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THE LION OF FLANDERS;

THE BATTLE OF THE GOLDEN SPURS.

BY HENDRIK CONSCIENCE.

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 men at arms of their retainers. The strictest silence was maintained,for the alarm once given, their plot would fail.-They awaited patiently the first beams of the morning sun, to fall upon the people and disarm them; then, without more ado, to hang Deconinck and Breydel as rebels, and, finally, to coerce the guilds into complete subjection. The self-same day De Chatillon was to make his entry into the disarmed city, and to establish, once for all, a new form of government in Bruges. Unfortunately for them, however, Deconinck's sugacity had penetrated their secret, and had already provided the means for frustrating their designs.

At the same moment, and in equal silence, the Clothworkers and Butchers, with detachments from some of the other trades, stood drawn up in arms in the Flemish Street. Deconinck and Breydel were conferring together at a little distance from their corps, and laying out the plan of their morning's work. It was finally settled that the Clothworkers and Butchers were to fall upon the Lilyards, while the men of the other guilds were to make themselves masters of the city-gates, which they were forthwith to close, in order to cut off from the enemy all succour from without.

Hardly was the plan of operations agreed upon, when the morning bell began to sound from the church of St, Conatus, and the tramp of John Van Gistel's horses was heard in the distance; upon which the men of the guilds at once set themselves in motion, and marched upon the Lilyards, all in the deepest silence. It was upon the great marketplace that the two hostile bodies first caught sight of each other; the Lilyards just turning the corner of the Bridle Street, while the Guildsmen were still in the Femish Street. Great was the astonishment of the Freuch party at fluding their secret discovered; nevertheless, as good knights and men of valour, they determined to persevere, and were still confident of success.

The trumpets soon gave forth their inspiriting tones, and horse and rider dashed in headlong charge upon the citizens, who had not yet extricated themselves from the defile of the Flemish Street -The levelled spears of the Lilyards were met by the 'good-days" of the Clothworkers, who in serried phalanx awaited the shock. But how great soever the courage and address of the Guildsmen, their unfavorable position made it impossible for them to hold their ground before the terrible on laught-Five of their front rank fell dead or wounded to the ground, and so gave the enemy's horsemen the opportunity of breaking their array; three of their divisions were already driven back; the bodies of the Clothworkers strewed the pavement; and the Lilyards, now deeming themselves musters of the field, triumphantly raised their war-cry: " Montjoie St. Denis! France! France!" Deconinck in the front held his ground vallantly, "good-day," in hand, and for some time succeeded in rallying the foremost ranks, who had alone to support the whole shock of the enemy, the narrowness of the street preventing the main body from taking their share fortunes of the day; the French party pressed for Shall we make a sally, and have at these French storm. From the bastion on which he was standing storm from the bastion of the day; the French party pressed for Shall we make a sally, and have at these French storm. From the bastion of the day of the storm from the bastion of the day of the french party pressed for Shall we make a sally and have at these French storm. From the bastion of the day of the storm from the bastion of the day of the french party pressed for storm from the bastion of the day of the storm from the bastion of the day of the storm from the bastion of the day of the storm from the bastion of the day of the storm from the bastion of the day of the storm from the bastion of the day of the storm from the bastion of the day of the storm from the bastion of the day of the storm from the bastion of the day of the storm from the bastion of the day of the storm from the bastion of the day of the storm from the bastion of the day of the storm from the bastion of the day of the storm from the bastion of the day of the storm from the bastion of the day of the storm from the bastion of the storm from the storm from the bastion of the storm from the storm fro in the fight. But the Dean's exhortations excluimed:

ward with redoubled efforts upon his van, and drove it back in confusion upon the rear.

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

"Forward, Butchers! forward!"

As if beside himself, he dashed onward through the opening made by the Clothworkers,—he and blow his axe hit through headplate and skull of a horse; the second laid the rider at his feet. The next instant he strode over four corpses; and so he fought onward, until he himself received a wound. He had soon convinced himself that the town must in his left arm. At the sight of his own blood, he axe, and stooping beneath 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 pray you well to weigh that fact. As there is gloy vengeance, his comrades and the other guildsmen had fallen in a mass upon the main body of the Lilyaids, and had already cast many of them under contested; men and horses, dead and dying, lay now, no resistance can avail us aughtpiled in heaps, and the pavement lay red with blood.

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 at liberty to deploy, and avail themselves 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 themselves defeated, turned their horses, and fled from the destruction that awaited them,the Butchers and Clothworkers followed them with shouts of triumph, but without much effect; for, well mounted as they all were, they were soon be-

yond the reach of pursuit.

By this time the sound of the trumpets and the tumult of the battle had given the alarm throughout the city; all its inhabitants were in motion, and thousands of armed burghers filled the streets hurrying to the aid of their brethren. The victory, however, was already won; the Lilyards had retreated to the castle, and were blockaded on every

side by the Guildsmen.
While these things were proceeding in the market-place, the governor-general, De Chatilion, pre-sented himself-before the town with five hundred French men-at-arms. He had forescen that be should find the gates closed, according to the old custom of the men of Bruges in such cases, and was therefore 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 reinforcement, ne 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 to make his attack with his men-at-arms alone, knowing as he did the in-domitable spirit of the men of Bruges. Half-auhour after his arrival, St. Pol with his division appeared in the distance, the points of their spears and the blades of their halberds glancing from afar in the sun's early rays, while an impenetrable cloud

of dust indicated the progress of the machines, with the horses that drew them.

The small number of the citizens who were in charge of the walls watched the approach of their numerous assailants with fear and trembling. As they saw the heavy battering machines brought up, the hearts of all were filled with the saddest forebodings, and the unwelcome tidings speedily circulated throughout the whole city. The armed Guildsmen were still posted 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 Lilyards, the main body hastened to the walls to meet the danger that now threatened them in that quarter. It was not without deep auxiety for the fate of their beloved Bruges that they perceived the

French soldiers already busily engaged in setting up their battering engines. The besiegers carried on their operations for the present at a considerable distance from the walls, quite out of bowshot, while De Chatillon with his men-at-arms covered the workmen against a sall? from the town. Soon lofty moveable towers, with drawbridges, by which to reach the walls, were

seen rising within the French lines; battering-

rams and catapults 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 countenances of the Guildsmen .-Anxiously and closely they watched the foe; 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 felt the blood flow more freely

him with the noble fire of heroic wrath. One man there was that stood joyous even to mirth upon the rampart; his wrestless 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-axe in his stalwart grasp, and then he would tenderly and fondly caress the deadly weapon with his hand-Jan Breydel knew not what

And now the Desns of all the different companies surrounded Deconinck, and waited in silence for his counsel,-it 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 urose the terrible cry, "Death to the traitor!"-

fellows where they are, or shall we let them come on, and pitch them into the ditch?"

Still the Dean of the Clothworkers made no answer; still he stood plunged in thought, his eye fixed upon the enemy's works, and scanning curiously the great engines of assault with which they were so abundantly provided. The by-standers strained their eyes and wits to anticipate from his countenance what his speech would be; nought, however, was discernible but calm and cool reflection. Deconinck's heart, meanwhile, with all its self-possession 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 his men after him, against the enemy. At the first the force of the besiegers, the gigantic catapults in the end be stormed, and so given up to fire and became as one possessed; with a hasty glance at sword. He resolved therefore to recommend, sad the knight who had wounded him, he cast aside his as it was, the one only possible means of safety; and, turning to his fellow-deans, thus slowly spoke

for the hero who pours out his blood for the rights of his fellows, even so there is bitter blame for the rash and reckless citizen who brings danger upon their feet. Obstinately was each inch of ground his country without need or without hope. Here,

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

"Even of the spirit of prudence and true patriotism," answered Deconinck. "We, as beseems good Elemings, can well die sword in hand upon the smoking ruins of our city,—can fall with a shout of joy amid the bleeding corses 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 de-fenceless ones of his kind. We must surrender!"

At this word the bystanders started, as though a thunderbolt had fallen amidst them; and from every side looks of anger 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 lips:

"Surrender? We?" Deconinck met with unaltered mien their in-

dignant looks, and calmly replied: "Yes, fellow-citizens; however much it may afflict 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 sur-tender, his indignation burst all bounds.

"The first of you," he passionately exclaimed, that breathes a word of surrender, I will tay a corpse at my feet. Welcome a glorious death upon the body of a foe, rather than life with dishonor! Think you that I and my Butchers are afraid?-Look at them yonder, with their arms bared for the tight! How bravely their hearts beat, and how 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 anxious questions of his comrades, he thus broke forth:

"Heaven have mercy on us, my men! My blood is ready to boil over at the thought; it is an insult,-an intolerable insult! Yes; the Clothworkers would have us sucrender our good town to the French villains youder; 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 red with our own,-with our own heart's blood,-and that of the accursed foreigner!" Let the coward that hath no stomach for the fight depart; but he that will east in his lot with us, let him cry, " Liberty or death!"

As he ceased to speak, one universal shout arose from the band of the Butchers, and the terrible word "Douth!" 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 throws; 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 Decouinck, and terrified at the sight of the engines of assault which now stood ready within the nostile lines were disposed to submit to necessity, and to open negotiations with the enemy with in their veins; a manly glow overspread their sity, and to open negotiations with the enemy with cheeks, and the heart of every citizen burned within a view to the surrender of the town; but Breyder, restlers and suspicious, soon perceived their intentions. Raging like a wounded lion, and with words half-choked with fury, he rushed up to Deconinck; while his Butchers, easily comprehending the cause ot his sudden movement, broke their ranks, and followed him in wild disorder.

"Slay! slay!" was the savage outcry; " death to the traitor! death to Deconinck!"

Not small was the peril in which the Dean of the Clothworkers now stood. Nevertheless, he saw the furious crowd approach without the slightest mark of terror upon his countenance; its expression, indeed, was rather that of deep compassion, With folded arms he coolly awaited the onset of the Butchers, while ever from out that raging throng French position, till the restless Breydel impatiently already was the axe close to the great leader's head, and still he kept his ground unmoved, like some

he tranquilly looked down upon the frantic multitude, as a ruler might look from his judgment-seat upon his people.

Suddenly a remarkable change came over the countenance of Breydel; he seemed as though paralyzed, and his axe fell powerless at his side. Seized with an irresistible admiration of the courage of the man whose counsels he abhorred, he thrust aside the foremost of his guildsmen, whose axe was already raised over the head of the Dean, and that so roughly, that the stalwart butcher 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, immediately lowered their arms, and with threatening murmurs awaited the event.

Meanwhile a fresh incident occurred, which great ly assisted Breydel in quelling the tumult which he had raised, by drawing off the attention of the excited crowd to another quarter. 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 prince, Philip of France, you, rebellious subjects, are summoned by my general, De Chatillon, to surrender this city to his mercy; and you are warned, that within the space of one quarter of an hour you have not answered to this summons, the force of the stormingengines shall overthrow your walls, and every thing shall be destroyed with fire and sword."

As soon as this summons was heard, the eyes of If were turned with one accord on Deconinck, as if seeking counsel of him on whom they had so lately glared in murderous rage. Breydel himself looked at his friend with inquiring gaze; but all in vain. Neither to him nor to the rest did the Dean give utterance to a single word; he stood looking on in silence, and with an air of unconcern, as though in no wise personally interested in what was passing around him.

"Well, Deconinck, what is your advice?" asked Brydel at length.
"That we surrender," calmly replied the Cloth-

worker. At this the Butchers began to give signs of an other outburst; but a commanding gesture from their Dean speedily restored them to order, and Breydet resumed:

"What, then, do you really feel so sure that, with all our efforts we cannot hold out against the foc,that no courage, no resolution can save us? Oh that I should see this day!"

And as he thus spoke, the deep grief of his heart plainly displayed itself upon his features. Even as his eyes had lighted up with ardour for the fight, so now was their fury quenched and his countenance darkened.

At last, Deconinck, raising his voice so as to be heard by all around him, addressed them thus:

"Bear witness, all of you, that in what I advise I have no other motive than true and honest love to my country. For the sake of my native city, I have exposed myself to your mad fury; for that same sake I am ready to die upon the scaffold that our enemies shall raise for me. I deem it my sacred duty to save this pearl of Flanders; cry me down as a traitor, and heap curses upon my name if you will,-nothing shall turn me aside from my noble purpose. For the last time I repeat it, our duty now is to surrender"

During this address Breydel's countenance had exhibed, to an attentive observer, an incessant play of passion; wrath, indignation, sadness seemed in turns to move him. The convulsive twitching of his stalwart limbs told plainly of the storm which raged within, and the struggle which it cost him to restrain it; and now with the word 'surrender' sounding once again in his ear as though struck by a sentence of death, he stood appalled, motionless, and silent

The Butchers and the other guildsmen turned their eyes upon one and the other of the two leaders, and stood waiting in solemn silence for what should happen.

"Master Breydel," cried Deconinck at length, "as you would not have the destruction of us all upon your sont, consent to my proposal. Yonder comes back the French herald; the time has already ex-

Suddenly, as if awakening from a stupor, the chief of the Butchers replied in a mournful and faltering voice:

"And must it be so, master? Well, let it be, then as you say,—let us surrender."

And as he spoke, he grasped the hand of his friend and pressed it with deep emotion while tears of intense suffering filled his eyes, and a heavy groan burst from his bosom. The two Deans regarded each other with one of those looks in which the soul speaks from its inmost depths. At that moment they fully understood each other, and a close embrace testified to every beholder the sincerity of their reconciliation.

There stood the two greatest men of Bruges, the representatives respectively of her wisdom and her valour, clapsed in each other's arms, heart against heart beating high with mutual admiration.

"O my valiant brother!" cried Deconinck; "O great and generous soul! Hard, I see, indeed, has been the struggle; but the victory is yours; the greatest of victories, even that over yourself!"

At the sight of this moving spectacle, a cry of joy ran through the ranks, and the last spark of angry feeling was extinguished in the bosoms of the valiant Flemings. At Deconinck's command, the trumpeter of the Clothworkers called aloud to the French herald: -

"Does your general grant to our spokesman his

safe conduct to come and to return ?" "He gives full and free safe-conduct, upon his was the reply.

Upon this assurance the portcullis was raised, the drawbridge lowered, and two of the citizens issued from the gate. One of them was Deconinck; the other the herald of the guilds.

ANECDOTES RELATING TO ST. BER NARD.

By J. F. L., D.D.

It may not be out of the way to insert here a few anecdotes recorded of this period of St. Bernard's history. They will serge to finish the rude sketch we have been drawing of his domestic life. I will pick them up here and there wherever I chance to find them.

"His affection for his mother had suggested a vow to recite the seven Penitential Psalms every day in her memory. Once, however, whilst in his novitiate, he went to rest without having accomplished the duty which he had prescribed to himself. The next day, Stephen, his spiritual Father, being inwardly enlightened, said to him, Brother Bernard, to whom did you give the care of reciting yesterday the seven psalms for your mother's soul?"
At these words, Bernard, astonished that a practice which he had kept secret should be known, burst into tears, and throwing himself at the feet of his venerable guide, confessed his fault, and humbly begged pardon for it."

One day during that hard first winter at Clairvanx, the monks were reduced to such extremity that even their salt failed them. "Bernard called one of the brethren and said to him, 'Guibert, my son, take the ass, and go buy sait in the market.' The Brother replied, 'My father, will you give me money to pay for it?' 'Have confidence,' replied the man of God; 'as for money, I do not know when we shall have any; but there is One above who keeps my purse and who has the care of my treasures.' Guibert smiled, and looking at Bernard, said to him, 'My father, I go empty handed I fear that empty handed I shall return." 'Go,' rejoined the saint, and go with confidence. I repeat to thee, my treasure will be with thee on the road, and will furnish thee with what is necessary. Upon this, the Brother, having received the reverend Abbot's blessing, saddled his ass and went to the market. On the wey he met a priest, who saluted him and asked him whence he came. Gui-bert told him he had been dispatched for salt, but had not wherewithal to purchase it. The simplicity of the monk so touched the charitable priest, that he sent him back laden with all sorts of provisions. 'I told thee, my son," said Bernard, 'there is nothing more necessary to the Christian than confidence in God; never loose it, and it will be well for thee all the days of thy life." "One day, several knights, on their way to a

tournament, passed by Chairvaux, and asked a night's lodging in the monastery. It was towards the end of Lent, and Bernard, while he lavished the duties of hospitality upon his guests, did not conceal from them the extreme pain he felt to see young Christians full of such frivolities at the solemu season of the year when the Church is mourning in retirement and penance. 'I ask a truce of you, said he, till after holy Lent.' But the knights, impatient to distinguish themselves at the tournament, could not resolve to accede to his desire. 'In that case,' said Bernard, 'I shall ask the grace of God and I have a firm confidence that I shall obtain it.' He then ordered wine to be served to them, blessed the cups, and said: 'Drink to the health of your souls? They drank, and soon afterwards took leave of the holy Abbot. But they had scarcely set forth with their conscience began to trouble them, and they communicated to ench other the emotions they experienced, and the strange anxiety of their minds. What they had seen and heard at Clairvaux absorbed them entirely; and tears of regret and tenderness moistened their eyes when they compared the vanity of their lives with the grave and holy lives of these servants of God. All with one accord, turned back, and, influenced by a holy desire after perfection, they stripped off their armor, laid aside their rich garments, and prostrated themselves to God. They vowed the rest of their lives to the tranquil exercise of the spiritual warfare of the children of Jesus 'Some among them,' adds the biographer, 'are still fighting in the service of God : many more already reign with Christ in heaven, having been deliwred in this world from the bonds of their mortal bodies." In the year 1123 St. Bernard paid a visit to the

monks of the great Chartrense at Grenoble, where he had long been expected, and was received with great respect and hospitality. In one point, however, the Carthusians were disappointed and even scandalized. They expected to see him come to them in extreme poverty, and in fact his habit and appearance were of the poorest. But his horse was magnificently caparisoned, "and this appearance of luxury-made all the more striking by the contrast with the meanness of his garments-painfully afected the good religious, who could not understand such ostentation in a monk professing poverty and baving the reputation of a saint. The Prior, who could not conceal his feelings, opened his mind to a monk of St. Bernard's company, and frankly told him his thoughts." The affair coming to the ears of the holy Abbot of Clairvaux, "he asked to see the horse upon which he had been riding. ingenuously confessing that he had never noticed it, but had accepted it, as it was, from the monks of Oluny who had lent it to him for the journey. This simple explanation, which shows to what an extent St. Bernard had mortified his senses, greatly rejoiced and edified the pious community."

Our saint had not long been settled at Clairvaux when his holy sister, Hombeline, who had "married well", and was leading a life of pomp and vanity, had the curiosity, or rather the inspiration, to pay her brothers a visit. She came to the gate of the monastery with a superb equipage and great magnificence. She asked to see the Abbot, but was told faith and honour, according to the custom of war," that neither he nor any of his brothers had the slightest wish to see a slave of the devil. Happening to see her brother Andrew near the gate she called to him, and he-not over politely-called her an ornamented dunghill. The noble lady's pride was broken. "What though I am a sinner!" she cried. "Was it not for such that Christ died?!