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For the Favorite.

"LOVE AND REASON."

BY ISABELLA VALANCY CRAWFORD.

Once Reason, calm, majestic maid,
Thro' bosky gloom of garden stray'd;
A garden plann'd in every part,
To please the mind yet scarce the heart.
'Tis true the level walks, the bowers,
Were gemm'd with all the fairest flowers,
That royal Nature's bounteous hand,
Had flung upon that radiant land;
Where summer kisses summer's lips,
And all the year the brown bee sips,
His nectar from the chain of flowers,
That stretches o'er those sunny hours;
And finds no missing link of bloom,
To cloud his busy life with gloom!

'Tis true the fountains sprang their height,
And frolick'd in the upper light,
The peacock strutted on the lawn;
And gamboll'd there the graceful fawn;
And thro' the laurel bay and myrtle,
There glanc'd the sheen of many a kirtle;
Of nymphs who'd chosen this retreat,
To come and sit at Reason's feet;
To pensive oon her starry page,
And fly the follies of the age.

'Tis true such beauties all were there,
And yet lack'd much of being fair:
The blossoms bloom'd in formal pride,
The fountains play'd in measur'd tide
That which alone the soul can warm,
Sweet Nature's wild, enchanting charm,
From that fair spot had fled and vanish'd,
By cold-ey'd Reason sternly banish'd;
And in that cold and formal school,
No flower dare bloom except by rule.
Love too, 'twas firmly decreed,
Fair Nature's loveliest child should bleed,
If found amidst those bowers astray,
Sacred to Reason's lofty sway.

But to my tale. While Reason stray'd,
All pensive thro' the formal glade,
She saw couch'd lightly on a rose,
Arch Cupid in profound repose;
For o'er her walls of marble white,
In some mad hour he'd wing'd his flight.
With horrent brow and dark'ning frown,
Reason on Love stood looking down;
She rais'd her hand to crush the fay,
When loud a rolling voice cried, "stay."

Imperial thunders in the tone;
And looking up, upon a throne,
Uphorne by eagles ey'd with flame,
Great Jove to Reason's vision came:
"Thy hand restrain great nymph divine
As thou henceforth to men would shine,
In all thy beauties known and blest,
Take Love and bear him in thy breast;
With thy sage counsel him restrain,
And so let Love with Reason reign!"
With mellow'd thunders roll'd the clouds,
Great Jove withdrew behind their shrouds.
The mandate Reason quick obey'd;
And joyous Love securely play'd,
And brighten'd that once formal spot,
Where Reason dwelt, but Love was not!
PETERBORO', ONT.

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 XI.

GENEROUS IMPRUDENCE.

Neither moon nor stars were visible in the sky, when Raoul Sforzi and the servant Lehardy set forth from the Château de Tauve, and the darkness of the night favored their hazardous enterprise. At first they advanced at a walking pace, and with the utmost precaution, both of them knowing how much the ladies of Erlanges stood in need of their devotion. The posters by which they had passed



"THE AMBUSCADE."

out of the château was on the side opposite to the position of Tournoll, and they had therefore to make a long detour before coming upon the direct road. The security afforded by this manoeuvre, executed with the view of deceiving the spies, who were doubtless on the watch about the Château de Tauve, compensated them for the delay it caused them.

"Monsieur," said Lehardy, in a low tone, addressing the chevalier, "draw rein and fall back behind me; the path here is not wide enough for two horsemen abreast." Five minutes later he said in the same guarded tone of voice, "Monsieur le Chevalier, have you been struck in the face by a branch?"

"No!" answered Raoul.
"That's strange," replied Lehardy; "I certainly heard the sound of a branch violently shaken. It was your horse, perhaps, that struck his croup against a bush?"
"No, he did not; he has followed your horse, quite in the middle of the path. As to the noise you speak of I heard it distinctly; I imagined it to be a false step taken by your horse."

"It may only have been a deer startled out of its sleep," said Lehardy; then suddenly added: "Silence!—listen! No!—this time I am not deceived. We are being watched. There are people in the bushes near us. Let us stop, Monsieur Sforzi!"
The young man and the servant halted, and remained for nearly five minutes motionless as statues. It was Lehardy who was the first to break silence.

"My hearing probably deceived me, Monsieur le Chevalier," he said; "all is still about us. Let us go on."
After riding for about twenty minutes the chevalier and his guide left the path, and emerged upon the open plain.
We have been a long time coming a little

way," remarked the servant; "but no matter—the great point is to have left the château without being seen. Thanks to God, I think we have succeeded?"

Scarcely had Lehardy finished speaking before a dozen armed horsemen dashed from behind an elevation in the ground which crossed the road and bounded the horizon. To increase the misfortune—and misfortunes, as the proverb declares, never come singly—the moon, until then hidden by clouds, shone out brightly, and flooded the atmosphere with light.

"We are lost!" exclaimed Lehardy. "God send that my death may be of service to my mistresses!"

"Lost!" cried the chevalier, in tones that rung out upon the night clear and penetrating as the notes of a trumpet—"lost? Not yet! Courage, Lehardy! Get ready your arquebuse; but do not fire till you are certain of your aim, and rely on my assistance."

"Monsieur, I am neither a nobleman nor a warrior, but I am an honest man and you may also rely on me."

While the two brave defenders of the ladies of Erlanges were preparing for the combat, Diane was a prey to the most painful inquietude. Remaining on the rampart which surmounted the postern by which the chevalier and Lehardy had quitted the château, she tried to pierce the darkness with her gaze. At the slightest unrecognised sound that reached her ears, her blood became ice in her veins, and her heart beat within her bosom as if it would have burst.

But this tribute of weakness, so natural to her sex, once paid, Diane felt herself seized with a feverish ardour, a wild and generous desire to partake the dangers of her defenders; tears of regret, almost of despair and rage, rolled down her cheeks. From time to time she called one

of her servants, and after addressing a brief question to him, dismissed him with an impatience that contrasted strangely with the habitual gentleness of her character.

At length one of the servants of the Dame d'Erlanges rushed in alarm to Diane, exclaiming:

"Mademoiselle, the shepherd Charlot has just come to the château, and asks to be allowed to see you without a moment's delay."

"At last!" she murmured, in a distressed tone. Then, light and graceful as a young fawn, she bounded to the spot where the shepherd was awaiting her.

Charlot might have been about fifteen or sixteen. His wild appearance, and his astonished and timid air, were little in his favor; nevertheless, his small, bright black eyes, never for a moment at rest, indicated more than ordinary intelligence.

Diane found him leaning against one of the pillars of the entrance-hall, his forehead bathed with perspiration. He was whistling the air of a hunting-song.

"Well, Charlot?" she inquired.

"Well, mademoiselle," he replied, timidly, "I've earned the two crowns—I've brought you news."

"Tell me what your news is, Charlot—I will double your recompense."

"Mademoiselle," he replied, concealing with difficulty the delight caused him by his mistress' generosity, "I obeyed your order, point by point. I remained for two entire days and nights in the depths of my hiding-place."

"Well, Charlot, well?" she cried, impatiently.

"For two days I saw nothing," he went on, "except now and then one of the apostles watching the château from a distance."

"But this evening? Have you seen nothing this evening?"

"A thousand excuses, mademoiselle! Yes, I've seen something this evening. About night-fall I saw Monseigneur le Marquis on his beautiful war-horse. He was accompanied by eight armed men, and, as I thought you would not be sorry to know what he said, I slipped out of my hiding-place and glided after him."

"My good Charlot, you shall have ten crowns. Did you overhear the marquis' conversation?"

"Not all of it, mademoiselle; the horses made too much noise, and I could not get near enough to monseigneur. If he had caught sight of me he would have beaten me. But at last, by catching a word here and there, I got to understand something of their conversation. Monseigneur accused his men-at-arms of not knowing how to serve him, and that if he himself took the trouble, he could easily lay hands on the chevalier in the neighborhood of Tanve. It seems, mademoiselle, that monseigneur is in a state of great anger and fury against the chevalier, because every time he spoke of him he swore so dreadfully that I trembled in every limb for fear of seeing the devil appear."

"But the marquis, Charlot, the marquis—where is he now?"

"Behind your château, mademoiselle, on the Roche-Blanche side. He must himself be going to beat up for the chevalier all night."

A cry of anguish escaped from Diane's lips. It was exactly this spot, known by the name of the "White Rock," that, according to her calculation, Raoul and Lehardy must be passing at that very moment. After a short hesitation her resolution was formed.

"Charlot," she cried, "go and tell all the servants on guard to-night to make ready to mount their horses. I myself will go and awake all who are asleep. Make haste, lad! It is a question of saving two good Christians from death."

The shepherd did not require to have this order repeated, but bounded off with the fleetness of a released deer. A quarter of an hour later the court of honor of the château presented a picture of extreme agitation. Fifteen servants, some arming, others engaged in saddling the horses, were crowded together.

Diane, with her beautiful black hair flowing loosely down her back, her cheeks flushed, her bosom oppressed, thanked the most diligent with a gentle word, encouraged the dilatory or the timid with a look, and endeavored to put a little order into this scene of confusion. Thanks to the respect, or, to speak more exactly, to the adoration with which the servants regarded their young mistress, order was established by degrees, and the little troop at length ranged in battle array. Suddenly, Diane, who had been too much absorbed in the arrangements for the departure to have had any time for reflection, uttered a half-suppressed exclamation, and called hurriedly to one of the grooms of the château: