

THE GAZETTE

VOL. I.—No. 21.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, MAY 31, 1873.

PRICE { FIVE CENTS, OR SIX CENTS, U.S. Cr.

OLD DREAMS OF LOVE.

Old dreams of love—old dreams of love,
From which we woke too soon,
In memory now they only prove
Like some remembered tune—
Some spell that shadows each bright thing
That faded first away,
When life, was like an endless spring—
A joyous, sunny day.

Old dreams of love!

Old dreams of love—old dreams of love,
Too bright, too sweet to last;
What beautiful forms around us move—
Still shadows of the past!
Of all we know—the sweetest, best—
How few their number seems!
Those lips we loved, those hands we pressed,
We only meet in dreams.

Old dreams of love!

FEUDAL TIMES;

OR,

TWO SOLDIERS OF FORTUNE.

A Romance of Daring and Adventure.

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

CHAPTER XIV.

A FATAL NIGHT.

At the terrible news of the capture of the chateau a cloud seemed to pass before the chevalier's sight; a horrible spasm shot through his heart, and he was obliged to support himself against a wall to avoid falling.

This keen emotion was of short duration however. The thought of the dangers to which Diane was exposed brought back to him all his energy; his blood boiled in his veins, and, roused to sublime fury, he bounded to her assistance.

The apartments occupied by Diane were situated at the end of the chateau opposite to the room used by Sforzi. Before he could reach the young girl he had, therefore, to traverse almost the entire length of the building. Should he arrive in time to save her, or, at least, to die beside her, making a rampart of his body to protect her? The uncertainty drove him almost mad.

He had reached within two bounds of the extremity of a passage terminating in a narrow flight of stairs leading to the lower floor, when a dozen of the marquis's soldiers appeared at the bottom of the stairs. At sight of Sforzi, the wretches uttered a roar of ferocious pleasure.

"Death to the Huguenot! Down with the rebel!"

"Success is in audacity," said Raoul to himself. "Forward!"

With a bound, he sprang head-first and sword in hand into the midst of his adversaries. So little did the marquis's people expect such an act of temerity, that for a moment they made no resistance. Three of them, roughly struck down, rolled upon the ground, uttering cries of distress. The chevalier continued on his road.

Unfortunately the assassins quickly recovered from their surprise, and, exasperated by the humiliating check they had received, rushed after Sforzi with redoubled fury. The lower floor, which, thanks to his impetuosity, the chevalier reached uninjured, was, like the floor he had quitted, bounded by a narrow passage, in which it was possible for him to defend himself, only one enemy at a time being able to attack him.

Turning suddenly, therefore, like a bear at bay, Raoul put himself quickly on guard, and, with a hoarse yell, took the initiative. His sword flashed like lightning, a body fell heavily on the damp pavement, and a cry of suffering rang through the passage; it was one of the soldiers, struck full in the middle of the throat, struggling in his last agonies. Then Raoul forgot all—Diane, whom he sought to save, the desperation of his own position, and the impossibility of sustaining a struggle so unequal. His



"YES, DEAD! MURDERED!" REPEATED LEIARDY.

violent instincts, thoroughly awakened, were now exploding with irresistible fury.

For nearly a minute nothing was heard but breath heavily drawn, the groans of the dying, and the clash of arms. Two torches carried by the assassins threw their red glare confusedly on this scene of carnage, which exhibited a picture at once shocking and magnificent. But Raoul's wild transports had served him better than prudence could have done. Striking at hazard, in the midst of that seething mass of men, he had remained safe and sound, without receiving the smallest injury.

The first paroxysm of fury passed—that fury which, not unreasonably, Sforzi considered and deplored as a necessity—no reflected, and, with the marvelous clearness of insight which danger gives to strong minds, saw that an advantage was to be drawn from the confusion caused by his irresistible attack. A second sufficed him to conceive a plan—a minute to execute it.

Three or four paces behind him he had noticed a large window. He counted his strength, whirled his sword about him with bewildering rapidity, and then, profiting by the retrograde movement made by his adversaries on this rebounding of his missiles, he stopped back wards swiftly, sprang through the window, and alighted from a height of nearly fifteen feet in the garden below.

Safe, at least for a moment, from pursuit, Raoul rested for an instant, his throat was dry, his limbs were giving way under the weight of his body, myriads of stars sparkled before his eyes, and his ears were filled with a confused roar, depriving him both of sight and hearing. He took off his coat of mail and threw himself down upon the wet grass, from which he eagerly sucked the dew with which it was laden. Somewhat calmed and refreshed he drew deep breaths of air charged with the perfume of the

night, and then replaced his coat of mail, wiped the blood from his sword, and sprang through the hornbeams in the direction of the apartments occupied by Diane.

While the chevalier was hurrying to the aid of Mademoiselle d'Erlanges, the interior of the chateau presented the shocking appearance of a place in that time is now by assault. At but once, unobscured and plain, was proceeding at twenty different spots. The defenders of the chateau, surprised in the midst of their sleep, were massacred as they were discovered. It is impossible to convey an idea of the implacable ferocity displayed by the marquis's armed men. Drunk with wine and blood, they revelled in their devilish work of human destruction.

But the most remarkable scene of this fatal night passed in the bed-chamber of the Dame d'Erlanges. There the victim and the executioner found themselves face to face.

The châtelineau was seated in a large chair, ornamented with her coat of arms and raised a step above the floor, she preserved a superb attitude. Nothing in her appearance denoted either horror or alarm. The marquis stood before her a few paces removed, his sword in the scabbard, and his head covered with his plumed hat. Though he affected a calm equal to that of the châtelineau, it was easy to discover, by the contraction of the muscles of his face, and by the sinister light glittering in his eyes, that all his evil passions were unchained.

"Marquis de la Tremblais," said the Dame d'Erlanges, "those fresh cries announce to me that the iniquitous work is not yet entirely completed, and that there is yet time, if you will, to save some of my unfortunate servants. In the name of your salvation in the other world, Marquis de la Tremblais, go and interpose your authority between the murderers and their victims!"

"Madame," replied the marquis, "with-

moving from his place, "war has its fatal and painful exigencies. I have promised my people to give up to them the garrison of Tauve—a gentleman always keeps his word!"

"A gentleman!" repeated the Dame d'Erlanges in a tone of sovereign contempt. "Ah, marquis, if in you, impetuously laugh at divine justice, at least do not clash with the prejudices of this world—do not call a thief and assassin a gentleman!"

"Madame!" cried the marquis, turning pale at this outburst, "do not abuse my patience any longer. Do not forget that, as my vassal, you owe me obedience and respect."

"Obedience to a robber! respect to a cut-throat! You must have a very poor opinion of my judgment, Monsieur de la Tremblais, to think of making such demands."

"Madame—madame, I repeat, take care! Let what is passing around you serve you as a warning! Do you not hear the agony of your accomplices—of the people who have dared to support you in your rebellion? Up to the present I have wished to spare you the chastisement due to you. Do not make me regret my clemency, or, by hell, you shall repent it!"

"Marquis," replied the châtelineau, coldly, "I hold the memory of my late husband, the Count d'Erlanges, in too much veneration to condescend to discussion with you. You know well that, after God in heaven and the king on earth, I am not called on to bow myself to any seigneur. Do not stamp with the heel of your boot, marquis. I care nothing for your anger—it is powerless against my resignation and my right. What can you do against me? Strip me of my fortune? It is already done! Deprive me of life? My soul is prepared to appear before its Maker! You see, I have nothing to fear from you, marquis."

"This is too much!" cried Monsieur de la Tremblais. "You forget, old sorceress of Beelzebub, that your accursed den contains at least a delectable creature! Since your ugliness shields you from my vengeance, your daughter, Diane, shall recompense me for your villainies!"

"Diane! my daughter! Diane! You dare!" cried the châtelineau, shuddering, all her coolness deserting her at this terrible threat. "Belgeur de la Tremblais, do not forget that there is a king of France! Sooner or later your crime will meet with chastisement! Hold, marquis! I withdraw all I have said to your injury. Swear to me that nothing shall be attempted against my daughter, and I will never lodge any complaint against you, and will submit without a murmur to the loss of my fortune."

"Be sure, you old fool," interrupted the marquis—"and the smallest portion of sense might have enabled you to understand as much—your daughter is too charming and desirable for me to do anything to distress her. Woe to any of my people who dare lay a finger on her! I will have them hanged out of hand!"

"Are you serious in what you say?"

"Silence, old Huguenot! Not only do I say that Diane is in no danger at this moment, but that she is destined speedily to enjoy a high honor. I intend to take her for my mistress."

"Diane your mistress!" repeated the châtelineau, with indescribable alarm. "Oh, you are jesting. You are trying to terrify me, no doubt!"

"Jesting!" exclaimed the marquis, with a horrid laugh. "I'll show you how much I am in a jesting mood. Ho, Benoit, go and bring me the gentle demoiselle Diane!"

For the wicked smile which this order brought to the lips of the Chief of the Apostles, it was easy to see how pleasant it was to him, and with what alacrity he would hasten to discharge it.

The Dame d'Erlanges raised her head, which for a moment had been bowed down, sprang from her chair, and placed herself in front of the door.

"No one shall leave this room without first passing over my body!" she cried, resolutely.

Benoist paused, and questioned his master by a look.

"Obey!" said the marquis, hoarsely.

The Chief of the Apostles coolly drew a pistol from his breast, cocked it, and placed the muzzle against the châtelineau's forehead.

"Madame," he cried roughly, "allow me to go and fetch your daughter, or I shall have to blow out your brains!"

The only answer the châtelineau returned was to bolt the door.

"Mad-brained Huguenot!" growled Benoit, discharging his pistol.

The unfortunate Dame d'Erlanges sank upon the floor, murmuring:

"Diane! All powerful heaven! Marquis, I curse you!"