
Having been decided by the wise judges of this land that there is no Act specially authorizing the use of Tralgarf Square, and that therefore to use it unlawfully, a person by the name of Stuart, who happens to be an M.P., has hastened to bring in a bill to duly authorize the same. As there is no Act which authorizes such action, Mr. ——, M.P., has brought in a Bill which shall make it lawful "on giving three day's notice" for a man to wipe his own nose. As there is no Act specially made and provided, Mr. ——, has been able to be noticed in the House of Commons, and if Charles Warren, has any opportunity to be noticed in order to take measures to prevent any breach of the peace. As there is no Act which specially permits a chap to kiss his Sunday best girl, Colonel Hughes Hallett and Lord Hartington have introduced a Bill which shall permit such action, and all under circumstances set forth in a long schedule. Quite a number of similar Acts are being prepared to meet the crises. "They have rights who dare maintain them; we are traitors to our rights."

"A Bill for the sale of all the property belonging to the Orleans and Bonaparte families will be introduced by the Chamber of Commerce by Mr. Felix Pye. It provides that the money derived from the sale shall be spent in the foundation of an asylum for the aged poor." Bravo, Pye! Come over and do the same for the Guelph-ap-Brown family. Just fancy making a summer picnic home for the million of Windsor Castle for a few days at Osborne. The same may even include the wheel of these now disused palaces to good purpose, and may yet

"Bolt and bar the palace door; While the mass of men are poor. Nailed truth grows more and more Uncontrolled."

T. S.

THE REVOLT OF GHENT.

(Continued from p. 2.)

Under the sore discouragement caused by these defeats, the rich men began to think towards some conclusion as the only means left of the city of Ghent. Peter do Bois was their only leader left, and I suppose, judging from Froisart's story, that he was not a man of much initiative as we say now-a-days; anyhow, he looked round for support in the present straits, and I remember, in the story, a man the name of Philip van Artevelde, who was not greatly taken heed of in the town of Ghent; he was a wise man, but his wisdom was not known, nor was he taken heed of till the same day. This was Philip, the son of the great James van Artevelde.

Froisart gives us a little piece of drama, in which one sees and hears the rough sturdy captain coming to the man of ambition and genius, and drawing him into action: "... Then Peter do Bois in an evening came to this Philip, who was sitting in his mother's house, and lived honestly on their rents; and Peter do Bois began to reason with him, and began to open the matter, wherefore he was come to him, and said that he was a good heed to my words, and believe my counsel, I will make you the greatest man in all the country of Flanders. 'How can that be, sir?' said Philip. 'I shall hear you,' said Peter do Bois; and shall have the managing and ministration of all them in the town of Ghent, for we be now in great necessity to have a sovereign captain of good name, and of good renown, and so by this means your father, James van Artevelde, shall rise again in this town by the recommendation of you; for every man saith, that with his days, the country of Flanders hath not been so loved, honoured, nor feared, as it was while he lived, and I shall lighty set you in his stead, if ye list yourself; and when ye be in that authority, then ye shall govern yourself by my counsel, till ye have full understanding of every case, the which ye shall soon learn. Then this Philip, who was at mati's state, and naturally desired to be advanced, honoured, and to have more than he had, answered and said, 'Peter do Bois, I regard you a great thing, and I believe you; and if I were in the state that ye speak of, I swear to you by my faith that I should do nothing without your consent.' Peter do Bois answered and said, 'How say ye? ye bear yourself high and be cruel among the commons, and specially in such things as we shall have to do; a man is worth nothing without he be feared, doubted, and some time renowned with cruelty. Thus many be counted: a man that had more than he should, and many men, nor have no more pity thereof, than of the lives of swallows or larks, the which be taken in season to eat.' By my faith,' said Philip, 'it shall be well.' What is that? 'It shall be well,' quoth Peter do Bois; 'and I shall make you so, that ye shall be sovereign above all other.' And so therewith he took leave of him and departed."

The upshot is that Peter proposes him to the leaders and municipal, and he is made captain, and was taken up amongst them and brought into the market-place, and there they make assurance to him, both mayors, aldermen, and masters of every craft in Ghent, to agree. Let us consider this the end of an act again, and draw up the curtain once more on the new leader facing defeat in the field, and encourage- ment and treachery within the gates. The Earl laid siege to the town once more, but soon raised it again; nor could he fairly blockade the town, as Froisart explains to us, "so that Brabant, Holland, and Zeeland made no war." So the Earl put the screw on the towns and lords of those countries, and tried to force them to stop the supplies to Ghent. The Liegeois gave him flat flat that it was forbidden by the king of France, Duke of Burgundy, and then he; "though," says Froisart, "they of Holland would not leave to aid them for any commandment that Duke Aubert might make."

Herein the Act were much shortened, and Ghent began to be pinched by famine. Herein, they, the inhabitants, get a parley with the outsiders. "In the same season the sage men and wise councillors of Haynault of Brabant and of Liége set a day to have a parley, and all under circumstances set forth in a long schedule. Quite a number of similar Acts are being prepared to meet the crises. "They have rights who dare maintain them; we are traitors to our rights."

This was a regular plot you see: but says Froisart, "If there be that doth, there is he who talketh;" and Peter do Bois got hold of news of this plot before it was quite ripe. The next morning the traitors attempted at the council of the "mayors and aldermen and rich men of the town" to give their report, which was, in short, that the Earl would make peace on the condition of the surrender of two hundred men to be sent by him. And he is further chid, so noble that it is no doubt but that he will have mercy on them."

What kind of a grin lit up the face of Peter do Bois at these last words we may well imagine. Says Froisart, "With those words Peter do Bois stepped forth and said, 'I shall go to Guisebert Grutte, how does the other side look so bold to make such agreement as to send two hundred of our men to Ghent into the town of our enemy in great rebuke and shame to all the town of Ghent; it was better that the Ghent men were turned upside down than that they of Ghent should have such reproach, as to make war and end it so shamefully. We that have heard you may well know that ye shall be none of the two hundred prisoners, nor also Simon Bette. Use me not to save your self, now then we will choose for ourselves. On forth Philip van Artevelde, set hands on these false traitors that would betray and dishonour the town of Ghent!" Therewith Peter do Bois drew out his dagger and sezied about Guisebert and said to him, "Be he in the belly, and so he fell down dead. And Philip van Artevelde drew out his dagger, and he strakke Simon Bette and drew him in likewise; and then they cried, 'Treason! Treason!' And that they were slain had of their men above and beneath, for they were men of great lineage and the richest men of the town; but they got themselves out of the town to save themselves, and there was no more but those two slain."

Thus the plot of the respectable was nipped in the bud; but the famine in Ghent went from bad to worse. The blockade now fairly established, and the skirmishing turned into mere garrisoning; and the Earl laid siege to the town, and none of his men and things seemed drawing to an end. "It was great pity to see and to hear the poor people, both men, women, and children; yes, as were mighty notable fell into this danger."

Philip van Artevelde cast away his garments of the Abbeyes to be opened, and of rich men, and set a reasonable price on the corn, whereby the town was greatly comforted. About Lent time, 13,000 men, apparently little organised, made a foraging expedition as far as the gates of Brussels, which were shut against them, but they were allowed to buy victuals there. They wandered from town to town, not offering to enter the gates, but living on the goodwill of the country and beneath, everywhere meeting with good will, especially from the Liegeois, and so came back to Ghent after a pitious journey with some 600 waggon loads of victuals, which was received with extravagant joy, small as the help was. Now took place some goings and comings between the Ghentois and the Duchess of Brabant, who took it upon her to try to get peace from the Earl. A council was held at Brussels, at which were present from the towns of Brabant and Haynault, and twelve men from Ghent with Van Artevelde at their head. The Duke of Brabant also sent one of his council there to arbitrate; and neither side had no more terms clear that the intention of the go-between was friendly to Ghent, while the Ghentmen, now reduced to the last extremity, were prepared to accept almost any terms; but the Earl refusing to meet the council, simply sent on a message announcing that he should only term his conduct. The Earl, however, understood Froisart tells us that the friends of Ghent urged Philip van Artevelde to take even these terms, and that he answered that the people would not have that, and that there, was no mercy. And now imagine if you can the return of the envoys to the hopeless city, once sovereign and prosperous, and now encircled by its enemies and at its last gasp; or rather let us for a while let Froisart tell the story in his own words of the despair, the remorse, and the temporary triumph of Ghent.

William Morris.

(Pot to be continued.)

Poverty often deprives a man of all spirit and virtue. It is hard for an empty bag to stand upright.—Froisart.