



MOOKHTAR-OOL-MOOLK

Sir Salar Jung Bahadoor G. C. S. I.



THE LINK OF THE GUNNY ARMED, AND BEARING THE REVOLUTIONARY SWORD

TALES OF CHIVALRY ;

OR

EVENINGS WITH THE CHRONICLERS

BY R. M. IVANS,

AUTHOR OF 'THE FAIRIES OF THE OPEN TIME'

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INTRODUCTION.

But little seems needful to be said by way of introduction to such a volume as this, the professed object of which is, like that of so many of its contemporaries, to afford information in an attractive form; but a word or two may, perhaps, be requisite, in relation to the particular object which has been in view, while seeking our materials in the pages of the old Chroniclers.

Children seldom become acquainted with history save through the medium of compilations, which, making no mention of their authorities, leave them in total ignorance of what those are, or that, in fact, any such exist. This want, which is not frequently made good, even in after-life, tends to check that spirit of inquiry which alone can lead us onwards in the true path of knowledge. Hence, also, has chiefly arisen that indifference to searching inquiry which, until a recent period, has been so prevalent with historians—that too great readiness to take for granted what has been once recorded, and thus to perpetuate error.

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We neither desire to fill the mind with a host of historic doubts, nor would we hold up the Chroniclers as immaculate; but we do seek to encourage our young readers to think for themselves, and, while giving all due honour to the labours of the patient historian, to consider the grounds upon which his conclusions are founded.

In the prosecution of our design, we have laid open the works of two writers, on whose testimony, as that of eye-witnesses of, and diligent inquirers after, cotemporary events, much of the received history of their times is dependent; and whilst endeavouring, as far as possible, to excite the interest of the reader, we have throughout sought to show, without disguise, what is to be expected from a further acquaintance with the Chronicles. In the course of the narrative we have, wherever it was practicable, closely adhered to the expressions of the original, using generally Johnes's version, but occasionally turning to the sturdy English of Lord Berners, and not unfrequently adopting our own interpretation. But in no case have we ventured to overwhelm ancient simplicity by modern ornament, or to give a false impression for the sake of exciting a greater temporary interest, thus risking a future disappointment.

Once before we have attempted something of this kind, and we indulge a hope that our present offering may not be received with less favour than its predecessor.

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TALES OF CHIVALRY.

FIRST EVENING.

THE BATTLE OF OTTERBOURNE.

CHEVY CHACE—DISPUTES BETWEEN THE NEVILLES AND PERCIES
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OF SIR MATTHEW REDMAN.

“WHAT are you reading, Henry?” said uncle Rupert to his nephew, who sat by the fire with a book in his hand, on which he appeared very intent. “What are you reading, that seems to give you so much pleasure?”

“About the battle of Chevy Chace,” said Henry, showing his book, a volume of the

Spectator, to his uncle; "and I was as much delighted with it as Sir Philip Sidney, who said—see here, uncle—‘that he never heard the old song of Percy and Douglas, that he found not his heart more moved than with a trumpet;’ but was there ever really such a battle?”

“No, my dear,” replied uncle Rupert; “the only battle between a Douglas and a Percy, in which an Earl of Douglas was slain, was that of Otterbourne, which was fought in the year 1388. Some of the circumstances of that battle gave rise to the ballad of Chevy Chace, but the poet has completely altered the story as to the cause of the quarrel, the number of men, and many other things. At Otterbourne, Percy (the Earl’s son, for he himself was not there) was not slain, only taken prisoner. But as the Percies and Douglasses were continually quarrelling, it is very probable that some such hunting in the Cheviot,

as is described in the ballad, really did take place, though the mischief done was not so great as is represented, and no mention is made of it in history."

"I should like to read the ballad all through," said Henry; "there are only parts of it here."

"There are two ballads of Chevy Chace," said uncle Rupert, "one much older than the other. The one quoted in the Spectator is supposed not to have been written before the reign of James I., and to have been occasioned by Sir Philip Sidney's complaint, that the old ballad was 'so evil apparelled in the dust and cobwebs of that uncivil age;' which caused some surprise to Mr. Addison, who wrote those papers, and who was not acquainted with the older ballad, which is written in such uncouth old English, that you would find it difficult to understand. You can see both ballads, and one on Otter-

bourne, in Percy's 'Reliques of English Poetry,' which I think is in your father's library; and, I dare say, he will let you read them."

"But how was it, uncle, that the Lords Percy and Douglas quarrelled so often?" said Henry.

"Because they were such near neighbours," said uncle Rupert, with a smile. "You know, I believe, that until Scotland and England were both ruled by the same king, they were almost continually at war; and even when the countries were at peace, the people who lived on the borders, or marches, as they were called, that is those parts of the two countries which joined each other, still kept up a petty warfare, their favourite practice being to ride into their neighbours' territories and drive away their cattle.

"To prevent such inroads, the care of the borders, both Scotch and English, was usually entrusted to the most powerful noblemen who

resided in the neighbourhood, and who were called Lords Wardens of the Marches. Now, as the Earls of Percy and Douglas were among these, they were very frequently appointed Lords Wardens; and in settling disputes between other people, they very often disputed themselves, and sometimes they would purposely insult each other, as in hunting in each other's grounds without leave, and in other ways."

"Uncle," said Henry, after pausing for a short time when his uncle had ceased speaking, "I want to ask a great favour of you. You told us last summer several very pretty stories out of a book written a great many years ago by Sir John Froissart. I have not forgotten them, I assure you. Now, would you be so kind as to tell me all about the battle of Otterbourne; and I am sure Clara, who sits so still in the corner there, would like to hear it too."

“Oh, that I should,” cried Clara, jumping up and running to her uncle. “Pray, do, dear uncle, for I am very fond of your stories.”

“With all my heart,” said uncle Rupert, “but we must apply to your old friend, Sir John Froissart, to whom we are indebted for the best account we possess of this remarkable battle.” And taking down the book from the library shelves, and laying it open beside him, uncle Rupert thus began his tale of the Battle of Otterbourne:—

“The Nevilles and the Percies were the two most powerful families in the north of England, and their united forces had generally been found sufficient to repel any inroad of the Scots. But it so happened that a quarrel broke out between these families; and their restless neighbours determined to take advantage of their disunion. The Lord Neville who had held the office of

Warden of the Marches for five years was suddenly dismissed, and the Earl of Northumberland was put in his place. This made Lord Neville exceedingly angry, especially as he attributed the loss of his office less to any displeasure of the king's, than to the contrivance of Northumberland, who had accepted it at a far lower rate of remuneration than Neville had been accustomed to receive. This created much animosity and hatred between the Percies and Nevilles, who were neighbours, and had been friends.

“The barons and knights of Scotland, knowing this quarrel would prevent the Percies and Nevilles from uniting to oppose them, thought the opportunity very favourable for making an inroad on England. The better to conceal their intentions, they appointed a feast to be held at Aberdeen, on the borders of the Highlands. The greater part of the barons attended, and it

was then resolved that in the middle of August, 1388, they would assemble all their forces at a castle called Jedburgh, situated amongst deep forests on the borders of Cumberland. Having arranged their plans they separated, but never mentioned one word of their intention to the king; for they said among themselves he knew nothing about war."

"But uncle," said Henry, "did the Scottish lords dare to make war on England without their king? I thought kings only made war, and the lords and people followed them to battle. Could not the king of Scotland govern his country, and why was it that the barons and knights could do as they pleased?"

"Your questions are very well put, my dear boy," said uncle Rupert. "It does appear strange to see all the chief men of a kingdom banding together to undertake a war against

the most powerful enemy of the country, but carefully concealing their design from their king, whose office it was to direct all war-like enterprises. It is indeed very difficult for us, living at a period when the laws are well understood, and strictly and impartially executed,—when every subject's rights are precisely known and easily defended, and the power of the sovereign is exactly defined, and willingly submitted to,—to form any correct idea of the state of a country possessing wise and excellent laws, which, however, remained almost useless for want of a sufficient authority to enforce their execution;—where the barons and other great landholders thought themselves superior to all law, and assumed the power of little kings in their own territories, and over their own retainers; and even, as it is expressed in an Act of Parliament passed in England but a few

years before the time we have been speaking of, 'persons of small lands, or other possessions, made great retinues of people, as well of esquires as of others, in many parts of the realm, giving to them hats and other livery, of one suit by the year,' on condition 'that each should maintain the other in all quarrels, be they reasonable or unreasonable, to the great mischief and oppression of the people.' If such were the case in England, it was still worse in Scotland. The acknowledged power of the king of England was very great, and when it was not weakened, (as by Edward III. by his long wars in France, which prevented him from giving sufficient attention to affairs at home; or as by Richard II., who disgusted both nobles and people by his attachment to unworthy favourites, and his unbounded extravagance,) they were able to enforce, at least, a partial obedience to the

laws, and there was no *single* lord, however great, who possessed sufficient power to brave the authority of the king when he chose to put it forth. But in Scotland it was very different, and the kings there were but too often kings only in name. There were many single lords who were able to brave the king openly, and did not scruple to do so if at all provoked, who could with ease bring more men into the field than the king could muster, unless he had recourse to the aid of some other powerful lord. The country was very thinly inhabited, and almost every man was the follower of some great lord, whom he looked up to with much more reverence than his king. There were but few towns, and very little trade was carried on in them ; and thus the kings of Scotland were deprived of one great resource possessed by the kings of England, I mean the

contributions in money which were frequently given to them by the rich towns of London, Bristol, and others, which were already flourishing. The personal character of a king must always have some influence upon the welfare of his kingdom, but in those days the execution of the laws almost entirely depended upon the degree of power he possessed over the nobility ; and it required an active energetic man to govern such unruly subjects. Poor king Robert of Scotland was very unfit to rule over his rude and turbulent barons. He was a man of mild and gentle disposition, suffered much from a weakness in his eyes, and although a brave warrior in his youth, was now become old and infirm. It was very true, that, as his barons said at Aberdeen, he knew nothing of war ; he was even averse from it, and not very long before had endeavoured to prevent them and some

French knights who had come over to Scotland, from making an inroad on England; but they would not listen to him then, and now we see they determined to act as they pleased without consulting him at all."

"Thank you, uncle," said Henry. "I understand how the barons and knights came to make war without the king's leave better than I did. But if nobody obeyed the king or the laws, and the king could not oblige the people to obey them, what use was it to have a king at all?"

"Truly, my dear boy," replied uncle Rupert; "if such had been the case, without any exception, it would have been time for the king to lay down his sceptre and pretend no more to rule. But as long as the people, however disobedient, acknowledged that the laws ought to be obeyed, and that the king was the person

by whom the laws ought to be administered, he really possessed very considerable power; for however convenient it might be sometimes to break the laws, yet at others it was found equally convenient to claim the benefit of them. Now, as even the barons and knights of whom we have been talking, did not pretend to say that the laws ought not to be obeyed, but only refused to do so when they had no mind to be obedient, the kings were always sure of the support of all who desired to obtain any advantage by the exercise of the law; they had also the support of all who were desirous that good order should be maintained; and they themselves possessed the same sort of power as their barons, over their own landed estates, where no one could interfere in the execution of the laws, and from which they could draw support in armed followers, and supplies of money

and produce. Thus, however ill the law was obeyed, still it was kept in force, and gradually as men became richer, and had more to lose, and better educated, and therefore wiser, they grew less fond of fighting, and sought protection rather from the laws than from the sword. Thus you see that although the barons and knights chose to go to war without King Robert's leave, it was well that he did not on that account refuse to be king any longer. The probable consequence would have been, that they would have fallen out and fought among themselves who should be king in his stead, and the laws would most likely have been lost altogether. Now let us return to our story.

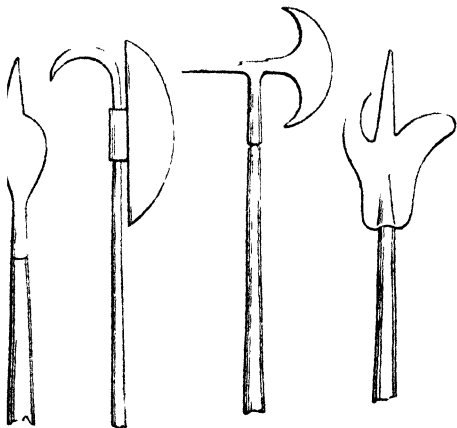
“At the appointed time the Earl James of Douglas, the head of the most powerful family in Scotland, and a large company of the lords, knights and squires of Scotland, arrived at Jed-

burgh. There had not been seen for sixty years so numerous an assembly; they amounted to full three thousand six hundred horsemen, one-third of whom were clothed in full armour, and carried lances, but the rest were not quite so well armed; besides forty thousand other men and archers: the number of these last was not very great, for the Scots were but little acquainted with the use of the bow: their favourite weapon was the axe, which they carried slung over their shoulders, and when engaged in battle gave deadly blows with them. Here is a picture showing the forms of their axes, which went by the names of Lochaber axes, or Jedburgh staves, so called from the places where they were made and most generally used."

"Oh dear, uncle," cried Clara, "what curious shapes! here is one that looks just like the knife the cheesemonger uses to cut up his



cheeses; and what is this hook at the back for?"



"The hook," said uncle Rupert. "was used to catch hold of the knights' armour, and pull them from their horses. The figure to the left seems intended to be used as a lance or an axe as there was occasion; and this on the right was, I conjecture, contrived for the purpose of wrenching open the bars of the helmet, or

forcing away other pieces of armour, to afford an opportunity of dealing a deadly wound. Now we will go on :—

“The Scotch lords were well pleased with meeting with each other, and declared they would never return to their homes without having made such an inroad on England as should be remembered for twenty years to come. They then fixed another meeting to be held at a church called Kirk Yetholm, in the forest of Jedburgh, close upon the borders, before they began their march, and where they were to settle all their plans.

“Froissart tells us that everything is known to those who are diligent in their inquiries : and the Earl of Northumberland soon had intelligence of the feast at Aberdeen, and the meeting appointed at Kirk Yetholm. The barons and knights of Northumberland, in consequence,

made their preparations, but very secretly, that the Scots might not know of it, and had retired to their castles ready to sally forth on the first notice of the arrival of the enemy. They said, ‘ If the Scots enter the country through Cumberland by Carlisle, we will ride into Scotland and do them more damage than they can do us ; for theirs is an open country which may be entered anywhere, but ours is defended with strong and well-fortified towns and castles.’

“ To be more sure of the designs of the Scots, they determined to send an English gentleman, well acquainted with the country, to the meeting at Kirk Yetholm. He thought that in such a large assembly he should run no risk of discovery ; and he managed so well, that, by pretending to be a servant following his master, he got into the church and heard all that was determined on among the leaders of the enter-

prise. When the meeting was near breaking up he thought it was time to be gone, and leaving the church, went to a tree where he had left his horse tied up. But, alas ! his horse was gone. It had been stolen away, and the unlucky Englishman, not daring to make any inquiries for fear of being found out, walked off in a sorrowful mood, plodding along in his heavy horseman's jack-boots and long jingling spurs, very doubtful as to how he should get home again. He had not gone far from the church when he was observed by some Scots knights who were standing talking together. The first who saw him, exclaimed, 'I have seen many wonderful things, but this is as wonderful as any. Look at that man walking all by himself; he seems to have lost his horse, and yet he makes no stir about it. Depend upon it he is not one of our men. Let us follow him and

see whether I am right or not.' They soon overtook the poor Englishman, who was very much alarmed, and wished himself anywhere else. They asked him whither he was going, whence he had come, and what he had done with his horse. As he hesitated, and contradicted himself in his answers, they took him back to the church, and made him give an account of himself to the Earl Douglas and the other lords. He was obliged to tell all he knew and to confess that the English knew very well how many men the Scots had got together ; that they expected they would enter England by way of Cumberland, (which had, in fact, been determined on that very day in the church,) and that in that case the English intended to make an inroad in Scotland, through Berwick upon-Tweed, to Dunbar, Dalkeith, and Edinburgh ; and if the Scots advanced by way of

Northumberland, the English would fall upon Scotland from Cumberland. The Scots upon this altered their plan, and divided their army into two bodies. It was agreed that the largest party should plunder and lay waste Cumberland, as far as Carlisle; and that the Earl of Douglas, the Earl of March and Dunbar, and the Earl of Moray, with three hundred chosen spear-men, who, with their attendants, made a body of nine hundred men, and two thousand common men and archers, all well mounted, should lay waste the county of Durham, and besiege the town of Newcastle; and it was agreed between them that if the English attacked either party, the other should come to their assistance; and by this plan they hoped to prevent the English, whom they believed could not muster any force strong enough to oppose their inroad, from breaking in their turn into Scotland.

“The parties then separated, and Earl Douglas and his companions riding at a good pace through by-roads, without attacking town, castle, or house, arrived on the lands of the Lord Percy, and crossed the river Tyne without any opposition, at the place they had fixed on, about three leagues above Newcastle, near to Brancepeth, when they entered the rich county of Durham, and instantly began their war, by burning towns and slaying the inhabitants.

“The barons of Northumberland hearing nothing of their squire, suspected what had befallen him ; but as they were thus left without any intelligence of the movements of the Scots, they were obliged to remain quiet, only ordering every one to be prepared to march at a moment's notice. The Scots had marched so secretly that nothing was heard of them until they had begun to burn and plunder in Durham,

and then, when the news was carried to Newcastle and the city of Durham, it was already plain enough from the smoke that was everywhere seen around.

“The Earl of Northumberland, who was at Alnwick, determined on remaining there, but he sent his two sons, Sir Henry and Sir Ralph Percy to Newcastle, where they were joined by Sir Matthew Redman, the governor of Berwick, and so many other knights and gentlemen that the town was filled with more than it could lodge. The Scots, in the mean time, continued destroying and burning all before them. They came to the gates of Durham, where they skirmished, but made no long stay, and set out on their return, driving off the cattle, and carrying away all the booty they thought worth their pains. The country is very rich between Durham and Newcastle, which are but fifteen

miles apart: there was not a town in all this district, unless well inclosed, that was not burnt. The Scots recrossed the Tyne at the same place, and came before Newcastle, where they halted. They remained there three days, which were occupied by an almost continual skirmish.

“The sons of the Earl of Northumberland, from their great courage, were always first at the barriers, which I think I once told you were strong wooden palings erected before the gates of a castle or town, extending to some distance, and which must be passed by the besiegers before they could reach the walls. At these barriers many valiant deeds of arms were done, the combatants fighting with their lances, which they thrust through the barriers; and here the Earl of Douglas had a long conflict with Sir Henry Percy, and in it, by gallantry of arms,

won his pennon, to the great vexation of Sir Henry and the other English."

"What is meant by a pennon, uncle?" asked Clara.

"The swallow-tailed flag, my dear, which every knight carried at the head of his lance," replied uncle Rupert. "The squires bore no flag, and it was reckoned a great dishonour for a knight's pennon to be taken from him. The Earl of Douglas laughed at Sir Henry when he had taken his pennon, and called out to him, 'I will carry this token of your valour with me to Scotland, and place it on the tower of my castle at Dalkeith, that it may be seen from far.' 'By my faith, Earl of Douglas,' replied Sir Henry, 'you shall not even bear it out of Northumberland. you may be well assured of this; nor shall you have any reason to boast about it.' 'You must come then to-night to

seek for your pennon,' replied the Earl of Douglas. 'I shall fix it before my tent, and shall see if you dare to come to carry it away.'

"As it was now late both parties went to their quarters, disarmed themselves, and sat down to supper; they had plenty of provisions, especially beef and mutton, but the Scots kept a very careful watch, as they expected a night attack; but Sir Henry was so strongly advised by his friends not to attempt it, that he was obliged, although sorely against his will, to remain quiet.

"The Scots set out very early next morning, taking the road to their own country. They stopped about five miles from Newcastle, and took and burnt the town and castle of Pentland, and then marched on about nineteen miles further to Otterbourne, where there was another

castle, which was tolerably strong, and situated among marshes. They were too tired to attempt it that night, but the next morning they made an unsuccessful attack, and returning to their quarters they held a council, when the greater part were of opinion that they had better decamp and go to join their friends before Carlisle; but the Earl of Douglas overruled this, by saying, ‘In despite of Sir Henry Percy, who, the day before yesterday, declared he would take from me his pennon, that I conquered by fair deeds of arms before the gates of Newcastle, I will not depart hence for two or three days; and we will renew our attack on the castle, for it is to be taken. We shall thus gain double honour, and see if within that time he will come for his pennon; if he do, it shall be well defended.’ Every one agreed to what the Earl of Douglas had said, for it was not only

honourable, but he was the principal commander; and from affection to him they quietly returned to their quarters. They made huts of trees and branches, and strongly fortified themselves. They placed their baggage and servants at the entrance of the marsh, on the road to Newcastle, and the cattle they drove into the marsh lands.

“ Meantime, Sir Henry Percy was fretting and chafing in Newcastle. He was of such a hasty impatient disposition, that it had gained him the name of Hotspur, and you may imagine how vexed he must have been when his friends insisted upon it that he should not follow Douglas. They thought, and with some reason, that Douglas’s party was only the forerunner of the main body of the Scots. They remonstrated, that if the Scots were, as was reported, forty thousand strong, they would surround them

and have them at their mercy ; and that it was much better to lose a pennon than two or three hundred knights and squires, besides leaving the country in a defenceless state. Hotspur and his brother Ralph, who was as eager as himself, were obliged to submit, but they remained very discontented, till at length some knights and squires, who had followed and observed the Scots, came in and made a faithful report of what they had done, and how they were then encamped at Otterbourne. When Sir Henry Percy heard this, and that their army did not exceed three thousand men, including all sorts, he was greatly rejoiced, and cried out ‘ To horse ! to horse ! for, by my faith, I will seek to recover my pennon, and to beat up their quarters this night.’ None of the knights and squires who heard this made any objection, but all made themselves ready without delay.

“The Bishop of Durham had been collecting all the men he could raise to assist the party in Newcastle against the Scots, and he was expected there the next day, but Hotspur would not wait, for he said that six hundred spears of knights and squires, which we may reckon as eighteen hundred men and upwards of eight thousand foot-soldiers, would be more than enough to fight the Scots, who were but three hundred lances and two thousand others. But Hotspur did not take into account the difference between a heavily-armed man, fatigued by a walk of full four-and-twenty miles in August, and one who is quite fresh and whose strength has just been recruited by a good supper; nor did he reflect that the Scots had had time to fortify their position.

“The English set out early in the afternoon, but they did not reach Otterbourne till the

evening, for the greater part of their men were on foot; and even supposing the miles to be somewhat short of the full measure of modern English miles, we cannot allow less than eight hours for the march. As the Scots were supping, indeed some had gone to sleep, for they had laboured hard during the day at the attack of the castle, and intended renewing it in the cool of the morning, the English arrived, and at first mistook the huts of the servants at the entrance of the camp for those of their masters. They forced their way into the camp, which was however tolerably strong, shouting ‘Percy!’ ‘Percy!’ In such cases the alarm is soon given; and it was fortunate for the Scots that the English had made their first attack on the servants; for although they only held out for a short time, it put the Scots on the alert, and made them quite aware that the

English had come to beat them up. The lords sent down a number of their stoutest followers and of their footmen, (for although they were all mounted on the march, the greater part of the common men were properly foot-soldiers,) to skirmish where their presence seemed most needed ; and, in the mean time, the rest armed themselves, and each repaired to his station under the pennon of his Captain, and the banner of one of the Earls, for each Earl had his separate charge that night. Whilst this was effected the night advanced, but it was sufficiently light ; for the moon shone and it was the month of August, when the weather is temperate and serene.

“ When the Scots were quite ready and all in order, they left the camp in silence ; but they did not march to meet the English in front ; but skirted the marshes and the side of a moun-

tain which was hard by. It was a great advantage to them that they had on the preceding day examined all the country round about, and those among them who were most accustomed to arms had laid down a plan, and said among themselves, ‘ If the English come to beat up our quarters, we will do so and so.’ This saved them; for it is of the greatest advantage to men-at-arms, when attacked in the night, to have previously arranged their mode of defence, and well to have weighed the chance of victory or defeat.

“ The English had soon overpowered the servants; but as they advanced into the camp, they found fresh bodies ready to oppose them, and continue the fight. The Scots in the mean time had made a circuit, and on a sudden fell upon the English from a quarter where they did not expect an enemy. The English were

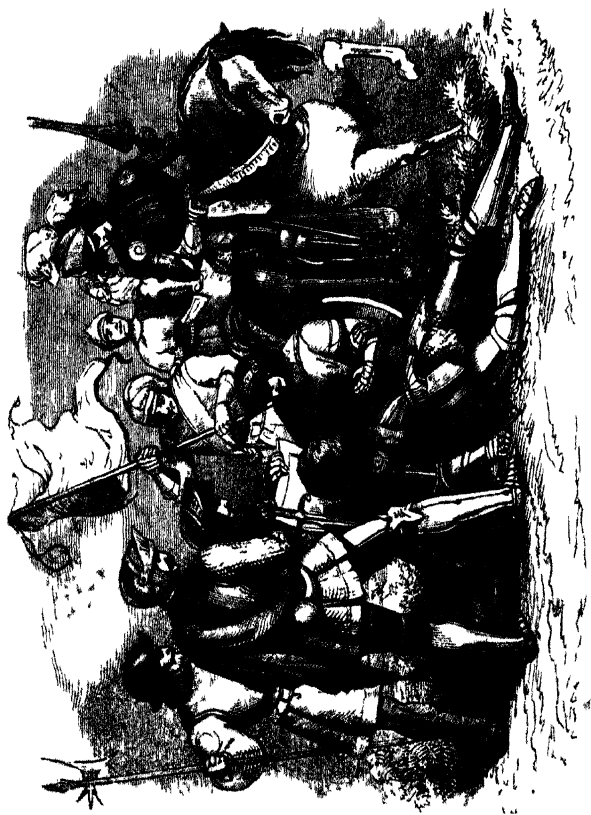
taken by surprise, but they formed themselves in better order, and the shouts of 'Percy!' and 'Douglas!' resounded on each side. Sir Henry and Sir Ralph Percy, burning to redeem the disgrace sustained by the loss of the pennon, pushed forward to meet the Earl of Douglas. Their banners met, and many gallant deeds of arms were done. 'Knights and squires were of good courage on both sides to fight valiantly,' says Sir John; 'cowards there had no place, but bravery was displayed in goodly feats of arms, for knights and squires were so joined together at hand strokes, that archers had no place of either party. There the Scots showed great daring and fought well with great desire of honour; the Englishmen were three to one. Howbeit I say not but the Englishmen did nobly acquit themselves, for they had rather die or be taken prisoners than fly. Thus as I

have said the banners of Douglas and Percy and their men were met against each other, striving who should win the honour of that day. At the beginning the English were so strong that they drove back their enemies. Then the Earl of Douglas who was of a great heart and high of enterprise seeing his men fall back, that he might recover the place and show his knightly valour, took his axe in both his hands, and entered so into the press that he made himself way in such wise that none durst approach near him, and he was so well armed that he bore well of such strokes as he received. Thus he went ever forward like a hardy Hector, willing alone to conquer the field and to discomfit his enemies.—But at last he was encountered with three spears all at once; the one struck him on the shoulder, the other on the breast, and the stroke glanced down to his

belly, and the third struck him in the thigh, and sore hurt with all these strokes he was borne perforce to the earth. Some of his knights and squires followed him, but not all, for it was night, and no light but the shining of the moon. The Englishmen knew well that they had borne one down to the earth, but they thought not who it was, for if they had known that it had been the Earl of Douglas, they had been thereof so joyful and so proud that the victory had been theirs. Nor did the Scots know of it till the end of the battle, for if they had known of it they would have been so sore dispirited and discouraged that they would have fled away. When the Earl of Douglas was felled to the earth he was stricken into the head with an axe, and another stroke through the thigh; but the Englishmen passed on and took no heed of him; they

thought they had slain only a common man-at-arms.

“Douglas’s two squires, Robert Hart and Simon Glendinning, and Richard Lundie, who although a churchman and the earl’s chaplain, attended him in the battle, had followed him close. Hart and Glendinning were slain by his side, and when his other followers came up, they found the chaplain alone, standing over the body of Douglas, and defending him with a long spear. Sir James Lindsay and Sir John and Sir Walter Sinclair were among the first who came up. ‘How fares it, cousin?’ said Sir John Sinclair; ‘But badly,’ replied Douglas, ‘but I thank God few of my ancestors have died in their beds. Revenge my death, for I have no hope of life; my heart becomes every minute more faint; raise up my banner, (for it had fallen with the valiant squire David Camp-



bell who had borne it,) and continue to shout "Douglas!" but do not tell friend or foe whether I am in your company or not; for should the truth be known, the enemy will be greatly rejoiced, and our friends will be disheartened. There is an old prophecy, that a dead man shall gain a battle, and I hope this night it will be accomplished:—and with these words the brave carl fell back and expired."

"But what became of Hotspur, uncle?" said Henry; "was he killed too, like Percy, in Chevy Chase?"

"He was not slain," replied uncle Rupert, "but was taken prisoner by Lord Montgomery, the same who is called Sir Hugh Montgomery in the ballad; and his brother Sir Ralph was terribly wounded and taken prisoner also. When Douglas rushed into the thickest of the fight, the English were getting the better of the

day, or rather night, but his example animated his followers, who were kept in ignorance of his death, and the English who now felt the effects of their long march gave way on every side. Hotspur had a long fight hand to hand with Montgomery before he was taken. Ralph, as I told you, was desperately wounded. He was obliged to surrender, almost fainting with loss of blood. Sir John Maxwell, who took him, asked him who it was, for it was dark and he knew him not. Sir Ralph had scarcely strength to avow his name, but he rendered himself prisoner, and begged his captor to take some care of him, for his drawers and iron boots were full of blood. Just then a body of Scottish troops coming up, Sir John Maxwell gave him into their care, and they bound up and stanchd his wounds, but he had to pay a heavy ransom before he regained his liberty.

His captor however gave him leave to return to Newcastle to get his wounds cured, he giving his word to surrender himself at Edinburgh, or any other part of Scotland, as soon as he should be able to mount a horse, there to remain until his ransom was paid.

“Of all the English knights and squires, none of any note escaped from the field of battle, except Sir Matthew Redman, of whom I will tell you some more presently; but I must stop for a little to tell you what Sir John says in praise of both Scotch and English, and of the noble manner in which they were used to treat their prisoners when they could resist no longer. He tells us that he heard from both parties that this battle of Otterbourne was one of the hardest and most obstinate that was ever fought. ‘And this,’ he says, ‘I readily believe, for the English and Scots are excellent men-at-

arms, and whenever they meet in battle they do not spare each other; nor is there any check to their courage so long as their weapons endure. When they have fought well and one party is victorious, they are so proud and so much rejoiced at their conquest that they ransom their prisoners at once, and in such courteous manner to those who have been taken, that on their departure they return them their thanks. However, when in battle there is no boys' play between them, nor do they shrink from the combat.

“Thus it was after the battle of Otterbourne; the Scots chased the English for five miles, killing and taking prisoners all they could overtake; but when once they had yielded themselves prisoners, rescued or not rescued, they trusted to their word, told them to sit down and disarm themselves, and treated them as if they had been brothers instead of enemies.”

"That was very noble conduct," said Henry.

"It was," replied uncle Rupert; "but do not imagine that I tell you these stories to make you fond of war; on the contrary, I wish to make you aware of its evils. The Scots, who thought they had cause to complain of the English, certainly did them some damage, for besides burning and spoiling in Durham and Cumberland, they slew, or took prisoners, one thousand and forty men on the field, and, in the pursuit, eight hundred and forty, besides wounding more than a thousand; and they received considerable sums for the ransom of their prisoners, although in this point they behaved generously, pressing no man beyond his means. But all this was of no lasting advantage to them, and although only one hundred of their men were slain, and two hundred taken prisoners, yet they had lost

the Earl of Douglas, one of the noblest and best men that Scotland possessed, and they had increased the feeling of animosity which existed between the Scotch and English, and their success at Otterbourne led them twelve years after to attempt a similar inroad, when they were overtaken at Homeldon, on the borders, by the Earl of Northumberland and his son Hotspur, totally defeated, and Archibald Douglas, the brother and successor of the Earl who died at Otterbourne, and a great number of other noblemen and gentlemen, were taken prisoners.—It is not to make you rejoice in scenes of blood and battle, that I tell you these stories. It is well for you to know that such things have been, and are still likely to be; for until the world is much further advanced in *true* knowledge than it is at present, there is little probability of war being wholly banished from the

earth. But I wish you to observe and imitate the noble conduct which was exhibited in the midst of such terrible scenes. Many causes of quarrel existed between the Scotch and English. As Scotch and English they laughed at each other, fought with each other, and even hated each other. But when one became the prisoner of the other, all the national causes of quarrel were forgotten; the yielding of the prisoner made his captor his protector, not his tyrant; when opposition ceased, enmity was at an end; they acted generously by each other, and showed that, although enemies, they respected each other as brave and honest men. Such conduct is that which distinguishes the brave man who openly and fairly faces his enemy, from the base coward, who seeks to wreak his mean revenge in the dark."

"Dear me, uncle," said Clara, who was rather

tired by this long discourse upon honour, “you have forgotten to tell us about Sir Matthew Redman who ran away; and did really the poor widows come next day,

‘Their husbands to bewail,
And wash their wounds in brinish tears?’

“I declare, I could cry now to think of it. How shocking to see the poor men all stretched out on the grass in their cold armour, and the dewdrops glittering like tears, but none near to raise them up!”

“Nay, nay, Clara, it was not so,” said uncle Rupert; “they were not left unburied and uncared for. Next morn

———‘they made them biers
Of birch and hazel so grey.
Many widows with weeping tears,
Came to fetch their mates away.’

“The Earl of Douglas, and his two faithful squires, Robert Hart and Simon Glendinning,

were inclosed within coffins, which being placed on cars, the Scotch began their march, carrying with them Sir Henry Percy, and upwards of forty English knights. They carried the bodies to Melrose, which was an abbey of Black Monks on the borders of the two kingdoms. There his obsequies were very reverently performed, on the second day after their arrival. His body was placed in a tomb of stone, with the banner of Douglas suspended over it.

“When the Scots, who were in Cumberland, heard of Douglas’s death, they grieved much that they had not been at Otterbourne ; but the news dispirited them, and as the whole country was now arming, they retreated to Scotland before anything could be attempted against them.—And now, Clara, I will tell you what chanced to Sir Matthew Redman. When he perceived that the battle was lost, he turned his

horse's head, and spurred as fast as he could on the road to Newcastle. He was followed close by Sir James Lindsay, who galloped after him, spear in hand, and came so near that he might, if he had chosen, have struck him ; but he cried out, 'Ho ! Sir Knight, turn about ! it is disgraceful thus to fly : I am James Lindsay, and if you do not turn, I will drive my spear into your back.' Sir Matthew only spurred on the faster, and thus the chase lasted for nine miles, when Sir Matthew's horse stumbling, he leaped off, drew his sword, and put himself in a posture of defence. The Scots knight made a thrust at him with his lance, thinking to strike him on the breast ; but Sir Matthew bounding aside escaped the blow, and the point of the lance was buried in the ground. Sir Matthew now stepped forward, and with his sword cut the lance in two.



“Sir James Lindsay finding he had lost his lance, flung the shaft on the ground, and dismounting, grasped his battle-axe, which was slung across his shoulder, and attacked Sir Matthew. They pursued each other for a long time, one with the battle-axe, the other with the sword, till at last Sir Matthew, who was quite out of breath, cried out, ‘Lindsay, I yield myself.’ ‘Rescue or no rescue?’ asked Lindsay. ‘I agree,’ said Redman; ‘I know you will treat me well.’ ‘That I will,’ replied his antagonist; ‘and now, what would you wish to do?’—‘I should desire to go on to Newcastle now, and I pledge myself to come to you within fifteen days, in any part of Scotland you like to name.’ ‘Agreed,’ said Sir James, ‘provided you will meet me, within three weeks, at Edinburgh, and, wherever you go, acknowledge yourself my prisoner.’ Then each sought his horse, and

taking a courteous leave of each other, they rode off in different directions, Sir James turning back to Otterbourne, and Sir Matthew riding on to Newcastle.

“I told you Hotspur had bitter reason to regret his impatience in setting out in such a hurry, for that very evening the Bishop of Durham, and full seven thousand men with him, arrived at Newcastle. Though they had had a fifteen-miles’ march from Durham, they determined on going on to Otterbourne; but they had not advanced far when they fell in with the fugitives flying from the battle, and learnt from them that all was lost. Finding it too late to be of any service in helping Hotspur, they thought it best to return to Newcastle.

“When Sir James Lindsay left Sir Matthew Redman, the night had fallen very dark, for the moon had gone down, and Sir James, who

was unacquainted with the country, lost his way, and on a sudden found himself in the midst of a body of armed men. He had fallen in with the Bishop of Durham and his followers returning to Newcastle; they took poor Sir James prisoner, and carried him along with them. In the morning he met Sir Matthew, who was surprised to see him, and wondered what had brought him there. ‘Ill luck,’ said Sir James. ‘I fell in with the Bishop, to whom I am a prisoner, as you are to me. Ah, Sir Matthew, if my captor will agree, I need not trouble you to come to Edinburgh.’ ‘We shall find no difficulty in arranging our exchange, I doubt not,’ said Sir Matthew; ‘but you must come and dine with me to-day, and this story will serve us to laugh at for many a day to come.’ Thus did these two prisoners enjoy each other’s company in Newcastle, and Sir

Matthew had no occasion to cross the borders, for the bishop gave Sir James his liberty, on his releasing Sir Matthew. I dare say, both often thought of their fight on the road to Otterbourne, and when next Sir James rode in the dark, he kept a better look-out lest he should meet with another Bishop of Durham.

“And now,—

“ ‘ God save our queen and bless this land
With plenty, joy, and peace,
And grant henceforth that foul debate
’Twixt man and man may cease ’ ”

SECOND EVENING.

THE WARS OF GHENT.

FLOURISHING CONDITION OF FLANDERS—JACOB VAN ARTAVELDE
—ORIGIN OF THE TROUBLES IN GHENT—JOHN LYON ESTABLISHES THE WHITE HOODS—MURDER OF THE EARL'S BAILIFF,
AND DESTRUCTION OF HIS FAVOURITE COUNTRY HOUSE—WAR
BETWEEN THE EARL AND THE GHENT MEN—PEACE MEDIATED
BY THE DUKE OF BURGUNDY—RECOMMENCEMENT OF THE
WAR—SIEGE OF GHENT—DEATH OF JOHN DE LAUNNOY.

“DEAR uncle,” cried Clara, as she ran into the hall to meet her uncle, who stood there shaking off the snow which half covered him, (for she had heard his well-known rap ;) “Dear uncle, make haste and take off your great-coat, and come and sit down by the fire side. I have put your chair in a nice warm corner, and I have a

pair of papa's slippers all ready warmed for you, that you may not sit in your damp shoes. And now," said she, looking up laughingly in her uncle's face, "do you know what I expect you to do for taking so much care of you?"

"How can I possibly guess!" said uncle Rupert, very gravely, as he took his seat in the easy chair, and exchanged his shoes for a cosey pair of soft slippers. But Clara spied a twinkle in the corner of his eye, and she knew that uncle Rupert was joking with her.

"Oh! uncle," said she, "I am sure you know well enough, only you won't understand. I want you to do something that I like very, very much, indeed."

"There," said uncle Rupert, catching her up on his knee, and giving her three very hearty kisses. "Am I right now?"

“ Oh ! uncle, uncle,” said Clara, laughing and blushing, “ you know I like your kisses very much, but I was not thinking of them then.”

“ I’ll tell you what she was thinking of, uncle,” said Henry, who had all this time been sitting very quiet on the other side of the fire ; “ She was thinking of Sir John Froissart and your pretty stories, and she wants you to tell us another ; and so do I,” he continued, getting up, and looking his uncle full in the face, very earnestly. “ Pray do, uncle ; it makes the time pass so quickly by the fireside ; it makes me forget all the frost and snow out of doors, and I really believe I shall not once think of my new skates that are coming home to-morrow.”

“ Well, my dears,” said uncle Rupert, “ since my stories find so much favour, I will go on with pleasure ; so now, Clara, bring your little stool and sit down by my side ; and you, Henry,

draw in your chair ; and now, if mamma, who sits so silent at her work-table, will not object to our chattering, I will tell you of the wars of Ghent, and the history of Philip Van Artavelde, the brewer's son."

"My dear brother," said mamma, looking up from her work, "I listened last night to your account of the battle of Otterbourne, and I really felt much interested, though I said nothing ; and I have no doubt I shall have pleasure in hearing you this evening ; for though you see I am very busy, yet the ears may be open while the fingers are at work. A poor neighbour of mine expects a little baby every day, and I am making all the haste I can to get ready some warm clothes to shield it from this bitter weather. Now, I think Clara can help me and listen to you too, for I know she loves to be useful, and would be sorry for the poor little

baby to be born before its comfortable clothes were ready for it."

"Oh! I am ready to help you, mamma," cried Clara, "and I can sit here at uncle Rupert's feet and work nicely."

"Well, ladies," said uncle Rupert, "your work does you honour, for to help one another is the Christian's pride; but before I begin, I must bargain that I shall not be interrupted, as is too often the case when reading and work go on together. If one piece of work cannot go on without a consultation, it should be laid aside and another taken up: for we should always recollect that we have no right to incommode other people if we can possibly avoid it."

"You are rather hard upon us industrious workwomen," said mamma, laughing; "but if you will give us a few minutes before you begin, we will try and behave very prettily."

So mamma gave Clara her work, and showed her precisely how to do it; and as Clara was an attentive little girl, and did not forget what she had been told, I am happy to say that neither scissors, thimbles, needles, nor thread ever went astray, and that there was no need of a stop to settle hemmings, foldings, plaitings, cuttings, slashings, or gorings, or any other mysteries of the work-table, till uncle Rupert came to an end. When everything had been settled between Clara and mamma, Clara established herself snugly on her stool, and uncle Rupert thus took up his tale:—

“Flanders, that country which is now known by the name of Belgium, possesses a very fertile soil, and was very early distinguished for the excellence of its manufactures, especially of cloth. The towns of Ghent and Bruges took the lead of all the others, and were very rich

and populous. The former had an advantage over Bruges in being able to communicate directly with the sea, by means of the rivers Lys and Scheldt, which flowed on two sides of it; and the inhabitants were excessively jealous of the other towns, Bruges in particular, and did all they could to prevent their partaking of the benefits of this navigation, which they wished to keep entirely to themselves. This caused frequent quarrels; and, indeed, the inhabitants of all the Flemish towns were somewhat turbulent and unruly. This may be accounted for when we consider the extraordinary degree of liberty possessed by the towns, and the inefficient manner in which they were governed.

“The events I shall relate to you occurred in the year 1379, and the six succeeding years. At that period all the inhabitants of the open

country, and those of almost all the towns, were directly subject to their lords, and possessed little security in the laws, for person or property. But in those cities which had, by means of trade, become wealthy and populous, a greater degree of liberty was generally enjoyed. The advantages produced to the country in general by an increased trade were so great, that the lords of such towns, whether kings, dukes, earls, or barons, found it their interest to do all in their power to induce their subjects to engage in and extend it. For this purpose, they granted various privileges to the inhabitants of trading towns, which were not enjoyed by their other subjects. They were frequently allowed to choose their own magistrates, and the authority of their lords' officers was restricted from being exerted within their bounds; they were often relieved from taxes

and imposts on goods brought from abroad : and sometimes had power granted to levy imposts on their own account, on strangers visiting them. When they grew rich, they frequently gave large sums of money to their lord to be relieved from such taxes or imposts as he had been accustomed to levy ; and I have seen, among the charters of one of the chief of our ports, the records of repeated purchases from the king, until at last the citizens had bought up almost every impost that he had been accustomed to levy. When the citizens bought up these imposts, they usually ceased to levy them upon members of their own body, but continued to make strangers pay them,”

“ But, uncle,” said Henry, “ did they ever take them from one another ? That is like taking their own money and paying it back to themselves ; taking it out of one pocket to

put it into another, as I once heard papa say. I don't understand it."

"You do not reflect, Henry," said uncle Rupert, "that when the lord gave up the government of a town to its inhabitants, he was no longer to be called on to provide officers to keep it in order, or to repair the walls and streets, or, if it was a seaport, to keep the quays in a proper state. All these expenses then fell immediately upon the citizens; and if they could not raise money enough by taxing strangers, then they were obliged to tax themselves. They were generally, in those days, too much inclined to lay the whole burden upon strangers, and in the end lost by it themselves, by driving them away. But I cannot go further into this subject now, for I am afraid we should soon get out of your depth. You and I run into such grave discussions, that I am afraid we have tired Clara already."

“At the period I have mentioned, 1379, manufactures were carried on more successfully in Flanders than in any other part of the world. The people were in general very well off; the country was fertile, the towns rich; they all possessed some privileges, and Ghent in particular was almost entirely self-governed, and nearly independent of its lord, the Earl of Flanders. But, as I mentioned just now, the towns were jealous of one another; they did not manage their own internal government well, and there were continual quarrels between the rich and the poor citizens; and, to add to the distraction of the country, the inhabitants of the towns bore a deadly hatred to the knights and barons, who exercised upon their estates all the oppressive power from which the citizens had been freed. The sight of this displeased them, but they felt most keenly the scorn with

which the high-born noble looked down on the citizen, who, although, perhaps rich enough to buy up the estates of ten nobles, was still a trader, and one who knew not how to back a horse, or wield a lance in a tournament.

“It is no wonder that in such a state of things peace was continually disturbed; and so far was this turbulent spirit carried, that about forty years before the time I am speaking of, all Flanders had risen against their lord, the father of the present earl, had driven him from their dominions, and then, wonderful to relate, had submitted peaceably for seven years to the despotic rule of a very remarkable man, a private citizen of Ghent, who had formerly been a brewer of metheglin, a sort of beer sweetened with honey. His name was Jacob Van Artavelde; and, by-and-bye, I shall have something to tell you of his son. As long as Van Arta-

velde retained his power, he received implicit obedience from both town and country, he collected all the revenues that were due to the earl, and lived in a state of almost princely magnificence, never going out without a splendid retinue. He was a great friend of King Edward III., and persuaded the Flemings to assist him when he first invaded France, and he did everything he could to keep up a close alliance between England and Flanders. In this he was wise, for both countries profited much by the trade between them; but his attachment to the English carried him at last rather too far. He undertook to make the Flemings renounce their rightful lord altogether, and to give the country to the Black Prince, and make him Earl of Flanders. The Ghent men resented this deeply; and when Jacob Van Artavelde returned home, they surrounded his house, dragged him out,

and murdered him. After his death the Flemings returned to their obedience ; recalled the young earl, (for his father had died while Van Artavelde was yet alive,) and up to the date of my story they had lived in peace ; for, says Sir John ‘ the earl was wise and prudent, and carefully avoided encouraging a war between his vassals.’

“ But notwithstanding the earl’s wisdom, he was deficient in that highest wisdom which renders men good ; and a wicked action brought great and deserved troubles upon him, and afflicted his unhappy country for many years. There was a certain citizen of Ghent, named John Lyon, who was a great favourite with the earl. He was possessed of very great abilities ; was cool and determined in action ; of undaunted bravery, and of an enterprising and ambitious character. The earl having conceived a deadly hatred against another citizen of Ghent,

for some cause which I am ignorant of, meanly employed John Lyon to pick a quarrel with him and slay him.

“John Lyon, who was not troubled with any scruples of conscience, did his lord’s bidding. He soon found, or made an occasion of quarrel—fought with, and killed his antagonist; and, as a punishment, was deprived of everything he had in the city of Ghent, and was banished from it for four years; and during the greater part of this time he lived in very good style at Douay, the earl paying all his expenses. When the term of his banishment was over, the earl interested himself so much for him, that he obtained his restoration to the freedom of Ghent, a thing never before heard of, and obtained him the appointment of Deacon of the Pilots, an office which brought him in a considerable yearly revenue.”

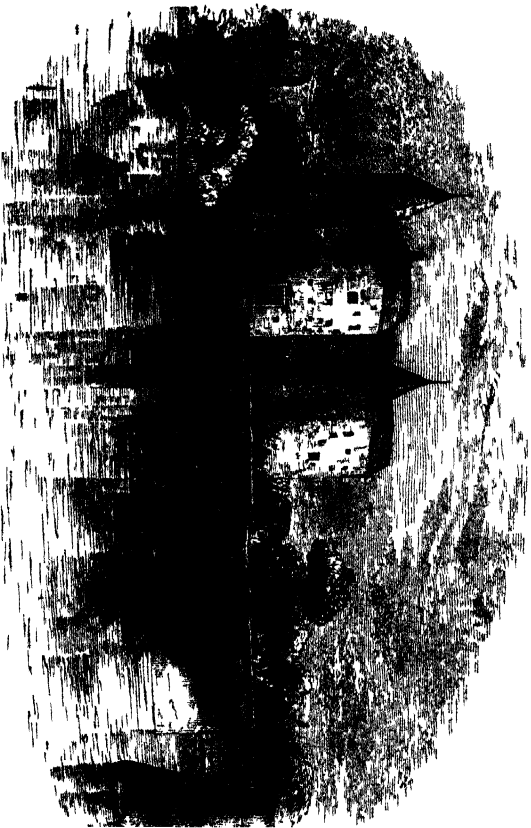
“What do you mean by Deacon of the Pilots, uncle?” said Clara.

“I will explain it to you,” said uncle Rupert. “Every man who carried on any trade in the Flemish towns was obliged to join himself in a company, guild, or fraternity, as they sometimes called it, with those who carried on the same trade, and was not allowed to buy and sell as he pleased, but was obliged to conform to the rates settled by his companions; each trade chose a leader or governor, and sometimes two or three, who were variously called wardens, masters, or deacons; and for the government of the town these heads of the trades, or crafts, as they were often called, met together at the town council, and one chosen from among them, and called the mayor or provost, presided over all, and was the chief man of the town. The masters or deacons of the crafts collected the

taxes and imposts due by their companies or fraternities, and were paid for the trouble they took in keeping all in good order. It appears that in Ghent the earl possessed the power of appointing the deacons of the crafts. The pilots included the whole body of sailors belonging to Ghent, who were employed in the navigation of the Lys and Scheldt.

“There was at this time a man in Ghent, named Gilbert Matthew, who bore a great hatred to John Lyon, on account of a family quarrel, and he formed a cunning scheme to ruin him. Contriving to get an interview with the earl, who was at that time residing in Ghent, he told him that if John Lyon chose to exert himself, the earl’s revenue might be much increased, by levying a tax on the pilots, who then paid nothing to him. The earl sent for John Lyon, who said he thought it would be

too hard on the pilots; but as the earl commanded him strictly, he called the fraternity together to propose the subject to them, when who should appear among the chief opposers of the proposition but Gilbert Matthew and his six brothers, all of whom were pilots; and their representations were so strong, that the whole assembly, with one voice, said they could not bear the tax. John Lyon was glad to see this, for he disapproved of the earl's conduct, and he went to him and advised him to give up his intention. But the cunning Gilbert Matthew went soon after to the earl, and told him it was all John Lyon's fault, and that if he had been deacon, he would have brought the pilots to consent. The earl was so eager for the money, that he turned out his old friend John Lyon, and put Matthew in his place, who, by the help of his six brothers, who had great



GATE OF GHENT, BELGIA.

influence with the pilots, got them to consent to the tax, and thus he kept his word with the earl.

“John Lyon kept himself very quiet, but he was all the while secretly meditating how he should revenge himself on the earl and Gilbert Matthew; and he had not long to wait before he found an opportunity. I have told you how jealous the men of Ghent were of the navigation of the Lys and Scheldt, and how they endeavoured to prevent the other cities from enjoying that advantage on equal terms with themselves. Now the people of Bruges had formed a plan of connecting their town with the Lys by a canal, and thus placing themselves on an equal footing, as to freedom of navigation, with the men of Ghent; and they sent out five hundred labourers, who worked night and day, to form this canal. When news of this was

brought to Ghent, the people were very angry, and many began to murmur against Gilbert Matthew, and to say, that if John Lyon had been deacon of the pilots, the people of Bruges would not have dared to make the attempt. It does not appear that Matthew was really in fault, or had neglected the interest of his fraternity; but when anything goes wrong, people are always inclined to grumble against those who are above them, and lay all the blame on them whether they deserve it or not. A number of the discontented citizens now repaired to John Lyon's house to ask his advice in the matter, and how they should act. John Lyon was secretly very much rejoiced at this, but he pretended to be unwilling to interfere, or give any advice. All this he did to make himself appear of more consequence; as one who was unwillingly forced to act by his fellow-citizens,

who could do nothing without him. At last, after a great deal of pressing, he reminded the people that, in former times, when upon any disturbance the people had risen in arms, it had been the custom for all those engaged to wear white hoods, that they might know one another in the crowd, and more easily keep close together, or again collect if they were dispersed. 'My advice, therefore, is,' said he, 'that, in the first place, all those who are determined to oppose this attempt of the men of Bruges should put on white hoods and choose a leader.' This proposal was received with great applause, and white hoods were presently made and distributed to those 'who,' says Sir John, 'loved war better than peace, and had nothing to lose.' John Lyon was chosen their leader, and he marched out at the head of two hundred 'such people as preferred

rioting to quiet,' to attack the men of Bruges. who were at work upon the canal.

“Nobody attempted to interfere with them in Ghent, for the enterprise they went upon was very pleasing to the citizens, and no suspicion was entertained that they meant to attempt anything further. One man alone appears to have had any idea of John Lyon’s real design for raising these white-hoods, and to have had the sense to see that it might be a difficult thing to disperse such a set, being, as they were, all the most desperate idle fellows in the city who had nothing to lose. This was Stephen, one of Gilbert Matthew’s brothers. He had always been suspicious of John Lyon, and had once before advised his brother to have him assassinated, but Gilbert had refused. Stephen now again warned Gilbert of the danger; but he only laughed at it, and said, if

the white-hoods proved troublesome, it was but to send to the earl, and he would put them down easily. But Gilbert was sadly mistaken.

“When John Lyon and his men arrived at the place where the men of Bruges had been at work, they found them all gone—fled away in a fright to Bruges—so they returned to Ghent, and separated each man to his own home. But John Lyon told them not to lay aside their white hoods, for there would soon be more for them to do; and some he told privately to eat and drink as much as they liked at the inns and taverns, and not to heed the expense, for there were those who should pay their score, who now would not give them a farthing.

“Circumstances seemed to favour John Lyon’s design; for within a week from the expedition against the men of Bruges, the earl’s bailiff gave great offence by arresting a man of

Ghent, and confining him in the earl's prison instead of sending him to the city prison, which was against their privileges; and when the magistrates remonstrated, he made an insolent answer. Moreover, the burdens that had been imposed on the pilots proved so hurtful to the trade of the town, that many cities that had been used to trade with Ghent began to talk of sending their goods there no more, which would have nearly ruined Ghent. The number of white-hoods every day increased, and John Lyon never went abroad without being attended by two or three hundred of them. He frequently made speeches to the people, and pretended to regret that the earl had turned so much against them. He said it was manifest he encouraged the people of Bruges, for he was living there when they attempted to cut the canal, and they had promised him a large sum

of money if he would procure for them the freedom of navigation on the Lys. Then he talked about the citizen imprisoned at Eccloo, and the injury done to the trade of the town by the impost on the pilots, lamenting all the while that the earl should be so ill advised, and saying how desirable it was to be on good terms with their lord. Then he proposed that some of the citizens should go to the earl, and he contrived that Gilbert Matthew should be one of them; for he thought the earl would send an ungracious answer, and that by throwing all the blame on Gilbert Matthew, he might ruin him.

“But Gilbert was as cunning as John, and by his advice the earl granted everything that was desired, and sent back the prisoner who was detained at Eccloo. But now that he had done everything they desired, he begged that

they would lay aside their white hoods, which were looked on as dangerous to the peace of the city.

“John Lyon upon this made a speech to the people, and told them that it was very plain that unless they had taken up the white hoods they would never have gained what they required, and that as they had proved so useful, it would be foolish to lay them aside. The people said he had spoken well, and they would take his advice. But John suspected that Gilbert had been playing a treacherous part, and this it was that made him desirous of keeping up the white-hoods: and he was in the right, for the earl had arranged with Matthew to send a body of men to arrest John Lyon and the chief leaders of the white-hoods, and carry them to the castle of Ghent and cut their heads off.

“Accordingly, not long after Matthew’s return, the bailiff of Ghent, Roger D’Auterne, accompanied by two hundred men, rode into the market-place of Ghent, and planted the earl’s banner before him. Gilbert Matthew and his brothers, and the deacons of the small crafts, who had made common cause with them, immediately waited on him to arrange the arrest of John Lyon and his friends. But John Lyon had had notice of the bailiff’s arrival, and of his errand, and had summoned all his white-hoods to assemble; and at the head of about four hundred of them he marched to the market-place, seized on the bailiff, threw him on the ground, and slew him, whilst the banner of the earl was dragged through the dirt and torn in pieces. The Matthews’ and the deacon of the small crafts fled the moment they saw the white-hoods, and hastened out of town

with all their families; and the whole passed so suddenly, that the soldiers had no time to rescue their leader; and being terrified at the sight of so many enemies appearing on a sudden, (for they had marched into the market-place through the bye-streets to avoid observation,) they turned their horses' heads and rode off without striking a stroke. John Lyon and his men next went to search for the Matthews', but they had all gone away in time; but their houses were plundered and afterwards pulled down, and so entirely destroyed, that not a stone remained to show where they had stood.

“John Lyon had now pretty well revenged himself on the Matthews', but still he was not satisfied, since he had not given the Earl a sufficient return for the ill offices he had received from him.

“None of the citizens of Ghent had interfered

to check the outrageous conduct of the white-hoods, and, indeed, it was openly said that they even received encouragement from some of the magistrates and other chief men of the town. But many of the richest citizens, who were very desirous of peace, and well knew how much they should suffer if these disturbances continued, were very uneasy; and at length it was agreed that twelve of the most respectable of the inhabitants should go to the earl and solicit pardon for the murder of the bailiff, and endeavour to prevent the earl from making war upon them on that account.

“When the deputies had left the city, John Lyon called the people together, and told them that as it was very doubtful if the earl would grant them peace, it would be only prudent in them to be prepared for the worst: therefore, he proposed, that all the citizens who could

bear arms, should assemble the next day in the fields outside the city, that the state of their weapons might be examined, and themselves arranged in companies under proper officers, so as to be quite ready to act if called upon.

“John Lyon came out and reviewed them, and then proposed that they should all go to a beautiful country-house belonging to the earl, which stood not far from the place of their assembly; for he said he understood it was full of warlike stores and provisions, which might occasion great damage to them if Ghent were attacked; he, therefore, thought it would be wise if they secured these. Away they all went, pillaged the house from top to bottom, and when they were going away set it on fire. John Lyon pretended to be very angry at this, but in truth he was much pleased, for now that not only the white-hoods, but the whole people

of Ghent, had been concerned in such an outrage, he thought the earl would never forgive them, and that he, John Lyon, should be the sole governor of the city, and perhaps of all Flanders, as Jacob Van Artavelde had been before, which was what he most desired.

“The earl had received the deputies of Ghent very graciously, and had just promised to pardon them, when he received the news of the destruction of his house, which was his favourite place of residence, and on which he had expended very large sums of money. He was exceedingly enraged, and sent away the deputies, declaring he would never make peace with them until all the offenders were delivered up. He then summoned all his knights and vassals to assist him in punishing the rebellious town of Ghent.

“John Lyon now found everything according

to his wishes. No hopes remained of pacifying the earl, and he was, by common consent, made the leader of the whole city. The first thing he recommended was to oblige or persuade the other Flemish towns to make common cause with Ghent against the earl. With this purpose he marched with a large body of armed men to Bruges. They were at first refused admittance, but upon threatening to break open the gates, the inhabitants let them in, and agreed to remain good friends and neighbours with the men of Ghent, and to assist them in all things against the earl. From thence he went to the town of Damme; but there he was cut short in the midst of his apparent prosperity. One evening he had been supping very joyously in company with the ladies of Damme, but in the night he was taken exceedingly ill. He wished to be carried home to Ghent, but his bearers

could not bring him further than a village a short way on the road, where he died. His body swelled terribly after his death, and it was supposed that he was poisoned. He was taken to Ghent, where he was buried in the church of St. Nicholas, with as much solemnity as if he had been Earl of Flanders.

“But as John Lyon’s death did not put an end to the war, the men of Ghent considered that they could not long remain without leaders. The deacons of the trades and the guards of the gates selected, according to their opinion, four of the most courageous and enterprising for their commanders, whose names were John Pruniaux, John Boule, Rasse de Harzelle, and Peter du Bois. Under these leaders the men of Ghent, assisted by those of Bruges, Ypres, and some other towns, carried on regular war against the earl, and besieged the town of

Oudenarde, where a great number of barons, knights and squires, were completely shut up.

“This war did so much injury to the country that the earl was very desirous of peace, and the men of Bruges and Ypres began to wish for it also, especially as the winter was now coming on. The Duke of Burgundy, who had married the earl’s daughter, interposed, and by his means a peace was concluded. The earl promised to forgive everything, and to return in a friendly manner to Ghent, there to reside, and, let what would happen, never to remember the past; and the Ghent men and their allies promised to acknowledge their lord with respect, and to attempt no more against him, and within a year to rebuild the earl’s house which they had burned. It was also agreed that the walls of Oudenarde should be thrown down: but this was not just then insisted on by the Flemings.

ENTRY OF THE EARL OF FLANDERS INTO GHEENT.



“The earl long delayed coming to Ghent, but at last, being much entreated by several of the chief men of the city, he left Bruges, where he had resided since the peace had been made, and visited the city. His coming was not very agreeable to the white-hoods and their leaders, but the better sort of citizens much desired his protection from these turbulent men. The day after his arrival the earl made a long speech to the people, in which he set forth all the evil they had done, but said he had forgiven everything; but he desired, that, now all strife was at an end, they would lay aside those white hoods, which were only productive of mischief, and would make some satisfaction for the death of his bailiff, Roger d’Autuerme. John Pruniaux and the other leaders of the white-hoods had ordered all their men to appear on this occasion, and as soon as the earl began to speak of

putting off the white hoods, there were marks of great dissatisfaction; and when the earl returned to his lodgings, none of them would salute him as he passed. He stayed but a few days at Ghent, and then went to Lille in a very ill humour.

“The relations of the murdered bailiff, being unable to get any satisfaction from the men of Ghent, determined to revenge themselves, and having seized fifty boats on the river, laden with corn destined for Ghent, they put out the eyes of the mariners, and sent them in that shocking condition to Ghent. This action caused the war to be renewed more fiercely than ever. The men of Ghent destroyed the walls of Oudenarde, and John Pruniaux was taken and broken upon the wheel by the earl.”

“What do you mean by being broken upon the wheel, uncle?” said Henry.

“It was a dreadful punishment, long in use as a mode of executing great criminals. A large cart-wheel was raised on a strong post, and the sufferer was bound upon it, his legs and arms being stretched out along the spokes. Then the executioner standing over him with an iron bar, broke the bones of each limb, and sometimes broke each bone in two places.

“When this was done the poor wretch was sometimes left to die a death of lingering agony, which lasted many hours; but usually his life was put an end to by a blow on the breast, which was called the *Coup-de-grace*, or blow of mercy.”

“Oh! what a shocking, shocking thing,” said Clara, who had dropped her work in horror, as she listened to her uncle’s account. “I could not have believed that men could find it in their hearts to be so cruel.”

“There is scarcely any cruelty that can be imagined, Clara,” said uncle Rupert, somewhat sadly, “that men have not been found wicked enough to perpetrate. It is a dreadful thing to think of, that human nature is capable of such enormities ; but we must not forget, also, how much good our nature can attain ; nor that, although, by the indulgence of our evil dispositions, we may degrade ourselves to beasts, we may, by God’s assistance—and his aid alone—attain to a height but a little lower than the angels.”

“I recollect, my dear Clara,” said her mother, “a very remarkable illustration of what your uncle has just said ; the story of a wife whose holy love made her indeed but a very little lower than the blessed spirits of heaven, watching and soothing to the last the agonies of her husband, who was left to die upon the

wheel. Bring me Mrs. Hemans's 'Records of Woman' to-morrow, Clara, and I will read to you the poem of 'Gertrude, or Fidelity till Death,' where the tale is told in very beautiful verse."

Clara, whose eyes were running over with tears, promised her mother not to forget it, and uncle Rupert went on.

"The war continued for a long time, much to the disadvantage of the earl; for not only had the towns of Bruges, Courtray, and Ypres joined Ghent, but a large extent of country had entirely thrown off his authority. At last a dispute that arose in Bruges, between the richer classes and the smaller handicraft trades, gave him an opportunity of reducing that town once more to obedience; and with Bruges he recovered many other places which had been obliged to adhere to the fortunes of the men of Bruges

against their will. He now prepared to attack Ypres, for he was very much enraged against them for having opened their gates to the men of Ghent. When this was known at Ghent, a body of nine thousand men was got ready and sent out to help the men of Ypres. Their plan was this: one party under Peter du Bois was to go to Courtray, and join the men of that place, under their governor, John de Launoy; and the other, under John Boule, was to go to Ypres, and being joined by the men of that place, the whole were to unite and together seek the earl's army and give him battle. But this scheme was disarranged by John Boule and his men, with those of Ypres, falling into an ambuscade, placed by the earl to catch them unawares, and they were quickly discomfited, and sought refuge in great disorder at Courtray, where the people were so enraged against the

unhappy John Boule, who they declared had purposely betrayed them, that they dragged him out of his house, and literally tore him to pieces. The Ghent men had now lost two of their best leaders, and Peter du Bois collecting all his men, marched back to Ghent without attempting anything against the earl.

“The earl now marched to Ypres, where, although the gates were opened to him, he took a terrible revenge, causing no less than seven hundred of those who had been concerned in letting John Lyon and the Ghent men into the town to be beheaded. He next took possession of Courtray, and then besieged Ghent itself; but although he remained a long time before the town he could not take it; for, as he could only approach it on two sides, the others being defended by the rivers, the people had no difficulty in procuring provisions; and there

were enough within to defend the walls stoutly, for Ghent was so populous that it contained full eighty thousand men fit to bear arms. So at last he drew his army away from Ghent, and sought to reduce every other place which still held out against him.

“John de Launoy, who had been governor of Courtray, had now the care of a strong castle, called Gavre, but as he feared the earl would attack it, and he had not men enough to defend it, he came to Ghent, and Rasse de Harzelle was sent with him, with ten thousand men, to defend Gavre, and attack the earl, if they should meet with him. The same day Peter du Bois went out with six thousand men in a different direction, for their object was to meet the earl's army; but it was agreed that neither party should fight without the other, but if one met with the earl, they were to avoid a battle

till they could send to the other, and bring them up to join them. Launoy and his party fell in with the earl's army sooner than they expected, and although the earl mustered nearly two to one, they rashly determined to engage him without sending to Peter du Bois, although, having the town of Nevelle behind them, they could have waited for him in safety. They were entirely defeated.

“Such as could escape retired towards the church of Nevelle, which was strong, and having collected themselves there, a hard battle ensued, and great slaughter was made of them. John de Launoy, like one distracted, rushed into the church, and posted himself, and as many men as he could, in the large tower of the steeple. Rasse de Harzelle remained behind, and with his men, performed many valorous deeds at the door of the church; but

at last he was overpowered, and pierced with a spear, which instantly killed him.

“When the Earl of Flanders arrived at the square before the church, and saw that the Ghent men had retreated into it, he ordered it to be set on fire; his order was obeyed, and a fire was kindled with great quantities of straw and faggots, which they placed all round the church. The flames soon ascended to the roof, when the Ghent men perished miserably; for they were sure of being burned if they stayed in the church, and if they sallied out they were slain and cast back into the fire. John de Launoy, who was in the steeple, perceiving himself at the point of death, and that he must soon be burned, for the steeple was beginning to take fire, cried out to those below, ‘Ransom! Ransom!’ and offered his coat, which was very valuable, for the whole was

lined with florins, which he had sewed into it for safety ; but they laughed and mocked him, saying, ‘John, come and speak to us through these windows, and we will receive you. Take a good leap, John, such as you have forced our friends to take this year ;—you had better take the leap.’ John de Launoy finding his situation desperate, and the fire so fast approaching that he must be burned, grew furious, and preferred being slain to being burned. Both happened to him ; for he leaped out of the windows in the midst of his enemies, who received him on their spears, and after hacking him to pieces, flung him into the flames. Such was the shocking end of John de Launoy.

“Now, I have talked long enough for one evening ; but to-morrow, with mamma’s permission, I will tell you of the fortunes of Philip Van Artavelde.”

THIRD EVENING.

PHILIP VAN ARTAVELDE.

PHILIP VAN ARTAVELDE MADE GOVERNOR OF GHENT—SECOND SIEGE OF GHENT—PROPOSITIONS FOR A PEACE—PHILIP VAN ARTAVELDE AND PETER DU BOIS ASSASSINATE THE DEPUTIES WHO BRING THE EARL'S ANSWER—GREAT DISTRESS IN GHENT—CONFERENCES IN TOURNAY—THE GHENT MEN MARCH AGAINST BRUGES—WAT TYLER—THE JACQUERIE.

THE next evening the little party again assembled, when uncle Rupert, being settled in his arm-chair, thus continued :—

“Peter du Bois had come in sight of Harzelle's and Launoy's men, and had the mortification of beholding their defeat without the possibility of helping them; for a large tract of marshy land, which he could not cross, lay

between them. He was, therefore, obliged to return very disconsolately to Ghent.

“ And now Peter du Bois began to feel very uneasy when he thought of his own situation. He was the last of the four captains chosen as the leaders of the Ghent men, and he felt himself far better fitted for leading an army than for governing a city. The richer citizens were becoming heartily tired of the war, for it cruelly oppressed them. The white-hoods had become masters of the town, and although in the beginning many of them were but poor men, scarcely worth a groat, they had now plenty of gold and silver; for when they were in want, they complained to their leaders, who would send word to some of the rich citizens that they wished to speak to them. These dared not refuse the summons; and on their arrival, they were told the good town of Ghent was in

want of money to pay their soldiers, who were aiding to guard and preserve their rights and franchises. They raised instantly among themselves the sum demanded ; for had they refused, they would have been put to death on pretence of being traitors to the good town of Ghent, and indifferent to its honour and profit.

“ Their late ill success, and the loss of so many of their captains and soldiers, had quite dispirited the more sober part of the citizens, and they began to talk of begging a peace from the earl, saying that it was better that a few should suffer than a whole city.

“ Peter du Bois, who knew that if they submitted to the earl he should certainly lose his life, began to consider what means he should take to prevent the citizens from making peace. He clearly saw that there was the greatest need of appointing an able leader, who

would be willingly obeyed ; and he felt that he himself possessed neither talents nor influence with the people sufficient to enable him to fill such a station. He had heard John Lyon and the old people of Ghent say, that the whole country was never so well governed, feared, loved, and honoured, as during the time of Jacob Van Artavelde's rule ; and the people often said, that if Jacob were alive, affairs would not be in such a bad condition, but they should be able to obtain peace on their own terms, and the earl would be only too happy to grant a free forgiveness to every one.

“ When Peter thought on these sayings, he bethought him that Jacob Van Artavelde had left a son called Philip, a handsome and agreeable man, to whom Philippa, queen of England, when she was at Ghent, during the siege of Tournay, in 1340, had stood godmother ; and

he considered within himself that this was the very man he wanted. His name would make him acceptable to the people; and although he had hitherto been living very quietly with his mother, taking no part in public affairs, yet Peter knew that he possessed sufficient talents for the office he designed for him.

“Accordingly, he went one evening to Philip’s house, explained all his views to him, and concluded by offering to make him the greatest man in Flanders. ‘I will,’ said he, ‘place you in your father’s situation; and when there, if you will for a time follow my advice, you will soon acquire the art of managing the people without further assistance.’—‘Peter,’ said Philip, ‘you offer me great things, and if you keep your word, I swear on my faith, that I will never act without your advice.’—Peter asked, ‘Can you be cruel and proud? For, a great man among

the populace, and, in particular, among such as we have to do with, will not be thought anything worth if he be not feared and dreaded, and at times renowned even for his cruelty. It is thus only the Flemings can be governed; and among them men's lives should be no more valued, nor should they have more pity shown to them, than pigeons or larks, which are caught in proper season for the table.'—

'By my troth,' answered Philip, 'I know well how to act that part;' and doubtless he did, for Peter's instructions were all grounded on the conduct pursued by Philip's father, who, whenever he went abroad, was attended by three or four score armed men on foot, and if he met any man whom he hated or suspected, he had but to make a sign, and he was instantly put to death by his attendants, of whatever rank he might be. This happened very fre-

quently, and he was so dreaded that no one dared to speak against his actions, or scarcely to contradict him. With such an example before him, Philip was well prepared to be quite as proud and cruel as Peter du Bois judged necessary.

“The next day Peter summoned a meeting of the people to deliberate on the choice of a governor. The Lord of Harzelle (the brother of the unfortunate Rasse) was there; he was accustomed to take a principal share in the management of the city, and some proposed him for governor; but, as he refused to have anything to do with the management of affairs beyond the walls, he was not to be thought of. But when Peter got up and proposed Philip Van Artavelde, reminding the people of their prosperity under his father’s rule, a universal shout of approbation arose, and they cried out

with one voice, that he was the man they would have for their governor. The whole assembly then went to Philip's house, headed by the Lord of Harzelle, Peter du Bois, Peter la Nuitèe, and about ten or twelve of the principal tradesmen, who went in to Philip and addressed him, saying, 'That the good town of Ghent was in the greatest danger for want of a chief, with whom alliances might be formed both at home and abroad ; and that all ranks of people in Ghent had given him their voices, and chosen him to be their sovereign ; for the good remembrance of his name, and the love they had borne to his father, made him more agreeable to them than any one else ; for which reasons, they entreated him affectionately to take on him the government of the town, with the management of their affairs, both within and without, and they would swear to him

obedience and loyalty as completely as to their lord.' They likewise engaged to bring every one, how great soever he might be, under his obedience.

"Philip replied: 'Gentlemen, you require great things of me; and I think you cannot have sufficiently weighed the matter, when you offer me the government of Ghent. You say the affection your ancestors had for my father has been your great inducement: yet when he had performed for them every service in his power, they murdered him. If I should accept the government at your request, and be afterwards murdered, I should have but a sorry recompense.'—'Philip,' said Peter, who caught at these words, which seemed to make his acceptance doubtful, 'what has passed cannot now be amended: you will act with the advice of your council, who will share the responsibility

with you, and by thus continuing, you will ever be so well advised, that all mankind shall praise you.'—Philip replied, 'I shall never wish to act otherwise.'—They then elected him governor on the spot, and conducting him into the market-place, he was there sworn into office: the mayor, sheriffs, and rulers of companies were also sworn to obey him.

“Thus was Philip Van Artavelde, in the year 1381, made sovereign of Ghent. He, at once, became very popular, for he spoke to every one who had any business with him prudently and politely, so that he was beloved by all. He acted wisely also in making the Lord de Harzelle, who had great influence in the city, his friend; and he gave him part of the revenues which the Earl of Flanders had in Ghent, the better to support his rank; for, by his adhesion to the party of the citizens, he had lost every-

thing he possessed beyond the walls of the town.

“ Philip soon began to practise Peter du Bois’ lessons, for he had not been long governor of Ghent before he had twelve persons beheaded in his presence ; some said they were those who had been principally concerned in the murder of his father, and that thus he revenged himself on them. He began his reign with great power, and made himself beloved and feared by many, more especially by those who followed the profession of arms : for to gain their favour he refused them nothing.

“ The earl again laid siege to Ghent ; but being dispirited by the losses he sustained, he gave it up, and determined to try another method, and try to starve the citizens into obedience. They had hitherto drawn their principal supplies from Holland, Hainault,

Liege, and Brabant, and the earl prevailed upon the rulers of Hainault and Brabant to give their subjects strict orders not to furnish the Ghent men with anything; so that if it had not been for the Hollanders and the men of Liege, who would not comply with the earl's desire, there would have been a famine in Ghent. About this time a meeting of deputies from Brabant, Hainault, and Liege was held at Harlebecque, near Courtray, to consider on the affairs of Flanders, and determine on the course of conduct these neighbouring states should pursue in regard to the disputes between the earl and the men of Ghent, and to settle among themselves whether they should still refuse to send supplies to Ghent. The earl attended this meeting, and thither came also twelve of the principal inhabitants of Ghent, of whom Sir Guisebert Grutte and Sir Simon Bete were the

chief; and at their entreaties the earl made proposals for a peace, which, it was arranged, they should submit to their fellow-citizens.

“On the return of the deputies, Peter du Bois, who had spies everywhere to bring him intelligence, soon learnt that they had brought proposals for a peace, and that they had said, ‘It would be an excellent peace for those who were well inclined and wished for quiet, but that some of the wicked ones in the town would be punished.’ Peter was much disquieted on hearing this, for, thought he, if any are to be punished for this war, I shall not be one of the last; but it shall not go thus. That same evening he went to the house of Philip Van Artavelde, and found him musing and thoughtful, leaning against a window in his apartment. He asked Philip ‘If he had heard any tidings?’ — ‘No, truly,’ said he; ‘but that I hear our

men are returned from the council at Harlebecque, and to-morrow we shall hear, in the Town-hall, what they have done.'—'That is true,' answered Peter; 'but I know what they have done, and purpose to do; for some who were there have told all to my friends. Be assured, Philip, the treaty they have made, and would have us confirm, will put our heads in jeopardy; for if there be peace made between the earl and this town, know for a truth, that you and I, and the Lord de Harzelle, and all such captains as have aided us in this war, shall be the first that shall die, and the rich men will be saved. They will bring us into danger, and go themselves free; and this was ever the opinion of John Lyon. The earl has always those apes, Gilbert Matthew and his brethren, and the Provost of Harlebecque, who is their relative, and the deacon of the small

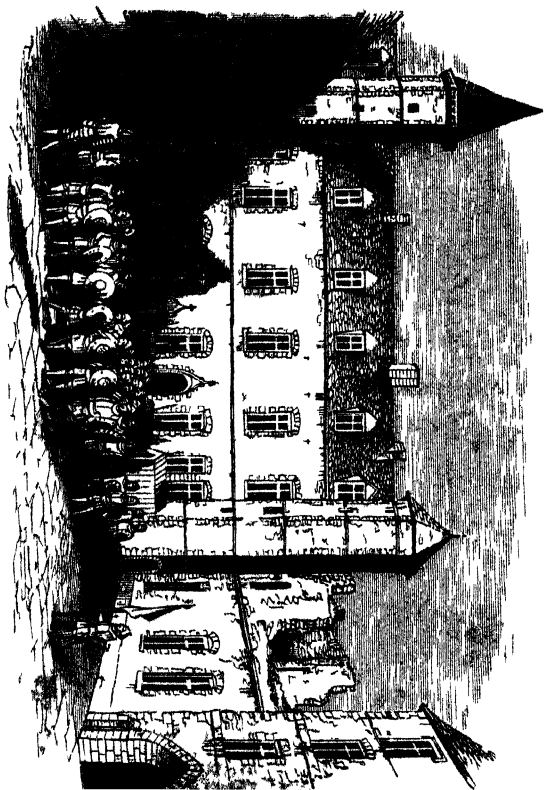
crafts, who fled away with them, about him. We ought to take good counsel together on this matter, and consider what is best to be done.'— 'How should we act?' asked Philip.— 'I will tell you my mind,' replied Peter. 'Let us give knowledge of this to all our leaders and captains, that they be to-morrow, all ready armed, in the market-place; and then let us two enter into the hall with a hundred with us, to hear the contents of the treaty. Leave me to manage the rest, so you will avow my deed, and stand stoutly by me; for unless we are feared among the people, we can do nothing.'— Philip very well understood what Peter du Bois meditated, and he agreed to act with him. Then Peter du Bois departed, and sent to all the leaders and captains under him, commanding them and all their men to be ready in the morning, in the market-place, to hear the news.

They all obeyed, for they durst not do otherwise, and they were all ever ready to do evil.

“The next morning at nine o’clock, the mayor, sheriffs, and rich men of the city came to the market-place, and entered the town-hall; then came those who had been at the conferences at Harlebecque; and last came Peter du Bois and Philip Van Artavelde, well attended by those of their party. When they were all assembled and seated, for every one who chose it sat down, they found the Lord de Harzelles was not present; they sent to him, but he excused himself, saying he was unwell. ‘Proceed,’ cried out Peter du Bois; ‘I will answer for him, and we are full enough; let us hear what these gentlemen have brought from the conferences at Harlebecque.’

“Upon this, Guisebert, Grutte, and Simon Bete rosè up, as being the principal deputies,

when one of them spoke thus :—‘Gentlemen of Ghent, we have attended the conferences at Harlebecque; and we have had much labour and difficulty, in conjunction with the good men of Brabant, Liege, and Hainault, in making up our disputes with the earl our lord. However, at the entreaty of the Duke and Duchess of Brabant, who had sent thither their council, as well as Duke Albert of Hainault, the good town of Ghent is at peace with the earl, on condition that two hundred men-at-arms, whose names he will send within fifteen days in writing, shall surrender themselves to his prison in the castle of Lille, to his pure will: he is so noble and generous that he will show them mercy and pardon.’—At these words Peter du Bois started up, and cried, ‘Guisebert, how have you dared to enter into any treaty that should put two hundred men-at-arms into any



ANCIENT PALACE OF THE DUKES OF BURGUNDY AT LILLE

of the enemy's prisons? Ghent would be indeed disgraced; and better would it be for it, if completely overturned, than to be reproached for having so scandalously concluded the war. We know well that neither you nor Simon Bete will be of the two hundred. You have taken your part, and have made your own choice; but we will carve and cut for ourselves. Advance, Philip, on these traitors, who want to betray and dishonour the town of Ghent.'

"With these words Peter du Bois drew his dagger, and coming up to Guisebert, struck him into the belly, so that he fell down dead. Philip also drew his dagger, and with it struck Simon Bete and slew him. They then began to cry out, 'Treason! Treason!' They had their partisans all around them, so that many of the richest and greatest men of the town were obliged to conceal their disapprobation of this

violence to save their lives. At that time only those two were killed ; but to satisfy the people, and to turn the affair to their own advantage, Peter and Philip sent some of their men to proclaim throughout the town, that Guisebert, Grutte, and Simon Bete had been put to death, because, like false traitors, they wanted to betray the good town of Ghent. Thus the matter ended : the dead were dead, and no one was called to any account for it, nor any penalty exacted. In this manner were slain two valiant and rich men in the town of Ghent, for having acted according to the instructions of many of their fellow-citizens. They were much pitied in secret ; but no one dared to show his sorrow in public, for fear of his life.

“When the Earl of Flanders, who was at Bruges, heard of this, he was sorely enraged, and said, ‘At the entreaties of my cousins of

Brabant and Hainault, I too easily acceded to their wishes of making peace with the Ghent men, and more than once have they in return thus acted : but I will have them know, they shall never have peace until I have had given up to me such a number of the inhabitants as will satisfy me.'

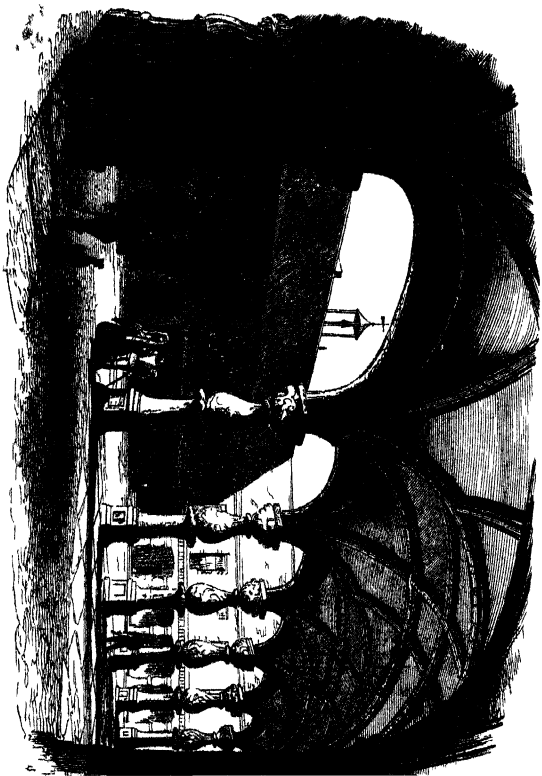
"The war now went on more bitterly than before. Parties of the earl's troops were in the field night and day, so that no provisions could enter the town. The Brabanters and Hainaulters were afraid of venturing themselves ; for whenever they were met by the earl's men, the best that befel them was the slaughter of their horses, sending them prisoners to Dendremonde or Oudenarde, or making them pay ransom. The whole winter of 1382 nothing was permitted to enter the place by land or water : all the storehouses of corn were

empty, and the people could not obtain bread for money. When the bakers had baked any, it was necessary to guard their shops, for the populace, who were starving, would have broken them open. People of good substance were in a miserable condition, and it was melancholy to hear them make their daily complaints and cries to Philip Van Artavelde, their commander-in-chief. He took great compassion on them, and made several very good regulations, for which he was much praised. He ordered the granaries of the monasteries and rich men to be opened, and divided the corn among the poor at a fixed price. By such means he gave comfort to the town of Ghent, and governed it well. Sometimes casks of flour and baked bread were sent them from Holland and Zealand; and without such assistance they could not have held out.

“The Duke of Brabant had prohibited his subjects from carrying provisions to Ghent, but had not prohibited them from trading with the Ghent men should they visit Brabant; and at length the pressure of famine became so great, that early in the spring a body of twelve thousand Ghent men, soldiers and others, under the guidance of a leader named Francis Atremen, determined to venture forth and endeavour to purchase a supply of provisions at Brussels, and bring them home in safety. They were not permitted to enter Brussels, or any other of the towns of Brabant; but the good people brought them provisions, and showed much compassion for them. They stayed in that country full three weeks, refreshing themselves with rest and plentiful living, after the dreadful sufferings they had endured at home. In the mean time, Francis Atremen

paid a visit to Liege, and had an interview with the bishop, who was the prince as well as bishop of that town and the surrounding country. He received Francis and his companions very kindly, and told them that if his country lay as near Ghent as did Brabant and Hainault, they should never have been put to such straits. ‘However,’ said he, ‘you are merchants, and we have a right to trade in our own country with whomsoever we please. We can supply you with five or six hundred cart-loads of corn and flour, and our merchandise will be allowed to pass freely through Brabant; from thence you must depend on yourselves to convey it safely to Ghent.’ Francis and his companions warmly thanked the bishop and the Liegeois for their kindness, and within two days six hundred carts laden with provision were on the road to Ghent.

COURT OF THE BISHOP'S PALACE AT LIRE



“Before he left the country, Francis visited the Duchess of Brabant at Brussels, and entreated her to use her influence with her brother-in-law, the Earl of Flanders, to induce him to make peace with the men of Ghent. She promised to do all she could, and to send deputies to meet those of Liege and Hainault, who had already promised to meet at Tournay, and endeavour to make up the differences between the earl and his subjects.

“You may imagine how rejoiced the people of Ghent were when they heard that Francis and his men were returning with provision ; for though there was not more than enough for fifteen days’ subsistence, yet that was much to people who were starving. To those who are comfortless a little thing gives hope. They went out in procession to meet the convoy ; and when they met it, they fell on their knees, and,

with uplifted hands, said to the merchants and drivers, 'Ah! good people, you do an act of great charity; you bring comfort to the poor people of Ghent, who would not have had where-withal to eat if you had not come. Let us first give our thanks and praises to God, and then to you.' The provisions were carried to the market-place, and there unloaded: they were then delivered out in small portions to those who were in the greatest want; and five thousand men were ordered to arm themselves, and to escort back the carts as far as Brabant, and out of all danger.

"The conference at Tournay was fixed for the end of Easter, and the deputies from Liege, Hainault, and Brabant arrived there at the appointed time. Twelve deputies, of whom Philip Van Artavelde was one, came from Ghent, and they had agreed to accept any terms,

TOURNAY, AS IT APPEARED TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO.



provided no one was to be put to death ; but they were willing to consent to the perpetual banishment of any who might be disagreeable to the earl ; and Philip expressed his readiness to go into exile if he had given offence to the earl, so much regard had he for the poor people of Ghent. The Earl of Flanders, although he had promised to come, did not make his appearance, but at length some of the council went to him at Bruges. He told them that he could not come to Tournay at that time, but that he would shortly send his final answer. In a few days deputies arrived from him, who delivered this message :—‘That the inhabitants of Ghent were not to expect peace from him, unless all persons from the age of fifteen to sixty submitted to come out of that city, bare-headed, in their shirts, with halters about their necks, on the road between Ghent and Bruges,

where the earl would wait for them, and grant them pardon, or put them to death, according to his pleasure.' When this was communicated to the deputies from Ghent, the bailiff of Hainault advised them to agree to it, for the earl, he said, would be satisfied with putting to death only a few of them who had most displeased him. Philip Van Artavelde replied that they were not commissioned to treat on such terms; but if the citizens of Ghent, when they heard them, chose to accept them, he should do nothing to prevent them. The deputies from Ghent then took their departure, and returned home through Brabant. The Earl of Flanders did not even inquire whether the Ghent men had given any answer to his proposals, for he did not wish to make peace, but sought utterly to destroy and ruin them, and had issued summonses to collect troops, intending once more to lay siege to the city.

“ When Philip returned to Ghent, he summoned all the people to attend him in the market-place, and there made a speech to them, showing what had been done at Tournay, and the cruel answer returned by the Earl of Flanders ; and, in conclusion, said, by what he could learn from his messengers, it was his intention to put to death, or imprison, the greater part of the inhabitants. ‘ Now,’ said he, ‘ consider if you will have peace on these terms ’

“ When Philip had done speaking, it was a melancholy sight to behold men, women, and children bewailing with tears their husbands, fathers, brothers, and neighbours. Philip at length entreated silence, and again addressed them. ‘ Worthy inhabitants of Ghent,’ said he, ‘ you who are here assembled, are the majority of its citizens, and you have heard

all I had to report to you : I see no means of remedy but a determined conduct. You know how very much we are straitened for all sorts of provision, and that there are thirty thousand persons in this town who have not tasted bread for fifteen days. In my opinion, we have but the choice of three things : the first, that we close all our gates, and then, after having confessed ourselves, retire into the churches and monasteries, and there die like martyrs, to whom no mercy has been shown. Or, let us resolve to march out, men, women, and children, with halters about our necks, bareheaded, and with naked feet, and implore the mercy of my lord the earl : he is not so hard-hearted, nor so obstinate, but when he shall see us in such a humiliating condition, he will be softened, and take pity on his subjects ; and I will be the first to offer him my head, in

order to assuage his hatred, and sacrifice myself for the city of Ghent. Or, let us choose from five to six thousand of the most determined men in the town, and instantly march to attack the earl in Bruges: we will give him battle; and if we shall be slain in the attempt, we shall at least die with honour, and God will have mercy upon us, and the world will say that we have gallantly and valorously maintained our quarrel. If, however, in this battle we be victorious, and our Lord God, who in ancient times enabled Judas Maccabeus, the chief of his Jewish people, to defeat and slay the Syrians, will in like manner grant us success, we shall be everywhere the most honoured people since the time of the Romans. Now, consider which of these three propositions you will make choice of, for one of them must be adopted.'

“The people said he should choose for them, and they would obey him in everything. This was exactly what he wanted, for he and Peter du Bois, who knew that there would be no safety for them if peace was made, had settled their whole plan the night before; and Philip’s object, in his speech, had been to rouse the people to make one more determined effort against the earl. He at once decided on making a bold attack on him. He desired them to go home and put their arms in order, and sent round his officers to choose out five thousand of the stoutest and best-armed men, who were ordered to be in readiness to march the next afternoon. They carried with them two hundred carts laden with cannon and ammunition—”

“Carried their cannon in carts!” cried Henry.
“How very odd! When I went to the review

at Woolwich with papa, I saw a great many cannon, but they had four wheels; and sometimes they stopped and took off two wheels, and down fell the two sides of a sort of carriage the cannon was fixed to—unlimbering, I recollect, they called that—and these kept the other wheels steady when they fired—and then presently the fore wheels were put on again—oh, so quick!—and away the horses went, galloping, galloping, and the gunners jumped up in front, and sat on a sort of a box, where they kept their powder and ball; but they could never have put cannon and all in a cart—besides, why should they put it in a cart when it has wheels of its own?”

“The cannon used in Van Artavelde’s days,” replied uncle Rupert, “were very unlike what are now in use. They had no wheels, or very small ones, and were obliged to be carried in

carts or wagons. The Ghent men filled two hundred carts with cannon and ammunition and only seven with provisions; that is, five with bread, and two with wine: there were but two tuns of wine in the town. You may judge from this to what straits they had been reduced.

“The parting with their friends who remained at home, was a sad spectacle. These last said to them, ‘Good friends, you see what you leave behind; but never think of returning, unless you can do so with honour, for you will not find anything here. The moment we hear of your defeat or death, we will set fire to the town, and perish in the flames like men in despair.’—Those who were marching out, replied, ‘You say well. Pray to God for us, for we place our hopes in Him, and trust he will assist both you and us before we return.’

“Thus did these five thousand men of Ghent march off on a Thursday afternoon, with their slender stores, and encamp about a league from Ghent; but they touched not their provisions, contenting themselves with what they could find in the country. On Friday they marched the whole day, and then meddled not with their stores; but their foragers collected a few things from the neighbouring villages, and with these they made shift; and that evening they rested a long league from Bruges. Here, as the ground appeared fitted for the purpose, they proposed to wait for their enemies. On one side they were secured by extensive marshes, and on the other they fortified themselves with the carriages; and thus they passed the night.

“And here, I think, we must for the present leave them, for my story is too long to conclude to-night.”

"Dear uncle," cried Clara, "I declare you are very tantalising. And so we must leave these poor half-starved men to shiver in the cold fields all night, and you will not even tell us whether they conquered or not."

"A capital trial of patience, Clara," said her uncle; "it is too late to say much more to-night; and if I went on, I should be obliged to stop at a time when you might be even more impatient to hear further. Be satisfied; for it was a fine night, the 2nd of May, 1382, so that you may be sure your favourites were not frozen to death."

"Nay, uncle," said Clara, "do not call the Ghent men my favourites, for I cannot say I much like them. I think they ought to have left off their white hoods when the earl desired it, and it was very wrong to burn his house."

"And what do you think, uncle, of Philip

and Peter du Bois murdering those two poor men?" said Henry.

"Assuredly, I cannot justify it," said uncle Rupert; "but in judging of their conduct, we must recollect, that if the terms the deputies had agreed to had been accepted, Philip, Peter, and many of their companions would have lost their lives, and would have been sacrificed merely for doing what their fellow-citizens had desired of them. The richer part of the citizens made but a poor figure throughout all their troubles. When first the white-hoods appeared, it was their duty to have interfered to prevent their lawless actions; but as the disturbance of the Bruges canal diggers happened to be very convenient, they were content to let the white-hoods run the risk, while they enjoyed the advantage; and if the enterprise had been unsuccessful, they would have been the first to cry out against them.

“Again, although they professed much horror at the murder of the earl’s bailiff, and sought to excuse themselves from any share of blame on that account, yet they never attempted to give him assistance, or to punish those concerned in it. They could not, therefore, justly complain that they were considered as responsible for all the violences committed by the white-hoods, who soon became their masters ; but it is very certain that John Lyon and his successors found the most willing followers in the poorer classes of citizens, who wished to destroy all those placed above them either by rank or riches.”

“Did not the insurrection in England under Wat Tyler take place about the same time as the events you have been relating?” asked mamma.

“It did,” replied uncle Rupert : “that occurred in the month of June, 1381, just a twelvemonth

before the time to which we have brought our friends of Ghent. Do you remember anything of Wat Tyler, Henry?"

"Yes, uncle," said Henry; "I remember that he and a great many other people assembled and marched to London, demanding that some taxes which were very oppressive—I remember one in particular, a poll tax, or a payment of so much a head—should be taken off; and they demanded some other things, which I do not remember. And king Richard met them in Smithfield, and Wat Tyler was insolent, and Sir William Walworth, the lord mayor of London, killed him; and then King Richard rode up to the people, and told them not to be cast down for the loss of their leader, that he would be their leader instead; and then he led them to Blackheath, and granted them all that they asked."

“Very fairly remembered, my boy,” said uncle Rupert; “but you might as well have added that King Richard never meant to keep his word; but as soon as the people dispersed, gathered a large army, seized and punished many of them, and revoked all his grants. The most important demands made by Wat Tyler and his men, were the abolition of the bondage or slavery in which most of the agricultural labourers were still held; and of the oppressive services which were exacted by the barons and other great landholders from all their tenants under the degree of gentlemen; such as giving so many days’ service in the year; getting in the lord’s harvest, although their own might be spoiling; and many others much worse, but which I cannot now enumerate to you. These causes had created a deep hatred in the minds of the common people

against the nobles and gentry, not only in England and Flanders, but all over France. During the whole time of the Ghent wars there were continual insurrections in Paris and other French cities; and about thirty years before, the peasants in Beauvoisis, Brie, upon the river Maine, in the Laonnois, and in the neighbourhood of Soissons, made one of the most frightful outbreaks that ever occurred."

"Oh! pray tell us about it, uncle," cried Clara, "and I will forgive you for leaving the poor Ghent men all night in the fields."

"Indeed, Miss Impertinence!" said uncle Rupert laughing. "Well, if you will turn to the map of France, and look for Beauvais, Brie on the Maine, and Soissons, I will indulge you, for there is not much to tell, and some things they did are too shocking for me to repeat."

"What particular circumstance first caused

the people to rise, I do not know, but about a hundred collected in the month of May, 1328, and having determined that all the nobles, knights, and squires of France disgraced and ruined the kingdom, and that it would be an excellent thing if they were all destroyed, they proceeded to accomplish their purpose; and although only armed with knives, or staves shod with iron, they marched to the house of a knight who lived near, and breaking it open, murdered the knight, his lady, and all the children, both great and small, and then burned the house. Their numbers quickly increased, till they amounted to many thousands. They chose a captain, whom they called their king; his real name was Guillaume Caillet, but he was called by them Jacques Bonhomme, or Goodman James, and from this nickname the rioters were called the Jacquerie.

“They traversed the country, destroying everywhere the houses of all the gentlemen, and committing the most horrible atrocities. I will only relate one instance, which will give you an idea of what these wretches were capable. They murdered a knight, and having fastened his dead body to a spit, roasted it before the eyes of his wife and children, and after forcing his wife to eat some of her husband’s flesh, dashed out her brains.

“The king of Navarre, and many knights and gentlemen, attacked them, and slew a great many; but they were entirely crushed by the Earl of Foix, and his cousin, the Captal of Buch, two of the most renowned knights of the time, who, hearing on their return from an expedition to Prussia, that the Duchess of Normandy, the Duchess of Orleans, and three hundred other ladies had taken refuge in the town of Meaux

determined to go and protect them ; and it was well they did so, for full nine thousand of these Jacquerie were marching there, little suspecting what was to befall them. The gates were opened to them, and they were permitted to march on till they reached the market-place, when the knights, who were drawn up there ready to receive them, with their men (altogether about one hundred and eighty in number), rushed upon the Jacquerie, who, when they felt the weight of their blows, began to give back, and, through fear, turned about so fast, that they fell one over the other. The townspeople then rushed out upon them, drove them before them, striking them down like beasts, and cleared the town of them, (for they kept neither their ranks nor any sort of order,) - slaying so many that they were tired. They killed full seven thousand, flinging

numbers of them into the river; and none would have escaped, had they chosen to pursue them further.

“ When the men-at-arms returned from the chase, they drove all the peasants they could find into the town, shut them up there, set fire to it, and burned all together. Jacques Bonhomme was taken alive, and sent to the Dauphin, who, understanding that he had called himself a king, caused him to be crowned with a trivet, or the three-legged frame of an iron skellet, red-hot, and so to be hanged, in requital of all his barbarous cruelties. ‘ But, truly, the punishment was as horrible as the wickedness it was intended to avenge. It is a terrible proof of the barbarism that still disgraced a period which, in some particulars, was one of considerable refinement; and the remembrance of such events gives us fresh

cause to bless the goodness of God to us, whom he has sent into the world in happier days.

“ And now, Henry, bring me my coat, for it is getting late, and I must be going.”

FOURTH EVENING.



PHILIP VAN ARTAVELDE.

BATTLE OF BRUGES—DANGER OF THE EARL OF FLANDERS—
PHILIP VAN ARTAVELDE GOVERNS ALL FLANDERS—SIEGE OF
OUDENARDE—BATTLE OF ROSEBECQUE—DEATH OF PHILIP
—THE WAR CONTINUED—PEACE CONCLUDED BETWEEN THE
DUKE OF BURGUNDY AND THE GHENT MEN.

“Now Clara,” said uncle Rupert, as he took his station by the fireside, “you shall be satisfied as to the fate of the poor Ghent men.

“Saturday morning, which you will recollect was the 3rd of May, 1382, was a fine bright day. Philip, before giving any other directions, ordered his whole army to pay their devotions to God, and masses to be said in different places, (for with them were several priests and

monks,) that every man should confess himself, and make other becoming preparations, and that they should pray to God with such truth as is felt by people looking alone to Him for mercy."

"I do not clearly understand what you mean by masses and confessing, uncle," said Henry. "I remember you speaking of confessing before, when you told us of the speech Philip made to the people; but I did not like to interrupt you just then."

"The mass, my dear," replied uncle Rupert, "means, properly, the administration of the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, which always forms a part of the ordinary public worship in Roman Catholic churches. The Roman Catholics believe that if they, with true repentance, confess their sins to a priest, he has power, as the minister of God, to

declare them in God's name pardoned; and thus it is the custom with them to confess and obtain pardon, or absolution as it is termed, before going into battle, or encountering any other great danger. If the sins committed have been very great, the priest orders the person confessing to submit to such punishment as he shall direct, such as fasting, going on pilgrimages to the tombs of holy men who have been long dead, and for their pious lives on earth are believed by them to be now saints in heaven; whipping themselves, or wearing hair shirts; and many other things, before he will pronounce them absolved from their sins. We, you know, do not believe that any man (for a priest, although the teacher of God's word, is but a mere man like ourselves) has power to declare that God has pardoned the sins of another. But we cannot stop now to talk more on this

subject. It is sufficient for you to know what is meant by mass and confession.

“Mass was celebrated in seven different places, and after mass sermons were preached, which lasted an hour and a half, in which the preachers compared the Ghent men to the people of Israel, and the Earl of Flanders to Pharaoh. After the sermons, Philip assembled all his men round a small hill, on which he placed himself, and made a speech to them, in which he encouraged them to fight valiantly, and reminded them that if they were worsted, they had no place to seek shelter in, for it was useless to think of ever returning to Ghent unless victorious. He concluded by saying, ‘My good friends, you see here all your provision; divide it among you fairly, like brethren, without any disturbance; for when it is gone you must conquer if you wish to live.’

“At these words they drew up very regularly and unloaded the carts, when the bags of bread were given out to be divided by companies, and the two tuns of wine placed on their bottoms ; and then they moderately breakfasted, each man having a sufficiency at that time ; after which breakfast they found themselves more determined and active on their feet than if they had eaten more. This repast being over, they put themselves in order, and retired within their ribeaudaus. Their ribeaudaus are tall stakes, with points shod with iron, which they were always accustomed to carry with them : they fixed them in front of their army, and inclosed themselves within.

“Meantime three knights had been sent out of Bruges to view the Ghent men, and returning to the earl, made a report of what they had seen ; when the earl determined to

attack the enemy, and ordered the soldiers and townsmen to make ready. Full forty thousand men, horse and foot, marched out of Bruges; but it was late in the afternoon, near sunset, when they arrived opposite the Ghent men. The earl was advised not to fight then, but to wait till morning, when the Ghent men would be weakened by want of food: but the men of Bruges would not wait, and began to shoot arrows and fire cannons. The Ghent men being collected on an eminence, fired at once three hundred cannon; after which they marched round the marsh that lay in their front, and placed the men of Bruges with the sun in their eyes, which much distressed them, and then fell upon them, shouting out, 'Ghent!' The moment the men of Bruges heard the cannon and the cry of 'Ghent,' and saw them marching to attack them in front, they, like cowards,

opened their ranks, and letting the Ghent men pass without making any defence, flung down their staves and ran away. The Ghent men were in close order, and, perceiving their enemies were defeated, began to strike them down, and kill on all sides. They advanced with a quick step, shouting 'Ghent,' and saying, 'Let us pursue our enemies, who are defeated, and enter the town with them; God eyes us this day with looks of pity.'

"When the Earl of Flanders and the men-at-arms saw that, by the miserable defence of the men of Bruges, they had caused their own defeat, and that there was not any remedy for it, for every man was running away as fast as he could, they were much surprised, and began to be alarmed for themselves, and to make off in different directions. It is true, that had they seen any probability of recovering the loss which

the Bruges' men were suffering, they would have done some deeds of arms, by which they might have rallied them a little ; but they saw it was hopeless, for they were flying to Bruges in all directions, and neither the son waited for the father, nor the father for his son.

“The men-at-arms broke their ranks, and the earl was obliged to fly, and reached Bruges with only forty of his men. He ordered the gates to be well defended, and issued a proclamation for all the inhabitants to assemble in the market-place ; but before this could be done, the Ghent men had entered the town with the fugitives, and instantly made for the market-place, where they drew themselves up in array.

“Sir Robert Marischaut, one of the earl's knights, had been sent to the gates to see that they were guarded ; but while the earl was

planning means for defence of the town, he found a gate flung off its hinges, and the Ghent men masters of it. Some of the citizens said to him, ‘Robert, Robert, return and save yourself if you can, for the Ghent men have taken the town.’ The knight returned as speedily as he could to the earl, whom he met coming out of his palace on horseback, with a number of torches. The knight told him what he had heard; but, notwithstanding this, the earl, anxious to defend the town, advanced towards the market-place, and as he was entering it with a number of torches, shouting, ‘Flanders for the Lion; Flanders for the Earl!’ those near him seeing the place full of Ghent men, said, ‘My lord, return; for if you advance further you will be slain, or, at the best, made prisoner by your enemies, as they are drawn up in the square, and are waiting for you.’

“They told him the truth; for the Ghent men, seeing the great blaze of torches in the street, said, ‘Here comes my lord, here comes the earl; now he falls into our hands!’ Philip had given orders to his men, that if the earl should come, every care was to be taken to preserve him from harm, in order that he might be carried alive and in good health to Ghent, when they should be able to obtain what peace they chose. The earl, who hoped to be able easily to retrieve all his losses, was advancing, when he was met by some men of the town, very near the place where the Ghent men were drawn up, who said to him, ‘Ha! my lord, go no further, for the Ghent men are masters of the market-place and the town; you are a dead man if you enter the market-place, and elsewhere you are in danger; for large parties of the Ghent men are seeking their enemies from

street to street; and there are even many of the men of Bruges in their company, who point out the houses where those they seek are to be met with. You must take the greatest precautions to save yourself; for you cannot pass the gates without being slain or taken, for the Ghent men are in possession of them; nor can you return to your palace, for a large body of Ghent men are gone thither.'

"The earl was very much alarmed when he found he was in such danger, and resolved to follow the advice he had received, and to go no further. He ordered the torches to be extinguished, and said to them about him, 'I see it is impossible to remedy this mishap; I therefore give permission for every one to depart, and save himself in the best manner he can.' His orders were obeyed. The torches were put out and thrown down, and all who were in com-

pany with the earl separated and went away. He himself went into a by-street, where he was disarmed by his servant; he then put on the man's long riding-coat and sent him away.

“The earl thus remained alone in the greatest danger. He wandered from street to street till a late hour, carefully avoiding the parties of Ghent men who were running over the town, searching every house for friends of the earl. At length, quite wearied out, he entered the house of a poor woman—not the palace of a great lord, with halls and spacious chambers, but a small, poor, dirty house, all black with the smoke of the peat-fire; there was only in this place one poor chamber, over which was a sort of garret that was entered by means of a ladder of seven steps, where, on a miserable bed, the children of this woman lay.

“The earl entered this house with fear and

trembling, and said to the woman, who was also much frightened:—‘Woman, save me; I am thy lord, the Earl of Flanders; but at this moment I must hide myself, for my enemies are in pursuit of me, and I will handsomely reward thee for the favour thou showest me.’ The poor woman knew him well, for she had frequently received alms at his door, and had often seen him pass and repass, when he was going to some amusement or hunting. She was ready with her answers, all which was of the greatest service to the earl: for had she hesitated ever so little, the earl would have been discovered talking to her by the fireside. ‘My lord,’ said she, ‘mount the ladder, and get under the bed in which my children sleep.’ This he did, while she remained by the fire rocking another of the children in a cradle. The earl mounted the ladder as quickly as he

could, and getting between the straw which formed the bed and the coverlet, hid himself, and contracted his body into as little space as possible. He had scarcely done so, when some of the mob of Ghent entered the house, for one of them said he had seen a man go in there. They found this woman sitting by the fire rocking the cradle, of whom they demanded, 'Woman, where is the man we saw enter this house, and shut the door after him?'—'By my troth,' replied she, 'I have not seen any one enter here this night; but I have just been at the door to throw out some water, and I shut it after me; besides, I have not any place to hide him in, for you see the whole of the house; here is my bed, and my children sleep overhead.'—Upon this, one of them took a candle, and mounted the ladder, and thrusting his head into the place, saw nothing but the wretched

bed in which the children were asleep. He looked all about him, above and below, and then said to his companions, ‘Come, come, let us go, we only lose our time here; the poor woman speaks truth; there is not a soul but herself and children.’—So saying, they left the house and went away, and no one afterwards entered it with bad intentions.

“The Earl of Flanders, who heard all that passed as he lay hid, was, as may easily be imagined, in the greatest fear for his life. In the morning he could have said he was one of the most powerful princes in Christendom, but that night he felt himself one of the smallest. It may truly be said that the fortunes of this world are not stable, and this miraculous escape should have been remembered by him all his life.”

“Did he contrive to get out of the town?”
said Clara.

“ Yes,” replied uncle Rupert. “ On the Sunday evening, when it was dark, he escaped from Bruges ; but Froissart says that he was ignorant how he accomplished it, or whether he had assistance ; but he supposes he could not have done it had he not been aided by persons in the town. He got out on foot, and when he reached the open fields he felt quite joyous, as he might then say he had escaped the greatest peril. He wandered about at first, and came to a thorn-bush, to consider whither he should go ; for he was unacquainted with the paths and country, having never before travelled on foot. As he lay thus, hid under the bush, he heard a voice which he knew to be that of one of his knights, the same Robert Mareschaut whom he had sent to the gates of Bruges. The earl called out to him, ‘ Robert, art thou there ? ’ The knight, who knew him at once, replied, ‘ Ah ! my lord,

I have had much trouble in seeking for you all round Bruges. How have you contrived to escape ?’—‘Come, come, Robert,’ said the earl, ‘this is not a time to tell one’s adventures ; endeavour to get me a horse, for I am tired with walking, and take the road to Lille, if thou knowest it.’—‘My lord,’ answered the knight, ‘I know it well.’—They then travelled all that night, but could not find a horse till the morning. The first beast they could find was a mare belonging to a poor man in a village. The earl mounted her, without saddle or bridle, and travelling all Monday, came towards evening to the castle of Lille, whither the greater part of his knights who had escaped from the battle of Bruges had retired.—Now we will turn to the Ghent men.

“Philip Van Artavelde and Peter du Bois committed the management of the Ghent men

in Bruges to Francis Atremen. Strict orders were given that no foreign merchant should be injured in person or property, and those were strictly obeyed. But the whole vengeance of the Ghent men were let loose on the four trades of jerkin-makers, glassmen, butchers, and fishermen, for they had been partisans of the earl. They were sought for everywhere, and when found killed without mercy. Upwards of twelve hundred were slain that night, and many murders and robberies committed which were never known; several houses were pillaged, and a variety of wicked deeds done, insomuch that the poorest of the Ghent army became rich. But when the first violence was over, Froissart says that no people ever behaved themselves better towards their enemies than the men of Ghent did to those of Bruges, nor conducted themselves more graciously to a

conquered town. They did no harm to any of the small tradesmen, unless there were very strong accusations against them. When Philip, Peter, and the other captains saw they were completely masters of the place, they issued out a proclamation in their name, for all persons to retire to their houses; and that no one should break open or pillage any house, nor attempt to raise any riot, under pain of death.

“They then inquired what had become of the earl. Some said he had left the town on Saturday night; others, that he was yet in Bruges, but so closely hid that he could not be found. The captains of the Ghent army paid no great attention to him; for they were so rejoiced at their victory, that they thought nothing of any earl, baron, or knight in Flanders, and looked on themselves as so mighty, that all the world must obey them.

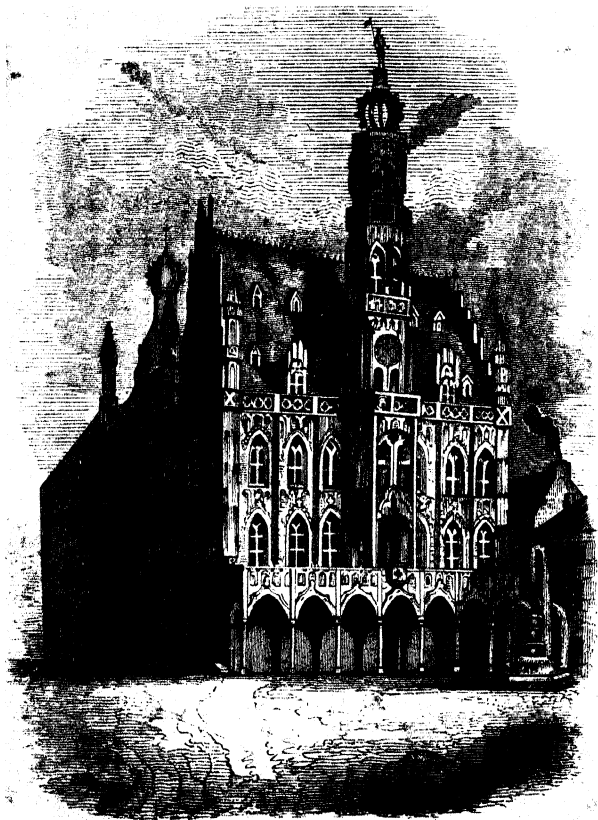
They next thought of sending provisions to Ghent, for they had left neither corn nor wine in the town. They instantly sent a large party to Damme and Sluys, to gain those towns and the provision that was in them, in order to supply their fellow-citizens in Ghent. On the detachment arriving at Damme, the gates were thrown open, and the town, with all in it, surrendered. They ordered out of the cellars the fine wines of Poitou, Gascony, and La Rochelle, and from other distant countries, to the amount of six thousand tuns, which they loaded on carriages, and sent, partly by land and partly by boats, on the river Lys to Ghent.

“They then marched on to Sluys, which instantly submitted to them, and opened its gates. They found there great quantities of casks of corn and flour, in ships and in the

storehouses of foreign merchants, and having paid for the whole, sent it by land and water to Ghent. ‘Thus,’ says Sir John, ‘was Ghent delivered from famine, through the mercy of God. It could not have happened otherwise; and well ought the Ghent men to have remembered it; for that God assisted them is very clear, when five thousand famished men defeated forty thousand, even before their own doors. They and their leaders ought to have humbled themselves: however, they did not, but rather increased their pride, insomuch that God was angered with them, and punished their folly before the year had expired, as shall be related in the course of this history, for an example to the rest of the world.’

“All Flanders now submitted to the government of Philip Van Artavelde, who kept the state of a prince. He had his minstrels to play

before him at his dinners and suppers, and was served on plate as if he had been Earl of Flanders; for he had possessed himself of all the plate, both gold and silver, that had belonged to the earl, as well as the jewels and furniture of his apartments found in his palace ~~at~~ Bruges. He kept a magnificent establishment of horses, and was as grand in his house as the Earl of Flanders at Lille. He had his officers throughout Flanders, such as bailiffs, governors, receivers, and serjeants, who every week brought considerable sums to Ghent, where he kept his state, and was clothed in scarlet robes lined with furs, like the Duke of Brabant or Earl of Hainault. He had also his exchequer chamber, where the money was paid as to the earl; and he gave dinners and suppers to the ladies and damsels of Ghent, as the earl used to do; and, like him, was not more



HOTEL DE VILLE, OUDENARDE.

sparing of his money where his pleasures were concerned. When he wrote, he signed himself ‘Philip Van Artavelde, protector of Flanders.’

“Only two towns still held out for the Earl of Flanders, who was completely dispossessed of all the rest of the country. These were Lille, where the earl resided, and Oudenarde, which was strongly fortified, and into which the earl had sent all the best soldiers he could gather together, and had placed it under the care of a very brave and skilful commander, named Daniel de Haluyn.

“Philip Van Artavelde resolved on taking Oudenarde, and, accordingly, after committing the charge of Bruges to Peter du Bois, he collected an army of a hundred thousand men, and marched thither. He made many attacks on the place, but without any success, for neither he nor any of his captains had much

knowledge of the art of taking walled cities. Indeed, Froissart laughs at him, and says he knew much better how to fish with a rod and line in the Scheldt and Lys, than to attack a fortress. Finding that he could make no impression on the town, he surrounded it on the land side with his troops; and as the Ghent men had the command of the river, and had, besides, driven large stakes into its bed to prevent the approach of any vessels, he effectually prevented the people in the town from receiving any supplies, hoping thus to starve them into submission. But as they had plenty of provisions, they held out stoutly.

“The camp before Oudenarde presented a curious scene, for the Ghent men carried on their business there as if they had been at home. They had halls for cloth, furs, and merceries. Every Saturday was the market, to

which were brought, from the neighbouring villages, all sorts of groceries, fruits, butter, milk, cheese, poultry, and other things. There were taverns, as plenty as at Brussels, where Rhenish wines, and those of France, Malmsey, and other foreign wines, were sold cheap. Every one might go thither, and pass and repass without peril; that is to say, of Brabant, Hainault, Germany, and Liege, but not those of France.

“Whilst the army lay before Oudenarde, parties were continually going out, who burned and destroyed all the gentlemen’s houses in the country. Amongst others, they plundered a beautiful house belonging to the earl, called Marle, where he had been born; and, as if they were desirous of doing everything to vex and annoy him, they broke the font in which he had been baptised, battered to pieces and car-

ried away the silver cradle in which he had been nursed, and the tub he had been bathed in when an infant. These things especially provoked him.

“These plundering parties at length carried matters rather too far, for on one of their expeditions they went beyond their own bounds, and burned several villages in the French territory. The Earl of Flanders had before applied for help from France; but he was much disliked there, and his request was neglected. But now the Duke of Burgundy, who was the uncle of the young King Charles VI. of France, and who, in right of his wife, expected to succeed to Flanders after the earl’s death, thought there was a favourable opportunity for procuring assistance from that kingdom. The young king, who was only fourteen, was delighted at the idea of seeing something of war; and as the French

wounded Peter du Bois, who attempted to oppose them, dispersed his men; and marched forward into the country, when the towns everywhere opened their gates to them. Philip, who was still before Oudenarde, was much dispirited at this intelligence, especially as he had not yet received any aid from England, whither he had sent to beg for assistance. He immediately raised the siege, went to Ghent, and collected as many men as he could muster, for the greater part of the army he had led to Oudenarde had returned to their homes, and with them, and all the other troops he could get together, amounting in all to about fifty thousand men, he advanced to meet the French, who were posted between Rollers and Rosebecque, about a league and a half from Ypres, to the number of sixty thousand men of all sorts. The French had also a vast superiority

in point of arms. The armour of the greater part of the troops was excellent, and they carried well-tempered lances and swords; whereas, the armour of the Ghent men was very inferior; few having more than a coat of mail, which was but a feeble protection from a well-tempered lance; and many being only furnished with haquetons, a padded dress usually worn under the armour; and for offensive weapons they had only iron-headed pikes, (Froissart calls them staves, pointed and bound with iron,) and large knives hanging down from their girdles.

“They encamped opposite each other, on the evening of Wednesday the 26th of November, 1382, and waited for the morning to give battle. Philip assembled his captains to supper, and made a speech to encourage them. In the morning he led out his men before it was

light, and formed them in order of battle, in a position strongly defended by thickets and bushes; but he afterwards advanced further towards the French, and took his station on the top of the hill in the front. Philip reminded his men that they had won the battle of Bruges by keeping close together, and he recommended them to pursue the same course here. He arranged them in a close body, and ordered them to lock their arms together, so that their ranks should not be broken, and in this position they awaited the enemy. When the French were drawn out, the Flemings began to move, and after firing several cannons and bombards, which put the French in some disorder, rushed down upon them, and for a time, drove them back. But the French, recovering, closed round the Flemings, and attacking them on the sides, or the flanks, as they are termed in speaking of

BATTLE OF BUNKER'S HILL



an army, with their sharp spears and swords, drove them one upon another in such a manner that they could not use their weapons. They lost both strength and breath, and falling upon one another, were stifled to death without striking a blow.

“Philip Van Artavelde was surrounded, wounded by spears, and beaten down, with numbers of the Ghent men who were his guards. The men-at-arms struck down the Flemings on all sides with their well-sharpened battle-axes, with which they cut through helmets and disbrained heads; others gave such blows with leaden maces that nothing could withstand them. Scarcely were the Flemings overthrown, before the pillagers advanced, who, mixing with the men-at-arms, made use of the large knives they carried, and finished slaying whoever fell into their hands, without more

mercy than if they had been so many dogs. The clattering on the helmets, by the axes and maces, was so loud, that nothing else could be heard for the noise. It was as if all the armourers of Paris had been working at their trade. There was a large and high mount of the Flemings who were slain, and never was there seen so little blood spilt at so great a battle where such numbers were killed. When those in the rear saw the front fail, they threw away their staves and armour, and fled to Courtray and other places. The French followed them far, and numbers were killed in the pursuit.

“After the battle there was a general inquiry as to what had become of Van Artavelde; and the young king having expressed a wish to see him dead or alive, a diligent search was made, and his body was found and brought

to the king's pavilion. The king looked at him for some time, as did the other lords. He was turned over and over to see if he had died of wounds, but none were found that could have caused his death. He had been squeezed in the crowd, and falling into a ditch, numbers of Ghent men fell upon him, and died in his company. When they had satisfied their curiosity, he was taken away and hanged on a tree,—a mean revenge, unworthy of a king.

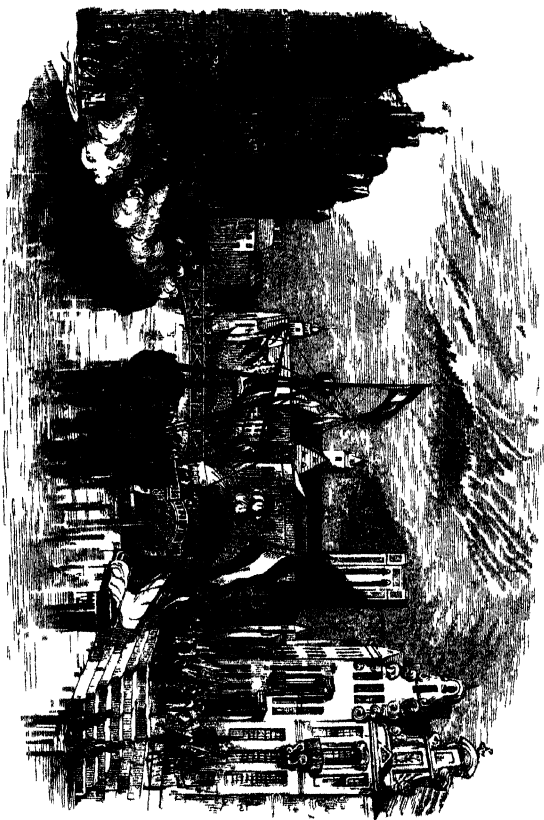
“Such was the end of Philip Van Artavelde, who for six months was master of all Flanders, and paid for his ambition with his life.”

“Poor Philip !” said Clara : “though I do not like all he did, yet I cannot help pitying him.”

“I suppose after his death the Ghent men did not venture to make any more war ?” said Henry.

“At first they were in despair,” said uncle Rupert; “but no sooner did Peter du Bois, who, wounded as he was, caused himself to be carried to Ghent from Bruges, appear among them, than he roused their spirits, and under his guidance, and that of Francis Atremen, they maintained themselves with various success for three years longer. During this time they received a good deal of assistance from England, and an English governor was even sent over there, which greatly assisted them. But at last the people became weary of a contest from which they gained no advantage, and which was ruining the trade of the city; and a few of them, taking secret counsel together, (for if their plans had come to the ears of Peter du Bois, he would have put a stop to them,) opened a communication with the Duke of Burgundy, who by the death of the Earl of

REJOICINGS AT GHEENT ON THE CONCLUSION OF PEACE.



Flanders, who died in 1384, was now lord of the country. The duke promised a free and unconditional pardon to all, not excepting even Peter du Bois, and promised to confirm all the privileges of Ghent and the other Flemish towns. Matters were managed so well, that although the good news was now known to great numbers of the inhabitants, Peter heard nothing of it until the very evening before the day appointed for delivering up the town to the duke. He and lord Bouchier, the English governor, made an effort to prevent any reconciliation with the duke, but they were disappointed. The peace was proclaimed. The duke and duchess visited the city, and a treaty fulfilling all the duke's promises, and even going beyond them, by persuading the Duchess of Brabant, the Regent of Hainault, and many lords and other gentlemen who had received

damage in the course of the war, to grant peace and forgiveness to the Ghent men, was signed at Tournay, on the 18th of December, 1385. And now, at last, the restless city of Ghent, and the country of Flanders, to which it had caused such great misfortunes, once more enjoyed the blessings of peace.

“The English were dismissed honourably, and Peter du Bois very wisely determined to accompany them, for he was afraid that the relations of some of those whom he had put to death while he was in power, would revenge themselves upon him. He, therefore, asked and obtained leave to transport himself, his family, and his treasures—for he had accumulated much wealth—to England, where he was very well received by King Richard, who retained him in his service, and granted him a hundred marcs yearly revenue. He strongly

advised Francis Atremen to accompany him, but he was obstinate ; yet he would have done well if he had listened to Peter, for not long after, he was assassinated by a son of the Lord de Harzelles, who, for some reason which Froisart does not mention, had been put to death by his means. Thus we see that Peter du Bois, the most turbulent of all the chief captains of Ghent, was the only one who escaped a violent death."

FIFTH EVENING.

JACQUELINE OF HOLLAND.

LADIES' HEAD-DRESSES —“ AU HENNIN ”—JACQUELINE OF HOLLAND—HER UNFORTUNATE SECOND MARRIAGE—ESCAPES TO ENGLAND—MARRIES THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER—IS JOYFULLY RECEIVED IN HAINAULT—BETRAYED BY THE INHABITANTS OF MONS—HER SUBSEQUENT ADVENTURES—AND DEATH.

“ WELL, Clara,” said uncle Rupert, as he came softly behind his little niece, who was so busily engaged at the work-table that she had not heard him enter the room. “ Well, Clara, pray what are you about that interests you so deeply ? ”

“ Oh ! dear uncle,” said Clara, with a start ; “ I really did not know you were in the room. Why, do you know, the baby-clothes are all

done ; and mama and I went yesterday, and carried them to the poor woman ; and she was so glad to have them, and we were so glad to give them, that we came back very merry indeed. And do you know, I made a snow-ball, and I threw it at mama, and it broke all in a white shower over her cloak, and we both laughed so much."

" But what is this ? " said uncle Rupert, lifting what seemed a tangled mass of shreds of many-coloured ribbon, and holding it most carefully suspended between his finger and thumb.

" Oh ! uncle dear," cried Clara, eagerly taking it out of his hands ; " you will spoil my mama-doll's best visiting turban."

" Your mama-doll ! " said uncle Rupert ; " what, has she any children ? "

" Oh ! yes," said Clara ; " she has six children and a baby-house ; and I am getting ready her

dress for to-morrow, when she and I are going to visit cousin Emily; and so you must not meddle with my work, for I do not think you know much about ladies' caps."

"Do I not?" said uncle Rupert. "I think I can show you some even more fantastic than your doll's turban. See, here, Clara," he continued, showing her the picture you behold on the opposite page. "Do you not think I may set up for a man-milliner?"

"Oh! uncle, uncle," cried Clara, "surely you do not mean to say that ladies can wear such hideous things upon their heads. See this one, it is just like a pair of horns."

"Indeed I do," replied her uncle; "and they thought them quite as beautiful as you think your doll's turban. They ornamented them with lace and jewels; and, although I think they must have often caused them head-



FEMALE HEAD-DRESSES OF THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY, STYLED AT HENNING.

aches, they were very proud of them, until at last they grew so very ridiculous, and women spent such enormous sums upon their head-dresses, that everybody began to laugh at them, and even the little boys in the street used to run after them, crying out, ‘Au Hennin ! Au Hennin !’ making a sound something like the bray of a donkey, just as we say ‘Ey-au,’ when we mean to imitate the same sound ; meaning, I suppose, that the great peaks of the caps were like asses’ ears ; so that, at last, the poor ladies were fairly laughed out of their extravagant head-dresses, and dressed themselves in somewhat better taste.”

“Well, uncle, that is curious enough,” said Clara ; “but I must go and bring Henry to laugh at their funny caps : and, uncle, I hope you are going to tell us a story to-night, for you know, Henry, poor fellow, goes to school

to-morrow, and there will be an end of our quiet evenings together, for I enjoy nothing so much when he is not here."

"I am going away for several weeks myself," said uncle Rupert; "and were Henry likely to stay longer, I should not be able to tell you any more stories. So, as this is the last evening, and as we have been talking about the ladies, I will tell you a story of a young and beautiful princess, who lived at the very time these head-dresses were worn, and, I dare say, often wore such herself, whose history is so extraordinary—so filled with adventure—that, were its truth not well known, we should be apt to think it only the fancied tale of a romance writer."

Clara then ran to fetch Henry, and having brought him and mama too, and both having duly admired the head-dresses "Au Hennin," uncle Rupert thus began :—

“Jacqueline, the Countess of Hainault, Holland, Zealand, and Ostrevant, was equally remarkable for her beauty and her mental endowments. She was one of the most accomplished women of her time, and possessed a spirit that nothing could subdue. But from the death of her father her life was one course of dark misfortune, with but few gleams of sunshine to gladden it. Seldom has any young and beautiful princess been so abandoned by the world, even by those who were bound by kindred blood to succour her, as Jacqueline ; and I know of no instance in which a spirit equal to hers has faced and out-braved such cruel desolation.

“Before I go further I must make you understand exactly who Jacqueline was. Duke Albert of Bavaria, whom I mentioned before, when speaking of Van Artavelde, as earl or

regent of Hainault, left two sons—William, to whom he gave Hainault, Holland, Zealand, and Ostrevant; and John, who was at once the Prince and Bishop of Liege, and had other possessions. William married Margaret, daughter of Philip, duke of Burgundy—the same we have spoken of in the story of Van Artavelde—and dying in 1417, left an only child, Jacqueline, then seventeen years old, who succeeded him in all his possessions. Although so young, she was already a widow, having been married two years before to the Duke of Touraine, son of the King of France, a young prince of her own age, who died a short time before Jacqueline lost her father.

“Anthony, second son of Duke Philip of Burgundy, was created Duke of Brabant. He was killed in 1415, at the battle of Agincourt, and left two sons, Philip, who died soon after his

father, and John, who on his brother's death, became Duke of Brabant whilst yet under age.

“ Philip, the present Duke of Burgundy, was the son of John the Intrepid, uncle of Jacqueline and of John of Brabant, and, consequently, was first-cousin to both of them. Jacqueline's mother, who was still living, was his aunt, and John of Brabant's father, who was dead, had been his uncle.

“ Jacqueline and John of Brabant were first-cousins, and Jacqueline was John's godmother.

“ John, the Bishop, who was a bad man, made war on his niece, as soon as her father, his own brother, died. He said Duke Albert, his father, had not divided his dominions equally, and that he ought to have Holland. But even if he had been right, it was a cowardly thing to attack his niece, when he had never attempted to make the claim whilst her father lived.

“ Soon after this, the Bishop of Liege, although contrary to the rules of the church, married John of Brabant's mother, and Jacqueline's mother now thought she saw a mode of stopping the war between the uncle and niece. She thought that if Jacqueline would consent to marry her cousin, John of Brabant, that the Bishop would, for the sake of his wife and her son, cease to make war upon his niece. Jacqueline very unwillingly consented to this arrangement. John of Brabant was only fifteen years of age; he was, besides, weak and disagreeable in person, and his mind was equally feeble. Never was there a more ill-matched pair, and poor Jacqueline soon repented that she had yielded to her mother's persuasions, and began to think that peace with her uncle of Liege was dearly purchased by a union which caused her so much unhappiness. At

length she became so disgusted with her young husband's behaviour, in utterly neglecting her, and associating with persons far below him in station, that she resolved on leaving him. The Duke of Burgundy and her mother vainly attempted to reconcile them; but they could never prevail on her to return to the duke. She declared that she would find means to effect a divorce, so that she might marry again with some other person who would pay attentions to her becoming her rank; and she returned to the palace of her mother, whom she much blamed for having urged her marriage to the duke.

“She soon after visited the town of Valenciennes with her mother, and after remaining there a short time, she left her there to visit her town of Bouchain. But whilst she was at Valenciennes, she had arranged a plan by which she hoped to escape entirely from the

control of her relations, who were continually endeavouring to reunite her with her husband. The day after she arrived at Bouchain, she left the town early in the morning, and was met on the plain, outside the walls, by the Lord d'Escaillon, a Hainaulter, but devoted to the cause of the English, who were now masters of almost all France. She had conversed with him several times at Valenciennes, and he had promised to escort her to England, where she intended to put herself under the protection of King Henry. The Lord d'Escaillon had about sixty lances with him, and under his guidance she took the road to Calais, and rode the first day as far as Hêdin, near to St. Pol, thence straight to Calais, whence, after some stay, she crossed over to England, where she was most honourably received by the king, who made her general promises of aid in all her

concerns. But beyond giving her his countenance by permitting her residence at his court, he could undertake nothing in her behalf, as all his attention was given to his own affairs in France: and it is probable, also, that he was unwilling to offend the Duke of Burgundy, to whom he owed much of the power with which he was invested there; and his death, which occurred in August 1322, put an end to her hopes from that quarter. I may here just mention that it was during her residence at Henry's court that his son, afterwards Henry VI., was born, and Jacqueline was one of his godmothers.

“But though she had lost one protector, another was ready. This was the Duke of Gloucester, who held the office of Protector of England, whilst his brother, Bedford, was regent in France. Jacqueline had applied to

the Pope for a divorce from her husband, founded upon their too close connexion in relationship, according to the rules of the church; and also upon their relative position as godmother and godson, an objection that was, and I believe still is, upheld by the Roman Catholic church, although very absurd. But without waiting for the Pope's decision, Gloucester, asserting that her marriage with the Duke of Brabant was, from these causes, of no effect from the beginning, married her himself in the spring of 1423, and then claimed all her dominions as her husband. There is something very singular in this marriage between Gloucester and Jacqueline. That affection had no place in it, and that they never contemplated living together as man and wife, is clear from a letter of Jacqueline's, which I shall read to you presently, in which she styles him her lord

and father, and from some other circumstances. It is evident that the ceremony was performed merely to give Gloucester a show of right in undertaking to restore her to her dominions; and in sharing them with her. But that a man of so much good sense, as Gloucester undoubtedly was, should suffer himself to be so carried away, either by ambition or compassion—and probably both influenced him, for his temper was noble and generous—as to insult the Pope by his precipitate marriage, and take a part in family disputes which he knew must be very displeasing to Burgundy, is strange indeed. Burgundy at last became so much offended at his conduct, that he, not long after, reconciled himself to Charles VII., the king of France; and as he had hitherto been the main support of the English in France, it is more than probable, that, if Jacqueline had not sought refuge in

England, not even Joan of Arc could have restored Charles to the throne of his ancestors.

“ During Jacqueline’s absence the Duke of Brabant had taken possession of all her dominions; but now Gloucester and his wife crossed over to Calais, and sent to demand that the whole should be given up to them. Bedford, eager to prevent the mischief he foresaw, engaged Burgundy to join with him in endeavouring to settle the dispute between the rival claimants. They prepared a treaty, which they proposed should be accepted by both parties; but only Brabant agreed to the terms while Gloucester refused them, and advanced with his wife to take possession by force of arms. On entering Hainault all the towns opened their gates, and joyfully acknowledged them as their lawful sovereigns; and although Burgundy took up arms in his nephew’s cause.

and some fighting ensued, yet when Gloucester, who was obliged to return to England early in the year 1425, left his wife behind him, at the request of the nobles and deputies from the principal towns of Hainault, he believed that he left her in perfect security, more especially as all the inhabitants of the town of Mons, where she took up her residence, solemnly swore to guard and defend her against all who might attempt to injure her. But, alas ! poor Jacqueline ! she found her friends faithless, and even her own mother fell away from her.

“The Pope, who had suffered several years to pass without doing anything regarding Jacqueline’s marriage to the Duke of Brabant, now began to stir in it ; and it was privately agreed between Jacqueline’s mother and the Duke of Burgundy, that, until the Pope’s pleasure was known, Hainault should be

restored to the government of the Duke of Brabant, and that, in the mean time, Jacqueline should be committed to the care of her cousin Burgundy.

“The towns began to revolt, and place themselves under the government of the Duke of Brabant, or rather that of the Duke of Burgundy, who was the real master; and the people of Mons, who were threatened by the enemy, and very short of provisions, rose up against Jacqueline, and told her plainly that if she did not make peace, they would deliver her into the hands of the Duke of Brabant: at the same time, they imprisoned many of her attendants, some of whom they afterwards executed.

“In this distress she wrote the following letter to the Duke of Gloucester, which is one of the most touching appeals I ever read:—

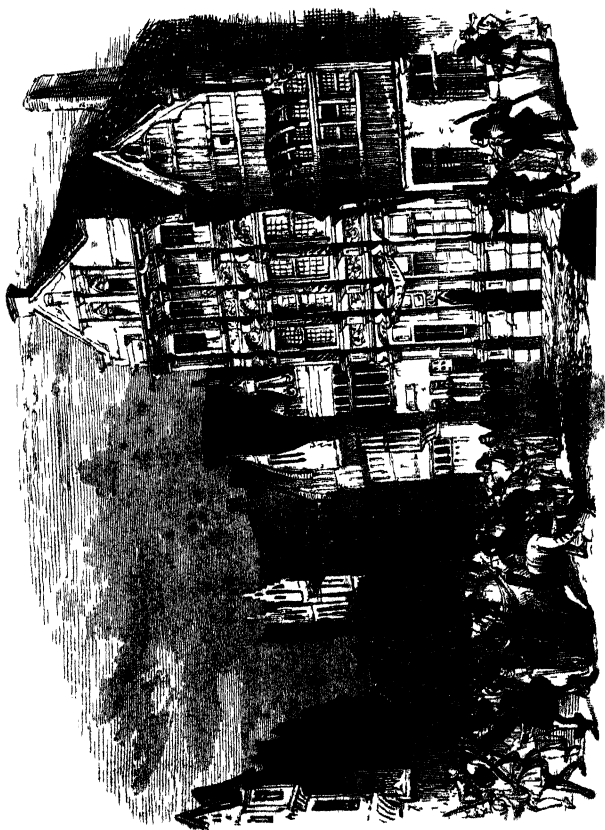
“‘My very dear and redoubted lord and

father, in the most humble of manners in this world, I recommend myself to your kind favour. May it please you to know, my very redoubted lord and father, that I address myself to your glorious power, as the most doleful, most ruined, and most treacherously-deceived woman living; for, my very dear lord, on Sunday the 13th of this present month of June, the deputies of your town of Mons returned, and brought with them a treaty that had been agreed on between our fair cousin of Burgundy, and our fair cousin of Brabant, which treaty had been made in the absence, and without the knowledge of my mother, as she herself signifies to me, and confirmed by her chaplain, Master Gerard le Grand. My mother, most redoubted lord, has written to me letters, certifying the above treaty having been made; but that, in regard to it, she knew not how to advise me, for that

she was herself doubtful how to act. She desired me, however, to call an assembly of the principal burghers of Mons, and learn from them what aid and advice they were willing to give me.

“ ‘ Upon this, my sweet lord and father, I went on the morrow to the town-house, and remonstrated with them, that it had been at their request and earnest entreaties that you had left me under their safeguard, and on their oaths that they would be true and loyal subjects, and take especial care of me, so that they should be enabled to give you good accounts on your return,—and these oaths had been taken on the holy sacrament at the altar, and on the sacred evangelists.

“ ‘ To this harangue, my dear and honoured lord, they simply replied, that they were not sufficiently strong within the town to defend



and guard me; and instantaneously they rose in tumult, saying that my people wanted to murder them; and, my sweet lord, they carried matters so far, that, despite of me, they arrested one of your sergeants, called Maquart, whom they immediately beheaded, and hanged very many who were of your party and strongly attached to your interest, such as Bardaul de la Porte, his brother Colart, Gilet de la Porte, Jean du Bois, Guillaume de Leur, Sauson your sergeant, Pierre, Baron, Sandart, Dandre, and others, to the number of two hundred and fifty of your adherents. They also wished to seize Sir Baldwin the treasurer, Sir Louis de Montfort, Haulnere, Jean Fresne, and Estienne d'Estre; but though they did not succeed, I know not what they intend doing; for, my very dear lord, they plainly told me, that unless I make peace, they will deliver me into the hands of

the Duke of Brabant, and that I shall only remain eight days longer in their town, when I shall be forced to go into Flanders, which will be to me the most painful of events; for I very much fear, that unless you shall hasten to free me from the hands I am now in, I shall never see you more.

“ ‘ Alas ! my most dear and redoubted father, my whole hope is in your power, seeing, my sweet lord and only delight, that all my sufferings arise from my love to you. I, therefore, entreat, in the most humble manner possible, and for the love of God, that you would be pleased to have compassion on me and on my affairs; for you must hasten to succour your most doleful creature, if you do not wish to lose her for ever. I have hopes that you will do as I beg, for, dear father, I have never behaved ill to you in my whole life, and so long as I shall

live, I will never do anything to displease you, but I am ready to die for love of you and your noble person.

“‘Your government pleases me much, and, by my faith, my very redoubted lord and prince, my sole consolation and hope, I beg you will consider, by the love of God and of my lord St. George, the melancholy situation of myself and my affairs, more maturely than you have hitherto done, for you seem entirely to have forgotten me. Nothing more do I know at present, than that I ought sooner have sent Sir Louis de Montfort to you ; for he cannot longer remain here, although he attended me when all the rest deserted me ; and he will tell you more particularly all that has happened than I can do in a letter. I entreat, therefore, that you will be a kind lord to him, and send me your good pleasure and commands, which I will most

heartily obey. This is known to the blessed Son of God, whom I pray to grant you a long and happy life, and that I may have the great joy of seeing you soon.

“‘Written in the false and traitorous town of Mons, with a doleful heart, the 6th day of June.’ The signature below was, ‘Your sorrowful and well-beloved daughter, suffering great grief by your commands.—Your daughter, JACQUELINE DE QUIENEBURG.’

“Gloucester, who would willingly have sent aid to Jacqueline had it been in his power, was now quite helpless, for on his return he had been severely blamed for what he had already done, and was refused all further supplies of men or money. Jacqueline was therefore obliged to submit, and surrendered herself to the Duke of Burgundy, who sent her to Ghent, where she was lodged and attended as



ANTWERP

became her rank. But her free spirit could not brook constraint, and she began to devise means of escape.

“One evening, about the beginning of September, while her guards were at supper, she dressed herself in man’s clothes, as did one of her women, and quitting her apartments unobserved, they mounted horses which were waiting for them, and escorted by two men, rode off full gallop from Ghent to Antwerp, where she re-assumed her female dress, and thence proceeded on a car to Breda and to Gertruydenburg, where she was honourably received, and obeyed as their princess.

“She then sent for the Lord de Montfort, her principal adviser, to meet her, and many of the noble barons of Holland, to take counsel with them on the state of her affairs. The Duke of Burgundy collected his men-at-arms to pursue

her, and a furious war began between them. When the Duke of Gloucester heard of her situation, he sent over a body of five hundred chosen English soldiers, under the command of the Lord Fitzwalter, who gave her much assistance. But in the course of the next year (1426), the Pope pronounced his definitive sentence, by which he declared that the marriage between the Duke of Gloucester and Jacqueline was null and void; and that if the Duke of Brabant should die, the said Duke of Gloucester and the Duchess Jacqueline could not be legally married to each other. The Duke of Gloucester, upon this, abandoned all hope of ever establishing himself in Hainault or Holland, married another woman, and left poor Jacqueline to her fate. She still continued to defend herself with spirit, when the death of John of Brabant should have left

her in undisputed possession of all her dominions, since there was none now who could pretend to any right to interfere with her. But the Duke of Burgundy, who had determined to wrest all from her, still continued the war, and calling an assembly of the nobility at Valenciennes, they, after the mockery of a solemn deliberation, decided that the government should remain in the hands of the Duke of Burgundy as her guardian. He now pushed on the war with more fierceness than ever. Town after town surrendered, and at last poor Jacqueline was cooped up in the little town of Gouda. He brought so overwhelming a force against it, that she was compelled to surrender, and to consent to a treaty, by which she was bound to appoint the Duke of Burgundy the true and lawful heir of all her territories: she was, thenceforth, to appoint him governor and

guardian of them, and to give up all towns and castles she still held—and she was never to marry without his consent.

“After committing this barefaced robbery, for it was no better, he had the cruelty to insist on her accompanying him to all the towns of Holland and Hainault, where he obliged the inhabitants to swear obedience to him, that her presence might give a sanction to the proceeding. In some places they were received with honour and respect, but in others there was much dissatisfaction; but they could then see no means to remedy it. This occurred in the year 1428.

“The rest of this unfortunate lady’s story is soon told. When the duke quitted the country, he left Francis de Borselle, a nobleman of high rank, behind him as his lieutenant. In July 1433, the countess married this gentleman, in

violation of her engagement not to marry without the duke's consent. Upon this, he entered the country, seized Borselle, confined him in the tower of Rupelmonde, and threatened to put him to death. Jacqueline, to save her husband's life, made an absolute grant of the whole of her estates to Philip, who graciously bestowed the country of Ostrevant, the lordships of Brill and South Beveland, with the collection of certain tolls and imposts, upon her; and for the future she was to take no other title than that of Countess of Ostrevant. She was now, at last, having nothing more to tempt the hand of the spoiler, suffered to rest in peace with her husband; but she did not long enjoy tranquillity on earth, for death put a period to her eventful history in the month of October, 1436."

"Alas! poor Jacqueline," said mama, "hers

was indeed a sad and melancholy history. Happier, far happier had it been for her, to have been born the daughter of a cottager, than the heiress of dukedoms and principalities. The very riches and honours that seemed to secure her happiness, proved the source of all her calamities. Truly spoke the Spanish poet when he exclaimed :—

“ ‘ Say, then, how poor and little worth,
Are all those glittering toys of earth
That lure us here ;
Dreams of a sleep that Death must break—
Alas ! before it bids us wake,
Ye disappear.’ ”

~~THE END~~

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