

# THE FAVORITE

VOL. III.—No. 7.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1874

PRICE: FIVE CENTS.

## THE GITANA.

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

Eleven o'clock had just struck and a slight rain was falling. Silence reigned everywhere. The only light along the quay was that of the parrot vender's little shop.

That night while the Gitano was pouring his love into the Norman woman's ear, five men were hidden in a narrow lane not more than twenty paces from her house.

Another hour passed. Midnight was about to strike. The buxom Norman woman was already yawning and rubbing her tired eyelids. Morales, taking the hint that it was time to retire, seized the hand of his massive and mature idol, slipped a ring through one of its fingers, covered it with kisses and then took his leave.

He followed the side walk directly in the direction of the men lying in ambush.

A low whistle was heard. Four vigorous fellows rushed upon Morales and seized him by the arm and shoulder.

The Gitano was about to raise an outcry, when the point of a sharp stiletto was applied to his neck and a shrill voice whispered in his ear: "If you utter a word, you are a dead man."

The Spaniard trembled in all his limbs.

"Forward," hissed the leader of the band.

The four sailors advanced, dragging their victim with them.

When they reached the parapet of the quay, Morales muttered:

"I shall be drowned," but his lamentations were again summarily stopped by the keen stiletto point.

The tide had risen to its full and almost overflowed the embankment.

A boat, manned by two sailors, and tied to an iron ring, balanced quietly within a few feet of the parapet.

Not a word was spoken, but the Gitano, raised up by the shoulders, was hurled into space and fell heavily in the bottom of the boat.

All the men then got on board, and for half an hour nothing was heard save the cadenced stroke of the oars. The boat finally reached the little coaster, which was at anchor in the offing.

Morales, more dead than alive, was hoisted on her deck and all the rest of the boat's crew followed.

The Gitano lay for a considerable time a prey to the most distressing reflections, and was only roused therefrom by a sailor striking him on the shoulder and summoning him down into the cabin of the commanding officer.

A lantern, hanging from the ceiling, shed a sufficient light through the apartment and Morales, almost fainting with surprise and terror, on finding himself in the presence of Tancred and Quirino.

"Mercy!" he exclaimed, falling on his knees; mercy, in the name of all the saints of Spain."

"Get up, you rascal," said M. de Najac, "and remember that your life is entirely in your own hands."

These words afforded a ray of hope.

The Gitano understood this and rising rapidly, muttered:

"What must I do? I am ready for everything."

"You must answer me the truth, all the truth and nothing but the truth."

"Question me, sir, question me."

"What has become of Carmen?"

Morales reflected for the twentieth part of a second.

"Carmen is in Brittany," he thought. "If I tell the truth I am ruined. Let us try a little lying."

Then addressing Tancred:

"Are you not aware of the shipwreck of the 'Marsouin'?" The unhappy Carmen was then drowned in the flower of her age. She loved you very tenderly, and on learning your death, had no further desire to live."

"Then only two persons escaped from that wreck,—Annunziata Rovero and yourself?"

"Yes, sir, only we two."

"You are quite certain of this?"

"Quite certain, alas."

"You have nothing else to say?"

"Not a word."

The officer made a sign to Quirino. The Indian produced his little silver whistle and blew

upon it, bringing down the quarter-master without delay, into the cabin.

"Roch," said Tancred, "you will attach a pulley and rope to the yard arm."

"For a manoeuvre, commander?"

"For an execution. We have some one to hang here."

"Very well, commander."

"Have all ready in three minutes."

"Tell me the truth."

"I will tell the truth. I swear it all by the saints."

"Hurry then, you have only one minute left."

"Question me; I will answer," said the Gitano in a faint voice.

"Is Carmen alive or dead?"

"She is alive."



"MORALES' ESCAPE."

"Yes, sir." The quarter-master took his departure. The teeth of Morales clattered and his legs could not uphold the weight of his body. He reeled like a drunken man.

"Mercy, sir," he exclaimed. "What are you going to do with me?"

"Justice! Come say your prayers. You have only three minutes to live."

"Have pity on me. Do not kill me. I do not want to die. Tell me what you want, what I must do."

"Under the name of Annunziata Rovero and as lawful wife of Oliver Le Vaillant, eh?"

"Yes, sir."

Tancred and Quirino exchanged looks.

Then the former said to Morales:

"Tell us everything that has occurred since the wreck of the 'Marsouin' up to the present time. Enter into the minutest details, we will listen to you all night, if necessary. Remember, this is the only condition on which you can save your life."

(To be continued.)

### THE LILY SLEEPS.

The lily sleeps; whose scented breath  
Floated like music down the gale;  
The woodbine wove a twisted wreath,  
But found her arts of no avail.  
Through all the day the wood-dove spoke,  
In thrilling accents softly low,  
No other sound the echoes woke  
Within the woodlands' sylvan show.

The lily sleeps; her beauty pale  
Exhausted by the glaring day,  
Dreamlike and still, can yet prevail  
To woo the slanting moonbeam's ray.  
In dewy glades, unseen by man,  
The fairies meet in revel rout,  
Fresh blooms the patient rose's plan,  
The glowworms' lanterns glimmer out.

The lily sleeps; nor hears the song  
Which palpitates in heavenly chords,  
From Philomela's bosom wrung,  
A poem unexpressed by words!  
The lily sleeps; in hushed repose  
A lovely vision purely fair,  
And Nature, wise for ever, knows  
The secret of her beauty rare.

### THE OLD LOVE AND THE NEW.

I.

A cold clear day, with the wintry sun glittering on the frosted hedgerows and on the light snow lying upon the highway after the fall of last night, along which the rumbling Calthorpe omnibus left the track of its rolling wheels.

It was the afternoon of Christmas eve, Christmas eve two years ago, when the omnibus which plied daily to and from Calthorpe and the Malston railway station, came rattling along the road leading to Calthorpe village, with much clatter of hoofs and jingling of harness; it being an idea of the honest countryman who drove the half-trained team, that the more noise he made with horse and harness the more imposing became the effect of his approach. So the omnibus came clattering on within a mile of Calthorpe, when it pulled up with a suddenness which almost flung the horse on their haunches, while the driver shouted out:

"The gentleman as was for the Oak farm gets out here," adding as a good-looking young fellow, with pleasant blue eyes, and curly chestnut hair, descending from the crazy old conveyance with a portmanteau in his hand, "if ye get over the stile there, and cut across the fields to your left, you're all right for the farm."

The young man answered by a nod, and the omnibus rolled on, leaving him standing on the highway, with his luggage at his feet.

"He's Lo. don bred, I s'pose," the driver observed in the ear of a passenger who shared the front seat with him, "and the town life has made him too conceited to carry his own box,"—the word "box" describing Will Drayton's leather portmanteau.

But Drayton, untouched by and unconscious of the driver's contemptuous whisper and look back, stood in the open road in the teeth of a cutting north wind, waiting till chance threw some one in his way willing to carry the luggage to his aunt's farm-house, which he was too proud to shoulder and trudge under himself.

Presently a lad came along the highway, singing some lusty melody as he tramped upon his way, who was glad enough to break the thread of his song and carry Will Drayton's chattels, for sake of the reward promised at his journey's end.

"The old way is open yet, by Mason's field, and over the stile through the coppice meadows?" Drayton said, as the lad lifted his portmanteau from the ground.