an uncertain happiness, as if you had already emptied the cup of woe; while the dregs, bitterness of all, still remain for you to drain! You see a smile on every countenance, and press the hand of every one that seems to sympathize in your happiness. But trust not the fickle dame Fortune, nor her ever-rolling wheel; nor yet the words of those who were not your friend when you were in adversity. For envy and treason are hidden under the double countenance, as adders lurk under flowers, and scorpions behind the golden pineapple. In vain do we seek the track of the serpent in the field; we feel her poisoned tooth, but know not whence it has stricken us. So does the envious and spiteful man work in darkness; for he knows his own wickedness, and out of shame conceals his evil deeds. The black soul does not show upon the flattering countenance; and so his arrows strike us to the heart, even while we hold him for our friend. Count Guy lost no time in taking the necessary steps for satisfying all the king's requisitions immediately upon his return to Flanders, and for laying the foundations of a long peace, in which his subjects might forget the calamities of war. Even Robert de Bethune seemed to have no doubt of the promised grace; for, ever since his father's appearance at court, the French nobles had on all occasions behaved with the utmost kindness and civility to the Flemings; and as the latter well knew that the thoughts of princes are best read on the countenances of their courtiers, they saw in this demeanour a certain proof of the favour and good-will of the king. De Châtillon, among the rest, had repeatedly visited the Count, and overwhelmed him with congratulations; but he concealed a devilish secret in his heart, which he contrived to hide with his smiles. His niece, Joanna of Navarre, having promised him that the def of Flanders should one day be his, all his ambitious projects had centered upon this one goal; and now he beheld it vanishing into thin air before his eyes, like a dream which is gone and leaves no trace behind. There is no passion of the human heart which more readily and imperiously leads away those who were subject to it into every kind of iniquity than the lust of power; pitilessly it tramples down whatever impedes its path, and looks not round to count the havoc it has made, so steadfastly and constantly does it keep its eyes fixed on the darling object. Possessed by this fiend, De Châtillon resolved in his heart on a deed of treachery, of which his own selfish interests were indeed the real motive, but which he decorated before his conscience with the fair name of duty and patriotism. On the very same day that he arrived at Compiègne he chose out one of his most faithful servants, and mounted him on his best horse, he despatched him in all haste to Paris. A letter which this messenger bore gave a full account of all that had passed to the queen and Enguerrand de Marigny, and urgently pressed their speedy return to court. His traitorous design met with the fullest success. Joanna of Navarre's fury knew no bounds. The Flemings graciously received! Should they to whom she had sworn an eternal hate thus escape her at the very moment when they seemed at last fully in her power? And Enguerrand de Marigny, who had already squandered, or in prospect laid out, the enormous sums which he reckoned on extorting from the Flemish burghers! Both of these foes of Flanders had too great an interest in the destruction of their prey, to allow it thus easily to give them the slip. No sooner had they received the intelligence than both hastened back to Compiègne, and appeared suddenly and unexpectedly in the king's chamber. "What, sire!" cried Joanna, "am I, then, nothing to you, that you thus receive my enemies into favour without a word said to me? Or have you lost your reason, that you are resolved on nourishing these Flemish serpents to your own destruction?" "Madam," answered Philip, calmly, "methinks it would be seemly to you to address your husband and your king with somewhat more respect. If it is my pleasure to show grace to the old Count of Flanders, so it shall be." "No!" cried Joanna, inflamed with anger, "so shall it not be! Here me, sire! I will not have it so! What! shall the rebels who beheld my uncles escape thus? shall they have it to boast that they have shed with impunity the blood royal of Navarre, and insulted its queen?" "Your passion leads you astray, madam," replied Philip; "behold yourself calmly, and tell me, is it not right that Philippa should be restored to her father?" At this Joanna's fury waxed still higher. "Release Philippa!" she exclaimed. "Surely, sire, you cannot think of it! That she may be married to Edward of England's son, and so your own child may lose a throne? No, no; that shall never happen, believe me. And what is more, Philippa is my prisoner; and you shall find that even your kingly power is not sufficient to rescue her from my grasp!" "Truly, madam," cried Philip, "you are exceedingly bold!" I would have you know that this unseemly defiance much displeases me; take care, moreover, that I do not make you feel it! I am your sovereign, and as such I will be obeyed!" "And you intend to restore Flanders to this old rebel, and to put him in a position once more to make war upon you? A grievous repentance will you prepare for yourself by so ill-considered a step! For my part, since I see that I am of so small account with you, that a matter so nearly concerning me is to be settled without my being even consulted, I will return to my own land of Navarre, and Philippa shall go with me." This last speech of Queen Joanna had a powerful effect upon the king's mind; for the possession of Navarre was in truth a matter of no small importance to the crown of France; and Philip would have parted with a great deal rather than that Joanna had more than once threatened him with retreating to her own states, and he feared that she might one day carry this design into effect. After some consideration, therefore, he replied: "Sire, you are offended without cause, madam. Who has told you that I intend to restore Flanders? I

have not yet come to any determination on the subject." "You have said enough to let your intentions be seen," answered Joanna. "But be that as it may, I tell you, that if you disregard me so far as to set my wishes and opinion at naught, I will leave you; I will not stay here to be exposed to the consequences of your want of prudence and foresight. The war against Flanders has exhausted your treasury and your people; and now that you have the means in your hands of retrieving yourself at the expense of the rebels, you are about to receive them into favour, and to give them all back again! Never have our finances been in a worse condition; that Messire de Marigny can tell you." Thus appealed to, Enguerrand de Marigny addressed the king. "Sire," said he, "it is impossible we can continue to pay the troops you are maintaining, for the people cannot or will not any longer pay the taxes. The *Prévot des Marchands* at Paris has refused the additional contribution; so that before long I shall not be able even to meet the daily expenses of your majesty's household. To carry the debasement of the coin, too, any farther is impossible. Our only resource, then, is Flanders, where the commissioners whom I have despatched are at this moment engaged in raising the money to help us out of our difficulties. Consider, sire, that in restoring this land to the Count, you deprive yourself of your last resource, and expose yourself to all the consequences of the existing embarrassments." "What?" said Philip, in a tone of mistrust, "can it be that the whole of the last contribution levied upon the third estate is already expended?" "Sire," replied de Marigny, "I have had to repay to Stephen Barbet the moneys which the farmers of the tolls at Paris had advanced. There remains but little or nothing in the treasury." The queen saw with malicious joy the downcast air with which the king received this news, and she perceived that now was her opportunity for obtaining a final sentence of condemnation upon the old Count. Drawing near, therefore, to her husband with a well-dissembled return of gentleness, she thus spoke: "You see well, sire, that my counsel is good. How can you lose sight of the interests of your own kingdom merely to favour these rebels? They have openly defied you; they have joined with your enemies, and have set at naught your just commands. Seeing that it is their wealth that thus puffs them up, and makes them insolent, nothing can be better in every way than to take from them this superfluity of riches; and as they have all justly deserved to die, they may well kiss your royal hand, and thank you that you do not also deprive them of their lives." "But, Messire de Marigny," said the king, turning to his minister, "can you find no means of meeting the necessary expenses for some short time at least? For I hardly think that the moneys from Flanders will come in so quickly. What you tell me of the state of things disquiets me to the last degree." "I know of no expedient, sire; we have already employed too many." "Listen to me!" interposed Joanna. "If you will follow my counsel, and deal with Guy as I desire, I will procure a loan on the credit of my kingdom of Navarre, so that we shall be set free from all anxiety for some time to come." Whether from weakness or poverty, the king gave way, and agreed to all that Joanna required. The poor old Count was thus delivered into the hand of the traitress, in order to undergo the ceremony of a public humiliation, and then to be kept a prisoner, far away from his land and people!

CHAPTER V.

The evening was already far advanced when Joanna of Navarre arrived at Compiègne; and while with threats and cunning she was extorting from her vacillating husband the sentence of condemnation upon the House of Flanders, its unfortunate chief was sitting with his nobles in a large room of his lodging. The wine passed round again and again in silver goblets; and joyful hopes and pleasant anticipation formed the universal subject of conversation. More than one point had already been warmly discussed, when the door opened, and Diederik die Vos, who, as Robert de Bethune's bosom friend, was lodged in the same house with the Count's family, entered the apartment. For a while he stood without speaking, looking at the old Count and his sons, first at one, then at the other. His countenance bore an expression of deep affliction and intense compassion. Joyous and open as his bearing ever was, his comrades were not a little terrified at his unusual deportment; and they suspected that some evil news must have reached him, thus to overcast his countenance and disturb his spirit. Robert de Bethune was the first to give expression to this feeling in words. "Have you lost your tongue, Diederik?" he exclaimed; "speak, and if you have bad news for us, spare your jests, I pray you." "You need not fear my jesting, Lord Robert," was the reply. "But I know not how to tell you what I have to say; I cannot bear to be a messenger of evil." An expression of fear passed over the countenances of all present; they regarded Diederik with anxious curiosity. The latter meanwhile filled a goblet with wine, drank it off, and then proceeded: "That will give me courage; and in truth I wanted it. Listen, then, and forgive your faithful servant Die Vos that it is from his mouth you hear such news. You are all in hopes of being graciously received by the King, and not without reason; for he is a generous prince. The day before yesterday he found pleasure in the thought of showing himself magnanimous; but then he was not, as you possessed by evil spirits." "What is it you say?" cried his hearers in astonishment; "is the king so afflicted?" "Sir, Diederik," said Robert, sharply, "a trace to your flowers of rhetoric; you have something serious to tell us,—that, I can see, but it does not seem to come readily from your lips." "You have said the truth, Lord Robert," answered Diederik; "hear, then, my news, which it sadly grieves me to have to bring; Joanna of Navarre and Enguerrand de Marigny are at Compiègne!" These names had a terrible effect on all the company who, as if suddenly struck dumb, bowed their heads without speaking a word. At last the young William lifted up his hands, and cried despairingly: "Heavens! the cruel Joanna and Enguerrand de Marigny! oh, my poor sister! my father, we are lost!" "Well, then, now you understand," said Diederik; "those are the evil spirits which possess the good prince. You see, most noble Count, that your servant Diederik was not so far wrong, when he warned you at Wynandaal against this trap." "Who told you that the queen is at Compiègne?" asked the Count, as though he still thought the matter doubtful. "My own eyesight," answered Diederik. "Ever fearing some underhand work (for I put no trust in their double-tongued speeches), I kept on the watch with eyes and ears both wide open. I have seen Joanna of Navarre, seen her face, and heard her voice. My faith and honor on the truth of what I tell you." "What Diederik tells us is doubtless the truth," said Walter of Lovendeghem; "Joanna is certainly at Compiègne, for he pledges his honor that it is so; and she will as certainly use every effort to destroy our hopes from the king, with whom her influence, heaven knows, only too great. The best we can do is to consider with all speed how to get out of the trap; when we are prisoners, it will be too late." The effect of this intelligence upon the old Count was such as to depress him even to despair. His position was so dangerous, that he could find no outlet from it; escape seemed impossible, for they were in the very heart of the king's territories, or at least too far from Flanders to have any hope of safety in flight. Robert de Bethune chafed like a lion in the toils, and cursed the journey which had thus delivered him bound hand and foot into the power of his enemies. Thus for a while they sat in gloomy silence,—the Count disconsolate and uncertain what to do, and the eyes of all the rest on him. Suddenly a servant of the count appeared at the door of the chamber, and cried with a loud voice: "Messire de Nogaret, with a message from the king." A sudden movement sufficiently evinced the anxiety felt by the Flemings at this startling announcement. Messire de Nogaret was the accustomed and well known instrument of the king's secret commands; and they all supposed that he was now come with an armed force to arrest them. Robert de Bethune drew his sword from the sheath, and laid it before him on the table. The other knights grasped the hilts of their swords, and looked fixedly at the door; in which position they still were when Messire de Nogaret entered, who, courteously bowing to the knights, turned to Count Guy, and thus addressed him: "Count of Flanders! My gracious king and master requires of you to appear before him tomorrow, an hour before noon, and there publicly to ask pardon of him for your transgression. The arrival of our most gracious queen has hastened this command. She has herself interceded in your behalf with her royal consort, and I have it in command from her to assure you of the satisfaction your submission gives her. Tomorrow, then, gentlemen! Forgive me that I leave you hastily; your majesties are waiting for me, and I cannot stay. The Lord have you in his keeping!" And with this greeting he left the room. "Thanks be to Heaven, gentlemen!" exclaimed Count Guy; "the king is gracious to us; now we may go to rest with hearts at ease. You have heard his majesty's commands; be pleased to hold yourselves in readiness to obey them." The knights now recovered their spirits once more. They conversed for some time upon the alarm Diederik had given them, and the happy result which seemed now to await their expedition; while a goblet of wine was emptied to the health of their aged Count. As they were separating for the night, Diederik took Robert's hand, and in a suppressed voice said to him: "Farewell, my friend and master! yes, farewell; for I fear it will be long before my hand shall again press yours. But remember that your servant Diederik will ever stand by you and comfort you, in whatsoever land—in whatsoever dungeon your lot may be cast." Robert saw a tear glisten in Diederik's eye, which told him how deeply his faithful friend was moved. "I understand you, Diederik," he whispered in reply; "what you fear is what I too foresee. But there is no escape left now. Farewell, then, till better days." "Gentlemen," pursued Diederik, turning to the company and speaking aloud, "if you have any commands to your friends in Flanders, I shall be happy to convey them; but I must beg you to be quick." "What do you mean?" cried Walter of Lovendeghem; "are you not going to court with us tomorrow, Diederik?" "Yes, I shall be there with you; but neither you nor the Frenchmen shall know me. I have said it, it will take a better huntsman than King Philip to catch the fox; God have you in His guard, gentlemen!" He was already out of the door when he addressed to them this last greeting. The Count withdrew, with attendants, and the rest of the company likewise left the apartment, and betook themselves to their beds. (TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.)

A worthy tobacco-shop in the High-street of Auld Reekie, was complaining one day of a book which a very arduous doctor had published. "It's a bad job," said he. "How?" said his friend. "I always thought Dr. Findlay had been a worthy good man." "It's the worst book I ken," said the shopkeeper; "it's over big for a pennyworth o' snuff, an' it's no big enough for three bawbees' worth."