

THE GITANA.

VOL. III.—No. 5.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, JANUARY 31, 1874

PRICE : FIVE CENTS.

THE GITANA.

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

XLVIII.—Continued:

DINORAH.

The young girl blushed as red as a rose. "When will you become my wife?" Oliver persisted. "It is for you to decide, Oliver," she murmured. "Are you not already my lord and master?" "Then you accept me as your husband?" "I do more than accept you, since I have fixed my choice on you."

"But you know that I am not of noble family?"

"What is that to me?" "Will you never be sorry for having allied your name—a name that has been borne with honor by twenty generations of noblemen—with mine, humble as it is?"

"My ancestors lie sleeping in their tombs, let us leave them there. Moreover why should you speak of a *métalliance*. You too are noble, Oliver, for you possess the true nobility of soul and of the heart."

"Dinorah, you are poor, and you do not know that I am rich."

"Were you as poor as I, we should still have enough for us two. What need have we for riches? What should we do with them? No, I do not know that you are rich, but I do know that you are good; I know that I love you, and that you love me. Is not that enough?"

"Yes, my dear child, you are right. Love alone is truth; all else is a mere chimera. Still I should tell you that I have enough to allow of our living at our ease."

"I shall gladly accept it then, for it comes from you. But God is my witness that I wish for no more than I have already."

"Then," continued Oliver, "since you are willing to take me as I am, do you not think, my beloved, that we should hasten on our union. Life is so short! Have we even the right to retard our happiness when it is within our reach?"

A slight pressure of his hand was Dinorah's only reply. For Oliver it was a most eloquent answer.

"Do you know," he asked, "the curé of St. Nazaire?"

"If I know him?" asked Dinorah, in astonishment. "Certainly I do. He is my spiritual director. I have confided to him the innermost secrets of my heart, and he never yet forbade me to love you."

"Is he a young man?"

"No, he is a fine old man, who looks like one of the patriarchs of the Old Testament—a good, honest, gentle, and true Christian. Why do you ask?"

"Because I intend going to him this very day, and asking him to fix a day for our marriage."

"But do not hurry him too much, Oliver."

"Why not, my love?"

"Because I must have the time to prepare my wedding dress."

"Cannot I get you all you want at Nantes?" "No; do nothing of the kind, Oliver. This is the first request I ever made you—let me prepare my dress myself and I promise you I will look my best."

Oliver answered with a kiss. Just then a rough good-humored voice was heard crying from the house:

"Miss Norah! Miss Norah! Where are you?"

"Here, my good Jocelyn," cried Dinorah.

"You will see," she added in a whisper to Oliver, "how surprised she will be to find you here."

"Your breakfast is ready," continued the Bretonne; "and you are not going to tell me to-day that you have no appetite."

As she said the last words Jocelyn turned the

Terpsichorean exercise concluded, she threw her arms round Oliver's neck and saluted him heartily on both cheeks.

"And when is the wedding to be?" she asked, after she had thus given vent to her emotion.

"Very soon, Jocelyn," replied the young man.

"Very soon—will that be inside of a week?"

"I hope it will not be very long. I would not put it off a day, if I could help it."

"That's the way to talk, Mr. Oliver. When you go away, Mr. Oliver, you stay away a long time, but when you do come back, faith, you talk like a sensible man."

Here the conversation took a new turn, Joco-

religious subjects hung on the wall, and on a side table was set out a small collection of humble curiosities.

As Oliver was making the tour of the room, the worthy curé entered and apologized for keeping his visitor waiting.

"You are, I think, sir," he went on to say, "a stranger in this part of the country. At least it is the first time I have had the honor of seeing you. Can I be useful to you in any way?"

"You are right, monsieur l'abbé," replied Oliver, "you now see me for the first time, but I know that you have often heard others speak of me."

"To whom do you allude?"

"Miss de Kerven."

"Can it be, sir, that you are —?" Here the abbé stopped short.

"Yes," returned the young man smilingly, "I am Oliver Le Vallant."

"I am indeed happy to see you, sir," said the priest slyly, "for it seems that your return to Brittany, and your visit to the curé of St. Nazaire portend a happy event. Am I right?"

"You are, sir. It portends an event that is full of happiness for me. Miss de Kerven has done me the honor of bestowing her hand upon me."

"Ah! then let me congratulate you, my son," cried the old curé. "You will permit me to call you my son, will you not? you, who are about to become the husband of my gentle Dinorah, whom I have been accustomed for many years past to look upon as my daughter. And you love her, do you not, this dear child who has already given you her heart, and is about to consecrate her whole life to you?"

"If I love her! Ah, sir, you have known Dinorah for so long, you ought to know that it is impossible not to love her."

"And you will swear to me—I ask it in right of my old age and of my paternal affection for her—you will swear to me that you will make her happy?"

"I swear it to you in the presence of God."

"I believe you, my child," said the old man, with tears in his eyes. "Now let us talk about your affairs and your projects, for you did not come here solely to tell me the story of your love."

"I come to ask you, father, to unite us as soon as possible."

"You do well. I am no believer in delaying marriages. Have you and Norah fixed the day for the ceremony?"

"We would wish it to take place on Monday."

"On Monday be it then, and on Sunday I will publish the banns. But first of all I must see your baptismal certificate. You have it with you doubtless?"

"I can bring it to you in a few moments; it is at my lodgings at the Arms of Brittany."

"Have you the consent of your parents to your marriage?"

"Alas! I never knew my mother; and the mourning I wear is in memory of my father."

"You are not already bound by any marital



"SHE BROKE INTO A WILD FANTASTIC DANCE IMPROVISED FOR THE OCCASION."

corner which hid her from the lovers, and beheld Oliver seated at Dinorah's side and holding her hands.

"Great Heaven!" she cried in amazement, rubbing her eyes with her fists, "am I dreaming?"

"No, Jocelyn," said the young girl, "come a little nearer, and you will see who it is."

The Bretonne made a few steps forward, half curiously and half defiantly. Then she stopped suddenly, and clapping her hands broke into a hearty peal of laughter.

"Aha!" she cried, "I'm not dreaming, I can see plainly yet. Yes, Faith, it's Mr. Oliver. Mr. Oliver himself, and no one else. Ah! but I'm glad! Good-day, Mr. Oliver! How goes it, Mr. Oliver? You had a successful journey, Mr. Oliver?"

"Jocelyn," interrupted Miss de Kerven in a low voice, "this is my husband."

This piece of intelligence had the most extraordinary effect upon the faithful servant. She did not exactly throw her cap in the air, for it was a Breton cap, but she broke into a wild fantastic dance improvised for the occasion. Her

lyn's thoughts having once more reverted to breakfast, and the happy party went indoors.

XLIX.

THE CURÉ OF ST. NAZAIRE.

Breakfast over, Oliver took his leave of Dinorah and made his way to the curé's house. It had been arranged between the lovers that the marriage should take place on the following Monday—this was Thursday—in order to allow of the banns being published on the intervening Sunday. The Church, it is true, required that they should be published thrice, but every parish priest had the power of dispensing with two of the publications.

On arriving at the presbytery Oliver was shown into the curé's private room—a small apartment humbly furnished with a low bed, a set of shelves containing a couple of hundred volumes, two arm chairs, a prie-dieu, and a large table on which were strewn a number of open books and papers. A set of mediocre paintings on

for her—you will swear to me that you will make her happy?"

"I swear it to you in the presence of God."

"I believe you, my child," said the old man, with tears in his eyes. "Now let us talk about your affairs and your projects, for you did not come here solely to tell me the story of your love."

"I come to ask you, father, to unite us as soon as possible."

"You do well. I am no believer in delaying marriages. Have you and Norah fixed the day for the ceremony?"

"We would wish it to take place on Monday."

"On Monday be it then, and on Sunday I will publish the banns. But first of all I must see your baptismal certificate. You have it with you doubtless?"

"I can bring it to you in a few moments; it is at my lodgings at the Arms of Brittany."

"Have you the consent of your parents to your marriage?"

"Alas! I never knew my mother; and the mourning I wear is in memory of my father."

"You are not already bound by any marital