



CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

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NO. 19.

JUST RECEIVED,

Table listing various books and their prices, including 'Glories of the Sacred Heart' and 'Internal Mission of the Holy Ghost'.

AGENTS for the DOMINION.

CATHOLIC PERIODICALS.

Table listing Catholic periodicals such as 'New York Tablet', 'Boston Pilot', and 'London Tablet' with their respective prices.

JUST RECEIVED,

SERMONS BY THE LATE

REVEREND J. J. MURPHY,

Text describing the late Rev. J. J. Murphy and his sermons, including details about the publisher D. & J. Sandler & Co.

THE LION OF FLANDERS;

OR, THE BATTLE OF THE GOLDEN SPURS.

BY HENDRIK CONSCIENCE.

CHAPTER IX.

Next morning, before sunrise, John Van Gistel, with his Liliards, 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.

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.

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.

The trumpets soon gave forth their inspiring tones, and horse and rider dashed in headlong charge upon the citizens, who had not yet extricated themselves from the drille of the Flemish Street.

And now the Deans of all the different companies surrounded Deconinck, and waited in silence for his counsel, it might almost be said, his orders.

want 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.

As if beside himself, he dashed onward through the opening made by the Clothworkers,—he and his men after him, against the enemy.

Soon all effectual resistance on the part of the Liliards 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.

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.

While these things were proceeding in the market-place, the governor-general, De Châtillon, presented himself before the town with five hundred French men-at-arms.

The small number of the citizens who were in charge of the walls watched the approach of their numerous assailants with fear and trembling.

The besiegers carried on their operations for the present at a considerable distance from the walls, quite out of bowshot, while De Châtillon with his men-at-arms covered the workmen against a sally from the town.

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.

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.

And now the Deans of all the different companies surrounded Deconinck, and waited in silence for his counsel, it might almost be said, his orders.

How now, Master Deconinck, what say you? Shall we make a sally, and have at these French 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.

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Even of the spirit of prudence and true patriotism, answered Deconinck. "We, as besetters good Elements, 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 and fellows.

"Surrender? We?" Deconinck met with unaltered mien their indignant 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."

"The first of you," he passionately exclaimed, "that breathes a word of surrender, I will by a corpse at my feet. Welcome a glorious death upon the body of a foe, rather than life with dishonour!

"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 surrender our good town to the French villainous rouser; but be true to me, my brothers, and we will die like Flemings!

As he ceased to speak, one universal shout arose from the band of the Butchers, and the terrible word "Death!" three times repeated, reverberated through their ranks like a hollow echo from the abyss.

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.

From the bastion on which he was standing, he tranquilly looked down upon the frantic multitude, as a ruler might look from his judgment-seat upon his people.

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Suddenly a remarkable change came over the countenance of Breydel; he seemed as though paralyzed, and his axe fell powerless at his side.

"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 warned off the attacks of his comrades.

Meanwhile a fresh incident occurred, which greatly assisted Breydel in quelling the tumult which had been raised, by drawing off the attention of the excited crowd to another quarter.

As soon as this summons was heard, the eyes of all were turned with one accord on Deconinck, as if seeking counsel of him on whom they had so lately gazed in murderous rage.

"That we surrender," calmly replied the Clothworker. At this the Butchers began to give signs of another outburst; but a commanding gesture from their Dean speedily restored them to order, and Breydel resumed:

"What, then, do you really feel so sure that, with all our efforts we cannot hold out against the foe,—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 his eyes had lighted up with ardour for the fight, so now was their fiery quench 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.

During this address Breydel's countenance had exhibited, 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.

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 soul, consent to my proposal. Yonder comes back the French herald; the time has already expired."

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.

There stood the two greatest men of Bruges, the representatives respectively of her wisdom and her valour, clasped 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!"

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. BERNARD.

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 serve to finish the rule sketch we have been drawing of his domestic life.

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.

One day during that hard first winter at Clairvaux, the monks were reduced to such extremity that even their salt failed them.

"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.

"Well, Deconinck, what is your advice?" asked Breydel at length. "That we surrender," calmly replied the Clothworker.

"One day, several knights, on their way to a tournament, passed by Clairvaux, 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 solemn 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.

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