

# THE LANCET

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For the Favorite.  
ROUNDAABOUT.

BY C. I. CLEVELAND

Reigh-ho! the time when we were small,  
And starting out for school each morn,  
Would stop to scale the old stone wall,  
And get our garments soiled and torn;  
Would straggle through all turns and crooks  
The farthest from the straight road out,  
As though the only way to books,  
Was that blood-boasting Roundabout!

Ah me! the days when we were young,  
And youth and maiden loved so well,  
That silence held the fluttering tongue  
That found it hard heart's thoughts to tell;  
That spoke of all below, above,  
Save that which put the lips to route,  
As though the natural way to Love  
Was that bewitching Roundabout!

Aha! when years grew up a joint,  
How many things there were to lure  
From waking to the wretched point  
That held that which we would procure.  
How many transient joys to climb,  
How many banners gay the float,  
To keep us out of breath and time  
Upon the wearying Roundabout!

Ostrions, ratty Roundabout:  
How many hopes are lost on thee,  
How many hearts that once seemed stout  
Lie fainting through thy fallacy.  
How many joys are in dismay,  
That would endure long seasons out,  
Did we but keep the onward way,  
And leave delusive Roundabout.  
SWEETSHURTON, Q.

## FEUDAL TIMES;

OR,

## TWO SOLDIERS OF FORTUNE.

A Romance of Daring and Adventure.

(Translated especially for the FAÇONITE from the French of Paul Duplessis.)

CHAPTER I.

TWO CAVALIERS.

On the Whit-Sunday of the year 1581, the little market town of Saint Pardoux, situate about five leagues N. E. of Riom, on the border of Upper Auvergne, presented a noisy and animated spectacle. The religious duties of the day had been conscientiously performed, and the entire population of the place had given itself up with hearty zeal to the pleasures of holiday-making.

Close by, a party playing at bowls for a few measures of white wine might be seen, a number of dancers, exhibiting more of indefatigable energy than grace in their movements; further on a group of old men sat watching with jealous glances the reckless vivacity of the more youthful merry-makers; and lastly, seated at tables about the door of a roadside inn, were a score of drinkers—(the notabilities of the town—chatting, each with his hand carelessly placed upon a capacious stone jug filled with the thin wine of the district.

The conversation of this party, after having ranged over the ordinary topics more or less personal to the speakers, had strayed upon the ground of politics; and, judging by the spontaneous movement with which the little circle had closed about one particular speaker, the theme was one in which all felt a stirring interest.

"By St. Blaise, my patron!" cried this person, who appeared to be one of the most well-to-do of the party. "I heard strange stories last week at Clermont. Oh, you needn't look over your shoulders in such alarm! I'm not afraid of any one overhearing what I say. We're Christians, and not dogs; and what I say to you I'd say to Mousigneur de Canillac himself if he were here. What I say I stand by; and I say that whoever oppresses the poor will have to answer for it to heaven."  
"Don't talk in that way, Blaise," cried one of



"APOLOGISE, AND I WILL SPARE YOUR LIFE!" CRIED RAOUL.

his companions, looking anxiously over the heads and beyond the circle of those seated next to him. "If any of this were repeated, you'd be set for two hours in the pillory on market-day, and get a hundred lashes with a whip."

"Whip me!" cried the first speaker. "I'd claim protection of our good seigneurs de Guise, and there'd be no more talk of whipping. Listen to what I now tell you. A League is at this moment being formed in all the provinces—following the example set by Burgundy. Our good seigneurs of Guise, whom heaven prosper, will no longer allow the minions of the king to fatten on the fruits of our toil. By Saint Blaise! have a little more patience, comrades, and—"

The speaker suddenly stopped, and violently pushed to the right and left with his two vigorous arms the party by whom he was surrounded. His attention had been arrested by the appearance, at a turn of the road, of a stranger entering the town.

This stranger was a cavalier, mounted on a splendid black horse, and making his way towards the cabaret. On the arrival of the unknown, the games and dances instantly ceased, and the inhabitants of Saint Pardoux, hat in hand, and with outstretched necks and gaping mouths, silently watched the movements of the stranger, whom chance had brought to their little town, which, lying far out of the way of any royal road, was rarely visited by travellers.

Apparently from three to five and twenty years of age, the stranger had features of an extremely and delicately marked, over which was thrown a shade of melancholy, almost of sadness. His eyes were large, of sombre blue, and overshadowed by eyebrows nearly meeting in the centre, the expression of his face indicating a nature serious and reflective. His hair was black, and escaped from beneath his velvet cap, in crisply curling masses. His somewhat square upper lip was covered with a moustache gallantly trained at the extremities. His face was deeply sunburnt. In height, he was about five feet nine, and the proportions of his frame were irreproachable, announcing, if not heroic strength, at least more than ordinary suppleness and agility.

Of defensive arms he carried two long holsters, a sword and a dagger. Behind him, strapped to the saddle of his horse, was a scabbard. From his appearance altogether, it would have been difficult to have formed any very precise opinion as to his social position.

Riding straight up to the door of the cabaret before drawing rein, he dismounted, saying as he did so:

"If the holly-branch nailed against this wall is not a deceptive sign, I ought to be able to get a bed and a supper here. Where's the landlord?"

"Here, monseigneur," replied the master of the little house, evidently flattered by the pompous appellation applied to him, and bowing to the ground.

The traveller drew his pistols from the holsters, unhooked them, and then threw his horse's bridle to the waiting host.

"Walk him up and down a little, before taking him to the drinking trough," he said; "the poor beast has had a heavy day's work, and needs care."

This direction given, the stranger entered the house, the group of gaping politicians humbly saluting him as he passed.

The interior of the cabaret of Saint Pardoux consisted of one large room, the floor of which was formed by the solid earth, and served for the drinking-room of the customers, the sleeping place and kitchen of the landlord. A door on the further side opened into a garden, decorated with three or four little arbors, for the use of guests, and it was in one of these that our traveller seated himself.

Taking off his waist-belt, he hung up his sword and dagger in the jutting branch of a tree; and then, resting his elbow on the worm-eaten table before him, and his forehead upon the palm of his hand, he sank into a reverie so profound that the host, who approached him five minutes later, had to speak twice to him before being able to attract his attention.

"Ah, it's you, my friend, is it?" he said at length, who one waked out of a dream; "what do you want with me?"

"I have come to take your orders, monseigneur."

"To be sure. Let me have dinner at once." Before answering, the host cast a rapid and anxious look about him. Then approaching his guest with the utmost precaution, and dropping his voice almost to a whisper, he said:

"I guessed, by your costume and your accent, that you were a stranger, and that might be enough to make me suspicious of you, monseigneur; but if you order it, though it were a dinner to excite the envy of a king, I shall have no fear of obeying you, only I must not hide from you that the price will be dear—one livre four-teen sous, wine included."

"And in the name of wonder, is all this mys-

— About five francs ten centimes of present money.

tory necessary before you can set a meal's victuals before a hungry guest?"

"Ah, I see, monseigneur, you do not know the country you are in!" cried the host. "Our seigneurs exact a tax of ten deniers for every fowl we raise. If the marquis, my master, were to learn that I possess a fat pullet, I should be sent for a month to prison, and have to pay a fine of ten livres."

"Oppression everywhere!" murmured the young man, knitting his brow. "Why don't you carry your complaints to the lot of the throne?"

"Petition the Valois?" cried the cabaretier. "By Saint Blaise, it's plain, by your talking in that way, that you are not only a stranger to this part of the country, but also to the kingdom. The Valois! we'd as soon think of."

"Silence, fellow!" said the traveller severely. "He is the king—your lord and master—the elect of heaven! As such you owe him obedience and respect."

Suddenly the speaker stopped, and then, as if ashamed of the heat he had displayed, continued, in a tone of mildness and benevolence: "My friend, I thank you for your offer, which I accept. You shall be paid all you ask."

The cabaretier bowed profoundly, and then retired without saying a word, astonished to have heard, for the first time in his life, any one undertake the defence of King Henry III.

While the young traveller thus left alone gave himself up to thought, the inhabitants of Saint Pardoux, collected in groups, made him the wondering subject of their discourse. They had not, however, been long occupied in this manner, when their attention was attracted by the arrival of another horseman, whom they saw approaching the town from the side opposite to that by which the first traveller had arrived.

The effect of two such events in one day was to excite in the highest degree the public mind of Saint Pardoux, utterly unused to such incursions from the outer world. Between the two cavaliers, indeed, there was a striking difference sufficient to have warranted free comment under any circumstances.

The new-comer was a man of five-and-forty years of age, of gigantic stature, bestriding an iron-grey steed of great strength, and both fully armed.

"By the mass!" cried this personage, heavily descending from the back of his horse, and reaching the door of the cabaret, "from the innermost recesses of this house there comes an exhalation of roast meat that fills me at once with astonishment and satisfaction—having resigned myself, as I had already done, to the idea of dining off a man of boiled chestnuts. Hallo, cabaretier Mousigneur le Diable! Who are you?"

Seeing nobody approach in answer to his summons, the Goliath crossed the threshold of the house and made his way into the garden.

"So, so!" he said, "a good meal and a good companion! Decidedly I'm in luck to-day!"

The two travellers bowed to each other. "May I be permitted to ask, monsieur," demanded the giant, "whether the delicious odor which at this moment caresses my nostrils betokens the preparation of a dinner for you?"

"I certainly have ordered a pullet to be roasted."

"Pullets are to be had, are they?" cried the giant, joyfully. "Hallo!—Cabaretier—two pullets!"

"I don't whether our host will be able to obey you," said the younger man, "he has devoted to my service all the resources of his kitchen and larder. However, the dinner may surely be got over, if you will do me the honor to partake of my dinner?"

"Share a pullet!" cried the giant. "You might sooner ask me to commit one or all of the ten deadly sins! I prefer to eat the wine of it. There's no use beating about the bush. I'm a jolly companion, and it's my way to go straight to the end I want to reach. It will take but a few words to make us understand each other. Will you, or will you not, give up your dinner to me? If you say yes, I'll kiss your hand, and bid you for the gallantest man on the face of the earth, but if you say no, you will have to put up with my sword through your body, while I sit down to table and finish the entire pullet. I wait your response."

At this somewhat strange proposition the young man remained unmoved. For a moment, however, his eyes flashed, and showed that under this constrained calmness, a boiling anger was hidden. It was, nevertheless, with a calm voice that, after thoroughly collecting himself, he replied to his adversary.

"I'll not conceal from you, monsieur, that