

# DE MAUREVERT

VOL. II.—No. 2.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, JULY 19, 1873.

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

## A PERFECT DAY.

BY JAMES OWEN, THE IRISH TRAGEDIAN AND POET.

### I.

I rose me with the sun,  
Intent upon a full and perfect day;  
Neither did I neglect to praise and pray—  
Thus was my day begun:  
Young life hung out its red flags on my cheek  
Nor in my locks were any silver streaks:  
And an hour pass'd, well done.

### II.

Noon came, and lastly, night;  
And now I hark the solemn midnight bell;—  
The watchman drawleth, 'Twelve, and all well!  
But is the watchman right?  
What saith the mentor Conscience? Can it say  
'This day hath been a full and perfect day  
A saint in spotless white'?

### III.

Ah, no! for in despite  
Of vigilance, of effort, grace, and will,  
Sad slips and lapses were occurring still,  
Robbing the day of light;  
And frequent falls in deed and word and thought  
Brought down my contemplated day to naught,  
Even to seeming night.

### IV.

So will it be alway?  
Must each day end, a sinner and unclean,  
Possessing and disfiguring the scene,  
Endeavor how we may?  
If we but will'd, this side the grave might sin  
And night give place to usher wholly in  
The full and perfect day?

### V.

Now the bells ring out—one!  
The night—the dark sad night—hath pass'd  
away.  
Come forth, O day! O full and perfect day!  
Arise, O life! sun!  
Arouse thee, Nature! and, O heart of me,  
Gird up thy loins, that this new day may be  
No child of time, but of eternity;  
A joy, a gem, a bloodless victory,  
A perfect day, well done!

## 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 XXXIV.

##### OLD ACQUAINTANCES.

As soon as he was in the street, De Maurevert, according to his praiseworthy habit, set himself to examine from all points of view the new business on which he was entering; for, in offering to act as messenger to Raoul, he had an ulterior object in his mind. "I must not shut my eyes to the fact I have a very delicate mission to fulfil, and one that is beset with difficulties," he said to himself as he walked at a slow pace. "How shall I contrive to gain admission to the little house on the Marché-aux-Chevaux? In what manner shall I address its mistress when I reach her? Bah!—is not chance my friend? It is sure to help me out of all difficulties." Without any fixed plan of action, therefore, the captain at length reached his destination. "The deuce!" he said to himself, after having carefully examined the mysterious habitation—"windows shut, blinds close-drawn! Does nobody live here? No; I see how it is. I have chosen ill the hour of my visit. The goddesses who preside over these discreet retreats resemble planets, that only take their flight by night;



"SHE REMOVED HER MASK, AND LOOKED FIXEDLY AT HER INTERLOCUTOR."

they delight in darkness. Well, I am in no hurry; let me take a post of observation."

"His eyes rested on the bushes behind which Lehardy had concealed himself two days previously for the purpose of watching Raoul.

"Here are advanced works that will suit my purpose admirably," he said. "From this ambuscade I shall be able to watch the enemy's position perfectly, and without my presence being suspected."

To make precaution doubly sure, the captain chose a hollow in the ground, which formed almost a ditch, and lay down in it, with his face towards the lonely house.

For the first half-hour nothing occurred to awaken his attention or disturb his watch, and, somewhat discouraged by the unsuccessfulness of his stratagem, he was beginning to think of moving off, when the dim outlines of two men coming towards him met his view.

The arrival of two men at that particular spot was not in any way an extraordinary circumstance. The captain, however, knit himself closely, like a gigantic boa preparing to dart upon his prey, and waited the coming of the two men. He had done well to trust to chance.

A few minutes later the two pedestrians reached the garden wall of the solitary house; and from the words they addressed to each other in a low tone while examining the building, it was evident that their presence on the spot was not without an object. The costume of both was that of common persons, and that detail strongly attracted the captain's attention.

"It is hardly possible that the mistress of this house would give a rendez-vous to such persons as these," he thought. "Ah!—by Mercury, the god of thieves and other rascals, I see how it is! These fellows are placed here as sentinels for

their master. They are to keep watch against surprise from without. Who can the lady be—and who her cavalier? I must find that out."

An exclamation of astonishment suddenly broke from him. The two strangers, who so far had had their backs towards him, turned round, and in them he recognized his two old acquaintances, the Apostle Benoist and the Seigneur Croixmore.

At this altogether unexpected discovery, De Maurevert hesitated; but his decision was speedily taken. He sprang from the grass, and quickly re-adjusting the belt of his sword, advanced with giant strides towards Croixmore and Benoist.

"Horns of the devil, dear friends!" he cried, "you fill me with delight!"

At the apparition of De Maurevert, who seemed to have sprung out of the earth, the servant of the Marquis de la Tremblais and the bandit of the province of Auvergne appeared dumbfounded. Their first movement was to take to flight, their second to put themselves on the defensive.

"By Pluto's beard!" continued the adventurer, in a friendly tone, and with a smiling visage, "one might almost imagine that my presence was disagreeable to you. You surely do not harbor any ill-will towards me, Croixmore, because of the magnanimity I displayed in the matter of your ransom?—nor you, Benoist, because I could not make up my mind to allow you to hang my friend, the Chevalier Stérzi? The devil!—we are no longer in Auvergne, but in Paris, and have no longer the same motive for tilting at one another here as down yonder. I don't suppose you, Croixmore, have any idea of making me prisoner of war, or you, Benoist, of hanging me out of hand; these pastimes, well enough to occupy the leisure of a country life,

are not in fashion at Paris. In 'Auvergne,' the feudal nobility does what it likes; in Paris, the king reigns. But, after all, if you really do bear me a grudge, and hanker after revenge, you have only to say the word. Do not let the fact of my being alone restrain you; I feel quite strong enough to send you both to pay your respects to your master Satanus!"

De Maurevert moved backwards three paces and laid his hand on the hilt of his sword.

"I am waiting for your answer," he said, coolly. "Is it peace or war?"

"Captain," replied Croixmore, "you must attribute the coldness of our reception to our astonishment. So far from being unpleasant, your presence is, on the contrary, agreeable to us in the highest degree; and Benoist and myself wish for nothing better than to drown with you all remembrance of old enmities in a flood of good wine."

"That is what I call a golden speech," cried De Maurevert. "Who knows, dear companions, but that we may shortly realize some honest profit together. I have my Paris on my fingertips; not one of the resources it offers are unknown to me. I often require the aid of valiant swords and bold and subtle companions. Tell me, if a brilliant occasion were to present itself, would your time be at your disposal? Are you your own master? Might I count upon you?"

"That would depend," replied Croixmore. "If the expedition were of short duration, yes; if it required us to be absent for more than a day, no."

"You are engaged to some one, then?"

"I have the honour to be attached to the person of the Marquis de la Tremblais," replied the bandit, hoarsely.

"Is it possible, Croixmore, that you are no longer a castellan? What have you done with your charming fortress of Tournoll?"

"Monsieur le Marquis did us the honour to besiege it, and take it by assault."

"And for doing you this great favour, you have entered the Marquis's service? That appears to me a very singular result."

Before replying, Croixmore cast an oblique glance at the apostle Benoist, who still remained silent; then, in a softened and hypocritical tone, he went on:

"Monsieur might have had me hanged; he granted me my life. I shall never know how sufficiently to repay his clemency by my devotion and zeal."

De Maurevert, in his turn, took a furtive glance at Benoist, and, doubtless judging that it would be injudicious to push the subject further, turned the conversation into another channel.

"Well, gentlemen," he said, "since we are on such good terms, I will not beat about the bush with you, but tell you frankly that your presence here at this moment is infinitely inconvenient to me. Can you possibly leave me here alone? You would be rendering me a really friendly service."

"It can't be, captain," replied Benoist, roughly.

"So," thought De Maurevert, "the Marquis de la Tremblais must be in the house!"

"At least," continued the captain, passing his arm through that of Croixmore, "you are not obliged to stand planted, like statues, on this particular spot? To take up a position in front of an isolated house, without concealment, shows an unpardonable want of tact, and smells of the province a league off; for, far from protecting a master in his good fortune, it is sure to draw attention towards him, and expose him to the risk of being gravely compromised when he comes from his *littre-à-littre*. You must see that, just as I was lately concealed without your suspecting my presence, other spies may be observing our movements. Let us affect a careless air, and walk about as if we were duellists awaiting our adversaries."

De Maurevert drew Croixmore in a direction opposite to that taken by Benoist.

"Croixmore," he said, rapidly, lowering his voice almost to a whisper, "you can earn ten crowns by frankly answering my questions. The Marquis de la Tremblais is now in this house, is he not?"

"Yes," replied the bandit, in the same low tone.

"Is there any need of a pass-word to gain admission there?"

"Certainly there is."

"And you know what it is, Croixmore?"

"Yes; I know what it is."

"Tell it me, quickly!"

"What!—betray my master for ten crowns? That would be too contemptible. I prefer to hold my tongue."

"I never haggle with men of spirit. I will give you twenty crowns, to tell me the pass-word."