



CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

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NO. 14.

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', 'Freeman's Journal', and 'Catholic Review' with their respective prices.

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;

THE BATTLE OF THE GOLDEN SPURS.

BY HENDRIK CONSCIENCE.

CHAPTER XIII—(Continued).

The black knight, now finding himself master of the field, with no more enemies in view, made haste to dismount, bound his horse to a tree, and proceeded to bestow his care upon the lady he had rescued, and who still lay senseless, under the corpse of the soldier which had fallen upon her, and to which, probably, she in a great measure owed her escape from the hoofs of the horses. Her face covered with mire and blood, her long hair trampled in the mud, her features were totally indistinguishable; nor, indeed, did her deliverer for the present seek to examine them more closely, his first care being to convey her to some place of greater security. With this object he raised her carefully from the ground and carried her in his arms within the ruins of Nieuwenhove. Having laid her gently down upon the hearse in the courtyard, he proceeded to investigate the yet remaining portions of the building, if perchance some place of shelter should be found. At last he discovered one chamber of which the vaulting had not fallen in, and which might, in default of better, serve for a place of temporary refuge. The windows were gone, but otherwise the shelter was complete; there were even some tattered remnants of tapestry hanging from the walls, and pieces of broken furniture scattered about the floor, from portions of which he succeeded in putting together a kind of couch, which, rude as it was, was at least better than the cold and damp ground.

he turned ashy pale, a cold shudder ran all over his limbs, his blood seemed turned to ice in his veins, and when he essayed to speak, he could only utter incoherent ejaculations! than as suddenly, he rushed forward, and clasped the maiden in his arms, exclaiming in tones of mingled love and anguish: "My own child! my poor Matilda; Have I then left my prison only to find you thus in the arms of death?" But the maiden pushed him back from her with a look and gesture of passionate aversion. "Traitor!" she exclaimed, "how dare you deal thus insolently with a daughter of the House of Flanders? Ab, you think that I am helpless now! Neither fear nor shame restrain you. But I have still a protector—God, who watches over me. There is lightning yet in store for you;—yes, your punishment is at hand! Hark, wretch! hear how the thunder growls?" In an agony of grief and terror, Robert de Bethune tore the helmet from his brow. "O my own Matilda!" he cried, "you do not know me: I am your father, whom you love so much, and for whose sorrows you have wept so many bitter tears. Heavens! she trusts me from her!" A smile of triumph curled Matilda's lip as she exclaimed: "Now you tremble, vile ravisher! now fear seizes upon your base and coward heart! But there is no mercy for you. The Lion, my father, will avenge me; and not with impunity shall you have put affront upon the blood of the Counts of Flanders. Hark! I hear the Lion's roar; I hear his tread; my father comes! To me he brings his dear embrace, and death to you." Not one of these words but pierced the father's heart like a venomous arrow, and filled it with untold anguish. Burning tears ran down his furrowed cheeks; in despair he smote his breast. "But, my poor child," he cried, "do you not know me? Laugh not so bitterly; you strike my poor soul with death. I am your father,—I am the Lion,—whom you love, whom you call to help you." "You the Lion!" she replied in accents of contempt; "you the Lion!—say rather, liar! Is it not the tongue of the Queen Johanna that I hear you speak with,—the tongue that flatters to betray? The Lion, too, went with them. They said, 'Come; and what found he? A dungeon! and soon, perhaps, poison and a grave!'" In a transport of grief the knight pressed her in his arms. "But do you not hear, my child," he cried, "that it is the speech of our fathers that is upon my lips? What unnumbered sufferings have thus unhinged your mind? Do you not remember that our friend Sir Adolf of Nieuwenland has procured my liberty? Oh, talk not thus; your words wring my very heart!" At the name of Adolf, the convulsive strain of the features somewhat relaxed, and a soft smile replaced their painful expression, while she answered more gently, and this time without repulsing her deliverer: "Adolf, say you? Adolf is gone to fetch the Lion. Have you seen him? He told you of the poor Matilda, did he not? Oh, yes! he is my brother! He has composed a new song for me. Listen! I hear the tones of his harp. How sweet are those sounds! But what is that? Ah, my father comes! I see a ray of light,—a blessed beam of hope! Begone, califf!" Her words died away into inarticulate sounds, while her countenance was overshadowed with an expression of the deepest melancholy. Half-distracted with alarm and grief, the knight felt his heart sink within him, and he knew not what to do. Silently he took the maiden's hand within his own, and bathed it with his tears; but almost instantly she snatched it back, exclaiming: "No, this hand is not for a Frenchman! A false knight may not touch it. Go, your tears defile it; but the Lion will wash out the stain with blood. Look! there is blood upon my garment too,—French blood! See how black it is!" Again the knight endeavoured to make his wandering child comprehend who he was; again he took her in his arms, and would have pressed her to his bosom; but she violently pushed him from her, while in piercing tones she exclaimed: "Bygone! away with those arms! They coil around me like venomous serpents; their very touch is dishonour. Release me, villain! Help!" With a sudden and desperate effort she disengaged herself from her deliverer and sprang shrieking from the couch, the knight hastily pursuing her to prevent her egress from the chamber. A heart-rending scene here ensued. Beside himself with grief and alarm, he caught the unhappy maiden in his arms, and strove to carry her back to the couch; while she, moved by all the energy of delirium and despair, resisted his utmost endeavors. Great as was the strength of the knight, she seemed for a while almost a match for him; but at last making a gigantic effort he succeeded in bearing her back to the couch. She now ceased from all further resistance; her mood appeared suddenly to change. She sat still; and looking reproachfully on the knight, said with bitter tears: "It well becometh you to set your strength against that of a maiden, false knight. And why do you delay to complete your crime? No one sees,—only God! But God has placed death between us; a yawning grave divides us. Therefore do you weep, because—"

his comrades back to St. Cross. Already, on their way thither, they had received intelligence from Bruges that the French garrison was under arms, and prepared to fall upon them as they entered the city; but elated by their recent victory, and deeming themselves sufficiently strong to oppose any force the enemy could bring against them, they nevertheless continued their march. Scarcely, however, had they passed St. Cross, when an unexpected obstacle presented itself, and brought them suddenly to a stand. From the village to the city-gate, the whole road was covered with a multitude of people pressing forward in the opposite direction; and so dense was the throng, that all farther progress on the part of the butchers became impossible. Notwithstanding the obscurity of the night, the latter at once perceived, by the confused hubbub of voices and the dark masses moving before them, that a large portion of the population was leaving the city. Surging onward came the multitude; and Breydel and his men, full of wonder at the sight, ranged themselves on one side, so as to allow them to pass. The retreat of the fugitives, however, had none of the appearance of a disorderly flight; each family walked on by itself, forming a separate group, and keeping itself distinct from all the rest without any appearance of mingling or confusion. In the centre of one of these groups might be seen a mother, weeping as she went, the grey-headed grandfather leaning upon her for support, an infant at her breast, and the younger children, crying and weeping, clinging about her knees, while the elder ones followed behind, toiling under the weight of furniture or other property which they carried upon their backs. Group after group followed each other, in what seemed an interminable succession. Some few among them had carts or other vehicles loaded with goods; others, though these were but rare exceptions, were themselves mounted. It may easily be imagined that Breydel was not long in seeking to ascertain the cause of this strange procession; but the lamentations with which he was every where greeted in answer to his inquiries were far from affording him any satisfactory explanation. "Master," cried one, "the French would have burned us alive; we are flying from a miserable death." "O Master Breydel!" exclaimed another, in a still more piteous tone, "for your life go not back to Bruges; there is a gallows waiting for you at the Smith's Gate." As the Dean was about to pursue his inquiries, in the hope of obtaining some clearer information, a wild cry was heard in the rear, and a voice, strong and powerful, but hoarse with terror, shouted aloud: "Forward! forward! the French men-at-arms are upon us!" Then there was a general rush onward, and the living tide rolled by with incredible rapidity. Suddenly, from a multitude of voices, there arose the cry: "Woe! woe! they are burning our city! See, our houses are in flames! Oh, woe to us! woe to us!" Breydel, who up to this time had remained motionless and silent from sheer astonishment, now directed his eyes towards the city; and there, indeed, ever and anon, might be seen red jets of flame shooting up amidst volumes of lurid smoke, which curled high above the walls. Rage and anguish now combined to rouse him from his stupor, and pointing to the city, he exclaimed: "What! men of Bruges! is there one among you coward enough thus to abandon your city to destruction? No! never shall our foes make merry round that bonfire! Room here! room! Let us pass through, and then—"

"Butchers, face about, and then forward! keep your ranks, and be quick!" "Then, after personally superintending the execution of the manœuvre, he added: "Now, Master Deconinck, I am at your orders." "No, Master Breydel," replied the Dean of the Clothworkers, "now that you are here, you must take the command; you will make a better general than I shall." Not a little pleased at this flattering recognition of his abilities, the Dean of the Butchers lost no time in taking possession of his office. "Butchers and Clothworkers, forward!" he thundered out, "steady, and not too fast!" Upon this the guildmen set themselves in motion, the little army advanced steadily along the road, and in a short time reached St. Cross, where they found the women and children, with the baggage, awaiting their arrival. Singular, indeed, was the appearance presented by this confused encampment. A wide range of plain was thickly dotted with groups, each consisting of a single family.—The night was so dark that it would have been impossible to distinguish objects beyond the distance of a few yards; but the numerous fires which already lighted up the scene, showed the unfortunate wanderers crouching round them; or, in more extended circles, illuminated the remote background with their flickering glare. Sad and strange was the sight presented to the eye, the sounds that struck upon the ear were not less wild and mournful. The cries of the children, the low wailings of the mothers, weighed upon the heart like the last sigh of a dying friend. But above the universal din might be heard the shouts of those who had strayed from their companions, or were calling to the missing ones; and louder and sharper still was the fierce barking of the dogs, faithfully keeping watch over their master's household, or searching for them amid the confusion of the night. On their arrival at St. Cross, Deconinck took Breydel apart into a house by the road-side, the owners of which received them with great respect, and readily granted them a chamber for more private conference. Here, by the light of a small lamp, and with every precaution taken against their being overheard or interrupted, the Dean of the Clothworkers proceeded to inform his colleague as to what had taken place in the city during his absence. "First," he began, "as to the cause of our flying from the city in the manner you see, and at this hour of the night: it is entirely owing to your breach of promise, and your imprudent proceedings at Male. No sooner were the flames of the burning castle seen from the city-walls, than the tocsin sounded in the streets, and immediately all the inhabitants flocked together in the utmost terror; for in these troublous times they ever have the fear of death before their eyes. Messire de Mortenay had his men under arms in the market-place; but only as a measure of precaution, for no one knew what was going on. At last, some of the French who had escaped from the burning castle came flying into the town, calling aloud for vengeance; then there was no possibility of keeping the troops in the city quiet, nothing would satisfy them but fire and sword, and Messire de Mortenay had to threaten them pretty sharply with the gallows in order to keep them within bounds. You may imagine that, in such things, I had lost not a moment in summoning my Clothworkers together, that at least we might not fall without making a determined fight for it. Perhaps we might even have succeeded in driving the French out; but such a victory could only have damaged the cause, as I shall presently show you. Then I had an interview with Messire de Mortenay, under safe-conduct, and obtained from him a pledge that the city should be respected on condition of our forthwith evacuating it. Any Clowards found in Bruges after sunrise will be hung."

"What!" cried Breydel, not a little indignant at the cool tone in which his brother Dean recounted a capitulation which appeared to him so scandalous: "What! is it possible? let ourselves be turned out like a herd of sheep! Oh, if I had been there! our Bruges should not have been—"

(TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.)