VOL. XXVII.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1876.

NO. 8.

JUST RECEIVED.

A MOST BEAUTIFUL BOOK. Giories of the Sacred Heart, by Cardinal Man-sequences.....
Internal Mission of the Holy Ghost.....

AGENTS for the DOMINION.

CATHOLIC PERIODICALS.

	2	ver an	n'
New York Tablet,	Weekly	\$3	
" " Freeman's Journal	44	. 3	00
u " Gatholic Review,	ec .	3	20
Boston Pilot	ĸ	2	5(
Dublin Nation	££	3	50
Weekly News	£s.	2	50
London Tablet	44	. 6	50
" Register		4	5(
New York Catholic World	Monthly	4	5(
Messenger Sacred Heart	"	2	00
London Month	**	7	56
Dublin Review	Quarterly	y 6	28
American Cutholie Quarterly, Phil.		5	00

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 SUB-

JECTS, given by
THE LATE REV. J. J. MURPHY, IN 1871. Price, \$2.00. Free by mail on receipt of price

> D. & J. SADLIER & CO., Catholic Publishers, 275 Notre Dame Street, Montreal.

THE LION OF FLANDERS;

THE BATTLE OF THE GOLDEN SPURS.

BY HENDRIK CONSCIENCE. ---:-0-:-

CHAPTER VIII.

The city magistrates and their friends the Lilyards had gone to great expense about the ceremonial of the royel entry. The triumphal arches and scaffoldings, and the precious stuffs with which they were adorned, had cost large sums of money; besides which, a quantity of the best wine had been served out to each of the king's men-at-arms. As all this had been done by order of the magistrates, and consequently had to be paid for out of the common chest, it had been regarded by the citizens with the greatest dissatisfaction.

All the machinery of the pageant had long been removed; De Chatillon was at Courtrai, and the myal visit almost forgotten, when one morning, at ten o'clock in the forencon, a cri er appeared before the town-hall, at the usual place of proclamation, and by sound of trumpet called the people together As soon as he saw a sufficient number of hearers assembled, he produced a parchment from a case which hung at his side, and began to read aloud :

"It is hereby made known to each and every citizen, that the worshipful the magistrates have ordered as follows, that is to say:
"That an extraordinary contribution be levied

for covering the expenses of the entry of our graclous prince, King Philip.
"That each and every inhabitant of the city pay

thereto the sum of eight groats Flemish, to be paid head by head, without distinction of age. That the tax-gatherers collect the same on

Saturday next, from door to door; and that such as by force or fraud refuse or evade payment of the same be compelled thereto in due course of law."

Those of the citizens who heard this proclamation looked at one another with astonishment, and secretly murmured at so arbitrary an exaction. Among these were several journeymen of the Cloth-

workers' Company, who, without delay, hastened to make the matter known to their Dean. Deconinck received the intelligence with extreme displeasure. Such a violent blow struck at the rights and liberties of the commonalty filled him with mistrust as to what might follow, for he saw in it a first step towards the despotism under which, with the aid of France, the nobles were end-avouring again to bring the people; and he determined to defeat these first attempts either by force or policy. He well knew that any opposition might easily be fatal to him, for the foreign armies still occupied Flanders; but no consideration could check his patriotic zeal: he had devoted himself body and soul to the weal of his native city. Sending immediately for the company's beadle, he thus commissioned him :

"Ge round instantly to all the masters, a d summon them in , my name to meet forthwith at the hall. Let them lay all else aside, and delay not a moment for the metter is urgent."

The Clothworkers, Hall was a specious building

The Clothworkers, Hall was a specious building
The Clothworkers, Hall was a specious building
The Clothworkers, Hall was a specious building
The Clothworkers, Hall was a specious building
The Clothworkers, Hall was a specious building
The Clothworkers, Hall was a specious building
The Clothworkers, Hall was a specious building
The Clothworkers, Hall was a specious building
The Clothworkers, Hall was a specious building
The Clothworkers, Hall was a specious building
The Clothworkers, Hall was a specious building
The Clothworkers, Hall was a specious building
The Clothworkers, Hall was a specious building
The Clothworkers, Hall was a specious building
The Clothworkers, Hall was a specious building
The Clothworkers, Hall was a specious building
The Clothworkers, Hall was a specious building
The Clothworkers, Hall was a specious building
The Clothworkers, Hall was a specious building
The Clothworkers, Hall was a specious building
The Clothworkers, Hall was a specious building
The Clothworkers, Hall was a specious building
The Clothworkers, Hall was a specious building
The Clothworkers, Hall was a specious building
The Clothworkers, Hall was a specious building
The Hoberts of my people is dearer to me than
the property dearer to me than
the property dearer to me than the property dearer to me than the property dearer to me than
the property dearer to me than the property dearer

not one of them was empty or unemployed. In a true subjects, to submit to the French government, eostly stuffs that the looms of Bruges could produce. In an adjoining chamber were exhibited models of all the implements made use of by weavers, fullers, and dyers. In the third apartment were laid away the dresses and arms which were used by the guild on occasions of ceremony.

The principal room, in which the masters held their meetings, lay towards the street. All the operations which the wool had to undergo, from those of the shepherd and shearer to those of the weaver and dyer, and even to the foreign merchant, who came from distant lands to exchange his gold for the stuffs of Flanders, were exhibited upon the walls in well-executed paintings. Several oaken tables and a number of massive seats stood upon the stone-floor. Six velvet-covered arm-chairs at the further end indicated the place of the Dean and

The beadle once despatched, it was not long before a considerable number of master-clothworkers were assembled at the hall, energetically discussing the matter which for the time most occupied them, and overspread every countenance with the deepest gloom. Most of them were violent in their expressions of indignation against the magistrates: nevertheless, there were some who seemed disinclined to take any extreme steps. While the assembly was thus each moment increasing, Deconinck entered the room, and passed slowly through the crowd of his fellows up to the great chair, where his place was. The Ancients took their seats beside him; the rest mostly remained standing by their seats, the better to catch sight of their (Dean's countenance, and read off from his furrowed brow the full sense of his weighty and eloquent speech. The whole number present was sixty persons.

As soon as Deconinck saw the attention of his fellows directed upon himself, with an emphatic gesture of his hand he thus spoke:

"My brethren! give heed to my words, for the enemies of our freedom, the enemies of our pros-perity, are forging fetters for our feet! The magis-trates and Lilyards have flattered the foreigner who is become our master by receiving him with extraordinary pomp; they have pressed us into their service for the erection of their scaffoldings and arches, and now they require that we should make good the cost of their scandalous prodigality from the fruits of our honest labour; a demand which is an infringement alike on the liberties of our city and on the rights of our company. Understand me well, my brethren, and endeavour with me to penetrate the future; if for this once we submit to an arbitrary imposition, our liberty will soon be trampled under foot. This is the first experiment, the first pressure of the yoke that is hereafter to sit heavy upon our necks. The unfaithful Lilyards, prison, that they may the better be able to gain the mastery over us, have long fattened upon the sweat of our brows. Long did the people serve them,serve them as beasts of burden, and with sighs and groans. To you, men of Bruges, my fellow-citizens, was it first given to break the chains of slavery; you rose up against your tyrants like men and never again shall you bow your necks under the yoke of despotism. At present our prosperity is the envy, our greatness the admiration, of all the people of the earth: is it not then our bounden duty to preserve for ourselves,-to hand down to our children, those liberties which our fathers won for us, and have made us what we are? Yes, it is our duty, and a sacred one! and whoso forgets it is a caitiff undeserving the name of man, a slave worthy only of contempt!"

But here one of the masters present, by name Brakels, who had already twice filled the office of Dean, rose from his seat, and interrupted Deconinck's speech with these words:

You are always talking of slavery and of our rights; but who tells us that the worshipful magistrates intend to infringe upon them? Is it not better to payeight groats than to break the peace of the city? For it is easy to see that if we resist, we shall not get off without bloodshed. Many of us will have to bury a child or a brother-and all for eight groats! If we were to take your word for every thing, the Clothworkers would have their good days' in hand oftener than their shuttles; but I hope that our masters will be too wise to fol-

low your advice on this occasion." This speech caused the greatest excitement among all present. Some, though but a few, made it apparent by their gestures that they thought with Brakels; but by far the greater number disapproved

of the sentiments he had expressed. Deconinck had narrowly watched the counten-ances of his brethren, and had told over the number of those upon whose support he could reckon. Having speedily convinced himself that the party

of his adversary was but small, he replied:
It stands written expressly in our laws, that no new burden can be laid upon the people without their own consent. This freedom has been purchased at a very costly price; and no person, be he who he may, has the power to violate it. True it is, that no one who does not look far forward, eight groats, paid once for all, are no great matter; and certainly it is not for eight groats' sake that I would urge you to resistance; but the liberties which are our bulwark against the despotism of the Lilyards, -shall we allow them to be broken down? No; that were at once most base and most improvident. Know, brethren, that liberty is a tender plant, which, if you break but a single branch from off it, som fades and dies; if we allow the Lilyards to olip our tree, we shall soon have no longer power to defend its withered trunk. Once for all, whoever

spacious room on the second story were te be seen the master-pieces, or specimens of work which every one had to show before he could be admitted to the mastership; and also patterns of the most and every right-minded citizen therefore must regard the French rule as a benefit. Our magistrates are wise men and honourable gentlemen."

The greatest astonishment showed itself throughout the assembly, and a few angry and contemptuous looks were cast upon him who held this un-seemly language. As for Deconinck, he could no louger contain his wrath; his love for the people was unbounded, and moreover he felt it a dishonour to the whole guild that one of his own Clothworkers should thus express himself.

"What!" he exclaimed, " is all love for freedom and fatherland dead in our bosoms? Will you, out of thirst for gold, kiss the very hands that are riveting the chains about your feet? And shall posterity have it to say, that it was the men of Bruges that first bowed their heads before the foreigner and his slaves? No, my brethren, you will not endure t; you will not let this blot come upon your name. Let the cowardly Lilvards barter away their freedom to the stranger for miserable gold, and p-ace such as dastaids love; but let us remain free from reproach and shame. Let free Bruges once again pour out the blood of her free children for the right! So much the fairer floats the blood-red standard; so much the faster stands the people's

Here Deconinck made a short pause; and before he could resume, Master Brakels again broke in : "I repeat it, say what you will. What disgrace is it to us that our prince is a stranger? On the contrary we ought to feel proud that we are now a part of mighty France. What matters it to a nation that lives and thrives by commerce to whose sway it bows? Is not Mahomet's gold as good as our?'

The indignation against Brakels was now at the highest,—so high, in truth, that no one deigned to answer him; only Deconinck sighed deeply, and at last exclaimed:

"O, shame! a Lilyard, a bastard has spoken in our hall! We are disgraced for ever!"

A tumultuous movement passed through the assembly, and many an eye flashed wrath upon Master

Suddenly a voice was heard from the mist of the assembly, "Turn the Lilyard out! no French hearts among us!" and the cry was repeated again and again from one to another.

It now required all Deconinck's influence to keep the peace; not a few seemed inclined to violence; and the question was put, whether Brakels should be expelled the company, or fined in forty pounds' weight of wax.

While the clerk was busy taking the votes, Brakels stood with an unconcerned air before the Dean, He relied upon those who had received with favour his first speech; but in this he greatly deceived who leave their Count, our lawful lord, in a foreign | himself, for the name of Lilyard, a sore reproach in the eyes of all, had not left him a single friend. pany was given without a dissentient voice, and the announcement was received with general acclamatioa.

Upon this all the fury of the Lilyard burst forth, and a torrent of threats and abuse flowed from his mouth. The Dean sat on in his place with the greatest composure, without deigning a reply to his adversary's insults. Presently there came up two stout journeymen, who officiated as doorkeepers, and required Brakels to leave the hall forthwith, as no onger a member of their body. Full of spite and bitterness, he obeyed, and now thirsting for revenge presented himself without loss of time before John Van Gistel, the principal tax-gatherer, whom he informed of the opposition organised by the Dean of the Clothworkers.

Peter Deconinck continued at considerable length to address his fellows, the better to encourage them to the defence of their rights. It was far from being his desire, however, that they should do any thing tumultuously; and he strictly enjoined them to confine themselves to refusing payment of the

eight groats, until he should call them to arms. All the members now left the hall, and made the best of their way homeward. Deconinck proceeded alone and in deep thought along the old Sack Street, intending to have a conference with his friend Bredyel. He foresaw how great would be the efforts of the nobles to re-establish their power over the people, and he was meditating on the means of preserving his brethren from falling again under the yoke. The moment he was on the point of turning into the Butcher Street, he found himself surrounded by some ten armed soldiers, while, the high-constable of the town coming up to him, required him, in the name of the magistracy, to surrender without His hands were bound behind his back, as if he had been a common criminal: to which, however, he submitted without complaint, well knowing that resistance was in vain. In this way he walked quietly on through four or five streets between the halberds of the sergeants, without seeming to pay any attention to the exclamations of wonder which every where greeted the procession; and was at last conducted into an upper chamber of the Prince's Court, in which the city magistrates were already assembled, and along with them the other chiefs of the Lilyards,-John Van Gistel, chief receiver of the tuxes, and the warmest friend of France in all Flanders, being at their head. The latter no somer saw Deconinck before him, than with an angry voice he exclaimed :

"So, insolent, chizen, you dely the authority of the magistrates! We have heard of your rebellious doings, and it shall not be long before you pay for

disobedience on the gallows." To this insulting speech Deconinch calmly an-

of contempt."

Deconinck's eye flashed with indignation: "God knows," he exclaimed, "whether it is the people who better deserve contempt, or the Lilyards those bastard sons of Flanders, who forgot alike their country and their honour, basely to fawn upon a foreign master! Submissively you kneel before this priece, who has sworn the downfall of your country; and to what end? that you may bring back into your hands your old despotic sway over the people; and that for greed of gold! But you shall not succeed; they who have once tasted of the fruits of the tree of freedom turn with disgust from the baits you offer. Are you not the slaves of the foreigner? And think you that the men of Bruges are sunk tow enough to be the slaves of slaves? Sirs. you forget yourselves strangely! Our country has grown into greatness, the people have felt their own dignity, and your iron sceptre is gone from you

" Be silent, rebel!" cried Van Gistel; " what have such as you to do with freedom? you were never made for it,"

"Our freedom," answered Deconinck, "we have bought and paid for with the sweet of our brows and the blood of our veins; and shall we, then, permit such as you to wrest it from us?"

Van Gistel replied with a scornful smile: "Idle words, Master Dean; your threats are mere smoke. We have now the French forces at our disposal, and shall soon show you that we can clip the wings of the many-headed monster. The insolence of the commons has long passed all bounds, and they must now be ruled by other laws. Our plans, be assured, are so well laid, that Bruges shall humbly bow the neck; and as for yourself, you shall not behold to-morrow's dawn."

"Tyrant!" cried the Dean; "shame of Flanders Are not the graves of your fathers dug in her soil? Do not their sacred ashes rest within the earth that you, unnatural that you are, would basely sell for the gold of the foreigner? Posterity shall judge you for your cowardice; and your own children, when they chronicle the deeds of these days, shall curse and renounce you!"

"It is time to make an end of these foolish and insolent declamations," exclaimed Van Gistel. "Here, sergeants, to the dungeon with him until

the gailows is prepared!"

for ever."

Upon this Deconinck was led away, down several flights of stairs, into an underground vault. He was beavily ironed; a chain around his waist made him fast to the wall, while by another his right hand was linked to his left foot. An allowance of bread and water was set before him, the massive door was closed and locked, and the captive was left alone in his solitary dungeon. He now saw clearly from the words of Van Gistel how seriously the freedom of his native town was threatened. In his absence, the Lilyards might overpower the citizens with the aid of the foreign mercenaries, and so annihilate the labours of his whole life. This was a frightful thought for him. Ever and anon as he moved under his chains, and their clanking struck his ear, he seemed to see his brethren lying thus bound before him, with shame and slavery for their portion; and a tear of regret would trickle

down his cheeks. The Lilyards, in truth, had long been busy with a plot of surprise and treachery. Hitherto they had never been able to lay any firm foundation for their ascendency in Bruges. The people were all armed, and could not be coerced. No sooner was any recourse to violence attempted, than the terrible 'good days' appeared, and all their endeavours were in vain: the guilds were too strong for them. At length, in order to remove, once for all, this hindrance out of their way, they had concerted a plan with De Chatillon, now governor-general of Flan-der, for surprising and disarming the citizens on the morrow of this very day. An early hour of the morning had been fixed upon for the execution of their design, when De Chatillon was to be ready to support them with five hundred French men-atarms; but however well their secret might be kept from extraordinary observers, they greatly feared the activity and penetration of Deconinck, who, moreover, was evidently possessed of secret sources of information which they had in vain endeavoured to trace out. The Dean of the Clothworkers was craftier than them all, as they well knew; they had therefore seized the first opportunity of arresting him, in order to deprive the popular party of their ablest leader, and so fatally to weaken their ranks. Brakel's denunciation, and the intended resistance of the Clothworkers, had merely served them as a

pretext. Having thus begun, by the committal of Deccninck, the execution of their base plans for betraying their native city to the stranger, they were about to break up the assembly, when suddenly a tumult was heard without, the door was burst open. and a man forced his way through the doorkeepers, who, striding proudly up to the assembled magistrates, cried in a loud voice:

"The Trades of Bruges call upon you to say whether you will release Deconinck, the Dean of the Clothworkers,—yesor no? I advise you not to long in making up your mind."

"I ask you once more," repeated Jan Breydel, will you set at large the Dean of the Clothworkers, or will you not?"

Van Gistel, after whispering to one of the magistrates, cried in a loud voice: "We reply to the threats of a rebellious subject with the punishment he deserves. Sergeants, seize him!"

"Ha! ha! Seize him!' repeated Breydel, with a laugh; "who will seize me, I should like to know? Take notice that the commons are at this moment about to make themselves masters of the building, and that each and every one of you shall answer

dient subjects, worthy not only of punishment but he cast his flashing eyes upon his assailants, and

"Think you, then, that Jan Breydel, a free butcher of Bruges, will let himself be bound like a calf? Ha! you will wait long enough for that!"

And with these words, which he uttered in a voice of thunder, he struck one of the officers so violently with his heavy fist upon the head, that the man speedily measured his length on the ground; then, while the rest stood stupetied with astonishment, he rapidly torced his way through them to the door, prostrating several of them right and left as he passed. In the doorway he turned round upon the Lilyards, and again exclaimed:

"You shall pay for it, insolent scoundrels!-What! bind a butcher of Bruges! Woe to you, accursed tyrants! Hear me! the drum of the Butcher's Guild shall beat your death-march!"

More he would have said; but being no longer able to hold his ground against the multitude that was pressing upon him, he descended the stairs, uttering threats of vengeance as he went.

An indistinct sound, like the roar of distant thunder, now fell upon the car from the other side of the city. The Lilyards turned pale, and trembled at the coming storm: nevertheless, being determined not to release their prisoner, they strengthened the guard about the building, so as to secure it against assault, and retired to their homes, protected by an armed escort.

An hour afterwards the whole city was in insurrection; the tocsin sounded, and the drums of all the guilds beat to arms. The distant groan of the coming storm had given place to the formidable howl of the tempest. Window-shutters were closed; doors were fastened, and only opened again for the grown men of the family to pass out in arms. The dogs barked fiercely as though they had understood what was going on, and joined their hourse voices to the angry shouts of their masters. Here the people were grouped in masses; there they ran hither and thither with hasty steps; some armed with maces or clubs, others with "good-days" or halberds. Among the streaming multitude the butchers were easily to be recognised by their flashing pole-axes; the smiths, too, with their heavy, sledge-hammers on their shoulders, were conspicuous among the rest at the place of meeting, which was near to the Clothworkers' Hall, and where already a termidable body of the guilds stood drawn up in array. The multitude kept constantly increasing, as each new-comer ranged himself under his proper standard.

At last, the assembly being now sufficiently numerous, Jan Breydel mounted the top of a waggon, which by chance was standing in the street, and flourishing his heavy pole-fixe about his head, in a steutorian voice thus addressed the throng:

"Men of Bruges! the day has arrived when you must strike for life and liberty! Now we must show the traitors what we really are, and whether there is a pound of slave's flesh to be found among us, whatever they may think. They have Master Deconinck in their dungeon; let us release him, if it cost us our blood. This is work for all the guilds, and a right good treat for the butchers .-Now, comrades, up with your sleeves!

And while his followers were obeying the word of command, he himself, stripped his sinewy arms to the shoulder, and sprang from the waggon, crying:
"Forward! Deconinck for ever!"

"Deconinck for ever!" was the universal cry,-

Forward! Forward!" And, like the surging waves of a stormy ocean,

the angry multitude rolled onward towards the Prince's Court. The streets resounded with the cry of " Death to the tyrants!" while the terrible clash of arms might be heard, mingled with the baying of the dogs, the heavy toll of the bells, and the roll of the drums; the citizens seemed possessed one and all with sudden fury.

At the first approach of their frantic assailants

the guards of the Prince's Court fled in every direction, and left the building wholly undefended. But hurried as their flight was, it was not rapid enough to save them all; in an instant more than ten corpses lay on the ground in front of the palace.

Impatient of each moment's delay, and furious as an enraged lion, Breydel mounted the stairs by three steps at a time, and meeting a French servant in one of the passages, burled him headlong among the people below, where the unhappy victim was received on the points of the 'good-days," and instantly despatched with clubs and maces. Soon the whole building was filled with the people,-Breydel had brought with him several of the smiths, and the doors of the dungeons were speedily broken open; but, to the dismay of the liberators, all were empty; Decouinck was no where to be found.-Then they swore in their fury fearfully to avenge his death.

No sooner had the Clothworkers heard that their Dean had disappeared, than their rage became per-fectly ungovernable Instead of making further search after him, they hurried off in detachments to the houses of the principal Lilyards, torced them open, and broke and destroyed everything in them; but of the Lilvards themselves not a single man was to be found; they had all foreseen the visit, and had been too prudent to await their coming. Just as Breydel was about to leave the palace

with thoughts full of despair and vengeance, an old grey-headed fuller came up to him, and said:

"Master Breydel, you know not how to search.-There is another dungeon at the further end of the building, as I have good reason to know; for at the time of the great disturbances, one mortal year of my life did I lie there. It is a deep underground hole; be pleased to follow me."

Accordingly, Breydel, with several others, followed the old man; and they passed on through many passages, till they reached a small iron door.