

TRUE LOVE.

I would that every angry shaft
From trouble's bitter spear,
Would wing its flight to pierce my heart,
To give to thine relief.

I would that every ill and woe,
And every carking care,
Would force their way within my breast,
That I for these might bear.

I'd gential deem the icy chill,
The biting frost and cold,
The stormy tempest, Love, if thou
Wert sheltered in the fold.

If my frail bark were tossed about,
Of angry waves the sport,
Calm as on glassy lake, I'd feel,
If thou wert safe in port.

And if thy choice o'er me should pass,
To bless another's life,
His truest friend I'd ever be,
Because thou wert his wife.

THE GITANA.

[Expressly translated for the FAVORITE from the
French of Xavier de Montepin.]

LX. (continued.)

It took nearly an hour to transport him to the Breton Arms. Ten o'clock had just struck. The innkeeper appeared at the door, with a lantern in his hand. "Mercy!" he exclaimed, "Mercy! A murdered man! It is Mr. Oliver. Who has done this?" "Mr. Le Vaillant stabbed himself," answered Carmen. "And why did he do it?" "To escape the punishment of his crime." Further colloquy was interrupted by the carriers pushing their way upstairs with the insensible body, and setting it on a lounge in the room which Carmen had occupied.

LXI.

THE RIVALS.

Jocelyn stood in agony beside the inanimate form of Dinorah. About an hour elapsed. Dinorah made a slight movement of the lips and eyelids. "She is not dead," gasped Jocelyn. "God be praised." She bathed the temples of Dinorah in water and rubbed her nostrils with vinegar. Dinorah at length opened her eyes and sat up. Her sight fell on the blood which stained the floor of the room. "Blood!" she exclaimed, "They have then killed him, O Oliver. O my beloved." Jocelyn briefly and rapidly narrated all the circumstances. "And where have they taken him?" "To Saint Nazaire." "Dead or alive, I must see him." And she rose. Without arranging her hair or throwing a shawl upon her shoulders, she rushed through the door and out of the farm yard. Jocelyn, instead of following, fell on her knees and began a long prayer. Dinorah reached the inn, and following the direction of the host, hurried up to the room where Oliver lay. Beside him sat Carmen, cold and impassible. The sight of Dinorah surprised at first and finally irritated her. Violent language passed between the two women. After a time, Dinorah withdrew, concealing her intentions. During her whole visit, Oliver was delirious. The next day, the wounded man was transported in an open boat to Nantes, where his trial was to take place. The Gitana, Morales and the officers were on board. At a small distance behind followed a small boat, with two female passengers. One was Jocelyn. The other was Dinorah.

LXII.

THE PRISONER.

Three weeks had elapsed. Oliver lay in prison, slowly recovering. The preparations for the trial were pushed forward. The crime was evident, but still much sympathy prevailed in Nantes for the unfortunate young man. By dint of prayers and supplications, Dinorah obtained permission to visit Oliver in his cell. She found him asleep. She knelt at his side, and seizing one of his hands, covered it with kisses. Oliver awoke. He propped himself on his elbow, and looked at the young woman with hesitation and disquiet. Dinorah murmured: "It is I, Oliver, it is I." He stretched out both arms and drew her to his heart. "O, may God be praised, that I see you once more. I will now die content. Tell me that you have come to pardon me." "What have I to pardon? I belong to you. But why speak of dying?"

"Because death is inevitable."
"Oliver, I want you to live."
"And I want to die. Life without you would be intolerable."
Dinorah's sobs choked her reply. But for a long time she sat there, and after she recovered, held sweet communion with her beloved. At length Oliver said:
"How long are you allowed to remain with me?"
"One hour only?"
"Then hear me, my darling. The time has come when I must reveal to you the secret of my life. I am guilty in the eyes of men, Dinorah, and to-morrow I will be sentenced."
He proceeded to unfold the whole history of the transactions which our readers are already acquainted with. While he spoke, Dinorah listened with great open eyes, clasped hands and suspended breath. His words carried conviction into her mind. She saw and understood everything clearly. "When the judges know all the truth," she said, "they will acquit you."
"They will never know it," replied Oliver sadly.
"Why?"
"Because I will never tell them."
Dinorah attempted to dissuade him, but in vain. He even succeeded in calming her and infusing some of his heroism into her soul. At length the hour of separation arrived. "Adieu my beloved," exclaimed Oliver.
"Not adieu. We shall meet again."

LXIII.

MORALES MORALIZETH.

Morales was sitting with his sister in their drawing room at the principal hotel of Nantes. He appeared pensive and disturbed. Carmen inquired the cause, "I have had," he replied, "a horrible dream. A scaffold was erected. Oliver was conducted to the gibbet. The cord was slipped around his neck. I closed my eyes. On opening them, I found he had disappeared and that you and I were dangling in mid air. Carmen grew pale just a little, but rallying she said:
"My poor Morales, you are getting weak-minded. No danger threatens us. Our only enemies, Tancred and Quirino are dead. And now is our day of vengeance."
"Sister, take my advice."
"What is it?"
"Let us go hence at once."
"Whither?"
"To Havre first and then to some place of safety."
"So you are really afraid."
"Yes, because you are going too far."
"Too far! Do you know how much the death of Oliver will fetch us?"
"A fortune, I know."
"Twelve millions!"
"Impossible. To get his whole fortune, you would need his will in your favor. This you have not."
"You shall see."
She went to her room and returned with a parchment.
"Read," said she.
He read:

"INGOUVILLE, 24 AUG., 1771.

"This is my will.
"On the eve of engaging in a duel, which may be mortal, I herewith draw up my last will and testament.
"I have wronged my lawful wife, Annunziata Rovero. I wish to repair these wrongs by bequeathing to the said Annunziata Rovero my whole earthly goods, amounting to a total of twelve millions, without subtraction for any cause, save a legacy of five thousand livres which my widow shall pay in specie to Don Guzman Morales y Tulipano, Spanish gentleman, whose fidelity and affection I desire herewith to recompense.
"In faith of which, I hereby append my name and seal.

"OLIVER LE VAILLANT."

"Well, brother?" asked Carmen when Morales had finished reading. "What have you to say now?"
"I must be dreaming."
"Not a bit of it."
"Then this immense fortune will—?"
"Will be mine, and that before very long."
"And the bequest of five hundred thousand livres?"
"I will pay it punctually the day after I come into possession."
"What an admirable will!"
"I was sure that it would meet with your approval."
"Provided only that it is uncontested and uncontested."
"You may be sure of that. Observe that it is dated the day on which the duel was fought by Oliver and the Marquis de Grancey."
"Oh! our friend Oliver is worth his weight in gold. He thinks of everything. He did not even forget me, and has fully acknowledged my affection and devotion to him!"
"Which proves that he knew how to appreciate it."
"One thing surprises me, however."
"And that is?"
"That your husband should admit having wronged you."
"And did he not?"

"The mischief! It seems to me—"
"Never mind what it seems to you. It is evident that he has wronged me since he acknowledges it and expresses his wish to make amends therefor."
There was no answering such reasoning. Morales meditated in silence a few moments and then eyed Carmen with a very knowing smile.
"Well done, sister. Bravo!" he exclaimed at length.
"What do you mean? What is well done?" asked Carmen.
"That was a capital idea of yours, caramba! It is a wonder that the man who forged this for you did not steal it."
Carmen turned pale.
"How do you see that it is a forged will," she asked anxiously.
"Oh, don't be afraid. I don't see it. I can guess it is, or rather, I can scent it. But everyone who does not know the cards as I do will be taken in by it."
"That is well. You frightened me for a moment."
"And yet you had no cause to be frightened. The imitation of the handwriting is perfect. Where the deuce did you hunt up a man clever enough to turn out such a master-piece?"
"Ever since we have been here I have been looking for such a man. Every evening while you were drinking in your room, I went out, disguised in male attire, and visited all the reputable taverns in the place. At last I found my man, an old scrivener who had just served his term in the galleys on a conviction of forgery. I gave him twenty-five louis d'or, a few sheets of parchment and the letter which Oliver wrote to his valet—the letter you sold me for fifty thousand livres. After three days' practice my fall-bird produced the document you have just seen, which makes me heiress to twelve millions."

"That is, to fourteen, for you have two already. Ah, sister, you will easily be able to pay me the five hundred thousand livres which constitute my modest legacy. You could certainly have afforded to be more generous. However, I am an easy-going fellow, so I will not haggle over it. But tell me, once mistress of this more than princely fortune, what are your plans?"
"They are very simple. I shall go and live in Paris. There I shall carry out the dream of my life. With my beauty and my fortune I shall have no difficulty in marrying a nobleman. You know what my ambition is, Morales. It has not changed since we were at Havana. I want to be a great lady. That is the object of my life, and reach it I will."
"I have not the slightest doubt of it, and I am beginning to understand that you were right when you said that Oliver's death would be profitable to us. The good young man should not regret losing his life, since by his death he makes other people happy."
"Then you approve of my plan?" continued the Gitana.
"Caramba, I should think so."
"And your apprehensions?"
"All gone! disappeared! vanished!" And seizing a flask of Alicante, Morales poured out a bumper which he drained to the health of Oliver Le Vaillant's widow.
It was time to go to the trial. After having carefully arrayed herself Carmen, attended by Morales, entered the hired carriage and drove off to the court of justice.

LX.

THE TRIAL.

The hall in which the trial was to be held was filled to the doors. The strange nature of the accusation, the immense wealth of the prisoner, his youth, and the interest which was attached to him notwithstanding his crime, all contributed to make the case one of the strangest and most touching that had ever been known. So a crowd of privileged persons, including all the principal members of the aristocracy of the city filled the space allotted to the public, and even overflowed into the enclosure reserved for the judges.
Oliver, as pale as death, was at his place in the dock, between two armed soldiers. With all the courage of his nature he strove against the physical weakness which threatened every moment to overcome him, for he was extremely unwilling to excite the pity of the crowd by letting them see how he had been pulled down by the recent misfortunes which had fallen upon him. Yet his noble bearing and the air of resignation which he wore won him much sympathy.
Carmen and Dinorah were both in court. The former, richly dressed, was scanning with an appearance of indifference the unruly crowd before her. Behind her sat Morales, endeavoring to hide himself as much as possible from the spectators.
Dinorah de Kerven, dressed in mourning, sat with her face buried in her hands. At her side the faithful Jocelyn vainly endeavored to comfort her.
Oliver looked at neither the one nor the other.
As the first stroke of twelve sounded an usher ordered all present to uncover; the judges filed into the hall and took their seats.
The president of the tribunal was a fine imposing old gentleman with a broad forehead and flowing white hair, bright, intelligent eyes, and features on which benevolence had set its impress.
When the judges had taken their seats one of

the clerks of the court read the act of accusation. Then the examination of the prisoner began.
"Oliver Le Vaillant," asked the president, "was it of your own will that you became the husband of Annunziata Rovero?"
"It was," replied the prisoner.
"In taking that young lady for your wife, did you not do so in obedience to the expressed wish of your father?"
"My father was too good and too just to have imposed on me a match that was distasteful to me."
"Were you acquainted with Dinorah de Kerven previous to your marriage with Annunziata Rovero?"
"I was."
"What were your feelings towards her?"
"I regarded her with unlimited admiration and all possible respect."
"Had you not entered into some engagement with her?"
"I had asked her to be my wife; and had begged her to wait until my return."
"Did you tell your father of your engagement?"
"No."
"Did you then expect that he would oppose your marriage in that quarter?"
"No. I never was afraid of that. But just as I was about to tell him I learnt that he had passed his word to his old friend Don José Rovero—engaging me to Don José's daughter—so I said nothing."
"Then you married Annunziata while you were still engaged to Dinorah?"
"I wrote to Mademoiselle de Kerven telling her that as I was forced to withdraw from my promise I absolved her from her own."
"Did you inform her of your reason for thus suddenly changing your plans?"
"I did not."
"After your marriage with Annunziata Rovero, did you think that you would be happy with your wife?"
Oliver made no reply.
"Had you any fault to find with your wife's conduct?"
"None."
"How then was it that you could not be happy with a wife such as she—young, virtuous, and beautiful?"
"Our tastes were widely different. Annunziata Rovero was passionately fond of luxury and pleasure; while I on the contrary cared more for simplicity and solitude."
"With such a large fortune as yours at your command you were in a position to satisfy the tastes and even the caprices of your wife. Why did you not do so?"
"I should have done so, I confess. I am perfectly willing to acknowledge that I did wrong."
"A coolness then arose between yourself and your wife—a coolness which originated with you and which led to an almost complete separation?"
"I admit it."
"Had you not some ground to believe, after a certain lapse of time, that your honor had suffered at the hands of your wife?"
On hearing this question put Carmen turned crimson. "What will be his reply?" was the one thought that occupied her mind. But she was speedily reassured by hearing Oliver answer in a calm voice.
"I never had a suspicion of the kind you speak of."
Morales furtively nudged his sister.
"What does this mean?" he whispered.
"The poor devil is playing into our hands. He is just doing what was wanted to give a color of genuineness to the will."

(To be continued.)

FORGIVEN.

"Well, mum, to-morrow being Christmas, I thought perhaps we'd have company, mum."
"No, Hannah, I expect no company."
The servant hustled off to the kitchen in her honest, homely fashion, pitying the woman who was envied by so many.
For was she not the widow of John Fairfield, and had he not left her in his will, not only the Fairfield Place, with its magnificent house and extensive grounds, but an income that it seemed impossible for one lone woman to spend, were she ever so extravagant?
Nine long years had rolled by since the last John Fairfield had filled a niche in the family burial vault, and his widow lived alone in the great house, keeping up the large household, but seemingly little inclined to open her doors for hospitality.
Yet she was not past forty, and still a handsome woman in a grand style of beauty, tall, full in figure, with strongly-marked features and rich masses of nut-brown hair, as yet unstrucked by gray.
Her eyes were very large and full, of a deep brown, shaded by long dark lashes.
In her expression, in her walk, in the tones of her rich contralto voice, in every word and action, the dominant passion of her life was revealed, and that passion was pride.
She was proud of her own family, of that of the man she had married, proud of her wealth, proud of her position.
Her beauty and superior intellectual power and cultivation detracted nothing from this haughty spirit.
Yet through her pride had come the sorrow of her life, and there was a gnawing, hidden anguish ever present under the mask of cold staidness she presented to the world.