# VOL. XXVII.

# MONTREAL, FRIDAY, AUGUST 25, 1876.

NO. 2.

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#### REVEREND J. J. MURPHY.

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### THE LION OF FLANDERS;

THE BATTLE OF THE GOLDEN SPURS.

BY HENDRIK CONSCIENCE.

----:-0-:----CHAPTER II-(CONTINUED.)

been taken for a son of Robert de Bethune the very considerable difference of age apart,—there was no little likeness between them; there was the same figure, the same bearing, the same cast of feature. But their dress was not alike; the cognisance embroidered upon Adolf's breast shewed three golden-haired maidens in a red skield. Over bis arms stood his chosen motto: Pulchrum pro patria mori

From his earliest youth Adolf had been brought up in Count Robert's house, whose bosom confidant he now was, and always treated by him like a dear son. He on his part honored his benefactor at once as his father and his prince, and entertained for him and his an affection which knew no bounds.

Immediately behind came the ladies, all so gorgeously attired, that the eye could hardly bear the flash of the gold and silver with which they glittered. Each one rode her ambling palfrey; her feet were concealed under a long dress which reached nearly to the ground; the bosom was encased in a bodice of cloth-of-gold; and a lofty head-dress, adorned with pearls, was furthered decorated with long streamers which fluttered down behind. Most of them, too, bore falcons on their wrists.

Among them was one who quite eclipsed the rest both in magnificence and beauty. This was Count Robert's youngest daughter, by name Halilda. She was still very young (she might count some fifteen summers); but the tall well-developed figure which she had inherited from the vigorous stock from which she had sprang, the Retene beauty of her features, and the seriousness of her deportment, gave a royalty to her air and bearing that made it impossible to look on her without respect and even something of awe. All the knights about her showed her every possible attention, but each carefully guarded his heart against all venturous thoughts. They well knew that none but a prince could without folly lift his eyes to Matilda of Flanders. Lovely as some delightful dream hovered, so to say, the graceful maiden over her anddle, with head proudly uplifted, while her left hand proudly held the rein, and on her right sat a falcon with crimson hood and golden bells.

Immediately after this glittering bery came a multitude of pages and other uttendants, all in silken attire of various colors. Such of them as belonged to Count Guy's court were easily distinguished by the right side of their dresses being black, the left golden yellow. The rest were in purple and green, or red and blue, according to the colors of their respective masters.

Lastly followed the huntsmen and falconers. Before the former ran some fifty dogs in leash : sleathbounds, gaze hounds, and dogs of chase of every

The impatience of these spirited animals was so great, and they pulled so hard at the leashes, that every now and then the huntsmen had to bend forward down to the very manes of their horser.

The falconers bore each his bird on portable perchas. Hawks of all kinds were there, gerfalcons and tercels gentle, hobbies and sparrow-hawks; replied:
every one with a red Lood set with bells on its "Ah'! legs. Besides these, the falconers had their decoys, false birds with moveable wings, by means of which the hawk was lured back from her flight.

The cavalcade once clear of the castle, the way and of the imprisonment of my poor child Philippa, which is fast hastening me to the grave."

One this own friend or comrade, and the time passed Count's lament. He was sunk in deep thought, so the cavalcad in her nosom.

"If so," said the prince, with a smile, "he indeed well merits this favour, Do not, I pray you, let me detain you a moment longer."

And immediately, without heeding the presence

merrily in justs and joyous talk; even several of the ladies had found places among the knights. Count Guy and Charles de Valois were still is

front; no one had ventured to take the lead of those two. Robert de Bethune, however, and his brother William. were now riding on the one side of their father; and, in like manner, Raoul de Nesle and De Chatillon had taken place alongside of their prince, who at this moment, with eyes fixed in deep commiseration on the white hairs of the old count and the depressed air of his son William,—

was thus speaking:
"I pray you, noble count, to believe that your hard lot is a subject of real grief and pity to me. I feel indeed your sorrows as though they were my own. Nevertheless, he still of good heart; all hope is not lost, and my royal brother will, I doubt not,

upon my intercession, forgive and forget the past.' "Messire de Valois," answered Guy, "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 up my subjects against me? Is it not he, moreover, that has cruelly torn my daughter Philippa from my arms to shut her up in a dungeon? And think you that he will again build up the edifice which he has, at the cost of so much blood, cast down? Of a truth you deceive yourself. Philip the Fair, your king and brother, will never give me back the land he has taken from me. Your generosity, noble sir, will remain recorded in my heart to the last hour of my life; but I am too old to flatter myself now with deceitful hopes. My reign is over-so God has willed it!"

"You know not my royal brother Philip," resumed De Valois; "true it 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 -"What 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 our poor sister Philippa to Corvay, did not your king violate every law of hospitality, and make prisoners of us all? Was this the deed of a true knight or of a traitor? Say yourself!"

"Messire de Bethune!" replied De Valois, stung by the reproach, "I do not believe you intend to affront or annoy me."

"Oh, no!" rejoined Robert, in a tone which bespoke sincerity; "by my faith and honor, that I did not. Your generosity has made you dear to me; but for all that, you cannot with good conscience

uphold that your king is a true knight."

"Listen to me," answered De Valois. "I tell you, nay, I swear it to you, that there is not a better heart in the world than that of Philip the Fair; but he is surrounded by a troop of miserable flat-terers, and unhappily lends his ear to them.— Enguerrand de Marigny is a devil incarnate, who instigates him to all evil; and, then, there is At the first glance, the young knight might have another person who often leads the king astray, is, in very truth, answerable for all you have had to suffer."

"Who may that be?" asked De Chatillon, not

without design.
"You ask what every one knows, Messire de Chatillon," cried Robert de Bethune; "listen to me, and I will tell you. It is your niece, Joanna of Navarre, that holds my unhappy sister in captivity; it is your niece, Joanna of Navarre, that debases the coin in France; it is your niece too, Joanna of Navarre, that has sworn the destruction of the Flemish freedom."

De Chatillon's rage at this retort knew no bounds. Furiously wheeling round his horse in front of Robert, he cried out in his face.

"You lie! false traitor that you are!"

"Touched in his honor's tenderest point, Robert backed his horse a few steps, and drew his crooked sword from its scabbard; but in the very moment of making his upon De Chatillon, he remarked that his foe was unarmed. With manifest disappointment, he put his sword back into its sheath, and approaching De Chatillon, said in a smothered voice:

"I do not suppose I need throw you down my gauntlet; you know that your words have cast a blot upon me that can only be washed out with blood; before this sun goes down I will demand an

account from you for this insult." "It is well," replied De Chatillon; "I am ready to maintain my rayal niece's honor against all op-

posers." The two knights resumed their former places in silence. During this short episode, the bystanders had been variously affected by Robert de Bethune's bold outbreak. Many of the French knights had felt inclined to take his words umiss; but the laws of honor did not allow of their interfering in the quarrel. Charles de Valois shook his head with an air of annoyance; and it was easy to see from his manner how much the whole affair vexed him. But a smile of pleasure hovered upon the lips of the old Count Guy, and turning to De Valois, he

whispered: " My son Robert is a brave knight, as your king Philip experienced at the siege of Lille, when many a valiant Frenchman fell before Robert's sword .--The men of Bruges, who love him better than they do me, have given him the surname of the Lion of Flanders, a title which he well deserved also in the

battle of Benevento against Manfred." "I have long known-Messire Robert de Bethune," answered De Valois; "and every child, I ween, knows the story, how with his own hand he won the Damask blade he now wears from the tyrant Manfred. His deeds of arms are far and wide renowned among the chivalry of France. The Lion of Flunders passes with us for invincible, and has well earned his fame."

A smile of contentment gilded the old man s face; but suddenly his visage darkened, and his hoad sank upon his breast, while he sorrowfully him"

"Ah'! Messire de Valois! is it not a misery that I have no heritage to leave to such a son? To him who was so well fitted to bring the house of Flanders to fame and honour? It is the thought of that

that the rein had fallen from his hand, and was hanging from the pommel of the saddle. Count Guy long watched him as he thus sat, and could not "Adolf! Adolf!" and joyors as a child, she held enough admire the generous feeling of the brave knight, who was evidently, from his very heart, concerned for the woes of the house of Flanders.

But suddenly the French prince sat up in his saddle, his countenance beaming with joy; and laying his hand with a sort of confidential familiarity upon that of the old Count, he exclaimed:
"It is a suggestion of he even!"

Guy looked at him with curiosity,
"Yes!" continued De Valois, "I will bring it
about that my brother, Philip of France, shall restore you to the princely seat of your fathers."

"And what spell of power, think you, have you found to work this miracle, after he has conferred upon yourself the fief that he has taken from

"Give me your ear, noble Count. Your daughter sits disconsolate in the dungeons of the Louvre; your fiefs are gone from you, and their heritage from your children; but I know a wav by which your daughter shall be released, and yourself rein-

"What say you ?" cried Guy incredulously. "That | held her prey so fast, that in spite of its desperate I cannot believe, Messire de Valois ; unless, indeed, your queen, Joanna of Navarre, should have ceased to live."

"No: without that. Our king, Philip the Fair, is at this moment holding court at Compiegne my sister in-law Joanna and Enguerrand de Marigny are both at Paris. Come with me to Compiegn take with you the chief nobles of the land, and falling at my brother's feet, pray him that he will receive you once more to allegiance, as a repentant and faithful vassal."

"And then?" asked Guy, amazed.

"Then he will receive you into his favour, and you will recover both your land and your daughter. Be of good courage, and trust to these my words; for, the queen absent from his side, my brother is all generosity and magnanimity.

"Oh! blessings on your good angel for this saving inspiration! and on you, Messire de Valois, for your nobleness of soul!" cried Count Guy joyfully. "O God! if only I may be able to dry the tears of my poor child! But alas, who knows whether in-stead of that, I may not myself find a dungeon and fetters in that fatal land of France!"

"Fear not, Count! fear not!" answered Do Valois, " I will myself be your advocate and your protector; and a safe conduct under my seal and princely honor shall secure your free return, even should my efforts be in vain."

"Guy let fall his rein, seized the French prince's hand and pressing it with fervent gratitude, exclaimed.

"You'are a noble enemy!" Meanwhile, as they thus discoursed, they had reached a wide plain, apparently of endless extent, watered by the gurgling stream of the Krekel. All

now made ready for the sport. The Flemish knights took each his falcon on his kinds of birds of high flight, such as ducks, herons, rist: the steinos made ready for casting off, and the hounds were

properly distributed. Knights and ladies were promiscoously mingled ogether; by chance Charles de Valois found him

self by the side of the fair Matilda. "I cannot but think, fair lady," said he, "that you will bear away the prize of the day; for a finer bird than yours I have never beheld. What perfect plumage! what powerful wings! and then the

yellow scales upon her claws! Is she heavy on the hand?" "Yes, indeed, Messire," answered Matilda; and although she has only been broken to a low

flight, yet she would be quite a match for any crane "It seems to me," remarked De Valois, "that

she is somewhat full in tiesh. Would it not be better, lady, to give her her food softer ?" "Ob, no! excuse me; no! Messire De Valois,"

cried the young lady, piqued for her reputation for good falconry, " I am sure you are wrong their ; my bird is just as she should be. Something of these matters I think I know: I have myself trained this noble bird, have watched her by night, and prepared her food myself. But quick, Messire de Valois, out of the way; for just over the brook there flies a snipa."

While the prince fixed his eye upon the point indicated, Matilda quickly unbooded her falcon, and

The bird gave four or five strokes with her wings, and then circled gracefully before her mistress. " Off, off, dear falcon!" cried Matilda.

And at these words the bird rose skyward like an arrow, till the eye could no longer follow it; then for some moments, poised in the air and motionless she cought with her piercing eye her quarry; there, afar off, flew the snipe, and more swiftly than a stone from on high, stooped the falcon on the poor victim, which she soon held in her sharp talons.

"There, Messire de Valois!' cried Matilda, exultingly; "now you may see that a Flemish lady, can break a hawk! only look, how skilfully the faithful bird brings in her quarry !"

And the last words were hardly over her lips, before the falcon was again upon her hand, with the snipe in its talons.

" May I have the honor to receive the game from your fair hand?" asked Messire de Valois. But at this request the young lady's countenance became somewhat troubled; she looked imploring-

ly on the knight, and said : I hope, Messire de Valois, that you will not take it amiss; but I had already promised my first quarry to my brother Adolf, who is standing yon-

der beside my father." " Your brother William, mean you not, lady?" " No ; our brother Adolf of Nieuland. He is so kind, so obliging to me; he helps me in training my hawks, teaches me songs and tales, and plays to me on the harp; we all in truth heartily love

While Matilda was thus speaking, Charles de Valois had been regarding her with the closest attention; he soon, hower, convinced himself that friendship was the only feeling which the young knight had excited in her bosom.

up the snipe for him to seg.

At her call the young knight hastened up to her.

"Here, Adolf," added she," is your reward for the pretty tale you last taught me."

He bowed respectfully, and received the snipe with pleasure. The others regarded him half with eavy, half with curiosity; and more than one souththe desirable as trader. sought to decipher a tender secret upon has countenance: but all such speculations were in vair. Suddenly a loud exclamation called every one's actention to the sport.

"Quick! Messire de Bethune!" cried the chief falconer; "loose your hawk's hoad and cast her off; youder runs a hare."

A moment later, and the bird was hovering above the clouds, and then swooped perpendicularly upon the victim as it fled. It was a strange sight to see. The hawk had struck its claws deep into the hare's back as it rap, and so held fast to it, while both together rushed onward like the wind. But this did not last long; for the hawk, loosing one claw, seized hold with it of a tree, and with the other struggling, there was no escape for it. And now several dogs were uncoupled; these hurrying up, received the hare from the hawk, which now, as if exulting in its victory, hovered aloft over the dogs and the huntsmen, exhibiting its joy in the most

various sweeps and turns.
"Messire de Bethune," cried De Valois, "that is hawk that knows her business! A finer gerfalcon I never saw!"

"You say no more of her than she deserves. Messire," replied Robert; "in a moment you shall look at her claws." With these words he lifted up his lure, on catch-

ing sight of which the hawk immediately returned to her master's fist. "Look here," proceeded Robert, showing the bird to De Valois; "see what beautiful fair-coloured

plumage, what a snow-white breast, and what deepblue claws." "Yes, indeed, Messire Robert," answered De Valois, "that is in very truth a bird that might hold comparison with an eagle. But it seems to

me that she is bleeding." Robert hastily inspected his hawk's legs, and cried impatiently:

"Falconer, hither, quick! my bird is hurt; the poor thing has tried its claws too much. Let her be well seen to; you, Stephen, keop her under your own eve; I would not loose her for more than I

And he gave the wounded hawk to Stephen, his rainer, who all but wept at the accident; for the hawks he had broken and tended were to him as his very children.

After the chief persons present had flown their hawks, the sport became more general. For two nd craves without, at the same time, sparing of low flight, among which were patridges, fieldfares and curlews. By this time it was noon; and now, at the cheerful summons of the horns, the whole party came together again from every side, and pro ceeded on their way back to Wynandael as fast as a moderate pace could carry them.

On the way, Charles de Valois resumed his conversation with the old Count Guy. The latter, much as he mistrusted the result of the proposed expedition into France, was yet, out of love for his children, disposed to undertake it; and finally, on the repeated instance of the French prince, resolved on casting himself at King Philip's feet, with all the nobles who remained faithful to him, in the hope that so humiliating a homage might move the conqueror to compassion. The absence of Queen Joanna flattered him with a ray of hope that he should not find her husband inexorable.

Since their morning's quarrel Robert de Bethune and De Chatillon had not met again; they purposely avoided each other, and neither of them said another word on the subject of what had passed between them. Adolf of Nieuwland was now riding beside Matilda and her brother William. The young lady was evidently occupied in learning off the Home Rule members as a party. some lay or tale which Adolf was repeating to her; for every now and then one of her Indies exclaimed in admiration :

"What a master in minstrelsy Sir Adolf of Nieuwland is!"

And so at last they got back to Wynandsel. The whole train entered the castle; but this time the bridge was not raised nor did the portcullis fall, and after a delay of a few minutes the French knights issued again from its walls armed as they had come. As they rode over the bridge De Chatillon observed to his brother:

"You know that I have this evening to uphold the honour of our niece; I reckon on you as my second.

"Against this rough-spoken Robert de Bethune?" asked St. Pol. "I know not what may happen, but I fear you may come but badly out of it; for this Lion of Flanders is no cat to be taken hold of with. out gloves, and that you know as well as I."

"What is that to the purpose?" answered De Chatillon hastily. "A knight trusts to his skil and valour, and not to mere strength."

"You are quite right, my good brother; a knight must hold his ground against every one, be he who he may; but for all that it is better not to expose oneself unnecessarily. In your place I should have let Robert talk his spite out. What signifies what he says now that his lands are gone, and he is as good as our prisoner?

"Be silent, St. Pol. Is that a seemly way to talk? are you a coward?"

As he spoke these words they disappeared among the trees. And now the portcullis fell; the bridge was raised; and the interior of the castle was again concealed from view.

(TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.)

A good word for a bad one is worth much, and

Prepare for sickness in health, and for old age in youth.

If you would be happy when old, be temperate while young. 

## HOME RULE.

ITS ORIGIN AND HISTORY.

Mr. A. M. Sullivan's Exposition of Both.

(Concluded.)

Not in Ireland alone was Mr. Gladstone overwhelmed by defeat, his clever stroke of midnight dissolution notwithstanding. The English elec-tions also went bodily against him. In the middle of the fight he resigned, and the minister who met the new Parliament with the seals of office in his hand, and the smile of victory on his countenance was Benjamin Disraeli, the Conservative leader.

There was considerable uneasiness in England when the Irish elections were found to be going for the Home Rulers, until it turned out that the Disraeli party had a hundred majority on the British vote. "The empire is saved," gasped the alarmed Englishmen; " we were lost if such a Home Rule phalanx found parties equal in the House of Commons. They would hold the balance of power and dictate terms. Let us give thanks for so providential a Tory majority." There was much writing in the English newspapers in this strain. They took it for granted that Home Rulers were "balked" or checkmated, for a time at least by this preponderance. It cost them over a year to find out that no one rejoiced more than did the Home Rulers in secret over the same state of things; that it was a crowning advantage to the Home Rulers as a party to have the Liberals in opposition for four or five years.

Returning a number of men as Home Rulers did not necessarily constitute them a political party. Neither would a resolution on their part so to act altogether carry out such a purpose. The discip-line, the unity, the homogeneity, which constitute the real power of a party come not by mere resolving; they may begin by resolution, but they grow by custom and practice. Men behind the scenes in the Home Rule councils knew that serious uneasiness prevailed amongst the leaders lest their ranks might be broken up or shaken by the prospect or reality of a return of the Liberals to power two soon -i. e., before they, the Home Rulers, had time to settle down or solidify into a thoroughly compact body, and before discipline and habit had accustomed them to move and act together. Four or five years training in opposition was the opportunity they most wanted and desired. From a dozon to a score of their rank and file were men who had been Gladstonian Liberals, and whose fealty would be doubtful if in 1875 the disestablisher of the Irish Church called upon them to follow him rather than hours the party continued the chase after various Mr. Butt. These men would at that time have felt themselves " Liberals first, and Home Rulers after." Even in any case, and as it is, there are six or seven of these former Liberals among the Home Rule fifty-nine who are looked upon as certain to "cross the house" with their former chief whenever he returns to office. In 1875 those men would have carried a dozen lukewarm waverers along with them; in 1877 they will not carry one, and their own action, discounted before hand, will disconcert or surprise no one, and will merely cause them to lose their seats on the first opportunity afterwards.

Quickly following upon the general election, the members returned on Home Rule principles assembled in Dublin, 3rd of March, 1874 (the Council Chamber of the City Hall being lent to them for that purpose by the Municipal authorities), and, without a dissentient voice, passed a series of resolutions constituting themselves a separate and distinct political party for Parliamentary purposes. Whigs and Tories, Trojans and Tyrians, were henceforth to be alike to them. The next step was to elect a sort of "cabinet" of nine members, called the Parliamentary Committee, to act as an executive; while the appointment of two of their body most trusted for vigilance, tact, and fidelity, to act as "whips," completed the formal organization of

Not an hour too soon had they perfected their arrangements. The new Parliament, after a technical opening a fortnight previously, assembled for the real dispatch of business on Thursday the 19th of March, 1874 and next day (on the debate on the Queen's speech), in the very first hour of their parliamentary life, the Home Rulers found themselves in the thick of battle. Mr. Butt had taken the field at once with an amendment raising the Irish question. The house was full of curlosity to hear " the Irish Home Rulers" and see what they were like. It was struck with their combative audacity. It frankly confessed they stood fire "like men," and that they acquitted themselves on the whole with astonishing ability. From that night forward the British House of Commons realized that it had for the first time a "third party" within its walls. How utterly opposed this is to Englishmen's ideas of things proper or possible will be gathered from the fact that they construct or seat the chamber for two, and only two, parties; and that they even

\* It may be doubted whether there is any man amongst the Home Rule members better entitled than their senior "whip," Captain J. P. Nolan, to be ranked as next to Mr. Butt himself in importance and in service. On him it rests to keep the party on the alert; to note and advise with his chief upon every move of the enemy; to have his own men always "on hand," so that they may never be caught napping; to keep his colleagues informed by circular (or "whip") of all forthcoming bills or motions of importance; and finally, to act as "teller" or counter on a division. In fact, if Mr. Butt is the bead or brain of the Home Rule party, Captain Nolan is its right hand. He belongs to an old Catholic family, the O'Nolans of Leix, who, in 1645, were put upon allotments beyond the Shannon in return for their estates in fertile Leix, which were handed over to Cromwell's troopers. Captain Nolan is a man of considerable literary ability. He is a captain in the Royal Artillery, and is a scientific and practical artillerist stands in the highest repute. He is the inventor of "Nolan's Rangefinder," adopted in the Russian, French, and Austrian armies. নীয়ে বিভাগ কৰিবলৈ এক ক্ষেত্ৰী কৰাই এই মান্ত্ৰী কৰিবলৈ কৰিবলৈ বিভাগ কৰিবলৈ