THE LION OF FLANDERS.

BY HENDRIK CONSCIENCE CHAPTER L.

The east was reddening with the first doubtful rays of the morning sun, still enveloped with the clouds of night as with a garment, but at the same time making a perfect rainbow in each drop of dew; the blue mist hang like an impalpable veil on the tops of the trees, and the flower cups opered lovingly to the first beams of the new daylight. The nightingale had more than occe repeated his sweet descant in the glim mering dawn; but now the confused chirping of the interior songsters over

powered his entrancing melody. hand of Silently trotted a little knights along the plains of West Flanders, near the small town of Rouselare. The clank of their arms and the heavy e clank of their arms and the heavy tread of their borses broke the res the peaceful den'zens of the woods; for ever and anon sprang a frightened stag from out the thicket, and fied

The dress and arms of these knights while, turned away, and walked of some paces through the trees, with an of the very rank, and even greater still evident appearance of dissatisfaction his head. The steel scalework of their not warn me, gauntlets, and their gold-inlaid knee in the way?' pateness, flashed brightly in the beams of the rising sun. The impatient, foan-beaprickled steeds champed their shin-Castle Wynandael; and I was not aware ing bits, and the silver stude and silken that your honor was pleased to be tassels which ornamented their trappings glanced and danced right merrily And

they went. Though the knights were not armed at all points in full battle-barness, yet | ing the knight into ridicule. it was easy to see that they were by no means unprovided against a possible attack; for the sleeves of their shirts of mail were not hidden by the sleeveless surcoat. Moreover, their long words hung down at their saddlebows, and each one was attended by his squire, bearing his apple shield. Every knight bore his cognisance embroidered upon his breast, so that at a giance the name and descent of each might easily be known. At that early hour of morning the travellers were little inclined conversation. The heavy night-sir still weighed upon their eyellds, and it was with the utmost difficulty that they struggled against sleep. All rode on-wards in silence, wrapped in a kind of dreamy half slumber.

A young man strode along before them in the road. His long wavin-hair flowed over his broad shoulders; eyes of heaven's own blue glowed and flashed under their brows; and a young early beard fringed his chin. He wore "Lay hold of him, you cowards!"

a woollen jerkin, drawn in to his waist cried De Chatillon to his men; seize with a girdle, in which he bore the broad bladed cross - handled knife in its leathern sh a h, at once the approprists weapon and distinguishing ensign of a free Flemish burgher. It might easily be seen, from the expression of his countenance, that the company to which he was acting as guide was not to his taste. Doubtless knights a look of peculiar meaning. Lotty of stature, and of unusual strength of baild, he stepped along so quickly that the horses could hardly keep pace

with him at a tred. They journeyed on thus for a while. till at last one of the horses stumbled over the stump of a tree, so that it came ward, with his chest upon his steed's he was of royal blood.

meck, and was as near as possible meas"Hold, there!" cried uring his length on the ground.

"How now!" exclaimed be in French; "my horse is gone to sleep under me!" "Yes, Messire de Chatilloa," an-swered his neighbor, with a smile, "that given the land of Flanders in def. The one of you was asleep is plain enough." ice over my mishap, evil jester retorted De Chatillon ; askeep I was not. For these two

hours past I have had my eyes fixed on those towers youder, which are cer

envalende woke upout of its sommolency.

high resounded from every side at his rascal lives or dies. our,) dercely into the animal's side. sank almo t lifeless to the ground.

Well was it for De Chatillon that, as time here.'

the ground. The one among them who masters to remount. had been the readlest to make nerry over his former mishap seemed now of all the most tenderly concerned for him. ad bore on his countenance an unmistakable expression of real sorrow.

"My dear Chatillon," he sighed out,
"I am heartily grieved at this. Forgive me my idie words; believe me,
there was no harm meant."
"Leave me in peace," oried the fallen

knight, now somewhat recovering himshight, now somewhat recovering himself, and breaking loose from the arms of his companions; "I am not dead this time, my good friends all. Tuink you, then, that I have escaped the Saraceas to die like a dog in a Flemish wood? That I have long suspected," intermediately the saddle on the chancellor, Peter Flotte; to one another jested at his displeased to one another jested at his displeased.

Not God be excluded. I am will like the arms of the saddle. As he thus rode on, immersed in thought, and the other knights by signs to one another jested at his displeased. The same is the saddle of the sadd No; God be praised, I am still alive! "for he eye Yes, So, Pol, I swear to you that you should pay on the spot for your ill timed "Hahl no

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De Chatillon drew back the sleere from his right arm, and then noticed that a branch had torn the skin. "Ah! look!" said he, quickly re-

assured, "this is nothing, a mere scratch. But I do believe that Flemish rascal has brought us into these accursed roads on purpose; I will in quire into that matter; and if it be so. m y I forfeit my name that he shall

hang on this very oak of mischief."

The Fleming, who was all the while standing by, looked as if he understood no French, and eyed De Chatillon firmly and proudly in the face. "Gentlemen," said the knight;

"only look at that peasant, how he stares at me! Come here, rascal nearer, come nearer!"

The young man approached slowlyhis eyes fixedly beat on the knight A pecular expression hovered over his tures-an expression in which wrath and conning were strangely united something so threatening, and at the same time so mysterious, that De Chatillon could not repress a slight

trum the coming danger as on the very shudder.

One of the knights present, mean

And with these words a scornful smile played about his mouth, and it might easily be seen that he was turn-

cried De Castillon you laugh-you make jest of me Here, my meal take this rascal peasant and hang him up! let him be food for

the ravens !' The youth laughed yet more temptuously, the corners of his mouth twitched yet more violently, and his countenance became alternately pale

and red. " Hang a Fleming !" he muttered wait a little !"
Upon this he retreated a few steps,

set his back against a tree, stripped up the sleeves of his jerkin to his shoul ders, and drew his bright cross handled kulfe from its sheath; the mighty miscles of his arms swelled up, and his features became like those of an angry

"Woe to him that touches me thundered from his lips: "Flemish ravens will never eat me; French flesh suits their stomachs better

him, and up with him! Look at the poltroons! are ye afraid of a knife? Must I defile my hands with a peasant! But no, that must not be, I sm noble; and like must to like, so it is your from affair! Come, seize him by the collar that Some of the knights endeavored

pacify De Chatillon; but most of them took his part, and would willingly have seen the Fleming swing. And assurfor from time to time he cast upon the edly the men at arms, urged on by their sword, master, would have fallen upon youth, and in the end overpowered him, had not at this moment the same knight drawn near who had just before gone a few steps saide, and till now had forsaken him. walked up and down absorbed in thought. His dress and armour far thought. surpassed those of all the rest in magniupon its knees, and had well nightallen thence; the lilies in a bine field em-over altogether. The knight fell for-broidered upon his breast showed that

'Hold, there!" cried he, with a stern look to the men at arms; while he added turning to De Chatillon: "You seem to have forgotten that it is to me that leming is my vassal; it is I that am his lord and judge, and you have no

Am I then to submit to be insulted by a common peasant?" saked De Chatillon, angrily. "By my troth, count,

another, the others hanghed right riskly deserved to die?"

'Messire de Valois," said St. Pol, halted, and become arxious spectators of the scene, had not head time to exchange upon the legs again; and, low awing. What difference can it another; but, as scon as they were rehis horse upon its legs again; and, low swing. What difference can it irritated with the quips and laughter make to you whether the pig headed

expense, drove his sharp apar (after "Now listen, gentlemen," cried the manner of the time, he were but Charles de Valois, thoroughly roused, that you have to do with a magician that you have to do with a magician on thereapon first reared in fury, displeasing to me. I would have you then rished headlong among the to know that the life of one of my subtrees, who re, within the first hundred jects is no small thing in my eyes; and yards of its wild coreer, it dashed itself it is my will that this young man go against the stem of a gigantic oak, and his way unmolested and unburt. To his neck, and now I fear here is a faint-

moments before he moved either hand or foot.

His comrades came round him, dis mounted, and carefully raised him from us start: after all, De valous is no true man; he holds with the people. "

Mean while the men-at-arms had remounted, and carefully raised him from and were now busied in helping their ready answer. "But let us now spar."

and get on, else we shall be too late Wynandael ?"

for he eyes us like a wolf, and listens

Bruges, when I was there; he is a far has cost me a good horse and a faithful knee-pieces, too, were no longer to be deeper one than this fellow, though he has but one eye, while our friend here has two, and those none of the smallest. Without doubt the lad is attached to the old family, and is not over well pleased at our victorious arrival to thrust them out and take possession— that's all. Surely we may well forgive him his fidelity to his country's princes in their evil days.'

"Enough of this," interrupted De stillon; "let us speak of something Chatillon; else. Do say of you know what it is that our gracious king Pailip really means to do with this Flanders? If he kept his treasury as close as his brother De Valois' lips, by mine honor it would be but a poor life at court."

"There you're right," answered Peter Flotte; "but he is not so close with everyone. Keep your horses back a little, and I will tell you thing: of which assuredly you wot not."

Curious to hear what it was he had

tell, the knights arew together about him, and let the Count de Valois get somewhat in advance. As soon as he was far enough not to hear what was said, the chancellor proceeded : Listen! Our gracious lord king

Phillip is at the bottom of his treasure-Engverrand de Mariany has 03/2% nine of gold; and in that he is not so far wrong, for here there is more of gold and silver than in all our France it together.

The knights laughed, while one and the other nodded assent. "Hear farther," proceeded Peter Flotte: "our queen Joanna is dreply embittered against the Flemings; she

hates this high and haughty people more than words can express. I myself have heard her say that she should ike to see the last Flening die on the "That is what I call speaking like a

queen," cried De Chatillon; "and if ever I have the rule here, as my gracious niece has promised me I shall, I will take care to fill her offers, and send Master Pater Deconineck, with all his trumpery of guilds and city companies, to the right about. But what business has that rascal listening?

Their Flemish guide had in fact, drawn near unabserved, and was drink ing in every word that passed with at tentive ears. As soon as he saw that he was noticed, he darted off, with a strange burst of laughter, among the trees, then halted at some little distance, and unsheathed his knife.

"Messire de Chatillon!" he cried, in a threatening tone, "look well at this knife, that you may know it again when you feel it under the fifth rib! " Is there none of my servants, then that will avenge me ?" oried De Chatil on in fury.

Before the words were well out of his nouth, a burly man at-arms had dismounted, and was making at the youth sword in hand; but the latter, so far from defending himself with his weapon put it up again into its sheath, and awaited his adversary with no other arms than those two sinewy ones with which nature had provided him.

"Die thou shalt, accursed Fleming!" cried the man at-arms, with uplifted The youth answered not, but fixed

his large piercing eyes on the soldier, who suddenly stood still with amazed look, as though all courage had at once "On! stab him! kill him!" cried

De Chatillog.

But the Fleming did not wait for his foe to come on. With a dexterous sidespring he threw himself within the sword's point, caught the man-at-arms with his powerful grasp about the waist, and dashed him so mercilessly head foremost against a tree, that he fell to the ground without sign of life. A last shrick of despair resounded through the wood, and the Frenchman closed his eyes forever, while a final spass convulsed his limbs. With a frightful laugh the Fleming placed his mouth on dead man's ear, and said in a tone of bitter scorn :

covered a little from their first astonish

this inconsiderate talk is extremely for, as God is my he'ger, this is not according to nature. "The place is indeed enchanted "

horse, gentlemen; we waste too much ful follower's life gone; -a most un Well was it for De Chitillon than, as the shock came, he fell or threw himself sideways from the saddle; notwithstanding this, however, he seemed to have had a severe fall, and it was some had a severe fall, and it was some with the horse of one of your people, and let he may be cared for or buried, as his need may be. I pray you, gentlemen man; he holds with the people."

sters to remount.

"Are you ready, gentlemen?" asked Valois just at this moment disappearing teld valois. "It so, let us make haste among the trees."

Thereupon they gave their horses the for the hout. And do you, vassal, walk reins, and soon overtook the count, who on one slie, and tell us when we have had meanwhile troated steadily on, and to turn. How much farther have we to did not now notice their approach. His head, with its silvered believe. The youth took off his cap, bowed drooped in thought upon his breast; respectfully to his preserver, and an his gazanties, keeping mechanically its swered: "A short hour's ride, my hold of the reins, rested carelessly on d."

his horse's name; his other hand clasped the hilt of the long sword that

> to one another jested at his displeased air, Castle Wynandael, with its massive ramparts and lofty towers, was slowly

servant. And now the knight with the lilies

on his breast turned to the others and spoke:

This castle, gentlemen, is the abode of the unhappy Count Guy Flanders-of a father whose child has been taken from him, a prince who has lost his land by the fortune of war, which has favoured us:- I pray you let him not feel that we are come as con-querors, and be careful not to embitter his sufferings by any words of afront."
"Think you, Count de Valois,"
snappishly interposed De Chatillon,

we know not the rules of knightly breeding? Think you that I am good breeding?

generous in victory?"
"You know it, as I hear," replied De Valois, with strong emphasis; "I pray It is not in empty words that henor es. Messire de Chatillon. What avails that the precepts of knightly bearing me trippingly from the tongue, if her are not at the same time graven He that is not generous his dealings with those beceath him, an never be really so with his equals.

This rebuke excited the object of it the most furious rage, which would et-inly have broken out into words of olence but for the interposition of his prother, St. Pol. who held him back, and at the same time whispered in his

Hash Chatillon, bash the count It is but due to our honor, hat we add no suffering to the old Bough

What! The faithless vassal has made war upon our king, and so offended our niece, Joanna of Navarre, that she has well nigh been irritated into sick ness; and now he is to be spared, fors oth!

"Gentlemen," repeated De Valois, you have heard my request; I do not believe that you will be wanting in generosity. And now, forwards! I generosity. And now, forwards! I stready hear the dogs; our approach too has been observed, for the bridge falls, and the portcullis is raised."

The Castle of Wynandsel (its ruins may still be seen near Thourout, in West Flanders, hard by the village of the same name), built by the noble Count Guy of Flander, was one of the fairest and strongest existing at that isy. From the broad most which com passed it rose high and massive walls, above which again, on every side, a multitude of watch-towers were con-spicuous. Through the numerous loop holes might be seen glancing the keer eyes of the bowmen and the sharp steel of their arrows. Surrounded by the ramparts rose the pointed roofs of the lord's dwelling, with their guilded weather cocks glittering in the sun. At the angles of the walls and in the ore-court stood six round towers. which served for hurling missiles of al tinds upon the fee, to keep him aloof from the body of the building. A single dra whridge crossed the most, and made a way from the island fortress to the sur ounding woods and vales.

As the knights drew near, the senti nel gave the sign to the guard within, and immediately the heavy gates creaked upon their hinges. The tread of the horses was already sounding upon the bridge, and the French knights passed on into the castle, between two rows of Flemish infantry drawn up in arms to receive them. The gates closed, the portcallis fell, and the drawbridge slowly rose behind them.

The heaven was colored with so pure s blue, that the eye failed when it sought to measure the skyey depths the sun rose radiant above the horizon; the loving tartle-dove was sipping the last dewdroos from the verdant foliage. Castle Wynandael resounded with one continual cry of bounds; while the neighing of the horses mingled with the cheery tones of the horns. But the might have been taken for a son of drawbridge was still raised, and the Robert de Sethane; for -- the very con "Now go and tell thy lord and master drawbridge was still raised, and the

> At last some of the guardians of the walls made their appearance on the apper platform of the gateway, and let

of right high and mighty lords and ladies. First rode the old Count Guy of Flanders on a brown steed. His features hore the expression of quiet all so gorgeously attired, that the eye resignation and unuttered grief. Bowed could hardly bear the dash of the gold down by his eighty years and his hard and silver with which they glitt lot, his head hung heavily forward upon Each one rode her ambling paifrey; his bosom; his cheeks were turrowed her feet were concealed under a long over with deep wrinkles. A purple dress which reached nearly to surcost flowed from his shoulders upon the saddle; his snowy hair wound shout with a kerchief of yellow silk, was like a silver vase hooped with gold. Upon his breast, on a heartgold. shaped shield, might be seen the black on of Flanders, rampant in his golden

This unfortunate prince found himself now, at the end of his days, when rest and peace would have been the fitting meed for his long toils and struggles, thrust from his high estate tall well developed figure which she and robbed of all. His children, too, had inherited from the vigorous stock and robbed of all. His calledge, too, the immerited from which she sprang, the serene fate of war, had only a life of poverty beauty of her features, and the serious and obscurity in prospect — they who ness of her whole deportment, gave and obscurity in prospect — they who ness of her whole deportment, should have been the wealthlest among a royalty to her air and bearing Europe's princes. But though beset made it impossible to look on her with with enemies flushed with recent victory, and sorely tried by fortune, the brave old count vielded not to despair one inch of ground in his heart.

Beside him, and deep in discourse

with him, rode Charles de Valois, bro-ther to the king of France, who seemed

Behind Charles trotted a knight of haughty air and gloomy aspect. His eyes rolled and flamed within their sockets; and if perchance they fell sockets; and if perchance they fell easily distinguished by the right upon one of the French knights, he compressed his lips, and ground his teeth so violently, that an attentive and green, or red and his ear might have caught the sound Hard upon fifty years old, but still in ters.
the fullest vigour of life, with broad Law of his day. The horse, too, on which he rode was much tailer than any of the rest, so that he showed a full head above any of his companions. A glitgnorant that a French knight should tering beimet, with blue and yellow plume, a heavy coat of mail, and a curved sword, were all his arms, de-fensive and offensive: his surcost, which covered his horse's croup with his long skirt, was distinguished by the Flemish lion. There were few knights of that day who would not at | gentle, hobbies and sparrow once have recognized this proud cham pion among a thousand others as Robert de Bethune, the old Count Guys eldest | cases on its legs. Besides

had committed to his charge the inter the hawk was lured nal administration of his land, In flight. every campaign it was he that had led the Flemish arnies, and he had earned castle, the way soon grew widhinself a glorious name far and near. the knights mingled promise In the Sicilian war, in which he, with without distinction his soldiers, had for ed a part of the sought out his own French host, he had performed such and the time passed merrily wondrous feats of arms, that ever since and joyous talk; even seven he was hardly spoken of otherwise ladies had found places among than as the Liou of Flanders. The knights.

Count Guy and Charles de V of Flanders: he has troubles and admiration the name of a hero, were still in front; no one had i'' sang many a lay of the Lion's deeds of tured to take the lead of those valuer, and was proud of him who was Robert de Bethane, however, and one day to wear the Flenish coronet. Gay, from his great age, rarely left his home at Wynandael, and was, more over, not very popular with the Flem of ings, the title of Count was equally given by them to his son Robert, who was regarded throughout the land as white hairs of the old Count and the

features.of Robert. His equipment in no way differed from that of his brother, except by the crooked sword. which Robert slone wore.

Then followed many other lords and past. gentlemen, both Flemings and foreigne s. Among the former were pecially noticeable Walter Lord of Maldegem, Charles Lord of Knesselare, Sir Roger, of Axxpoele, Sir Jan of Gavern, Rase Mulaert, Diederik die Vos (the fox), and Gerard die Mow. The French knights, Jacques de hatil'on, Gui de St Pol, Raoul de Nesle, and their comrades, rode among the Flemish nobles, and each engaged in courteous conversation with such of them as happened to come in his way.
Last of all came Adolf of Nieuwland,

a young knight of one of the noblest ses of the wealthy city of Bruges. His face was not one of those that attract by their effeminate beauty; he was none of the carpet heroes, with rosy cheeks and smiling lips, who want hing but a bodice to transform them into young ladies. Nature had made no such mistake with him. His cheeks, slightly sun burnt, gave him a look of seriousness beyond his years; his forehead was already marked with the two significant furrows which early thought rarely fails to imprint. His features were striking and manly; his eyes, half-hidden under their brows, indicated a soul at once ardent and reserved. Although in rank and position inferior to none of the knights in whose company he now was, he held back behind the rest. More than once had others made room to allow him to come for-ward; but their civility had hitherto been quite thrown away upon him-in fact, he seemed altogether lost in

At the first glance, the young knight annoy me.' ride, the latth r of they seem to be. But so it is; the gallows will be one's portion ere one hears a good word out of your mouth."

While the two knights thus twitted one another, the others laughed right merrily at the accident, and the whole.

"Messire de Valois," said St. Pol. balted and meanwhile is the total of said state of a son of the second of the total of the second a red shield. Over his arms stood his chosen motto: Pulchrum pro putria world than that of Philip the Fair mori.

apper platform of the gateway, and see the same been brought up in Count Robert's is a david incornate, who instigates a house, whose bosom confident he now to all evil; and, then there is another. egress to the hunting-party which now was, and always treated by bim like a person who often leads the king astraj dear son. He on his part honored his whose name respect forbids my utter benefactor at once as his father and his prince, and entertained for him and his an affection which knew no bounds. an affection which knew no bounds.

Immediately behind came the ladies. ground; the bosom was encased in a bodice of cloth of gold; and a loft; head dress, adorned with pearls, was further decorated with long streamers which fastered down behind. Most of them, too, bore falcons on their wrists. Among them was one who

eclipsed the rest both in magnificence and beauty. This was Count Robert's and beauty. youngest danghter, by name Matilda She was still very young (she might count some fifteen summers); but the out respect and even something of awe. All the knights shout her showed her every possible attention, but each carefully guarded his heart against all yeaturous thoughts. They well knew that none but a prince could without tolly Yes, St. Pol. I swear to you that you should pay on the apot for your ill timed giber, were we not too near in blood for such reckoning between us."

"Come, be reascable, my dear brother, I pray you," replied St. Pol. But I pray you," replied St. Pol. But I preceive you are hard; you are certainly wrong there, "Would that I could see it on fire!" would that I could see it on fire!"

"But I swear to you that you giber, were we not too near in blood for such reckoning between us."

"Hurrah!" cried Bacul de Nesle, "Hurrah!" cried Bacul de Nesle, of the devil and all his works, here we are at Wynandsel at list!"

"You are certainly wrong there," between you are hard; you are been proportions, and the leading through your coat of mail."

"Would that I could see it on fire!" but him, rede Charles de Valcis, beother to the king of France, who seemed desirons of impressing on the old count how who he is!" cried Bacul de Nesle, "Hurrah!" cried Bacul de Nesle, some views of his own into which the hovered, so to say, there we are at Wynandsel at list!"

"You are certainly wrong there," would that I could see it on fire!" but him, rede Charles de Valcis, beother to the king of France, who seemed desirons of impressing on the old count hovered, so to say, there is one views of his own into which the hovered, so to say, there are addle, with head product of impressing on the old count hovered, so to say, there is one of impressing on the old count hovered, so to say, there is one of impressing on the old count hovered, so to say, there is one of impressing on the old count hour desirons of impressing on the old count hovered, so to say, there is one impressing on the old count hovered, so to say, there is one of impressing on the old count hovered, so to say, there is one of impressing on the old count how there to the king of France, who seemed desirons of impressing on the old count hour desirons of impressing on the old count hour desirons of impressing on the old count hour desirons of impressing on the old count with he

Immediately after this glittering bevy came a other attendants, all in silke various colors. Such of them longed to Count Guy's cour left purple

Lastly followed the huntsmen and chest and powerful limbs, he might falconers. Before the former ran some well pass for one of the stoutest knights fifty dogs in leash; sleath-hounds, grae. falconers. Before the former ran some hounds, and dogs of chase of

variety. The impatience of these animals was so great, and they pulled so hard at the leashes, that every now and then the huntamen had to bend forward down to the very ma

their horses.

The falconers bore each his hird portable perches. Hawks of were there, gerialcons and every one with a red hood bells on its head and light falconers had their decoys, fall For some years past his aged father with moveable wings, by means

> The cavalcade once clear sought out his own friend or

> brother William, were now rid the one side of their father; an like manner. Raonl de Neele

Ou his right, rode William, his youngest brother, whose pale cheeks and troubled air contrasted like the face of a delicate girl with the broated features of Robert. His equipment to way did not be seen and troubled to be seen and pity to me. I feel in the sequipment to way did not be sequipment. heart; all hope is not lost, and my royal brother will. I doubt my intercession, forgive and forget the

" Messire de Valois," answered Gay, "you deceive yourself greatly. Your king has been heard to say, that to see the last day of Flanders is his dearest wish. Is it not he that has stirred t my subjects against me? moreover, that has cruelly torn daughter Philippa from my arms to her up in a dungeon? And think you that he will again build up the ed which he has, at the cost blood, east down? Of a truth you de ceive yourself. Philip the Fair, y back the land he has taken from me Your noble generosity, noble sir, remain recorded in my heart to the hour of my life; but I am too fistter myself now with deceitful My reign is over -so God has willed You know not my royal Philip," resumed De Valois;

is, that his deeds seem to witness against him; but I assure you his heart is as feeling and noble as that of a true knight ever should be. But here Robert de Bethune impatiently broke in - "West say you Noble? Noble, as that of a true knight

should be? Does a true knight break his pledged word and plighted faith When we, fearing no evil, came with poor sister Philipps to Corvay, did not your king violate every law of ity, and make prisoners of us all? this the deed of a true knight or o a trainor ? Say yourself !'

Messire de Bethane !" replied De Valois, stung by the represent not believe you intend to afront

"Oh, no!" rejoined Robert, tone which bespoke sincerity; "b faith and honor, that I did not, generosity has made you dear to but for all that, you cannot with go con cience uphold that your king is a true knight." " Listen to me." ans wered De Valois.

" I tell you, may, I swear it to you that there is not a better heart in he is surrounded by a troop of misers From his earliest youth Adolf had ear to them. Enguerrand de Mari Who may that be ?" saked De

Chatillon, not without design. You ask what every one knows, Messire de Chatillon," cried Robert de Bethare; "listen to me, and I will tell you. It is your niece, Joanna of Navarre, that holds my unhappy sister esptivity; it is your niece, Josana of Navarre, that de bases the coin in France it is your niece too, Josana of Navarre. that has sworn the destruction of the Flemish freedom."

De Chatillon's race at this retord knew no bound. Furiously wheeling round his horse in front of Robert, he cried out in his face

You lie I false traiter that you

Touched in his honor's tenderest point, Robert backed his horse a stees, and drew his crocked sword from its scabbard; but in the very moment of making his onset upon De Chatillon, te remarked that his foe was unarmed. With manifest disappointment, he put his sword back into the sheath, and approaching De Chatillon, said in a smoth-

ered voice " I do not suppose I need throw you down my gauntlet; you know that your words have cast a blot upon me that